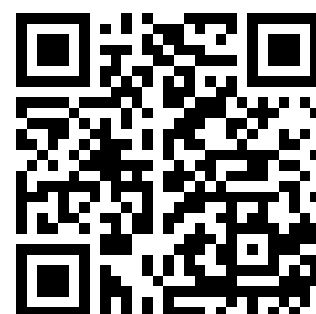

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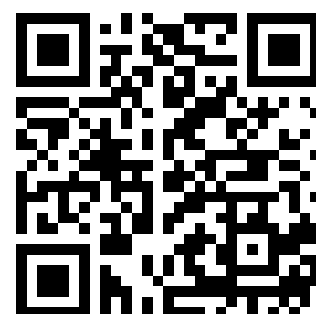
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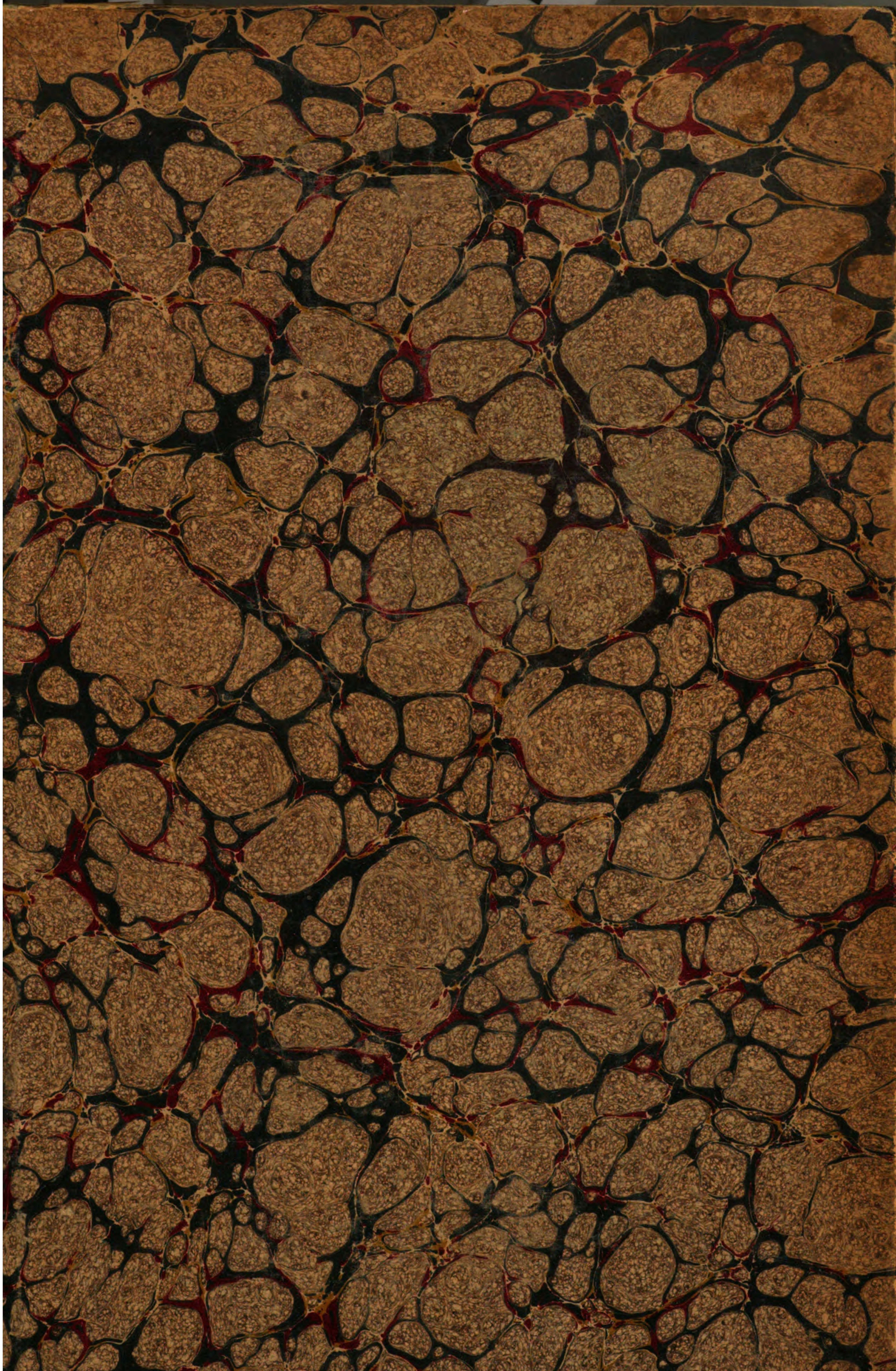


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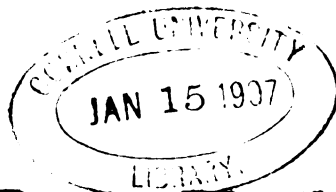
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 Of BYRON'S varied mass of poetry.
 Thin paper classic are they, but to me
 What most appeals is this:—that they are bound
 In lambskin, like the wolf who fain would be
 Mistaken for a sheep, and scheming found
 Sheep's clothing best to help him as he prowled around.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

NOTHING more striking is likely to be published about the New Year on which we have just entered than Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem in the *Fortnightly*. It takes the form of an interview between God and the poet. Seeing that there were ninety and nine reasons against the Supreme calling "From formless void this earth I tread," what hundredth reason, the poet asks, made Him do so? Bitter and hopeless is the reply:

Strange, that ephemeral creatures who
By my own ordering are,
Should see the shortness of my view,
Use ethic tests I never knew
Or made provision for!

And the end of the matter is that:

He sank to raptness as of yore,
And opening New Year's Day
Wove it by rote as theretofore,
And went on working evermore
In His unweaving way.

In theme the poem is similar to Tennyson's "By an Evolutionist," where much the same question is asked:

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

But how different is the conclusion arrived at by Tennyson's evolutionist:

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height
that is higher.

When this passage was written it was accepted by many leading evolutionists of the time as an accurate description of their best beliefs, and it received special interest from its having been written in Tennyson's old age, just as Mr. Hardy's poem reads as though it were his final message. But forty years previously Tennyson had been plunged into the same kind of thought as that expressed by Mr. Hardy, when he wrote the famous canto of "In Memoriam":

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

He ends the soliloquy with a *cri de cœur* as poignant and as bleakly hopeless as the more stolid declaration of the novelist:

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Thus it seems that Mr. Hardy has found no answer beyond what was suggested half a century ago by Tennyson. But there is one essential difference between the two. Tennyson had been brought up in the shelter of the vicarage, and traditions and old associations suggested possible ways of exit from his blind alley; Mr. Hardy possesses no similar means of escape. He looks, however, with stubborn courage at facts as he sees them, and even those who do not agree with his opinions are compelled to admire his honesty.

In the *Monthly Magazine* Mr. Francis Duckworth essays to teach literary critics their business. It appears that he has been making some researches into what he calls "fictional criticism" in daily and weekly periodicals. He describes the typical method of noticing or reviewing in this way. "First the plot is given in outline; secondly, if any definite judgment is given, it is quite brief, and passed so to say, *ex cathedra*." This complaint has been heard frequently enough, but we do not, for one, moment admit that it contains any element of justice. Those who know how criticism is actually done are more likely to be surprised at the care and labour bestowed upon it than at its flippancy. Many of those brief notices at which Mr. Duckworth sneers are the result of hours of painstaking labour, and in a very great number of cases they represent a matured and impartial judgment. If each writer were to set forth his reasons for arriving at his judgment about every trumpery novel placed in his hands the weekly and daily press would either have to enlarge their columns or dispense with "fictional criticism," to repeat Mr. Duckworth's elegant phrase.

The *Monthly Reviewer* goes on to give the following sapient advice to journals:

Whereas a paper like the *Daily Telegraph* will reserve three-quarters of a column for such books as the "*Times History of the War in the Far East*," and four lines to the "*Treasure of Heaven*," it should devote a column and a half to the "*Treasure of Heaven*," and no space at all to the *Times History*. Then should we see in the *Daily Mail* vigorous articles disentangling the social creed of Dr. Conan Doyle; the *Daily News* would open its columns for fictitious correspondents to wrangle over the vividness of Mr. Rider Haggard and the moral code of Mr. William Le Queux's heroes; while the *Globe* might attempt some explanation of the popularity of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Is this jest or earnest, a weak gibe or a foolish suggestion?

A house at Vienna inhabited by Beethoven in 1824 has just been pulled down. Beethoven had many lodgings in the course of his long life and many were the reasons on account of which he left them. On one occasion it was because too many people hung about the door in the hope of seeing him; on another because he thought the

landlord excessively polite. Perhaps the commonest cause of all was a favourite amusement of his, which consisted in dabbling his hands in water or pouring water over them in such a careless way that some of the liquid found an exit through the ceiling of the room beneath. In another case he was ejected by his landlady. One day he had been playing the piano to an extent that was unusual and the landlady's patience was entirely exhausted. "I can't stand that strumming any more," she said in effect to her daughter, "go and tell him he must go." The house in question was at the corner of the Kaerntnerstrasse and the Johannesgasse and near the theatre where the deaf composer was turned round so that he might see the excitement produced by his Ninth Symphony.

The late Mrs. Josephine Butler—whose death took place on Sunday at Wooler, in Northumberland—wrote several books that had nothing to do with her political and social crusades. Perhaps the most interesting of them was the life of her father, John Grey of Dilston, a remarkable man and a great agriculturist in his day. At the time of her birth he lived at Milfield, a village only a few miles from the place at which she died. She also wrote a *Life of Catherine of Siena*, "Recollections of George Butler," and the "Lady of Shunem." Nor did her literary activity end with this, as she had been continually employed in matters connected with the propagandum which she began early in life and continued almost to the day of her death.

There are some delightful sayings in the learned article on "Border History versus Border Ballads," contributed by Mr. Andrew Lang to the January number of the *Cornhill*. Here, for instance, is a type of the writer's humour: "I cannot go with the higher criticism which is ever too fanciful." After observing that ballads are becoming fields for the scientific folk-lorist and the curious historian, Mr. Lang goes on to say, "The man who does not care for 'Kinmont Willie' is the man who sneers at Dumas, who thinks that R. L. Stevenson is overrated, a dealer in perishable goods. If he were honest he would call Homer a tedious barbarian; he cares for nothing that is not 'up to date'; he uses, without shame, such words as 'happenings' and 'artistry,' 'A minstrel's malison is said.'"

Mr. Albert E. Cave, in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, raises a vigorous protest against certain proceedings of what he calls the "newest journalism." His main point is that those whom he designates "hooligan journalists" do not play the game legitimately, but seek by questionable methods to raise the circulation of their paper and thereby turn journalism into a gold-mine. It is impossible to deny that there is a very great amount of truth in his contentions, but the most promising feature of the situation is that he and others are raising their voices against the degradation of letters. The only possible cure for such a state of affairs as exists lies in the formation of a strong and healthy public opinion, one that will welcome what is clean, pure and wholesome, and actively combat those who appeal to the gambling and other evil instincts of their readers.

Some interesting particulars are now obtainable about the Tata Institute, which is to find its permanent home in Mysore. Dr. W. Morris Travers, D.Sc., F.R.S., late Professor of Chemistry at University College, Bristol, has arrived in India to take up his post as Principal. A suitable site for the erection of the Institute has been chosen at Bangalore and the building arrangements are now under discussion between the Government of India and the Mysore Durbar, who will share the expense of erecting a suitable edifice. The endowment of the

Institute is formed by the magnificent gift of the late Mr. Jamsetjee H. Tata, and since his death other donors have come forward to assist in the realisation of his great project. The Maharajah of Mysore, accompanied by Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., and other members of his Government, is at present staying in Calcutta as the Viceroy's guest, and one of the chief objects of the visit is to arrange the constitution and governing body of the Institute. The latter will consist of representatives nominated by the Government of India, the Government of Mysore, the Tata family and other donors. The question of diplomas, degrees, and a charter will be allowed to stand over.

It is often asserted that poetry does not sell, but this statement is somewhat discounted by the fact that since the publication in the late autumn of the "Poetical Works of Walter C. Smith," close upon one thousand five hundred copies have been sold. It is over forty years since the "Bishop's Walk," Dr. Smith's first volume, was published, and succeeding volumes, "Olrig Grange," "Hilda," "Raban," etc., secured for the writer many admirers. In the last-mentioned book, Dr. Smith, who celebrated the other day the eighty-second anniversary of his birth, pays a fine tribute to an old friend and namesake, a "forgotten teacher of teachers," who pursued a humble calling in Aberdeen, and influenced Emeritus Professor Masson, George Macdonald, and other young men of their time who ultimately attained distinction. "Raban" closes with the following testimony:

Meanwhile he struggled, lonely, poor,
Indebted, slighted, and obscure,
And went through darkness into rest;
But yet, his thought with us abiding,
He lives in us when we are best,
He is but changed and multiplied.

In a contemporary, President Roosevelt has an article on "The Ancient Irish Sagas," illustrated by pictures which, to say the least, are not very Irish. For the most part he is content to give a sort of synopsis of the Sagas themselves, but the point of his contribution appears to lie in the regret he expresses that "America should have done so little, either in the way of original research in connection with the early Celtic literature, or in the way of popularising and familiarising that literature."

"It is much to be desired," he says, "that, wherever possible, chairs of Celtic should be established in our leading Universities." It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt's zeal will not lead to the same claim being put forward in Ireland. Of the Sagas he says:

The heroes are much like those of the early folk of kindred stock everywhere. They are huge, splendid barbarians, sometimes yellow-haired, sometimes black- or brown-haired, and their chief title to glory is found in their feats of bodily prowess. Among the feats often enumerated or referred to are the ability to leap like a salmon, to run like a stag, to hurl great rocks incredible distances, to toss the wheel, and, like the Norse berserkers, when possessed with the fury of battle, to grow demoniac with fearsome rage. This last feat was especially valued, and was recognised as the "heroes' fury."

The point is, as we have insisted before, that there is nothing in the so-called "literature" of Ireland to warrant it being called literature at all.

At the Victoria Hall, Ealing, on Saturday last a very interesting performance of *The Importance of Being Ernest* was given by an unusually talented Society of Amateurs calling themselves the "Hypocrites"; the proceeds going to The Children's League of Pity. The brilliant little comedy is obviously not very suitable to present to amateur audiences at Ealing; but it would be very difficult to find more clever impersonators for this exquisite Harlequinade outside the ranks of professional actors. The "Miss Prism" of Miss M. D. Smyth was an amazing interpretation which would have done credit to a large

London theatre. Until last Saturday, since the immortal creation of the part by Mrs. George Canninge, there has never been seen, in the many revivals of the play, a lady who understood the rôle as the author conceived it. Mr. Gordon Jack as "John Worthing" and Mr. W. H. Martin as "Algernon" preserved the balance between the two heroes with surprising skill. It is fatal to this play if one of the male parts falls short of the other, but in their cases innate talent and earnest training were equally matched, and the greatest credit is due to the Stage Manager and Producer, while a word of special praise must be given to the "Lady Bracknell" of Mrs. Samuel Budd; hers is in some way the hardest part of all.

In spite, however, of these unusual advantages a large and well dressed middle-class audience sat in stony silence throughout the three acts as though it were listening to *Hamlet* or the Passion play at Oberammergau. Except when John Worthing appears in deep mourning not a laugh was heard in the vast hall, the acoustic properties of which seemed unusually good. As long as the curtain was down the applause was hearty enough though not enthusiastic. That the actors could have preserved their good humour throughout the riotous and delightful nonsense of the last act was not the least meritorious part of their performance. The "Hypocrites" ought to put up *Ghosts* or some play more in accord with the spirits of their Ealing patrons who seem, to use a phrase of Mr. Anstey's, like "a lot of halfpenny ices."

The report of the Commission on Art Institutions of Dublin has pleased nobody. The Royal Hibernian Academy, in whose interest the Royal Commission was instituted, are indignant because the Commissioners have not recommended that they shall be provided with a fine new house in a fashionable situation. Worse still, the Commission proposes to deprive them of their Life School, in which for several years the proportion of students has been that of sixteen women to one man. The Commission propose that a new Life School, with new Professors, should be established in the Metropolitan School of Art, under the partial control of an outside committee "consisting mainly of members of independent views on art teaching" whose chief duty it shall be to select the teachers in the Life School.

As a counterblast to this document a minority report has been published, signed by Mr. Justice Madden and Mr. Boland, M.P., who recommend that a new Academy building should be provided by the State, in which the Modern Art Gallery collection should be housed. They further recommend the endowment of bursaries or exhibitions for students at the Academy schools, and are of opinion that only in the strengthening of the Royal Hibernian Academy can salvation be found for the student of art in Ireland.

So far, popular opinion is in sympathy with the Academy. But the impartial observer cannot close his eyes to the fact that the teaching given during the past few years in the R.H.A. schools has been wholly unsatisfactory. Whether it would be any better in a school partly managed by a Department which already has too many irons in the fire, and partly by that wonderful committee of "independent views" is open to question. But with the recommendation of a building for the Modern Art Gallery all intelligent people will sympathise. Good modern pictures are a necessity for the Irish art student; and whether the collection be housed in the Academy or in a separate building, housed it should be, and at once.

ERRATA.—Owing to printer's errors "Panegyricus" (p. 648, l. 5) and "Boetus" (p. 648, l. 6) appeared in our last issue as "Panegyrics" and "Bocotes."

LITERATURE

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY AGAIN

The Dramatic Writings of Edwards, Norton, and Sackville. Anonymous Plays, second series. (Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society.)

READERS of the ACADEMY may remember that in reviewing the first batch of plays published by the Early English Drama Society we took the opportunity of asking in what respect this "society" was really a society at all. We further pointed out that the text of a play which we took the trouble to collate for ourselves contained a number of gross errors, and that these errors were taken over bodily from the edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, re-edited by Mr. Hazlitt in 1874, though (as we afterwards discovered) most of them went back a century earlier still, to the time of Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama" (1773). As a consequence of our review Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Henry Bradley, two of six well-known scholars who had allowed their names to be used as honorary vice-presidents of the "society," publicly withdrew from it. The "society," as represented by its editor, Mr. Farmer, and its "secretary," Mr. Gibbings, who carries on his business as a publisher at the same address as the "society" gives on its title-page, announced its intention of going on without the added grace of honorary vice-presidents. It was announced, also, in reply to our inquiries, that the "society" did not intend to publish a balance-sheet (a slight formality with which most societies hitherto have thought well to comply); but an explanation of why the errors in the text printed by Mr. Hazlitt in 1874 were perpetuated in 1906 was unkindly withheld on the humorous ground that our review was anonymous.

The "society" has continued to send us its successive volumes, a sportsmanlike course of action which commands our admiration. We were unable to do much in the way of testing the two volumes which arrived in the summer. Two more have now been sent us, and in order to see to what extent Mr. Farmer has mended his ways we devoted a Saturday afternoon to collating a couple of sheets of one of the plays, *Damon and Pithias*, with the editions in the British Museum, upon which the text professes to be based.

It may be well to give chapter and verse for this profession. It is printed, according to the curious editorial arrangements of the series, in the "Note-Book and Word-List," on page 161.

Damon and Pithias. The text of this play, which will be found on pp. 1-84, has been taken from the edition of 1571, which, in turn, has been collated with that of 1582.

In the face of this statement, which should certainly imply that the text was taken direct from the source stated, we have some curiosity to know how Mr. Farmer will account for the fact that the following errors in the reproduction of sheets C and D of the 1571 edition, appear once more to be taken over bodily from Mr. Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's Old Plays published in 1874. Our page references are to the "society's" edition.

Which amity first sprung—without vaunting be it spoken, that is true—
Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is conserved
by virtue. (P. 18.)

For "likeness" the 1571 edition reads "likelines," that of 1582 "lykelinesse."

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts: the lookers-on, the sage.
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.
(P. 19.)

The comma after "lookers-on" and the full stop which separates "sage" from "Philosophers" are printed by Mr. Hazlitt, but are not printed in the original editions.

To join the two words into a phrase the second edition even indulges in the luxury of a capital for the adjective :

Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain,
He is a fool that for his profit will not pain. (P. 20.)

The original editions read "will not take payne." Mr. Farmer follows Mr. Hazlitt in omitting "take."

On page 21 we have found nothing worse than the modernisation of "swarveth," where it rhymes with "starveth," into "swerveth." As the editor professes some tenderness for rhyme-endings he might have restored the original spelling, but this may be thought a matter of opinion. In any case this and the four following pages stand to his credit :

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,
Survieu'd the haven and each bulwark in talk very witty;
And yet by some words himself he did bewray. (P. 26.)

It is plain that, despite the colon, "in talk very witty" expresses a new idea which is followed up in the next line. The old editions showed this to some extent by placing a comma after "bulwark." Mr. Farmer has followed Mr. Hazlitt in omitting it.

He suddenly fell in dump. (P. 27.)

The first edition reads: "He suddenly fell in a dump." The second edition omits the article, and Mr. Farmer follows Mr. Hazlitt in omitting it also, without noting its occurrence in the earlier text. We have no fault to find with page 28.

But, O music, as in joyful times thy merry notes did borrow,
(P. 29.)

The original editions read (1571) "I did borow," (1582) "I did borrow."

My woe no tongue can tell,
No pen can well descry. (P. 30.)

The original editions read "Ne pen," where "ne" (i.e., "nor") cannot be correctly "modernised" into "no."

Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy,
That nothing can please him: he walketh up and down
Fretting and chaffing, on every man he doth frown. (P. 32.)

Here the Dodsley editor seems to have worked from the 1582 edition, which in the third line has the obviously wrong reading "walked," tempting an editor to alter it to "walketh." In the 1571 edition the reading is "walkes." So also in the next line the spelling "chaffing," which suggests a more genial attitude towards his court than could have been looked for from Dionysius, is supported by the second edition. The first edition has "chafyng," and if Mr. Farmer had worked on the first edition independently it can hardly be doubted that "chafing" is what he would have printed.

One pathetic instance of the extent to which Mr. Hazlitt's text dominates this edition is found on page 19 and the note to it on page 163. Latin was not a strong point with the printers of the original editions, and they printed a well-known tag in the appalling form: "omnis solum fortis patria." Mr. Hazlitt (or was it his predecessor Mr. Collier?) knew quite well how this ought to be edited, but one of those transpositions of letters which sometimes happen even after the last proof has been passed in absolute accuracy caused the line to appear in his text as: "Omne solum forti patria" [sic]. Mr. Farmer's printer apparently disliked the word "patria," and in his text it appears as "patria." But the last word of the Early English Drama Society was not yet said, for on page 163 there is the delightful and refreshing note:

Omne solum forti patria (19d), read *patria*.

Of course subscribers to the E.E.D.S. may enjoy this kind of humour, but we cannot help still feeling sore that it should be put on the market as the work of an English "Society." Bad as the work is, it is somewhat better than that in the earlier volume which we tested, and this not entirely because Mr. Hazlitt's text also is better. If

the series is continued long enough it is possible that the improvement may become more marked, and if Mr. Farmer were working only in his own name what happens in the intermediate stages would be a matter to be settled between himself and his subscribers. By placing on it what should be considered a hall-mark, to which it does not appear to be entitled, the editor and secretary of the "society" oblige us to repeat our protest.

THE AENEID

The Aeneid of Virgil. Translated into English verse by JAMES RHOADES. New edition. (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE fact that Mr. Rhoades's blank verse translation of the Aeneid has reached a second edition is a proof of its acceptability. It is literal, unshackled by the fetters of rhyme, and of a fairly elevated style: *insurgit aliquando*, as Quintilian said of Horace. But it does not aim at line-for-line reproduction, thus escaping the hard condition imposed upon himself by Mr. Billson, whose highly meritorious version we recently reviewed.

To speak generally of Mr. Rhoades's work, we would say that his diction is excellent. He has succeeded wonderfully in combining fidelity to the original with elegance and vigour. He applies, as a critic of his first edition observed, "a very strenuous type of poetic expression to the problem of interpreting Virgil." But he has not mastered the rhythm of blank verse, without which the great lines of Virgil will never find their final rendering. Such a feat could have been performed by the poet of "Tithonus," and might yet be achieved by the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and of "Erechtheus." In this respect Mr. Rhoades seems to us to fall short of those who have recently essayed his metre—Canon Thornhill and Mr. Billson. Here is a sample from the beginning of the first book:

Here were her arms, her chariot here, that this
Should, fate consenting, a world-empire be,
E'en then the goddess aimed with fond desire.
Nathless she had heard that from the blood of Troy,
A race was rearing destined to o'erthrow
Her Tyrian towers; that issuing hence should come
A people of wide empire, lords of war,
To ravage Libya: such the round of fate.

A few lines further on *ego quae divom incedo regina* loses its queenliness in Juno's mouth when rendered by Mr. Rhoades:

I who walk the queen of heaven;

or by Mr. Billson:

I who walk
The Queen of Gods;

but is as stately as the Latin in Thornhill's version:

While I who queen it through these courts of heaven,

which, in addition to its vigour, conveys a charming reminiscence of the "courts of heaven" of a noble passage in Shakespeare.

A piece of fine diction in description of another goddess, i. 402-405, is marred by the close-packing of the second line:

She spake, and turning shone with rosy neck;
Her head's ambrosial locks breathed scent divine;
And, as her robe flowed downward to her feet,
She stepped no doubtful goddess.

Mr. Billson's version runs more smoothly:

She said, and turned; all rosy flashed her neck;
The ambrosial locks a heavenly fragrance breathed,
Her vesture flowed to earth, and by her gait
The goddess stood confest.

In a very celebrated line (i. 461) which almost defies reproduction in another tongue,

Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt,

Mr. Billson, by his very vagueness, is the most effective

of the three blank verse translators whom we have been comparing:

Tears fall, and hearts are touched by mortal things.

Mr. Rhoades is more explicit:

And there are tears for what befalls, and hearts
Touched by the chances of mortality.

Thornhill appears to take *rerum* as meaning "in the world":

Here man with man
Weeps kindly drops, and here poor human hearts
Are touched to sympathy by human ills.

But this is eminently one of those passages which are the despair of translators, because, in the words of Mr. Rhoades's modest and graceful preface:

If it is impossible to reach perfection in the rendering of any poem from one language to another, it is past impossible when the two languages are so remotely akin as Latin and English, and when the style of the author was even in his own tongue unapproachable for subtle delicacy and artistic finish.

We have little space for further comparative extracts, but here is a passage (iv. 165-172) which would triumphantly stand that test. It is the meeting of Aeneas and Dido driven by the storm during the hunt into the same cave, and it is eminently characteristic of him whom Bacon called "The chastest poet and royalest that to the memory of man is known." How differently would Ovid or Lucan have portrayed the incident. We will not even think of Juvenal. The manly chasteness and princely dignity of the Latin is almost achieved in:

The Trojan prince
And Dido to the self-same cavern come.
Earth first and bridal Juno gave the sign;
Flashed at the nuptials fire and conscious air,
And shouted from their topmost peak the nymphs.
First day of death was that, first cause of ill;
Sway'd nor by outward show nor rumour's tongue
Dido of secret passion dreams no more:
Marriage she calls it—name to mask her fall.

The same scene is treated in a very different spirit by a modern rhymester, James Smith, in his "Comic Miscellanies":

Virgil, whose epic song enthral,
(And who in song is greater?),
Throughout, his Trojan hero calls
Now *pious* and now *pater*.

But when, the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him *dux Trojanus*.

And well he alters there the word:
For in this station, sure,
Pius Aeneas were absurd,
And *pater* premature.

In the famous imperialistic manifesto of vi. 846-853, that "barbaric yawp," as Walt Whitman would call it, which is too familiar to be quoted, Mr. Rhoades has the glory of not falling into the error of translating by "tell the rising stars" the Latin words *surgentia sidera dicent*. "Tell" thus used could only mean "count," as in "I may tell all my bones," and *dicent* could not mean "count." The adjacent Marcellus passage, vi. 878-886, is so fine in the Latin and so well done into English that we cannot forbear from giving it:

Mourn for his goodness, for his old-world faith,
His hand in war unconquer'd! Man to man
None could have grappled him unscathed, on foot
Strode he against the foeman, or with spur
Goaded the red flanks of his foaming steed.
O boy, our sorrow, if any way thou could'st
Burst the harsh bonds that doom thee, thou shalt be
Marcellus. Bring me lilies with full hands,
The bright flowers let me strew, these gifts at least
Heap o'er his shade, and the vain tribute pay.

We must give one more comparative extract. Mr. Billson is very successful in this passage:

O for love and faith!
O for the hand invincible in war!
Him none confronting in the shock of arms
Had met unscathed, or if he charged afoot
Or if he spur'd the horse's foaming flanks,
Ah, boy, the pity! Could'st thou sunder fate
Thou wert Marcellus! Give me purple flowers,
Handfuls of lilies: let me strew at least
O'er his dear Shade these unavailing dues.

Father-in-law and son-in-law are, it must be owned, unpoetical expressions, though the Latin poets did not eschew them, while they seem to have avoided *avunculus*. Catullus refers to *generos*, and *socer* and *gener* are brought together in Aen. vi. 830, 831. Mr. Billson does not abhor "son-in-law," while Mr. Rhoades dexterously shirks the word thus:

From the Alps'
Heap'd barriers and Monoecus' citadel
The sire descending, while his daughter's lord
Confronts him with the armies of the East!

We have not left ourselves space to examine the last six books, but they are not so rich in memorable passages, though Virgil himself thought the last six books the best. The visit to Evander is well rendered, and especially good is Evander's kingly greeting to Aeneas, which Dryden enthusiastically admired (viii. 362 ff.):

Dare to spurn riches, O my guest, and shape
Thyself to worthy godship, and approach
All undisdainful of our humble board.

The beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth book is worthily treated, and the crescent splendour of the last book is duly depicted.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

YORKSHIRE COUNTERFEITS

The Yorkshire Coiners and Old and Prehistoric Halifax. By H. LING ROTH, Hon. Curator, Bankfield Museum, (Halifax: F. King & Sons, Ltd., 21s. net.)

IN the year 1782, John Cockroft, woollen manufacturer, of Sand Hall, Halifax, was "surprized at Work in his Garrett" by officers acting on a Warrant of Search:

being then edging Counterfeit Shillings by means of his Throw Wheel and a File, which he had not Time to part with. He leap'd down at a Trap Door with the File in his Hand. . . . The following Implements were found in his House and Shop, viz:

One Pair of Steel Rollers with Frames and Winches.
One Machine for cutting Blanks.
One Throw Wheel.
One Smith's Anvil.
Three Pieces of Blue Crucible Pots.
Eleven Files.
A Quantity of Silver Turnings.
Ditto of Salt of Tartar.
Etc. etc.

It was a compromising outfit for a woollen manufacturer, but that is not the reason it is mentioned here. Rather, it is quoted as a comment on Mr. Ling Roth's statement that "there appear to be no proofs for thinking that the merchants and manufacturers carried on this lucrative business with the coiners." And the odd thing is that Mr. Roth himself quotes Cockroft's case.

That, at this time of day, is the whole point—whether the better sort joined in or not. It makes the difference between history and a Newgate chronicle. The business of history is rather with the prevalence of criminal ideas than with isolated crimes, and of crime we may in a sense say, as doctors say of burns, that the danger lies rather in the extent than in the depth. If, as Mr. Roth inclines to think, the better sort held aloof, his record loses much of its significance.

But did they? We hardly think so. Mr. Roth's own book furnishes us with testimony to the contrary. In the first place, we have the remarkably explicit statement of John Waterhouse, that he himself "had actually seen a ledger in which the various transactions had been kept in a regular manner, consisting of consignments of guineas

to the coiners and their reimbursements to their depositors." When Leyland asked Waterhouse whether he could not get a sight of this ledger, "he at once told me that I could not, for it would implicate some of the first families in the neighbourhood." It is hardly to be supposed that a Fellow of a Society of Antiquaries would deliberately mislead on a point of antiquarianism, but Mr. Roth merely remarks, "From what I can gather, John Waterhouse had a weakness for claiming universal knowledge . . . and for mystifying people." It is unsatisfactory. Leyland himself evidently credited the statement, and it is to Leyland more than to any one else that Mr. Roth is, after all, indebted. In the meantime the ledger remains undiscovered.

Further, in support of his view that this evil of counterfeiting was confined to illiterate "marksmen," Mr. Roth advances little more than the general meeting of the Justices of the Riding convened by the Marquis of Rockingham. That certainly is not enough. It is significant that even this meeting was not called until after the murder of Supervisor Deighton, when something had to be done. Deighton had failed, apparently, to rouse them to any enthusiasm during his life, but they could not pass over his death. Moreover, until Deighton had come they had done nothing whatever, and it therefore amounts to very little that when they did meet they promptly passed a vote of confidence in themselves, extolling their own conduct as "highly commendable and meritorious." It was the least they could do. Treasury action, too, was taken within a fortnight, and that would be likely to make local magistrates monstrously zealous. And do we not read in the *Leeds Mercury*, December 19, 1769, an admission of, and excuse for, "the general relaxation of justice, owing to the want of a sufficient number of acting Magistrates"? There is every indication that the evil was widely spread, and that the class was not alone guilty which furnished the men for the gallows at York. Cockroft's case and Waterhouse's statement (to mention but two points) can hardly, we think, be ignored.

But it is better to make acknowledgments to Mr. Roth for much curious and interesting matter now published (as he claims and we believe) for the first time, than to regret the absence of things that probably never will be brought to light. It is not Mr. Roth's diligence that is at fault. No doubt he himself would gladly know more of the notorious King David and his brother, Isaac Hartley. These were the great villains of the piece, and we have little record of them. One was hanged early in the drama, the other died at eighty-six, in agonies and writhings. And we are the more keenly curious about this King David from the glimpses Mr. Roth affords us of such men as Thomas and innkeeper Bates. He was certainly no ordinary man who could maintain an ascendancy over such a man as Thomas, for instance. It was Thomas who loaded the blunderbuss with such care that it "would have gone off if he had spitted on it"; and it was Thomas again who said to his accomplice, "I can tell thee how to get to bed" (where they were supposed to be) "so a Cat cannot hear thee." And such details as those in the evidence of innkeeper Bates (who "could never manage it himself upon any account") are luminous and instinct with character.

Very curious is the way in which formal depositions, obviously spoken in the dialect, were put into as good Law English as was possible in the circumstances. The question "What art thou for?" (on p. 23) can still be heard any night in any inn in any village in Yorkshire; and it was a homely remark of Bates's that Crabtree "might light of Chaps [coiners] in a many places by all reports," but that he himself would never meddle any more with it, "for I would not if I was to want Bread." It is all very human, and Mr. Roth's book is full of such things. But the coming to light of Waterhouse's ledger would add much to the story as it now stands. It is a thousand pities about that ledger.

FRAIL IMMORTALS

Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By JOHN FYVIE.
(Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

It is not clear for whom this book is intended. Certainly not for students of the drama, for Mr. Fyvie's references to the theatrical history of his heroines are neither full nor critical. And if for students of scandal, then Mr. Fyvie falls very short, as a purveyor of that delectable substance, of Mr. Noel Williams, whose two volumes on the French actresses are at least diverting. Mr. Fyvie is a little too reticent to be a good scandalmonger, and too little technical to be a good historian of the stage; and his sketches, though written from an independent point of view and clearly the result of much original study of his subjects, offer little that is new on the details of their private lives, and nothing on the subject of their professional careers.

Even so, so great is the charm of these dead beauties, whose laughter still rings down the ages, that we have read the book with interest, grateful for being reminded of Clivy-Pivy, the Jordan, the immortal Peg, the original Polly Peachum, and for finding in a handy form the strange histories of lesser lights, the eccentric Charlotte Charke, Colley Cibber's youngest daughter, who dressed for many years in the clothes of a man, followed the callings of actress, author, hawker, sausage-maker, confectioner, valet to a nobleman, beggar (and perhaps worse), waiter, publican, market-gardener; and the more than eccentric Mary ("Becky") Wells, whose "friend" was Major Topham, the founder of the original *World*, a paper on which her editorial and managerial labours were of great value; who imagined that George III. was in love with her and chased him day after day in a sailing-boat during his cruise after his recovery from madness; who became a Jewess in order to marry Sumbel, a wealthy Moroccan Jew, and ended up by marrying a waterman of the Thames.

It is good work, too, to remind us that Kitty Clive wrote several not at all unsuccessful plays, and to expose the truth about the Mrs. Steele who played a strange and apparently disgraceful, if somewhat obscure, part in the life of the unhappy Sophia Baddeley. Of the twelve ladies in the volume only one—Elizabeth Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby—can be said with certainty to have lived a "respectable" life. But, without instituting comparisons between the Georgian and the Edwardian stage, we may be permitted to protest against the too common notion that all actresses before our own day were monsters of iniquity. Such a union as that between Mrs. Jordan and the Duke of Clarence was, according to the ideas of the time, quite equal in respectability to a morganatic marriage. She was recognised as the head of the household, and even handed to her seat at the head of the table by the Regent. And even in less reputable cases the state of opinion at the time must be considered. The stage had not yet, for all Garrick's achievement, outlived the old ecclesiastical and social ban, and the position of woman has always been (and possibly may continue to be) that which man makes for her. The position that man made for actresses in the eighteenth century was one that almost prohibited marriage except with a very great or a very small man. With any one between the two, it was considered perfectly natural—and certainly no aggravation of the initial offence of being an actress—that an actress should form an unlicensed connection. She was not a marriageable woman. She hardly aspired to the position. An "establishment," with a view to a settlement on separation, was all that she hoped for, and since the age did not think wrong of it, she cannot be blamed for not thinking wrong of it herself. And, to come to extreme cases—Peg Woffington, for instance—it is well to cast a glance at the surroundings in which they spent their youth.

The author of these *Memoirs* has seen the part of the Widow Brady (a breeches part) in the farce of *The Irish Widow*, played in high-heeled

shoes, a shift, and a loose greatcoat, the poverty of the wardrobe not affording better accommodation. He remembers also to have seen the part of Captain Plume, in *The Recruiting Officer*, enacted in a red stuff coat, and a laced waistcoat, and yellow plush breeches, borrowed from the footman of the parish Rector. And being once behind the scenes of a theatre erected in a barn, and observing a gentleman decked in a very gaudy suit, without any stockings, he inquired whether the part he was going to perform required his legs to be naked; and was informed that the gentleman's wife was then on, using the stockings, and that as he did not appear at the same time with her . . . he was waiting till she took them off in order to his putting them on.

Thus Mr. Fyvie quotes from the biographer of Elizabeth Farren, and to such a sketch we need hardly add the Hogarth picture of the strolling actresses dressing in a barn, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of the book, to realise the squalor, and the inevitable accompaniment of squalor—vice—which were the lot of the stroller in those days. There were scoundrels, too, like the Daly of Dublin, who poisoned the early years of Mrs. Jordan, to be reckoned with. And even such downfalls as that of poor George Anne Bellamy, who started with everything in her favour, may be ascribed as much to ill-luck in the choice of a protector as to inherent vice.

We hear complaints to-day of the publicity given in the press to the private lives of actors and actresses. It is nothing to the publicity forced upon them a century ago. To-day competition is so keen that the player who desires to advertise himself must be careful to keep the papers and the photographers informed of such details of his private life as he wishes to see published, while even in clubs and other places where they gossip the rest is only gingerly handled. A hundred years ago details which men scarcely speak of to-day were displayed in all the glory of transparent innuendo, italics, capitals and dashes, in the newspapers. Mr. Fyvie gives a good example of this in the quotations concerning Mrs. Jordan and the Duke of Clarence, and a passage from the *Morning Post* on Colonel Tarleton and Mary Robinson, which is almost unquotable. Here is another specimen:

Little Pickle's assumed character of the *Tar* was a prelude only to her future nautical fame; for though pressed into the service, she has consented, we find, to be close moored under the guns of the *Royal Commodore*.

What would be thought of a paper that published such paragraphs to-day? It might be argued that publicity should have acted as a deterrent from irregular conduct. Experience shows it to be all the other way. Players were not treated with the respect that they have earned in our own time, and without respect there is small chance of respectability.

It is better to turn from the glare of the "private" lives of these admirable but often unhappy women to the contemplation of their histrionic achievements: but the artistic history of the stage, like its scientific history, remains to be written. The world is too easily content to believe that because the material of the actor's art—his limbs, his face and his voice—dies with him, it is impossible to reconstruct his work; and it is content with the dull details of the chroniclers or the gossip of the scandal-mongers. We can never hear Mrs. Jordan laugh, nor Lavinia Fenton sing; but it should not be impossible to reconstruct, from portraits and the testimony of eye-witnesses, something of the artistic methods of public favourites and good actresses like these. The prevalence and period of "tone," the amount of communication and confidence passed directly to the audience, the degree to which the actress was absorbed in her part and the degree to which she remained her individual self on the stage—these are some of the questions to which attention might be directed. Meanwhile, those who wish to make a first acquaintance with a few of the comic actresses of the Georgian era will find Mr. Fyvie a fairly trustworthy guide.

THE POETRY OF THE PERSIAN RENAISSANCE

A Literary History of Persia from Firdawsī to Sa'dī. By EDWARD G. BROWNE. (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

OF all the literatures of the nations of the Orient the literature of Persia is certainly the most agreeable to the English taste. The striking resemblance which obtains between the genius of Shelley, one of the greatest of English lyrical poets, and the genius of Jalálu'ddīn Rūmī, one of the greatest of Persian lyrical poets, is not wholly a matter of chance. The Persian mind occupies in the Eastern world a position similar to that which the English mind occupies in the Western world. It combines in a new form the qualities of two races with different characteristics. It inherited the richness of imagination and depth of thought of the Aryan genius of India, as the English mind inherited the like qualities of the Teutonic spirit: it acquired the practical ability and clearness of vision of the Semitic genius of Arabia, as the English mind acquired the like qualities of the Latin spirit. The effect of the Arab Conquest of Persia in 651 was similar to the effect of the Norman Conquest of England in 1066. For three hundred years and more, the indigenous civilisations of the subjected peoples were submerged by the civilisations introduced by their conquerors: the English were connected with the intellectual life of the northern shores of the Mediterranean; the Persians with that of the southern. In neither case, however, was the spirit of the nation broken, though its language, its frame of mind and its customs were modified. It assimilated and blended with the original elements of its genius everything that was forced upon it, and thereby it became in its turn a conquering race with a rich and potent civilisation of its own. The victories of Sultan Mahmūd of Ghazna were the signal for the renaissance of Persian literature, as the victories of Edward III. were the signal for the renaissance of English literature.

The Persians had already begun in the tenth century to collect and relate in prose the stories of their Zoroastrian kings and legendary heroes when Mahmūd, by his conquest of North-Western India, brought them again into close communion with Indian thought, and enhanced their pride in the ancient glories of their race and in their Indo-European traditions. Mahmūd was remarkable not only for his ability in war, but also for his passion for learning and his talent for poetry. In the verses which he is said to have written shortly before his death he moralises in a manner that reminds an English reader of the work of King Alfred, but the triteness of thought is redeemed by a certain energy of style. This is a difficult thing to translate into another language, and much of it has escaped in our version of the famous palinode of the great conqueror:

As flesh is thrall to spirit, the splendour and wealth of the land
Were thrall to the might of my sword and the strength of my strong
right hand.

Now clothed in glory and gladness, I lived in the land of my birth:
Now veiled in terror and darkness, I trampled the kingdoms of earth.
Oh! high and great I appeared when exulting in conquest I came;
But now I know that peasant and prince in their end are the same.
Behold these skulls that moulder to dust in the dust of the grave!
Which is the skull of the king and which is the skull of the slave?

One turn of my hand and the gate of the strongest of strongholds gave
way;
One touch to my horse and an army of enemies broke in dismay.
But now Death comes against me what profits the power of my
sword?

The Lord alone endures, and dominion belongs to the Lord.

Like many men of action the Sultan was of simple faith and averse from all kinds of heresy; and he was displeased when Firdawsī, the greatest of many poets attached to his Court, composed the epic, "The Book of Kings," which remains the greatest utterance and most powerful instrument of the national spirit of Persia. For in that work the pagan traditions of the people were revived and consolidated. In such tales as that of "Sohrab and Rostum," splendidly paraphrased by

Matthew Arnold, Firdawsí lowered, indirectly but effectually, the renown of the heroes of Islam by exalting the fame of the heroes of the infidel faith of his native country. The epic poet prepared the way for the popular religion of dissent that found expression in the miracle plays of Persia, as the lyrical poets prepared the way for the philosophic religion of dissent that found expression in the mystical poetry of Persia. The result was that heterodoxy, in some form or another, became the note of Persian literature. Some writers were sceptics, like Avicenna, the contemporary of Firdawsí and author of the famous epigram:

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sat,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate—

which FitzGerald has included in his version of the quatrains of a now famous Persian man of science of a later age. Most of the poets, however, were inclined to mysticism. Even from the scurrilous works of Sa'dí, as Professor Browne observes, one may cull many passages of a beauty and of a fineness of sentiment worthy of Meister Eckhardt or Thomas à Kempis. In mediæval Persia, as in modern England, the movement of scepticism deepened the religious feeling of the people. It weakened the base of the religion of authority, and strengthened the foundation of the religion of experience. Avicenna and Omar Khayyám were only the forerunners of Attár and Jalálu'ddín Rúmí.

Jalálu'ddín was a contemporary of St. Francis of Assisi. He, too, was a man of great sweetness and holiness of character, and the founder of an order of mendicant monks that is still one of the great spiritual forces of the world. We fancy that St. Francis was known to him by fame, for he said to a disciple who contemned the Christians: "One of the greatest of God's most cherished saints is a man who now lives in poverty in a certain town of Europe." Like most of the eminent Persian mystics, Jalálu'ddín was remarkably free from religious prejudice. "I am neither a Christian," he said, "nor a Muslim"; but he certainly had far more in common even with the orthodox Christian than with the orthodox Muslim, and it is difficult to see in what essential point his creed differed from that of the Neo-Platonic School of Christianity. In the matter of literary genius, as we have remarked, he reminds one of Shelley: in the matter of spiritual genius, however, he resembles more closely Crashaw. It is impossible for any one who has not as supreme a command of the harmonies of the English language as had Milton to translate adequately one of his beautiful lyrical odes. As his editor, Mr. R. A. Nicholson, finely says, a single line is sometimes an orchestra in itself. But in the invocation to Saint Teresa in "The Flaming Heart," Crashaw has caught the very accent and spirit of Jalálu'ddín's poetry, if not all its large music:

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of legend fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair Sister of the Seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

So Jalálu'ddín invoked his master Shams-i-Tabriz. "By all of Him we have in thee," that is an admirable expression of the esoteric doctrine of the Persian mystic. In his view, every noble teacher of religion who could quicken in him the life of the spirit was, to some extent, a partaker of the Divine Nature. He believed, in fine, in a natural and continual revelation throughout the ages.

All the mystical poets of Persia sang to this one clear harp in divers tones: Saná'í, Attár, Jalálu'ddín, and Jámí, they were all seers who tried "to justify the ways of God to man"; and their successors are to be found in modern Persia.

In order to show the extraordinary interest of the work under review, we have discussed some of the literature of the period covered by Professor Browne, instead of attempting the impossible task of examining his work in detail. The virtue or the defect of his book is that it is an encyclopædia of the results of first-hand research. It is designed for the benefit of the man of learning rather than for the delectation of the lover of letters. Carlyle would have called it a magnificent piece of navvy work, but it is navvy work of a valuable kind.

WHITEWASHING RICHARD

Richard III.: his life and character reviewed in the light of recent research. By Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is nothing more fascinating than the attempt to whitewash an historical scoundrel. To be able to prove that you alone are right and that the verdict of history is wholly wrong is perhaps the highest pleasure an historical writer can obtain, but to do this successfully two things are essential—a power of appreciating evidence and its value, and a habit of original research—in neither of which does Sir Clements Markham excel. He seems to imagine that to repeat a statement over and over again makes it true, and that citations from earlier writers take the place of original documents. We do not suggest that time and labour have not been spent on the book; but we demur to the author's statement that "the present work is about as complete as very frequent revision can make it."

The proposition that the book seeks to prove is that the two sons of Edward IV. did not die in the reign of Richard III. but survived until after the accession of Henry VII. There is a great deal more that is sought to be proved, but this is the central proposition, and if this be established it may be taken that Sir Clements Markham has gone a long way towards proving his case. We have stated his proposition in its crudest form, left out all question of murder, and put it simply as a matter of fact. What was the date at which the princes died? Edward IV. died on April 9, 1483, leaving two sons—Edward V. and Richard Duke of York—and five daughters surviving him. Sir Clements Markham assumes as proved that these children were all illegitimate on the ground that Edward IV. had been contracted to Eleanor Lady Butler before his marriage to Elizabeth Woodville, so that therefore there was no object in his getting rid of the princes. All that can be said is that the evidence is not such as proves anything of the sort. It is not, however, of any great importance in the way we have stated the case. The princes went to the Tower in June 1483; they never came out. This is admitted; the only question is, when did they die. The usually accepted version is that it was in August 1485. Sir Clements Markham says: "there are two pieces of evidence, one of them positive evidence, that they were alive throughout the reign of Richard III." It is unfortunate that these pieces of evidence on which the whole theory turns are not given fully. All that is said is that "in the orders for King Richard's household dated after the death of his own son *children* are mentioned of such high rank that they were to be served before all other Lords. The only children who could occupy such a position were the sons of Edward IV. and the son of Eleanor." No reference is given to what orders are here mentioned and the exact words of the order relied on are not quoted. It would be unfair to cite any passage from the orders as disproving this assertion, for Sir Clements would reply that it

was not the passage that he meant. As the matter now stands the first so-called piece of evidence proves nothing, certainly not the inference sought to be drawn from it that "the conclusion must be that all his [Richard III.'s] nephews were members of his household and that they were only sent to Sheriff Hutton and to the Tower when danger threatened the realm from the invasion of Henry Tudor." This is certainly a very large inference to draw from a very slight premiss.

The next piece of evidence is a warrant of March 9, 1485, given in Rymer, directing Henry Davy to deliver unto the footman for the Lord Bastard certain articles of apparel, and this it is said must be meant for Edward V.; he was a lord and was a bastard and was therefore the Lord Bastard. Lingard has given his view that this order was for Richard III.'s own illegitimate son, John of Gloucester. This Sir Clements will not admit, and says that this person was called the bastard son of the King, not the Lord Bastard. This is a fair point for consideration and he is entitled to rely on it for what it is worth; but he is not entitled to say that from it he has proved "that Edward was alive and well treated in March 1485, four months before the death of Richard III." Even if he had proved this point, he has totally failed to account for the Duke of York and what became of him.

Sir Clements, having assumed that he has proved that the princes survived Richard III., goes on to "prove" that Henry VII. killed them. His method is peculiar. He begins by saying that Henry caused the prisoners taken at Bosworth to be executed; therefore he, having no legal status and being in fact an attainted outlaw, committed a series of murders. And he goes on to say:

What did he do with the surviving members of the royal family of England, legitimate or otherwise? There were Edward and Richard, the illegitimate sons of Edward IV.; there was Edward, the legitimate son of the Duke of Clarence and now the rightful King of England; there was John, the illegitimate son of Richard III. They all fell into his power and he alone became answerable for their lives. There is too much reason to suspect that they all met with foul play at his hands.

This is a fairly confident statement to make, especially on the evidence brought forward. If Henry was so bloodthirsty as is here suggested, why, it may be asked, did he kill the illegitimate children and keep alive the son of Clarence, who was the legitimate Yorkist heir, executing him only after subsequent rebellions. If Sir Clements, before he write history, would give a little attention to law he would find that no one can be convicted of murder until it is proved that the person was murdered. He has first to prove that the princes survived Richard III.—which he has not done—and he has then to prove that they were killed. Of this he has produced not one tittle of evidence, yet he has the boldness to conclude: "The conduct of Henry adds weight to all other evidence; it cannot be reconciled with his innocence, it can only be explained by his guilt."

OLD HEIDELBERG

Heidelberg: its Princes and its Palaces. By ELIZABETH GODFREY. (E. Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE writer of this volume may rest assured of the fulfilment of her hope that those who familiarise themselves with its contents will not echo "the remark uttered by a rather learned man: 'I did not know the Palatinate had a history.'" Such sayings indicate one of the drawbacks which might be set against the inestimable advantages of the Union of Germany. For federation did away with many of the reasons which formerly impelled representatives of other countries to study the history of the individual States of the Fatherland.

But though it is possible for generally well-informed persons to be ignorant of the chronicles of the Palatinate, they usually contrive to acquire some idea of the historical

importance of its ancient capital. If they have not visited Heidelberg, they hope to do so. In either case they will find much to interest them in Miss Godfrey's monograph. "Next to the Alhambra of Granada," says Longfellow, "the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages." And those who have often lingered within its precincts can recall their longing for something more detailed than a guide-book outline of the life and work of the Palatine princes, something which might enable them to reconstruct the past after the fashion of Friedrich von Matthison in his "Elegie: in der Ruinen eines alten Bergschlosses geschrieben," the Bergschloss in question being Heidelberg Castle. It is this very real need that Miss Godfrey has set herself to supply, and a large measure of success has attended her efforts.

The early chapters of her book deal with the remote beginnings of the history of the Palatinate. At this point a map to illustrate the importance of its position would have been helpful. "Commanding the great waterway of the Rhine, it became a seat of the Roman power." At a later day, when the Romans had been driven out by the Franks, "it was the very kernel of Charlemagne's empire, and from the title of his Court officials, *Comes Palatii*, the name of its rulers was derived." Ultimately the Holy Roman Empire came to be identified with the elective monarchy of Germany. "German affairs, when the Emperor was beyond the Alps, were administered by the Count Palatine of the Rhine, who was himself eligible for the imperial dignity and several times attained it."

With the accession to power of Conrad von Hohenstaufen, brother of the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa, the Palatinate becomes a distinct entity, and a force to be reckoned with in German politics. This was in the year 1155. Conrad's chief residence was his castle on the hill which began to be called Heidelberg, or the hill of the bilberries, for in those days, instead of being as now richly wooded, it was a wild heathy waste. Very little is known of this structure, which dominated the whole valley at the height of some 650 feet above the river. It was completely destroyed in successive disasters, and now the modern world has hidden all that remained of it beneath the terraces of a restaurant, known as the Molkenkur.

"The Builders" is the name of that section of her work in which the writer conjures up, one after another, the forms of successive electors, remarkable, many of them, for their personal attractiveness, their success in warfare, and for their love of learning and the arts, especially the art of building. Their names are indissolubly associated with the palaces and towers and fortifications gradually up-reared in the course of six centuries and known collectively as Heidelberg Castle. Here is a portrait of one of the builders, the Elector Friedrich I.:

At the time of his succession (1449) he was four-and-twenty, handsome and tall, chivalrous and of a knightly presence, loving books, yet delighting in active life, a practical soldier, and a capable man of affairs. . . . Besides these advantages, Friedrich possessed one which we are apt to describe as luck, but which rather means the power to seize the flying opportunity, to decide promptly, to will and act without faltering, and to this he owed his cognomen of the Victorious and the singular fact that through all his twelve years' fighting he was never beaten. . . . He added greatly to the fortifications of the Castle. He also built the Apothecary Tower and the mighty one at the north-east corner, which now lies in ruins, and is known as the Cleft Tower (die Gesprengte Thurm).

Another notable builder was Ludwig V. To his reign, which began in 1508, was due the erection of the beautiful Library Tower. The name of his nephew, Otto Heinrich, is perpetuated by the magnificent palace, with its richly decorated façade, on the east side of the courtyard. A series of admirable reproductions of old prints will enable Miss Godfrey's readers to form some conception of the majestic appearance of the Castle in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. These do not, however, make up for the omission to provide a ground plan of the various buildings. For want of this, the stranger to Heidelberg cannot possibly realise their relative positions, or follow with any interest such architectural achievements as are described, e.g., on pp. 123-7.

We cannot but regard it as unfortunate that the author did not uniformly adopt, for the earlier portions

of her work, the plan which she has used with conspicuous success in the last two Books: that, namely, of making the history of the times an effective background, against which the chief personages of the story stand out in sharp relief. Compared with Friedrich IV. and Elizabeth Stuart, Karl Ludwig and his daughter Liselotte, the figures of the fifteenth and sixteenth century electors are, as a rule, wanting in precision and lifelikeness. This is largely due to the fact that parts of their story are kept back for insertion in Book III. or Book IV., which deal respectively with the Renaissance and the Reformation. The far-reaching effects of both these movements on the history of the Palatinate call for special emphasis. But supplementary chapters, dealing with the incidents which could not be incorporated into the chronicles of the various reigns would surely have been preferable to the long interruption of the main stream of the narrative. It is also a matter for regret that the chapters on "the Divided Church" were not conceived in a more judicial spirit. In future editions of this non-polemical work, which may number many Germans among its readers, we would suggest the omission of the reference to "Luther's so-called wife" (page 175), and the application of some more fitting adjective than "notorious" to the work of Melancthon (page 184). A slight inaccuracy occurs on page 160, where the writer states that the Courts of the *Dukes* of Ferrara and Florence were early affected by the humanistic movement. At the dawn of the Renaissance Florence was nominally a republic. The first Duke began his reign in 1530. A printer's error is possibly accountable for the announcement on page 318 that the mother of George I. "missed the succession in her own person by a very few years." The Electress Sophia died on May 28 and Queen Anne on August 1 of the same year—1714.

We have given one reason for selecting for special commendation the closing chapters of this history. The writer's familiarity with the Stuart period likewise counts for much when she tells of the disasters which overtook the "Queen of Hearts" and her descendants. It is strange that the devotion of one Elector to his wife should have brought about the Thirty Years War, while the ambition of a succeeding Elector for his daughter resulted in the Orleans War. When both were over, the glory had departed from the Palatinate. Heidelberg's wondrous castle lay in ruins. "The cunning hand of Art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning its walls; the mailed hands of Time and War have defaced and overthrown them in less than two." In 1799 the Rhenish Palatinate was merged in the Grand Duchy of Baden. But the first Grand Duke inaugurated a new period of prosperity for Heidelberg by reconstructing the University, originally founded in 1386, and erecting a suitable building for the accommodation of professors and students.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

Newnes' Thin-Paper Classics. (3s. 6d. per volume.)

IN looking over these handsome and well-printed volumes one is tempted into a vein of speculation. Complaints are frequently made that the literary taste of the age is debauched and demoralised, and that only the hysterical and the sensational have a chance of appealing to the public. Yet we understand that the volumes which constitute this series have found an appreciative public. The books chosen are not popular in the ordinary sense of the word. We have to begin with the acknowledged classics of the English tongue, Shakespeare and Milton, Boswell's life of Johnson, Swift and Sterne, Bacon and Goldsmith. No doubt there are omissions. Fielding has certainly as much claim to be considered a classic as any other writer whose book is here reproduced. In his own way his style is inimitable. It has at once sinew and grace, force, lightness and cleverness. There is no other writing quite like it in the English language. The objection which probably has weighed with the Editors

of the series is a certain lack of delicacy which is alleged against both Fielding and Smollett, but this ought not to have caused his exclusion. Fielding, as a matter of fact, was one of the most moral of English writers. He was too great a man and too much of a philosopher not to be able to pardon and laugh at sins and peccadilloes, but was not that chiefly because he understood the wider issues? His was the tolerant creed expressed by Burns:

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

Henry Fielding is unmistakably entitled to be called, in Scott's phrase, the father of the English novel, and a series of classics can scarcely be complete without the inclusion of "Tom Jones," indisputably the best novel in the English language. A place ought to be allowed to Smollett also, and it would be absurd of the publishers to allow feelings of so-called delicacy to stand in the way. We would be the last to recommend the publication of anything that had an immoral tendency, but such a charge cannot be truthfully made in regard to the works we have mentioned. Fielding and Smollett wrote in the language of their age, which did not call a spade an agricultural implement. But they were wholesomeness itself as compared with the suggestiveness of much modern literature. In fact, the only reason for complaint is that they are little read at the present moment. Fielding's style is wasted on a generation which has come to accept the most slipshod writing as cheerfully as though it were the best. Any one who is in doubt of this may be recommended to turn to the pages of the current *Contemporary Review*, where he will find adduced some extraordinary examples of careless writing that appears to appeal to the multitude to-day. Of course, this neglect of style is merely a temporary aberration on the part of the British public, a result, perhaps, of a vast number of half-educated readers having been brought into existence during the operation of the Education Acts. But those who desire to cultivate a fine taste in literature must give their days and nights to the study of such masterpieces as are reproduced in these thin-paper classics. If they will take a volume, say, of Addison's Essays, and consider the directness, clearness, and lucidity of the style in which it is written, joined, as these qualities are, to a complete absence of anything in the nature of false ornament or affectation, they will very quickly be able to discern the gross faults of that literature which morning and evening is served up by the popular press.

If we desired to make a contrast between language that is full of real energy and the merely forcible style of the ordinary journalist, then it is Swift to whom the student should turn. He is not represented quite so fully in the series as he might be, and we hope that this and other omissions will be rectified in the future; but still there is enough to show the strength of that master-hand. One great advantage of having classics in the shape of these before us is that they can be very comfortably carried in the pocket. We have all read these great authors at least once, but a test of literature is whether it can be taken out and perused again and again. Nearly all of the works issued in this series can be read with advantage at least once in every twelve months. And whoever encourages this kind of reading is deserving of the fullest gratitude. It is the only effective antidote that can be applied to the poisonous stuff that abounds at the present moment. A well-known critic told us only a little while ago that for some time past it has been the custom to place what have hitherto been known as the English classics on the top shelf of the library, where they never are asked for even by the young. If this be so, can it be wondered that the taste for literature should show such signs of degeneracy.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyám. Translated by GEORGE ROE. (Foulis, 7s. 6d. net.)

BETWEEN those English versions of the *Ruba'iyat* which have departed from the letter of the original in order to conform to the requirements of good verse and those which have sacrificed the spirit of the poem in order to attain literalness there is, as Mr. Roe says, a wide gulf. In his new metrical version, from "various Persian sources," he has tried to steer a middle course. His rendering is literal in that he has not followed former translators in expanding one quatrain into several or compressing several into one; but, on the other hand, while each of his stanzas is representative of an individual *ruba'i*, he has attempted to weave them into a poem whose form bears no resemblance to the disjointed arrangement of the original manuscript. He has caught the spirit of Omar—though not, we think, so completely as FitzGerald—and his translation, though it is not likely to bring many new worshippers to the shrine of the old tent-maker of Naishapur, should be welcomed by scholars. Much learning and research have gone to its making, and the marginal and other notes are valuable; but, judged as literature, it is—inevitably—vastly inferior to FitzGerald's. And, after all, a great deal of the popularity of the *Ruba'iyat* is due more to FitzGerald than to Omar himself. The difference between the two renderings may be illustrated by quoting one of FitzGerald's stanzas:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep;

and giving Mr. Roe's translation:

In yonder mansion of the mighty dead,
Where Bahram feasted, prowling lions tread,
And where his cunning lasso caught the gür,
Behold the gür has closed o'er Bahram's head.

There can be no question as to which is the finer. Mr. Roe explains that *gür* means either wild ass or the grave, but he gives no note on the "paronomasia—play po' words." Lovers of Omar who know nothing of the liberties FitzGerald took in translating the *Ruba'iyat* would do well to compare the two versions.

The Making of the Criminal. By CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL and L. M. RIGBY. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

ROUGHLY speaking, there are two classes of criminal: the accidental and the habitual—the man who is betrayed into a solitary crime and the man who makes crime a profession and lives by it. It is with the latter class that the authors of this admirable little study deal. They base their book on experience gained among juvenile delinquents in Manchester and—rightly, we think—it is with the criminal in the making that they are chiefly concerned. They have arrived at the conclusion that it is between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one that the habitual criminal is made. We should be inclined to put the period a little earlier—between the ages of fourteen and nineteen—because it is during the year or so of idleness which often follows the termination of school-life that a disinclination to work is engendered, and it is then that the boy is most susceptible of evil influences. The chapters on comparative methods of dealing with the youthful criminal—the first offender—are suggestive and worthy of serious study, and the authors throw much light on the factors of heredity and environment which make a law-abiding life almost an impossibility to many. We could wish that they had seen their way to touch on the most important point of all: the necessity of remedying the root of the evil, and making the demoralising atmosphere in which the young criminal is brought up an impossibility. When our authorities have done that they may reduce the police force.

Porcelain. A Sketch of its Nature, Art, and Manufacture. By WILLIAM BURTON. (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net.)

UNDER this all-embracing title the author of several standard works on English stoneware, earthenware and chinaware displays the once closely guarded secrets of his craft with the clearness and accuracy of the scientist and the æsthetic appreciation of the connoisseur. Such vast sums are now spent and so much time and care bestowed upon the collection of old porcelains that such a book as this, compact of knowledge and taste, is assured a wide welcome. Mr. Burton covers the complete field of ceramics in all countries from the earliest examples of the inspired East to the latest European efforts, such as Mr. Solon's *pâte-sur-pâte* or the *flambé* and lustrated porcelains of Mr. Bernard Moore. Thus, the subject has to be compressed, and we find the works of the Oriental potters somewhat slightly treated in comparison with the European manufactures. However, that which the author does give us he gives fully and out of his large experience and pleasing enthusiasm; and all readers will find in his volume much sound information and valuable technical research. The last point of interest to the informed collector of porcelains to-day is the mark. A generation ago, and earlier, nothing else appeared to matter. Nowadays the authority on the subject is most interested in the character of the body and the glaze, the colour and the decoration of the piece under consideration, and it is towards knowledge of this valuable kind that Mr. Burton's "Porcelain" will lead the reader. Marks, as he says, have been greatly over-valued, for the choicest specimens are without them, the marks of one period or one factory have been frequently imitated at other times and places, and the first thing the forger copies is the mark. The large number of well-reproduced full-page photographs of actual pieces from the earliest natural felspathic *Blanc de Chine* to our own modern commercial phosphatic or bone porcelains, forms a gallery of objects at once informing and beautiful.

Western Tibet and the British Borderland. By CHARLES A. SHERRING. (Arnold, 21s. net.)

Tibet the Mysterious. By Sir THOMAS HOLDICH. (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SHERRING'S volume is a poor piece of book-making. To book-making, when it gives the reader who cannot afford expensive works a succinct record of available information at a modest price, we have no objection. The book before us is not one of these summaries, nor can its price be called modest. Its extraordinarily lengthy title-page left us breathless and a little suspicious. We remembered that it was but a short time since the publication of books by Major Ryder and Captain Rawling, the leaders of the expedition to Gar-tok; and we remembered Colonel Waddell. Had the author of the present tome spent years of patient research in daily peril of life and limb, or how would he justify its appearance? We wandered through an unnecessarily long preface, admitting freely that "the public expects nowadays something which is decidedly new and distinctly additional to what has already been so ably put before it by writers in the past," and that "information gathered on the spot does add, however inconsiderable the addition, something to that vastly interesting mass of knowledge which is the delight of those interested in comparative religions, ethnology, and political science," and hoping for a few less adverbs in the chapters to come. Our hope was vain, and superlatives add a further terror to Mr. Sherring's pages. His book is mainly the result of a brief visit to Gar-tok, our new trade-mart in Western Tibet. The greater part of the country covered in the journey has already been described, and for the rest, all that rewards the reader is hastily assimilated information about customs and religions, picked up on the way. In itself it is interesting, but much of it is not new, and the statement on the first page of the volume:

The Assam border is at present of little use to us owing to the wildness of the country and the savage character of the people, whereas Western Tibet, with which British territory comes into actual physical contact, is of enormous importance, while it may be safely said that it is difficult to find in any portion of the earth a more interesting country than Western Tibet and the British Borderland which adjoins it. Geographically, this portion of Tibet is the nearest to Russian territory, and, although separated from Russian Turkestan by chains of the most forbidding mountain ranges, still the fact of its position gives it great importance,

is not calculated to inspire trust in our guide in matters where we are unable to check his accuracy. We do not wish to appear ungenerous, and we realise that to the author his work has been a labour of love, an attempt to add something to the sum of our knowledge of Tibet and its races. But it comes too late, and it is far too bulky.

Sir Thomas Holdich's addition to Messrs. Alston Rivers's admirable "Story of Exploration" series is a book of a very different nature from Mr. Sherring's. Like Mr. Sherring's it is a piece of book-making, but unlike his it is a careful compilation, a trustworthy summary at a very moderate price, "intended to illustrate the sequence of exploration in that great wilderness of stormy and inhospitable altitudes with lie far beyond Lhasa"; and to serve incidentally as "a small tribute to many great achievements." The author has gleaned his information from many sources—Russian, American, Italian, Indian, French, Swedish and English—and the book is well illustrated. A good bibliography and a full index add to the value of a volume in every way worthy of the series.

Hokusai. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. (Siegle, 1s. 6d. net.)

ANYTHING about Japanese art written by Mr. E. F. Strange commands respectful attention, for he is one of the few who, having an authoritative knowledge of his subject, has also the gift of presenting that knowledge in an entertaining and stimulating fashion. The essay on Hokusai which he has contributed to the "Langham Series of Art Monographs" is not only a *résumé* of what is known of the life of this great Japanese artist and a discriminating guide to those qualities which make the greatness of his art; it also tends to give the reader a sounder understanding of what art is than many a volume ten times its size and ten times more pretentious. A suggestive comparison of Hokusai with the great French draughtsman Daumier may be taken as an example of the author's critical insight and lucid style:

Hokusai's exaggeration of the human face and figure is inspired by pure joyousness. It is, quite simply, fun; and has nothing in common with the bitter and biting satire of the French artist. Neither does Hokusai, in spite of the hardship and sorrow of his life, ever depict the seamy or pathetic side of humanity. One of the invariable and most beautiful of his characteristics is an unceasing happiness, a feature not far removed from that which inspired the best period of Greek art. But in method these two otherwise dissimilar geniuses come much more nearly together. Daumier . . . has, like Hokusai, a fine disregard of non-essentials and the keenest eye for those salient points that compel the instant recognition and admiration of the beholder. . . . Both are masters of the art of expressing their minds with a few poignant strokes of brush or pencil. Stripped of the disguise imposed on each by the traditions which dominate him, their work, in its technique altogether, and partly in its application to the scenes and events of daily life, seems to me to rest largely on a common basis.

The coloured frontispiece and other reproductions in black and white of Hokusai's drawings effectively point Mr. Strange's arguments and adorn his delightful little volume.

The Voyage of the "Scotia." By Three of the Staff. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

In 1901, it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, three expeditions were despatched to different parts of the unexplored Antarctic regions by England, Germany, and Sweden. In November 1902 a Scottish exploration party, supported entirely by private munificence, set out from the Clyde, in the *Scotia*—an old Norwegian whaler

which had been rebuilt for the expedition. Mr. W. S. Bruce, the leader, and Captain Robertson, the navigating officer, both took part in the prospecting voyage made by four Dundee whalers in 1892, but the account of the present voyage has been written by three members of the scientific staff—Mr. Rudmose Brown, Mr. Mossman, and Dr. Harvey Pirie—and though there is much interesting information in their pages, particularly in those contributed by Mr. Brown, we think this a mistake. The parts do not "hang together," and too much space is devoted to localities already well known. We think Mr. Brown is incorrect in his description of the frigate-bird (*Fregata aquila*), which, he says, "hovers high above the water, spying out its prey, and then suddenly, with a splash like a cannon-ball, drops straight down into the sea, to emerge in a few moments with a captured fish"; and there is a curious paragraph on pp. 311, 312 which seems to demand an explanation.

The night closed in wild and thick, and shut out the Lucifer Shoal and Blackwater lightships. The tide ran with a phenomenal speed that upset all the mate's calculations, and, in consequence, at daybreak we were fairly at a loss to know what part of the Irish coast was nearest us, and how far from land we were; and this on the morning of our return. But the South Arklow lightship warned us off in time when we were running straight for the dangerous Arklow bank; and a friendly little schooner, with an unmistakably Irish skipper, whom the Captain hailed, put us right again, and at noon on July 15 the *Scotia* anchored in Kingstown Harbour.

If this statement be correct, which we doubt, it should in charity have been suppressed. We recognise how much the *Scotia* owed to the generosity of Messrs. Coates, but surely the first photograph on p. 312 might have been omitted. The illustrations are admirable, and there is plenty of good reading in the book—much that will be new even to those who have studied the records of previous expeditions to the South Pole—but there is also a good deal that might with advantage have been omitted.

Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran, 1845-1876. By Major-General J. RUGGLES. (Longmans, 5s. net.)

MAJOR-GENERAL RUGGLES—the oldest of the twenty-five survivors of that gallant band of fifty officers who used to assemble at the annual Lucknow dinner to toast the memory of their fallen comrades—has written a very entertaining account of his experiences in the Indian Mutiny and elsewhere. He has been content to give us only essentials, and we are never bored by trivial letters and despatches. He admits that he has turned up contemporary memoirs in order to refresh his recollections of several incidents, but his book bears no sign of research and lays no claim to be history. It is fresh and spontaneous, commendably brief and modest, and in many ways a model autobiography. We have only one quarrel with its author. In his account of the relief of Lucknow he says:

By 3 P.M. the redcoats were seen steadily advancing [towards the Mess House] headed by an officer, who entered first, and through our glasses we shortly perceived a man on the roof; this proved to be Captain Wolseley . . . and in a few seconds the British ensign floated aloft over this massive building; and although it was shot away again and again, it finally rested there.

In his "Story of a Soldier's Life" Lord Wolseley disclaims the honour:

Some one in after years (Archibald Forbes?) asserted that I claimed the honour of having hoisted the Union Jack upon the Mess House when we took it. My answer is that it was taken by my company . . . but I did not know who the hero was that hoisted a flag upon it. All I know was that it was not I who had done so, and that no flag was hoisted in the Mess House whilst I was in it, and as to what took place after my company had gone through it to take the Motee Mohul I could say nothing.

The hero was Lord Roberts, who, if we remember rightly, gives an account of the incident in his autobiography. It is characteristic of his dogged determination that although the flagstaff was knocked down no less than three times, on each occasion he returned to his position of peril.

LOGIC AND LIFE

(To P.)

WHAT tho' the thoughts of our reason dissever and drive
us asunder ?

Ever the thoughts of our hearts knit us as closely in
one !

Clouded our intellects clash in sullen reverberate thunder ;
Clear our intuitive souls bask in the glorious sun.

JOHN B. WAINWRIGHT.

THE ELETHIAN MUSE

To readers of the ACADEMY, some months ago, it was my privilege to introduce the eleventh Muse, a rather Batavian lady who is not to be found in that Greek peerage, Lemprière's Dictionary. An obliging correspondent from Edinburgh (an eminent writer to the Signet in our northern Thebes) in communicating to me a priceless couplet

The mightiest grandest thoughts of greatest men
Cannot be put on paper with a pen ;

inquired if there were any more muses who had escaped the students of comparative mythology. It is in response to his letter that I now present, as Mr. Charles Frohman would say, the thirteenth, the Elethian Muse. I hope to prove too, that the mightiest thoughts can, and have been put on paper with a pen.

Yet I can fancy people asking, *where is the twelfth*, and over what art or science does she preside ? According to Apollodorus (in a recently recovered fragment from Oxyrynchus), Jupiter, suffering from the chronic headaches consequent on his acrimonious conversations with Athena, decided to consult Vulcan, Aesculapius having come to be regarded as a quack. Mulciber (as we must now call him, having used the name Vulcan once), suggested an extraordinary remedy, one of the earliest records of a homœopathic expedient. He prescribed that the King of Gods and Men should keep his ambrosial tongue in the side of his cheek for half an hour three times a day. The operation produced violent retching in the Capitoline stomach. And on the ninth day, from his mouth, quite unarmed, sprang the twelfth muse. The other goddesses were very disgusted ; and even the gods declined to have any communication with the new arrival. Apollo, however, was more tolerant and offered her an asylum on the top shelf of the celestial library. Ever afterwards, Musagetes used to be heard laughing immoderately, even for a librarian to the then House of Lords ; Jupiter, incensed at this irregularity, paid him a surprise visit in order to discover the cause. He stayed however, quite a long time, and the other deities soon contracted the habit of taking their nectar into the library. With the decline of manners, the twelfth muse began to be invited to dessert, after Juno and the more reputable goddesses had retired. To cut a long story short, when Pan died, in the olympian sense, very shortly afterwards, all the gods, as we know, took refuge on earth. Jupiter retired to Iceland, Aphrodite to Germany, Apollo to Picardy, but the twelfth muse wandered all over Europe and found that she was really more appreciated than her sisters. The castle, the abbey, the inn, the lone ale-house on the Berkshire moors, all made her welcome. Finally she settled in Ireland, where, according to a Protestant libel, she took the black veil in a nunnery.

She is older than the chestnuts of Vallombrosa. Perhaps of all the ancient goddesses time has chilled her least.

Her unfathomable smile wears a touch of something sinister in it, but she has a new meaning for every generation. And yet for Ætino there was some further magic of crimson on her lips and cheeks lost for us. She is a solecism for the convalescent, and has given consolation to the brave. She has been a diver in rather deep seas and a climber in somewhat steep places. Her censers are the smoking-rooms of clubs, and her presence lamps are school-boys' lanterns. Though held the friend of liars and brutes, she has lived on the indelicacies of kings, and has made even pontiffs laugh. Her mysteries are told in the night-time, and in low whispers to the garish day. She lingers over the stable-yard (no doubt called *mews* for that reason). Her costly breviaries, embellished with strange illuminations, are prohibited under Lord Campbell's Act. Stars mark the places where she has been. Sometimes a scholar's fallacy, a sworn foe to Dr. Bowdler, she is *Nôtre Dame de Milet*, our Lady of Limerick.

But it is of her sister I would speak, the thirteenth sister who was created to keep the eleventh in countenance. She presides over the absurdities of prose. She is responsible for the stylistic flights of Pegasus when, owing to the persuasive eloquence of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, his bearing-rein has been abolished, and he kicks over the traces.

It was the Elethian Muse who inspired that Oxford undergraduate's peroration to his essay on the Characteristics of St. John's Gospel :

Furthermore we may add that St. John's Gospel is characterised by a tone of fervent piety which is totally wanting in those of the other Evangelists ;

and she hovered over the journalist, who, writing for a paper which we need not name, referred to Bacchus as :

that deity whose identity in Greek and Roman mythology is inseparably connected with the over indulgence of intoxicating liquors.

There are prose beauties, Elethian jewels, hidden away even in Baedeker's mines of pregnant information and barren fact. I know it is fashionable to sneer at Baedeker, especially when you are writing little rhapsodies about remoter parts of Italy, where you have found his knowledge indispensable, if exiguous. You must always kick away the ladder when you arrive at literary distinction. I, who am still climbing and still clinging, can afford to be more generous. Let me therefore crown Baedeker with an essayist's parsley, or an academic laurel, ere I too become selfish, forgetful, egoistical and famous. From "Southern France," 1891 edition, p. 137 :

To the Pic de Néré, 3½ hrs. from Luz, there and back 6½ hrs. ; a *delightful excursion* which can be made on horseback part of the way ; guide 12, Horse 10 fr. ; *adders abound*.

For synthetic prose you will have to go to Tacitus to find the equal of that passage. No more is heard of the excursion. "We leave Luz by the Barege road," the text goes on to say. Reflections and picturesque word painting are left for Mr. Max Beerbolm, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Arthur Symons and Murray. In "Southern Italy" Baedeker yields to softer and more Virgilian influences. The purple patches are longer and more frequent. On page 99 we learn not only how to get to Baia, but that

Luxury and profligacy, however, soon took up their abode at Baia, and the desolate ruins which now alone encounter the eye, point the usual moral.

And from the preface to the same guide we obtain this remarkable advice :

The traveller should adopt the *Neapolitan custom* of rejecting fish that are not quite fresh.

But it is certain educational works, popular in my childhood, that have yielded the more exotic Elethian blossoms for my Anthology. There are passages I would

not willingly let die. In one of these books general knowledge was imparted after the manner of Mangnall. "What is the world?" "The earth on which we live." "Who was Raphael?" "How is rice made?" After such desultory interrogatives, without any warning, came question 15, "Give the character of Prince Potemki?":

Sordidly mean, ostentatiously prodigal, filthily intemperate and affectingly refined. Disgustingly licentious and extravagantly superstitious, a brute in appetite, vigorous though vacillating in action.

Until I went to the University a great many years afterwards I never learnt who Potemki was. At the age of seven he stood to me for what "Timberio" still is for Capriote children. My teacher obviously did not know. She always evaded my inquiries by saying, "You will know when you are older, darling." Suspecting her ignorance, I became pertinacious; "When I am as old as you?" was my ungallant rejoinder. I had to write the character out a hundred times. Then, one Christmas Day I ventured to ask my father, who said I would find out about him in Gibbon; but I knew he was not speaking the truth, because he laughed in a nervous, peculiar way, and added that as I was so fond of history I must go to Oxford when I was older. I loathed history, and inwardly resolved that Cambridge should be my University. My mother admitted entire ignorance of Potemki's identity, but on my sketching his character (for I was proud of the knowledge), said he was obviously a "horrid" man. His personality shadowed my childhood with a deadly fascination which has not entirely worn away; producing the same sort of effect on me as an imaginary portrait by Pater.

In a semi-geographical work called "Near home, or Europe Described," published by Hatchard's in the fifties (though my friend, Mr. Arthur Humphreys, denies all knowledge of it), I can recall many stereotypes of dialectic cast in a Socratic mould:

Q. What is the religion of the Italians? A. They are Roman Catholics.—Q. What do the Roman Catholics worship? A. Idols and a piece of bread.—Q. Would not God be very angry if he knew the Italians worshipped idols and a piece of bread? A. God is, *very* angry.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, if still interested in educational phenomena, will not be surprised to learn that when I reached to man's estate I "embraced the errors of Rome," as my historical manual would have phrased it.

I pity the child who did not learn universal history from Collier. How tame are the periods of Lord Acton, the Rev. William Hunt, Froude, Freeman, Oman, Round, even Macaulay and little Arthur, beside the rich Elethian periods of William Francis Collier. Not Berenson, not Byron, not Beerbohm, have given us such a picture of Venice as Collier in describing the Council of Ten:

The Ten were terrible; but still more terrible were the three inquisitors—two black, one red—appointed in 1454. Deep mystery hung over the Three. They were elected by the ten; none else knew their names. Their great work was to kill; and no man—doge, councillor, or inquisitor—was beyond their reach. Secretly they pronounced a doom; and ere long the stiletto or the poison cup had done its work, or the dark waters of the lagoon had closed over a life. The spy was everywhere. No man dared to speak out, for his most intimate companions might be on the watch to betray him. Bronze vases, shaped like a lion's mouth, gaped at the corner of every square to receive the names of suspected persons. Gloom and suspicion haunted gondola and hearth!!

It is owing to Collier that I know at least one fact about the Goths who took Rome, "having reduced the citizens to feed on mice and nettles, A.D. 546," a diet to which many of the hotel proprietors in the Imperial city still treat their clients. But let Bellows Dictionary, a friend and instructor of riper years, close my list of great examples and my theme. The sentiment is apposite to myself, and its only oddity, its Elethian quality if I may say so, is its presence in that marvellous miniature whose ingenious author you would never suspect could have found room for such portentous observations in the small duodecimo to which he confined himself:

Unaffected language is the inseparable accompaniment of natural refinement: but that affectation which would make up for paucity of thought by overstrained expression is a mark of vulgarity from which no accident of social position can redeem those who are guilty of it.

ROBERT ROSS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE PLACE OF WIT IN POETRY

THERE came into our hands a few days ago, from different sources, new editions of Robert Burns and Thomas Hood, whom few would deny to be the wittiest poets in our language. On the whole the Northern bard must be credited with being the wittier of the two, but it is extremely unfortunate that the best of his work should be masked in dialect that must ever become increasingly difficult as education spreads, since the schoolmaster tends to grow more and more ignorant of everything except what he calls pure English. Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, who are responsible for the edition of Burns before us, have tried to get over the difficulty by printing explanations of the more obscure words opposite them, in the way in which we have in our schooldays seen a Latin "crib" done. But this is not a practice to be commended. Those who understand Scotch will be worried by the continuation of the line, while for those who do not there is the difficulty of rendering into idiomatic English the expressions used by Burns. To take a few examples: for "Some black, grousome Carlin," "horrid-looking old woman" is not a happy rendering, and "First on Sawnie gies a ca'" seems to have lost its salt when rendered "calls out the name of Satan." However, it is only fair to say that in other respects the edition is a most admirable one, for the notes have been gathered with both industry and judgment and are really illuminating. The edition of Hood is equally satisfactory, though, of course, it does not require the same apparatus. It is issued by Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford Press, and is in every way an excellent issue of Hood's poems. But we must confess that the considerations suggested by glancing through these books were not altogether of a bibliographical kind. The two poets are akin to one another, and yet offer a most striking contrast. Each is a wit, and each is at the same time a poet, though the author of "Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go Over those hoary crests, divinely led!" was but a younger brother of the Muse in comparison with Burns. Yet there is poetry as well as wit in such well-known word-play as this:

O false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my Nell!

The wit of Burns is partly that of condensed thought. We find in it a quality akin to the almost indescribable touch in Tennyson's "When the dumb Hour clothed in black Brings the Dreams about my bed." In "Holy Willie's Prayer" we get wit, humour, and also dramatic intensity of expression. Few writers except Shakespeare could have placed the character on the boards so completely with so few touches:

O Thou that in the heaven does dwell!
Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to h—ll,
A' for Thy glory;
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done before Thee!

It is, of course, the province of wit to bring much into little. Garrulity and feebleness of thought go hand in hand, and when a poet requires several pages or stanzas

in which to get into touch with his reader it is evident that he lacks the quality of wit, because no witty man can be prolix. Wit disdains long sentences and detests explanations. It secures its point by a stroke or not at all, and it is exemplified on those occasions referred to by Tennyson: "All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word." Wit, however, in its highest sense, is something more than the play of word and phrase and idea which Hood so delightfully accomplished. It is the penetration, the insight, and the force of a mind awake, high-strung and ready to respond to whatever appeal is made to it. In Burns it is the more delightful because of the kindly, charitable thought which often hangs over and colours it, as in the end of his "Address to the Deil."

But fare-you-weel, auld "Nickie-ben" !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake :
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake !

The following two stanzas suggest that if the life of Robert Burns had been cast in Fleet Street he would have described Bohemia with a wit, sympathy and cleverness that would have put to shame all other attempts in the same field :

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhyming clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' :
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
An' fash nae mair.

These lines are witty, and the wit in them is not that of clever repartee or skilful verbal fence. It is, as it were, more in the mind of the writer than in the actual words he employs. It would be extremely easy to adduce thousands of instances from Burns of wit that was keen as a rapier, but for our present purpose it is much more interesting to rely on the attitude of mind. With Hood the case is quite different. He had a quickness equal to that of Burns, but much more artificial. His puns, in fact, belong more to the region of cleverness but less to that of capacity, using the word in its widest sense. As an example, take "Tim Turpin," of which we quote the last two stanzas :

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang
'Till he was three times dead.
So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

Here cleverness is abounding, but it has not that background of pathos, or at least of sympathetic understanding, which lies like a halo round the wit of the other greatest writers. One could show what is meant by passages from Molière and Shakespeare. Shakespeare is always poetic, Molière is generally bright and keen, without the atmosphere of poetry behind him.

DRAMA

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

MR. JOSEPH HARKER is to be congratulated unreservedly upon the magnificent scenic effects which he has obtained. He has executed the twelve of the thirteen scenes and one tableau into which the play is divided with rare skill and

judgment. His scenery was suggestive, as scenery should be, and avoided that fatal realism under the influence of which the proper illusion vanished like a touched bubble. As the curtain rose on his *Landing Stage of Cleopatra's Palace* the illusion of Eastern splendour, helped by the fragrance of burning incense, was brought home to the audience. Everything was ready for a fine presentation of the play. It stirred the imagination, and prepared the mind for the world tragedy of passion which Shakespeare has created in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Expectation was roused to its utmost pitch. But nothing came of it. The production as a whole was completely disappointing. It was a spectacle (at times a vulgar spectacle) and nothing more. All the dignity had gone from the play, and its place was taken by pettiness and vulgarity which the pomp and circumstance of the setting served to accentuate almost intolerably. Of course to compress so long a play into the limits of an evening performance is a matter of extreme difficulty. But no attempt was made to represent Shakespeare. Everything was sacrificed to scenic display. Nothing else mattered. Mr. Tree himself felt this so strongly that when lines slipped from his memory, he waved his hand deprecatingly towards his splendid scenery, as though to an alleviation or an excuse. It happened once in the third act at one of the crucial moments of the play; but then the scene which was pointed out was certainly most remarkable. Typical of the production was the importance given to the drunken scene, at the close of the second act, on Pompey's galley. Such an opportunity was not one to be missed. It opened with a dance of girls that would have done credit to a Café Chantant, and ended, after prolonged riot and exaggerated horseplay, with the gradual extinction of the lights on the vessel, and an ominous crash of thunder when the vessel is in darkness and silence. No expense must be spared to educate the people up to Shakespeare! "Pass along the notes of exclamation, devil," as Thoreau would say.

Naturally with such encouragement the part of Cleopatra was not easy to portray. Miss Constance Collier was fighting against tremendous odds; and much credit is due to her for the care and energy which she put into her performance. In the scene in which Cleopatra beats the messenger who has brought her the ill news of Antony's marriage with Octavia she was at her best: her rage was convincing and her speaking of the lines:

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause

was finely effective. She possessed much of the Queen's beauty and power, but in the second part of the scene, where Cleopatra asks the messenger for a description of Octavia's appearance, she lacked the woman's indescribable fascination of voice and gesture which makes that swift change of mood charming.

Mr. Lyn Harding, who played Bolingbroke in *Richard II.* with marked ability, scored an even greater success as Enobarbus. He rendered the part with care and true feeling: all his points were admirably studied and executed with absolute ease. His performance, in its finish and grip, was one of which any actor might be proud. Mr. Charles Quartermaine brought out the terror of the messenger with great cleverness, and Mr. Hugh Buckler was very good in the small part of Eros. His suicide was an effective piece of work.

As a whole, however, the production was bad. Shakespeare can treat passion and ennoble it by his treatment. But passion is a dangerous subject to handle, and when it is debased the result does not bear thought. And in this production passion has indeed become an ale-house guest.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE DECAY OF ILLUSTRATION

WHILE the publication of a third impression of the late Mr. Gleeson White's standard work on "English Illustration: the Sixties" (Constable, 12s. 6d. net) may warrant the inference that an increased interest is being taken in this branch of pictorial art, a comparison of its contents with the pages of any of our present illustrated weekly or monthly periodicals inevitably points to the lowered standard of contemporary illustration. That the illustrations which appear in the pages of our popular magazines and illustrated journals are collectively greatly inferior in artistic interest to the designs published nearly half a century ago in *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals of the time, is a fact as indisputable as that there are now living in our midst black-and-white draughtsmen fully as skilled, and fully as artistic, as those who made the sixties a "golden decade of English Illustration." It has to be admitted that nowadays illustrations are not always made by those most qualified to illustrate, that many a good draughtsman has abandoned the creation of noble designs in black and white for the production of mediocre performances in colour. It may not be possible to produce such an array of illustrators as those who figure in Mr. Gleeson White's book—Ford Madox Brown, A. Boyd Houghton, Arthur Hughes, Charles Keene, M. J. Lawless, Leighton, Millais, Du Maurier, J. W. North, Pinwell, Rossetti, W. Small, Sandys, Whistler and Fred Walker—but contemporary illustration could, if it would, make a brave show with the help of Messrs. Abbey, John D. Batten, Annirg Bell, Frank Brangwyn, Walter Crane, Garth Jones, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Laurence Housman, Wm. Nicholson, Pennell, Rackham, Ravenhill, Claude Shepperson, Byam Shaw, Sime, Strang, and E. J. Sullivan, not to mention men who, like Sir Luke Fildes, have abandoned black-and-white work for painting, or like Messrs. Orpen, Rothenstein and Muirhead Bone, who ought to be illustrating and are not. Moreover in this hasty list, compiled haphazard, many woeful omissions will occur to students of contemporary black-and-white work, and the more readily these are perceived the more willingly should it be granted that the inferiority of our present-day magazine illustration is due to a fault in the demand rather than in the supply.

No one acquainted with the admirable etchings and black-and-white drawings occasionally shown at West End exhibitions can fail to realise that our art-editors as a body do not make the best use of the talent at their disposal. To these, however, or to the public for whom they cater, blame is rarely attached, for, arguing on the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* principle, false prophets have succeeded in establishing the fallacy that the decay of illustration is due to the decay of wood-engraving. That this belief is as erroneous as it is widespread is sufficiently indicated by the following sentences from Mr. Gleeson White's book:

If any one doubts that nearly all the drawings of the sixties lost much, and that many were wholly ruined by the engraver, he has but to compare them with reproductions by modern processes from a few originals that escaped destruction at the time. If this be not a sufficient evidence, the British Museum and South Kensington have many examples in their permanent collections which will quickly convince the most stubborn. If some few engravers managed to impart a certain interest at the expense of the original work, which not merely atones for the loss but supplies in its place an intrinsic work of art, such exceptions in no way affect the argument.

The inferiority is not in the method of reproduction, which has been vastly improved, but in the originals to be reproduced. And the key to this mysterious decadence of illustration while so many excellent illustrators are found in our midst, will be discovered when we compare the illustrations of the sixties with those of the present day; for whereas the former, without exception, are in line, the latter, in the main, are in half-tone. More than

to anything else the deterioration of illustration is due to the substitution of that bastard in art, the wash-drawing, for the pure design in line. This preponderance of wash-drawings in the pages of our magazines and illustrated weeklies is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual degeneration. False ideals are responsible for the change which has resulted in decay. Modern illustrators are apt to aim at truth instead of beauty, forgetting that if truth be the goal of science, beauty is the goal of art, and that if, as Keats has said, beauty and truth are ultimately one, nevertheless artists and scientists travel by different roads to the common end. Moreover the hack-illustrator of to-day seems to adopt the camera as his standard of truth, and to endeavour to obtain with his indian-ink an effect resembling as nearly as possible the reproduction of a photograph. Instead of trying to decorate a page, the hack-illustrator would persuade us that he has "snap-shot" some incident or scene described by his author.

Illustrated journalism has been degraded and deprived of all artistic interest by the wholesale employment of photographs instead of drawings, but the evil influence of the camera has not ended here, since the degeneration is spreading from the journals and their readers to the artists who engage in unwise competition against the photograph. The dull uniformity of our sixpenny illustrated monthlies and weeklies, brought about by their publication of similar and often identical photographs, is now matched by the monotonous impersonality of the wash-drawings by the few illustrators for whom employment is still found. With the exception of *Punch*—a last stronghold of the line draughtsman against the invading forces of the wash-drawing and half-tone block—it would be difficult to name a single English periodical whose illustrations are an attraction to an educated purchaser. Nowadays the patrons of illustration confine their attention to books, or to American periodicals, in which the standard of illustration is admittedly higher, not because America has better illustrators, but because American editors have better taste and shrewder artistic judgment than our own.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S INDEBTEDNESS

ENTHUSIASTIC lovers of Handel—fortunately they are still many—may be inclined to emulate "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears" when they first read the title of Mr. Sedley Taylor's book, "The Indebtedness of Handel to Works by other Composers" (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d. net). They will be wise not to do so, however, for the time for wholesale defence of their hero against these charges has long since gone by, and the facts of Handel's indebtedness—to adopt Mr. Taylor's polite phraseology—have become such common property, and have been so glibly quoted by people who know little of Handel and much less of Stradella, Urlo, and the others, upon whose works Handel drew, that a volume which sums up the matter by printing the parallel passages must certainly do Handel's reputation more good than harm. This is what Mr. Sedley Taylor's book does. It is a compilation of musical extracts from the works of Handel and his sources, printed in a double score, Handel's uppermost, so that direct comparison can be made, and this is rendered still easier by the fact that wherever the keys differ the music of the original is transposed into the key which Handel adopted. The author's notes and comments are always illuminating, and his personal opinion is freely given without being asserted dogmatically.

The work begins—and it is here that the most original contribution to the question is made—by referring to the Handel autographs in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge and quoting a number of fragments contained

therein which are quite clearly shown to be copies made from works by Muffat. Since these do not appear in any of Handel's completed compositions their importance lies solely in the fact that they prove him to have been in the habit of noting down passages which for some reason or other attracted his interest. They are not even fully copied; sometimes figures are placed instead of the parts being written out, as if all that he wished to do was to note the chord progressions. In this there is no hint of plagiarism, since in days when published music was scarce this method was the only one by which a composer could gain experience from the work of others. We are next shown the accompanied recitative from the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, beginning: "When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay," with an *adagio* from Muffat, from which it appears that Handel chose to adopt the harmonic structure of the latter almost without modification together with a single figure of accompaniment, while he constructed his own voice part with his own fine sense of declamatory effect. The whole is, as every one knows, immensely successful, and probably many an admirer has praised the genius that devised the succession of jarring discords to accompany these words, nor has he done so wrongly, for it is an extraordinary attribute of Handel's genius that he could take such a work as this featureless *adagio* and see that it could be turned to powerful account as descriptive music. Another case of exactly the same thing occurs in the chorus in *Jephtha*:

No more to Ammon's God and King
Fierce Molech shall our cymbals ring.

This time the original is a "Kyrie Eleison" from a Mass by Habermann. The key is D but the word "Eleison" is set to a passage of very experimental harmony, a sudden modulation on to a chord of B flat and back again to the dominant by chromatic movement. Although Handel practically adopted the whole short movement it must have been the strong effect of this passage applied to the words "fierce Molech" which attracted him. It is a case where an unlearned hearer would certainly give him complete credit for having invented a passage to suit the words. Of this type of plagiarism, arising from his extraordinary aptitude for seeing where music would be most effective, and placing it accordingly, there are, of course, many well-known instances in *Israel in Egypt*. To the discussion of this work, Mr. Sedley Taylor naturally devotes a large part of his book, considerably more than half, in fact. It contains examples of every kind of "indebtedness," from that which merely copied out an organ piece by Kerl, distributing its parts among four voices for the chorus "Egypt was glad," to the consummate workmanship which pieced together fragments from the disputed "Magnificat" and the undisputed "Te Deum" by Urio into the famous duet "The Lord is a man of War." Between these two extremes lies the "Hailstone" chorus with Stradella's structure and his own additions of descriptive orchestral colouring and the dramatic choral exclamations of "Fire," and innumerable other cases in which the now well-known sources either decided the whole course of a movement, or merely suggested a melodic outline. Amongst the confusing sources come the short choruses "He rebuked the Red Sea," "And Israel saw that great work," in which his own inventive genius steps in at need, and enables him to write a passage which makes an immediate impression and requires no elaboration to enforce it. Most marvellous of all in the second part come such great choruses as "I will sing unto the Lord" and "The people shall hear," in which there is no evidence to suggest that any part is not Handel's own work, and in which not only is his creative genius completely vindicated, but, unlike the short original choruses of the first part, they are worked out to the fullest dimensions.

Mr. Sedley Taylor concludes with a chapter on the moral aspect of the case, in which he quotes a number of

conflicting opinions, including that of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and himself sums up against Handel, while acknowledging that he apparently acted with a perfectly clear conscience in adopting these methods of composition. Most people have come to the same conclusion; a more interesting and apparently quite unsolved question is—why did he do so? It is customary to say that he was too hurried to wait for his own ideas to shape themselves and took whatever came to hand. This explanation is quite insufficient; in certain cases, as for instance in the use of Kerl's Canzona, it is undoubtedly the right answer. He was not particularly interested in the words and a piece by another man in which was a sufficiency of *fugato* would do as well as anything he might write, so he adopted it. But in those instances where passages from different works or different parts of the same work are dovetailed together, where the utmost ingenuity in selection is shown, and the result is a masterpiece and perfectly homogeneous in style, it is impossible to believe that to a man of such extraordinary readiness as Handel the process was really quicker than actual composition. Indeed, in *Israel in Egypt* we sometimes seem to see him rummaging through his manuscripts to find a suitable passage for the words and at last giving up the laborious process and, in despair, dashing off a masterstroke of originality to fill in the space. Perhaps there was to the end of his life something of the schoolboy in Handel, and he would expend prodigious effort to save himself trouble. Be that as it may, the comparisons of Handel's work with that of his contemporaries, from whom he freely quoted without acknowledgment, must give to those of his advocates who have the courage to undertake it, a fresh view of his many-sided genius; again and again the alteration of a detail gives to the stolen work a point and individuality which it lacked before. If this book forces the last remnant of believers in the verbal inspiration of Handel to resign their faith, it offers them abundant compensation by bringing within the reach of all an opportunity for gaining a true view of the many qualities which played a part in his versatile genius.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a volume of nature studies by the late Mr. C. J. Cornish. It will be entitled "Animal Artisans."

The "Introduction to the New Testament," by the late Dr. Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has been a standard work ever since its publication. The author devoted the last years of his life to a kindred work on the Synoptic Gospels. It consists of an independent inquiry into the origin of the Gospels of SS. Matthew, Mark and Luke; how far they are derived from a common original, and how far they are dependent one on another. Certain apparent discrepancies have been one of the chief battlegrounds of the destructive critics, but Dr. Salmon shows by a careful and minute study what is the true explanation of these difficulties. Taking the Greek text as his basis and placing the parallel passages side by side, he deals with each incident separately. In addition to the value of the scholarship of the late Dr. Salmon, the book possesses the personal interest, of such works as Dr. Blunt's "Undersigned Coincidences" and the late Dr. H. Latham's "Pastor Pastorum." It will be published by Mr. Murray early this year.

During the next few months Messrs. Methuen will publish the following six shilling novels: "The Kinsman," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; "Stepping Westward," by M. E. Francis; "The Enchanted Garden," by Mrs. Stepney Rawson; "The Halo," by Baroness von Hutten; "The Memoirs of Ronald Love," by Mary E. Mann; "The Long Road," by John Oxenham; "Behold the Days Come," by Father Adderley; and "A Midsummer Day's Dream," by H. B. Marriott Watson.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in active preparation a new book by Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, entitled "The Truce in the East: and the Aftermath," which forms a sequel to "The Reshaping of the Far East," published about a year ago. The main point of the new book, as the title indicates, is to show that the present condition of affairs in Manchuria and Korea

offers little prospect of permanent peace. Mr. Weale has travelled through the country since the war, and his new volume will be illustrated from photographs taken during his travels.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish in the course of a few days another book by Mr. Putnam Weale, entitled "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," which deals with the siege of the Legations in 1900. These letters form practically a diary of the siege and clearly set forth the imminent peril in which the Legations stood and from which, he says, they escaped only through the cowardice of the Chinese Imperial troops and the Boxers.

Mr. John Long has in the press the following six-shilling novels: "The World and Delia" by Curtis Yorke; "The Dust of Conflict" by Harold Bindloss; "The Luck of the Leura" by Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Yoke" by Hubert Wales; "Selma" by Lucas Cleeve; "The House in the Crescent" by Adeline Sergeant; "Amazement" by James Blyth; "The Mistress of Aydon" by R. H. Forster; "The Duchess of Pontifex Square" by G. W. Appleton; "The Second Evil" by Sadi Grant; "The Two Forces" by E. Way Elkington; and "Two Women and a Maharajah" by Mrs. C. E. Phillimore.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has been invited by the Director of the Uffizi at Florence to contribute to the Gallery a selection of his drawings made for Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Road in Tuscany" which was recently issued in a cheap edition by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Mr. Pennell has accepted the invitation and the drawings will at once be placed in the Royal Collection.

Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland has completed the third volume of his edition of Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," which covers the letters M—P, and it is hoped that the book will be ready in February. Many of the biographical articles have been largely extended; some have been re-written in the light of later researches; and suitable new articles are provided on the more modern musicians. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillan.

Only two volumes by M. Brunetière have appeared in English translations. The first, a selection of his "Essays in French Literature," translated by D. Nichol Smith, appeared in 1898, and contained papers upon, among other subjects, "The Influence of Women in French Literature," "The Philosophy of Molière," "Voltaire and Rousseau," "Classic and Romantic," and "Impressionist Criticism." The second was the "Manual of the History of French Literature," one of M. Brunetière's most important works. The English edition, translated by Mr. Ralph Dorechew, was published in 1898. M. Brunetière, in the special preface which he wrote for English readers, described his work as "an application of the Doctrine of Evolution to the history of a great literature." Apart from the extremely interesting theories which the book develops it is made particularly valuable to the student by its elaborate biographical and critical foot-notes, which present in a terse form outline studies of the chief French writers. Mr. Fisher Unwin was the publisher of both volumes.

One of the most important works of the late Miss Mary Bateson was her volume on "Mediæval England," which was published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in the "Story of the Nations" series in 1903. The book deals with the social evolution of England from the Norman Conquest to the middle of the fourteenth century, and the author's object was to depict the common life of the people rather than the procession of great events, and to give some of the detail which is apt to be crowded out of political histories.

Messrs. P. S. King will issue shortly a work entitled "The Infant, the Parent, and the State," by Dr. Llewellyn Heath.

The publication of *Mind: a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy* has been transferred from Messrs. Williams and Norgate to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who will publish the January number.—Mr. John Lane has taken over and will publish in future the *Independent Review*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has hitherto issued.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie will issue shortly a new novel by Victoria Cross, entitled "Life's Shop Window."

CORRESPONDENCE

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I see from the "Nuga" in this week's ACADEMY that the papers written by Spectator ab Extra are to be discontinued for the present.

As a close and interested reader of the whole series I wish to

thank him and you for the very great pleasure with which I and many others have perused them.

Such profound thinkers as Spectator ab Extra are few, and it has occurred to several of your readers that his papers should be printed in a small volume, as Mr. Benson's articles "From a College Window" were reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*.
M. F.

January 1.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It has always been maintained by Sir Henry Irving and others that the writer of the Shakespearean plays, from the knowledge of "stage craft" which they display, must have been an actor. This is what Sir Henry Irving wrote: "Apart from the genius of the poet, you have the irresistible evidence that Shakespeare was a great dramatic constructor, who knew the stage as intimately as a watchmaker knows the mechanism of a watch. . . . Shakespeare acquired it because he was an actor, and the hand of the actor is visible in all his dramatic work."

I notice that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has produced in London a Shakespearean drama, *Antony and Cleopatra*; but being only a "provincial," I have not seen any description of Mr. Tree's "setting" of the play. As originally produced, its construction was as follows:

First Act, five scenes.

Second Act, seven scenes.

Third Act, thirteen scenes (Scene 8 consists of five lines, and Scene 9 of four lines).

Fourth Act, fifteen scenes (Scene 1 consists of fifteen lines, Scene 10 of nine lines, and Scene 11 of four lines).

Fifth Act, two scenes.

How does Mr. Tree manage to solve the scenic difficulty? Would an actor, or acting manager, of the present day ever place upon the stage a play consisting of forty-two scenes, some of them limited to four or five lines? How would Mr. Archer criticise such a production?

Then if the author of the plays was such a supreme master of "stage craft," how comes it about that the Keans, Phelps, Irving, Benson, Tree, and others know so much more of "stage craft" than the "actor" who wrote them that they have shifted about and curtailed the author's scenes and language in a manner totally unrecognisable by a reader of the "First Folio"?

GEORGE STRONACH.

January 1.

P.S. Of course, I am quite aware of the fact that there was no scenery in Shakespeare's day.

A FOLK-SONG

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—The children's song and dancing game inquired for by Miss Main in the ACADEMY of November 5 is explained by the movements of the children during the dance. One of the Midland variants of the song, with its music, will be found in "Shropshire Folk Lore," Burne and Jackson (Trubner, 1883). Another, also known in the Midlands, is printed, without music, in "Mother Goose," illustrated by Kate Greenaway (Routledge, n.d.). If Miss Main cannot readily consult these books, I will, on receipt of a postcard, gladly send her copies both of the words and music.

EDWIN SMITH.

December 24, 1906.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

English Costume. Painted and described by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Vol. iv.: *Georgian*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 99. Pl. xvi. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

[The last volume of Mr. Calthrop's history of English costume: deals with the years 1660 to 1830.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Grant, Mr. Colquhoun. *Queen and Cardinal*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 268. Murray, 12s. net.

[A memoir of Anne of Austria and of her relations with Cardinal Mazarin. Portraits.]

DRAMA.

Baring, Maurice. *Desiderio*. 7½ × 5¼. Pp. 128. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. net.
[A drama in three acts.]

FICTION.

Ingersoll, Ernest. *Eight Secrets*. Illustrated. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 338. Macmillan, 6s.

Winter, John Strange. *The Love of Philip Hampden*. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 302. White, 6s.

In Statu Pupillari. 7½ × 5¼. Pp. 287. Sonnenschein, 6s.

Lynn, Eve. *The Joy of Hell*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 367. Drane, 6s.

[We quote the opening sentence: "An ominous silence enwrap the mighty vastness and there was a strange misty amethystine phosphorescence clinging amorously to the myriad magnificent mountain peaks."]

Carter, J. E. *The Offenders*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 421. Drane, 6s.

Magnay, Sir William. *The Duke's Dilemma*. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 320. Long, 6s.

Mitford, C. Guise. *Izelle of the Dunes*. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 355. Long, 6s.

Pemberton, Clive. *The Weird o' It*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 279. Drane, 3s. 6d.

[Ten short stories.]

Sandford, Gerald. *The Gipsies' Queen and A Double Shuffle*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 124. Drane, 3s. 6d.

[Two short stories.]

Gould, Nat. *A Sporting Squatter*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 286. Long, 2s.

Murray, David Christie. *The Penniless Millionaire*. 7½ × 5¼. Pp. 340. Long, 6s.

HISTORY.

Barnicott, Roger. *Plymouth in History*. With many illustrations by W. S. Lear. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 114. The Cornubian Press, 1s. net.

Barker, J. Ellis. *The Rise and Fall of the Netherlands*. 8½ × 5¾. Pp. 478. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.

[“A political and economic history and a study in practical statesmanship.”]

LITERATURE.

Letters of Literary Men. Arranged and edited by Frank Arthur Mumby. 2 vols. Vol. i.—*Sir Thomas More to Robert Burns*. Vol. ii.—*The Nineteenth Century*. 8 × 5¼. Pp. 374 and 632. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net each.

[In “The London Library.”]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thomsett, Richard Gillham. *Fables and Fancies*. Illustrated by K. M. Davidson and A. E. Holloway. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 82. Drane, 3s. 6d.

St. Johnston, Reginald. *A History of Dancing*. 9¼ × 6. Pp. 197. Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.

The Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register and Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1907. 7¼ × 5. Pp. xxviii, 652. Burns & Oates, 1s. 6d. net.

[Seventieth annual publication.]

The Fingerpost 8½ × 5½. Pp. 246. Issued by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 1s. 6d. post free.

[A series of useful articles on existing employments for women, with detailed information as to methods and costs of training.]

Chase, Wilfrid Earl. *Jonathan Upglade*. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 200. Madison, Wisconsin: Chase, n.p.

[Papers on different subjects. They have apparently been delivered in America in the form of sermons.]

Spencer, Frank. *The ABC of Progressive Whist*. 5½ × 4¼. Pp. 151. Drane, 1s.

[“Rules, procedure and etiquette, with hints on play and prize-winning.”]

NATURAL HISTORY.

Sinel, J. *An Outline of the Natural History of our Shores*. Illustrated by 120 photographs from Nature and numerous descriptive diagrams. 8 × 5½. Pp. 344. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

[With chapters on collecting and preserving marine specimens, methods of microscopic mounting, etc., and on the marine aquarium. Short list of books useful to the beginner and a very inadequate index.]

POETRY.

Cruttwell, Robert W. *First Words of an Idler*. 7¼ × 4¾. Pp. 67. Routledge, 1s. 6d.

[Ten of the poems in this volume have appeared in the *Isis*.]

By Still Waters: Lyrical Poems Old and New. By A. E. 8½ × 6. Pp. 33. Dundrum: The Dun Emer Press, 7s. 6d.

Atkinson, E. J. Rupert. *The Shrine of Desire*. 8 × 4¾. Pp. 83. Melbourne: Melville & Mullen, n.p.

Clark, Arthur G. *Poems*. 6 × 4¾. Pp. 95. Drane, 1s.

Another Handful of Leaves. 7 × 4½. Perth: A. Stevenson Nicol, n.p.

Bingham, Clifton. *Lyrics without Music*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 160. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Byron's *Don Juan*. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 8½ × 5¼. Pp. 612. Murray, 6s.

[A new, revised and enlarged edition, with illustrations.]

Eliot, George. *The Mill on the Floss*. With photogravure frontispiece by William Hatherell. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 568. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.

The Thousand and One Nights: The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated by Edward William Lane. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. In four volumes—vols. iii. and iv. 7¼ × 4¾. Pp. 388 and 451. Bell, 3s. 6d. per vol.

Merriman, H. Seton. *The Last Hope*. 8½ × 6. Pp. 184. Newnes, 6d.

[In Messrs. Newnes's series of Sixpenny Books. Illustrated; paper cover.]

Boothby, Guy. *A Bride from the Sea*. 8½ × 5¼. Pp. 120. Long, 6d.

[Paper covers.]

THEOLOGY.

Lilley, A. L. *Adventus Regni*. 7¼ × 5¼. Pp. 146. Griffiths, 3s. net.

[Sermons, chiefly on the Parables of the Kingdom, preached at St. Mary's, Paddington Green.]

Smyth, Wm. Woods. *The Bible in the Full Light of Modern Science*. 9¼ × 6. Pp. 19. Simpkin, Marshall, n.p.

The Religion of the Spirit. By an Unorthodox Churchman. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 104. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 2s. net.

[“A modern view of Christian doctrine and observance.”]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Philip, Alex. J. *Gravesend: the Water-Gate of London*. With an introductory chapter by G. M. Arnold. Illustrated by J. A. C. Branfill. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 124. The Homeland Association, 1s. net.

[Bibliography.]

Reynolds-Ball, Eustace. *The Tourist's India*. With 28 full-page illustrations and new map of “Tourist India.” 8 × 5¼. Pp. 364. Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Elements of Greek Worship. By S. C. Kaines Smith, M.A. (Francis Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.)—One of the earliest members of the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Caius, the refounder of Gonville and Caius College, in a burst of loyalty to his University published an elaborate demonstration that Cambridge had been a University town from 394 B.C. Later historians like J. R. Green, who distinguish the history of the English people from that of this island, would hardly, it is to be feared, attribute much importance to Dr. Caius's conclusion, even if they allowed that he had made out his case. A similar distinction occurs to the mind when confronted with many of the current investigations of Greek topics. Valuable as these investigations are, they do not always assist the humanism that is inspired from Hellas. In Mr. Kaines Smith's little work we have such facts of Greek worship as are contained in Greek literature especially and Greek art, analysed in the light of comparative mythology. One set of gods are put aside as aboriginal, another set are labelled as importations. The University Extension student, for whom the volume is intended, may naturally ask which element is Greek, or, if he receive the answer which Mr. Kaines Smith properly enough implies to be correct—that the temperament of classical Greece was composite—he may go on to inquire why he, who needs inoculation with that composite growth, should have fobbed off on him theories of origins. Not otherwise might a Basuto, avid of some infusion with the spirit of English Literature, resent receiving instead lectures on the beliefs of the Goidels or the Neolithic inhabitants of Albion. This criticism, however, concerns rather the Extension student than Mr. Kaines Smith, who, if his subject be granted, writes well enough. He does not indeed speak with the masterfulness of an original worker: but his study of Heracles's life (he styles him the great “Progressive” of his age) is entertaining and abundantly convincing. It is unfortunate that the book has appeared before the writer could make use of Mr. A. Bernard Cook's paper on Zeus and Hera. Mr. Cook, like our author, thinks Zeus and Dione one pair of divinities, where the male is the superior: but he makes Hera and Heracles another, which is dominated by the female. The truth would appear to be that Hera's complement was Poseidon, as we know to have been the case originally at Argos and in Crete. Whether this pair was aboriginal may be questioned: the occurrence of Zeus before the Dorian invasion, and in Attica, makes it conceivable that Zeus and Dione with Athena were earlier, and that Hera and Poseidon were introduced by Pelops. Space precludes more than a passing reference

to the interesting chapters, on Were the Greeks Idolaters? (the author says: No), Sacrifice and Prayer, Divination and Oracles, and The Mysteries. Undoubtedly to those who know nothing of the Comparative Study of Religion, this little book (which requires no knowledge of Greek) will open new avenues of thought, though in some directions its learning appears to be a little thin.

The Old Roof-Tree. By Ishbel. (Longmans, 5s. net.)—This book of letters from "Ishbel" (an Australian on a visit to England) to her half-brother Mark, who has not, like herself, been brought up in the Colonies, owes something to "The Road-Mender." From the preface it may be assumed that it is the Colonial freshness of vision which is to be of value in enabling the writer to "touch one, here and there, to more critical examination of the strange chaos of misery that underlies Britain's social system." It is a laudable ambition, and we are disappointed to find that it has not been achieved. Critical examination becomes difficult when a book is written in a style which is frequently confused and incoherent. No sooner is interest in a certain subject awakened, than it is dropped, and references to various shadowy relatives interfere with the train of thought, and endless questions intrude themselves, and, to use the writer's own words, "let you down as if you had missed a step on the stairs." The first three letters are written at Cheyne Walk, where a very lively imagination causes the author to see in an old weather-beaten barge a resemblance to a slaver on the African coast, or a beach-comber in the South Seas. After that come many letters from "Cathedral City," where she is struck—it is not a singular experience—by the narrow-mindedness of certain members of the cathedral circle. There are some true and delicate descriptions of landscape; and in the accounts of visits to the slums of Chelsea, Ham, Stepney and Shoreditch, the author is at her best. She is simpler and more direct in expression as she insists on the "tale of derision," the "parable of shame," and there is power in many of her passages. The last few letters are from Holland, Germany and Venice and the sympathetic account of the birthplace and of the teacher of S. Thomas à Kempis is as interesting as anything in the book. It is from Venice that the dream of the regeneration of England reaches Mark. "There is but one tribunal to which the army of reformers can finally appeal—the nation at large. . . . Ah! what a throb of passionate hope it brings—the thought of a people rising at last in its might, strong to put down fruitless ruin, to preserve life rather than to destroy it, to revive faith in the truth which falseness to all great aims so often clouds—the truth that God is Love."

Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari. Arranged and translated by E. L. Seeley (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)—This new edition of a selection of Vasari's Lives has no particular merit, for in so far as the text varies from the admirable translation of A. B. Hinds it is not an improvement, while an arrangement which omits the lives of Correggio, Massaccio, and Carpaccio, and inserts those of Perino del Vaga, Baccio Bandinelli, and Rustici is sufficiently self-condemnatory. Of the illustrations, which are the chief feature of the edition, those in ordinary half-tone are to be preferred before the more pretentious and more traitorous coloured plates.

European Enamels. By Henry H. Cunynghame. (Methuen, 20s. net.)—Although the title of this work (an addition to the Connoisseur's Library) covers an immense field of labour, the art of enamelling always appears to us essentially oriental in character. Byzantium may have attempted to bring home to Europe the glories of the east, but one has only to set side by side the examples of Persian or Chinese work with that, say, of early Limoges to discover once for all that the art and craft of enamelling gives a vastly richer result under the older civilisations. No one knows this more fully than Mr. Cunynghame, who has absorbed the whole history of his subject and sets it before us in so convenient and graceful a way as to make his volume one of the most charming of an excellent series. From the nature of the materials used in various enamels and the different methods of work in all countries, the author goes on to the productions of early Egypt and Greece, the Gaulish enamelling, the Byzantine work and that of the period of Charlemagne to the decline of the Champlevé. Thereafter he deals with enamelled bas-relief and Benvenuto Cellini; painted work and the decay of mediæval art. From these considerations Mr. Cunynghame takes us to the miniaturists—from Limousin onwards, and thence to snuff-boxes and "fancy ware," "Battersea" and the degradation of the art. Enamelled jewellery, although considered in regard to certain antique forms, is rightly reserved for fuller treatment in another volume. The moderns, both in France and here, are noticed. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson and schools and classes are considered. Thus it will be seen that the whole vast subject comes well within Mr. Cunynghame's work. Some seventy illustrations in colour and black and white will aid and delight the connoisseur, for whom the work is intended, but we hardly think that these reproductions of modern examples of the art will induce him to become anything other than a collector of the antique.

Historia Amoris: A History of Love, Ancient and Modern. By Edgar Saltus. (Sisley's, 5s. net.)—If any one is fitted to write the History of Love it is the author of a delightful little volume of essays entitled "Love and Lore," published some years ago and known only to readers of Mr. Saltus. In this history the author starts with Semiramis and ends with Schopenhauer. Love is a pleasant theme and here it is treated pleasantly, if with a very effective show of erudition. We have such delightful studies as those of Sappho and Aspasia, and of Antony and Cleopatra, which make modern love, in

spite of Mr. Meredith, look cold when compared with that of the past. Mr. Saltus wears his learning "lightly like a flower," but though he gives his readers, "the topmost froth of thought," footnotes attest to his having his authorities at his fingers' ends. The book should prove a popular study of a popular subject.

The Theological Encyclopædia. An introduction to the study of theology. By E. O. Davies. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)—This is an invaluable little book for the theological student, containing, as it does, in a small compass, concisely and clearly expressed, an outline of all the departments of theology. But the author's own description of its object will give the best idea of it:

"The purpose of that portion of our subject on which we are now entering is to bring together under a single view the several departments of theological study, so that its extent, together with the grouping, the mutual relations, and the general character of the various branches into which it is divided, may be seen."

This purpose has, on the whole, been well fulfilled. One of the most useful features of the work is the very full bibliography which is appended after each of the divisions, containing long lists of those works, ancient and modern, which deal with that particular portion of the subject. It must be added, however, that in one respect this bibliography is notably deficient, and that is under the important head of "Historical Criticism of the Old and New Testaments."

Mr. Morris Stewart's *Crown of Science* (Melrose, 3s. 6d.) is of a highly speculative character, which is combined with dogmatic affirmation. The book is well written, but it is difficult to suppose that the writer intended his very problematical description of the future possibilities of the race to be taken literally. As a work of imagination, as the sketch of a system of Christian theosophy, it has much to recommend it. It is not, however, put forward in this way, but as founded on Scripture and scientific facts. The latter are used as a jumping-board for the most surprising leaps into futurity, in the course of which the astonished reader sees the author, as it were, disappear into space, after the manner of the Indian rope-trick, and then, after he had given him up for lost, reappear on solid ground once more. Telepathy, and such like, show latent powers in man which are to have surprising developments in the future. This may be so, but it is difficult to meet the opposite theory that these strange powers, such as second sight, being more highly developed in barbarous nations, are on the decline among civilised. We do not complain of the speculations, which are at least interesting and well worked out, but of the way in which the whole is put forward as a necessary deduction from the teachings of Christianity.

In *The Knowledge of God* (T. & T. Clark), Dr. Gwatkin uses the antiquated scholastic method in his inquiry whether Revelation is possible; whether there be either lack of power or willingness on God's part to accord one. Such a question depends on the untenable assumption that we know the nature of God well enough to be able to answer it. There is a wide difference between the Agnostic assumption that we can know nothing of the Absolute Being, and the equally gratuitous one that we can know His character and reason upon it with greater *a priori* certainty than in the case of our human friends. Even if the question be legitimate, some previous definition of "Revelation" becomes necessary. Dr. Gwatkin offers one. According to him: "Any fact which gives knowledge is revelation. Thus: Revelation and the knowledge of God are correlative terms expressing two sides of the same thing." He thus assumes the fact in order to discuss its possibility! Yet he is well aware of the argument for the *a posteriori* against the *a priori* method. As he puts it himself: "It may be said that the only legitimate method is to reason back from ascertained facts to find out whether a revelation has been given and, if so, of what sort it was." The only answer he can give to this is the assumption of which we have just pointed out the fallacy: "We are perfectly free to reason . . . from what we know of God to what may be expected from Him." The fact is that revelation is subjective, relative and ethical—either we have the experience of God—either we find Him in nature, in history and in ourselves—or we do not. Therefore the question as to the possibility of revelation is otiose.

Theology and Civilisation, by C. F. Dole (Allenson), deals with the problem of man's relation to the universe from the point of view of the shallow and easy optimism which is so current among a certain class of writers. For him all is plain sailing: there are no "anatomies" or mysteries. The origin and presence of evil in the world are completely and satisfactorily explained by the theory that evil is the necessary foil of good. A great deal of it is after the manner and style of many sermons, and, like these, it is far too wordy. The writer seems to think that argument consists in assertion, strengthened by reiteration in different words through many pages. A book which, like this, attempts a general synthesis, touches, at all points, on deep psychological and philosophical problems which need to be carefully analysed and defined, not assumed as here. The only attempt at definition consists in that of personality, to which he ascribes the quite unusual and arbitrary meaning of goodness and unselfishness. Only one who possesses these qualities is, in his view, properly speaking a possessor of personality. It may be granted, no doubt, that in the development of personality the escape from the autocratic standpoint is a necessary stage, but some of the strongest personalities (in the ordinary sense of the word) in history have been the most self-centred. We are informed that this book is a second edition.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is evident that Mr. Alfred Austin must look to his laurels; for the *Times* has found a formidable competitor in the Archbishop of Armagh, who contributes a poem of more than twenty stanzas in memory of Lady Burdett Coutts. We would like to quote it in its entirety, but one or two stanzas will be sufficient. One is:

Thou, high beyond all reach of the scorers,
Who dwelt not as one of the self-adorners,
But one that is sent to comfort the mourners;

Another is:

Till the carthorse had his Whitsun feast,
And the donkey grew a favoured beast,
And the bird's song saved his life at least;

And the final one reads:

One may tell us what that word can say,
Hid though she be from our sight away,
In the tongue of the angels—Angela!

Evidently the Archbishop of Armagh would be no unworthy successor to the present laureate!

The "Notes by an Examiner" in "Provincial Letters" (Smith, Elder) still yield some amusement in these days of high-class education. The young ladies' schools lag as far behind in humour as ever. The most striking characteristic of Chaucer was "a great brain, specially endowed for the great purpose of settling the English language on a firm basis." The practice of learning lists of books and a few particulars about the authors has some curious results, and the reformers of our educational methods can certainly turn much to ridicule. "'Paradise Lost' is the most famous lyric poem in the English language, and, with Homer's 'Illyad,' holds the chief place among lyric poems ever written." Or take this for an appreciation of the organ voice of England: "Milton's style was sublime and comprehensive, and at the same time soothing."

Was it a juvenile wit who wrote that Wordsworth "took up the position of a retired poet," and that "Wordsworth regarded Nature as a sweetheart"? Has the following to be regarded as a satirical commentary on the feast of soul to be found in our halls of learning; or perhaps a young brother observes from afar the æsthetic movement: "In his youth he received a university education, and that led him to say that the meanest flower gave him thoughts too deep for tears. It seemed as if a blade of grass spoke to him."

The higher education evidently conveys many common facts about the domestic lives of poets, though it leaves the pupil with few ideas about the greatness of their

achievements. "Shakespeare married Jane Hathaway," says one. "Byron was the son of a dissolute guardsman and an Aberdeenshire heiress, and he inherited the defects of both parents," says another.

In nearly every case the literary criticism is confined to parrot-like repetitions or confused memories of facts that are to be read in every "literary reader." "Milton wrote in very varying metres, and uses eighty-nine per cent. of Anglo-Saxon verbs." "Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, and we can trace the influence of the fens and flats in many of his poems." "Byron has not much imagination, but the powers of his intellect are wonderful, and we wonder at his amazing productiveness. 'Cain' is the most thoughtful of his works; others are 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Beppo.'"

This is what children spend years of their lives in endeavouring to assimilate. Why should we keep up the farce of such non-intelligent education any longer? If the children read the poems, or parts of them, that is surely sufficient. If they have the intellect to appreciate verse or fine prose, then first steps have been taken and the master's duty is done. Those who are non-comprehending will return to browse on the thistles of juvenile literature provided in such abundance.

Mrs. Earle, in her work "Letters to Young and Old," gives an example of the extraordinary questions put to children of eleven and twelve by the school examiners. The following will surely result later on in sodden brains for these young people. How is it (we may ask our mature readers): (a) That there are so many old cathedral cities in the eastern half of England? (b) That the heaths round London (such as Blackheath) are now so famous for schools, and were once notorious for highwaymen? (c) That the sites of most old Roman camps are now occupied by railway junctions? (d) That so many small articles (such as pins, pens, screws, watch-springs, etc.) are made in the Birmingham district? (e) That the Broads teem with wild fowl?

The young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

A correspondent writes: At this moment, when our spelling is—possibly—in the throes of a new birth, and when France devotes an occasional second to following our lead and "cuts down her own vineyards," orthographically, Wilhelm Franz is useful reading. He deals with Shakespearean sixteenth-century spelling. Of course, *King Lear* is no longer a play, after Tolstoy's sapient critique of that foolish, fond old king. The divine William, also, could not write his own surname twice in the same way. But how did he pronounce words like *change*, *danger*, *range*, *orange*? Franz tells us—quoting as his proof, occasionally and unfortunately, W. Salesbury. For W. Salesbury was, or may have been, vitiated in his pronunciation by residence in N. Wales, and his "Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe [is] moche necessary to all suche Welshemen as wil spedly learne the englyshe togne thought unto the Kynges maiestie very mete to be sette forth to the use of his graces subiectes in Wales." It is, however, less necessary as a guide of English (as it was spoken in 1547) to present English-speaking Englishmen.

And, when Franz quotes Salesbury's spelling *oreintsys* = *oranges*, one instinctively dreads a solecism, the Denbighshire pronunciation of an imported name for an imported article. *Ebenso spricht Jones*. Another Welshman? And are we to bow to "the Celtic fringe," whether West-*Anglian* or other? And shall we acknowledge, with Dublin, that Dublin speaks the best English in the Three

Kingdoms? *Laugh*=*laf* is "*dialektanssprache*," we are told; and what of the rhyme "slaughter" and "laughter"? Perhaps they were both guttural. Salesbury writes *laughe*, *lawghe*, *laughyng* with refreshing indifference, unless the noun and verb were pronounced each after its kind: so a noun and adjective, *devyll*, *dyvellysshe*.

The examination of Shakespearean puns has not resulted in any real addition to our knowledge, and his rhymes are inadequate to describe sixteenth-century pronunciation. Certainly the hoary mirth of "room in Rome" is no more serviceable than *slaughter* and *laughter*, and the abominable (or abhominable) Salesbury gives *Rhoma*, which takes us further afield. Rhymes are notoriously for the ear or for the eye. Provincialisms are ever with us, and practically defy elimination. Were *ancient* (old) and *ancient* (Pistol) pronounced alike, and both or neither as Fluellen utters the latter? But Fluellen—like Salesbury, like Jones—is a Welshman, and what has the Ancient Briton to do in this galley that is none of Cleopatra's? Was it *ainsient*, *ansient*, *ainsient*? The heart sinks and the very spirit flags, and thou wouldst divine of this unity of Shakespearean utterance. In the multitude of counsellors, Sweet and Skeat and Butler and Luick, is "comfort like cold porridge," such as burned the man of the South in the adage.

Our reviewer, in another page, refers to Mr. Escott's story about Douglas Cook: how Mrs. Lynn Linton used to say that he stormed at, swore at and even on one occasion hit her. The description given on page 146 is vivid and interesting:

The editor was John Douglas Cook, a choleric Aberdonian, with a round, red head, a bull neck, a *bon-vivant*, a man of pleasure, but also a first-rate man of business, with few or no real literary tastes, but with a quick, almost infallible, instinct for the literary article that would take with his public.

But why did Mr. Escott practically repeat this description on page 240. We give the passage:

At the Tresco Abbey dinner-table where we have just met him, Douglas Cook, a choleric Aberdonian with red hair, a bull neck, the gourmet and epicure shown in all the lines about his mouth and double chin, blandly took his friend Kinman's correction, and only so far asserted the prerogative of editorial autocracy as to pooh-pooh a suggestion that Scilly could possibly have anything to do with the sun-god Sulleh.

We assume the explanation to be that the chapters in the book were originally contributed to various magazines and that the author frugally spread out his material as far as it would go. But we confess that we should have liked to have some further personal knowledge of Mr. Douglas Cook, who must have been a remarkable man and was probably the most capable editor that Great Britain has ever produced. We suppose that there are very few who now sit in the chair of authority who would use to a lady contributor such words as flowed from the lips of Douglas Cook on "one of his bad days."

In Italy the State protects national art treasures for the preservation of which we in this country have to rely on private munificence or the National Art Collections Fund. The present working of the law, however, appears to be unsatisfactory, and Signor Rava, the Italian Minister for Public Instruction, is bringing in a Bill under which no article of artistic, historical, or archaeological interest over fifty years old belonging to the State, provinces, towns, villages, or ecclesiastical bodies can be sold. Public and private owners will be compelled to supply Signor Rava and his successors with full particulars of works of art or important buildings in their possession; export will be forbidden; and the State will have the option of purchasing for the nation any such treasures which come into the market. If the Bill is passed—and there seems every prospect that it will be—in a few years at most

Italy will be in possession of a catalogue of her literary, architectural and artistic wealth such as no other country can boast.

Few scenes of natural beauty can boast so many memories of the immortal dead as do the glorious pine-forests of Ravenna. Here, as a contemporary recalls, Dante hunted with the Polenta and dreamed his Dream of Heaven and Hell; here Theodoric fought and Byron rode with La Guiccioli; in its solitude Boccaccio found inspiration, and Dryden and many others have sung of it. Some half a century ago it was handed over by the State to the Commune of Ceria, and about two hundred and fifty acres have been cleared in order to raise money. We are glad to learn that the indignant protests which resulted from this act of vandalism have resulted in the Commune undertaking to preserve the remaining area—the Pineta originally extended over nearly two thousand acres—and to replant the devastated ground.

The bi-centenary of the birth of the great Venetian playwright, Carlo Goldoni, which, by a decree of the Town Council of Venice, is to be publicly solemnised, occurs in February, only a few days after another centenary, no less important from an artistic point of view in the annals of the great Republic—the quater-centenary of the death of Gentile Bellini. Gentile Bellini ranks among the great Venetian painters of the Renaissance, while as a pageant-painter he stands almost supreme. His fame excelled that of his father, and he was again excelled by his brother Giovanni, the founder, with him, of the school which bore their name and from which Venetian art drew its highest inspiration and greatness. Marin Sanudo in his "Diaries" states that Gentile Bellini died on February 23, 1507, several years before his brother Giovanni. He was buried in Venice, and the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is said to contain his ashes. No trace, however, exists of his tomb, and though many researches have been made to discover where he lies, all have proved in vain.

Although only a limited number of his works remains, the National Galleries of London, Buda-Pesth, Frankfurt-am-Main, Milan and Venice, possess valuable examples, while in private collections the best known specimens are those in Mr. Ludwig Mond's collection in London, and the late Sir Henry Layard's in Venice. The newly-formed Istituto Veneto d'Arti Grafiche intends to publish, on or about the quater-centenary of Gentile Bellini's death, a volume by Lionello Venturi, entitled "Origini della Pittura Veneziana," which has been awarded a prize (as was Pompeo Molmenti's now famous "Vita Privata dei Veneziani") by the Regio Istituto Veneto di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti. Beginning with the earliest Byzantine masters in 1300 it covers the period up to the masterpieces of Giovanni Bellini in 1500, devoting an almost inordinate space to Gentile and enlarging on his technique and composition, his style and sense of beauty. There will be one hundred and twenty illustrations.

Mr. Roosevelt's essay on the ancient Irish Sagas, to which we referred last week, may perhaps be regarded as a sign that the United States are anxious to take the lead in inquiring into so-called Celtic literature on the Irish side. For several years a scheme has been on foot in America for starting a Library of Irish Literature under the auspices of Mr. Charles Welsh, who was for many years the managing partner in the firm of Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. Since he has been in America Mr. Welsh has been actively pursuing his project, and has enlisted the co-operation and support of Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Prof. F. M. Robinson, of Harvard, and other authorities. He himself first drew up a list of the Irish authors and their works from the seventh to the thirteenth century and

sent a copy to scholars who were competent to form an opinion as to its merits. The lists were returned with their amendments and suggestions, and by collating these Mr. Welsh has compiled a final list which should be of considerable interest. His methods are thorough and businesslike, and the Library—which Mr. Bryce after his address in Dublin on Norse and Celtic literature last week ought to encourage—will at least be an interesting one.

The sources of Children's Nursery Rhymes are touched on instructively by Mr. Thurstan C. Peter in "The Old Cornish Drama" (Elliot Stock).

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on—
(*Varia lectio*: Went to bed with their breeches on)—

is a quotation from the Towneley mysteries, or *ministeria*. Another Nursery-game rhyme:

A. How many miles to Babylon?
B. Three score and ten.
A. Shall I be there by candlelight?
B. Yes, and back again—

has an equally pious origin, plays of Chyldremas Day. So has the riddle of our grandfathers concerning the number of wives, etc., possessed by the man who was going to St. Ives. "The accounts of the borough authority of St. Ives record receipts from the interludes," and in 1575, 4d. was the sum "spent upon the carpenter that made heaven." For half that price Fawston "mended the wind," and equally cheap were "two worms of conscience" (*ayenbites of inwit?* or threads of screws?). Children, we are told, "at times appeared in the costume of Eden."

Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not,

are the opening lines of the play *St. George*, and protest against the Christmas observance inhibition in 1652. For schoolboy "howlers" commend us to this play! Henry of Monmouth seizes Quebec and the crown of Spain, thanks to Gibbon's pig-merchant, George of Cappadocia. Who would have guessed it of Hal? Among "December liberties," at the Feast of Fools, was the eating of puddings off the altar. As history is a recurring decimal, last month the French soldiers at Sens were celebrating a black mass and visiting the *cantine* in chasubles. The old "ordinary" had nothing to do with the House of Lords Spiritual, being merely the director of such pieces as the *Gwreans an bys* (Creation of the World), or *Beunans Meriasek* (Life of Meriadoc). Meriadoc is quite Celtic, partly Breton and partly Cornish, and at a pinch a sailor, like St. Brendan. One is pleased to find that the infernal *chef* (or one of his *aides*), Tulfic, has a treble voice, while Beelzebub and Satan sing bass. Pontius Pilate (his prænomen is apparently still unknown) is dreadfully travestied. His father's capture of Mithridates for Pompey the Great was known to Moses of Khorni, not to the Cornish. The play *Pascon agan Arluth* (Our Lord's Passion) is less amusing. Here are no pedant talking Latin in his cups, like Chaucer's Somnour, no sermons to man-eating wolves, no guzzling pipers. And now what have we of this Yuletide revel, of the *libertas Decembris*? "Nothing," answers the *Éclair*, "but '*Pantagruéliques nopces et festius*.'"

A *propos* of a communication to the *Daily Mail* of Tuesday last on "Business and Prayers," a correspondent writes: The American people are, with the exception of the English, the most religious nation on earth, and this fact has been recently illustrated by the action of an Episcopalian clergyman who has composed collects for use on special occasions in Wall Street. It is doubtless these forms of prayer to which the *Daily Mail* refers. They

have already met with the approval of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who in forwarding a copy of them to his friend the Archbishop of Canterbury, asked for his opinion of them as liturgical compositions. It is strange to find that our "beautiful liturgy" is not sufficient for the needs of a new country, but even the Book of Common Prayer must march with the times, and every one will admit that these collects are singularly free from sectarian prejudice and might be used by any denomination other than Roman Catholic, as the following examples show:

For the use of Staff of a Morning or Evening Paper.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us Thy independent coadjutors that by our *own* inspiration we may *think* of those things that really *are* good without the intervention or assistance of Laffan and Reuter; through, etc.

At the Formation of a Trust.

O God, the strength of them that belong to any Trust mercifully accept our shares; and if through the weakness of the market we have not got hold of a good thing, grant that with a good grace while keeping both thy commandments and that of the American legislature we may unload at a favourable opportunity; through, etc.

On the Departure of a Daughter for Europe.

O God, in whose sight the almighty dollar is of no less value than the English sovereign; mercifully grant that this our daughter now sailing for Europe in ss. [*name of vessel*] may effectually meet her peer, who will thus be made partaker of a treasure upon earth, which with his title anticipates and renders superfluous the rewards of paradise.

After a Smash when Directors have been Arrested.

O Lord, we beseech thee to clear us; and grant that we to whom thou hast given a hearty *desire* to pay may be ably defended and comforted: forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid and granting us the benefit of that doubt which has been the safeguard of our financial existence.

A correspondent has addressed a long letter to us protesting against the trend of an article in last week's issue on The Decay of Illustration. His point is, in the first place, that American periodicals have not a higher standard of illustration than English periodicals, but that on the contrary they have nothing to compare with our best work of this kind. In the second place, although the effects produced by process reproduction are not equal to those of the old woodcut, they have nevertheless improved very greatly during recent years and it is somewhat old-fashioned to talk of photography as being a mere mechanical process. It has been employed during the last few years by artists for the production of art. The assertion that this is not so is merely an echo from a controversy that was rife ten or twelve years ago. There is much to be said for the view of our correspondent.

Prince Francis Liechtenstein has just bought the valuable library and scientific collection of the Russian historian, Professor Bilbasow, and has presented it as a gift, for the purpose of promoting the study of the history and position of Eastern Europe, to the Department of Public Instruction at Vienna. Professor Unterberger, of the Vienna University, has gone to St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking over possession and bringing the collection and library back with him.

The amount Mr. Carnegie has given during the past year for the erection of Libraries is by no means small. Including one sum of £7500 which in the case of Scarborough has not yet been accepted, the amount promised to the different library authorities during 1906 is £121,398. The total may be larger than this, as it is possible some gifts may not have been announced, but if there are any sums of this description they are probably small. An item of £13,000 must be deducted from the total amount, however, as Bath refused both to accept the gift and to adopt the Public Library Acts.

LITERATURE

THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

Honoré de Balzac. By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. French Men of Letters series. (Lippincott, 6s. net.)

IN this volume we have an excellent example of the late M. Brunetière's work, and to read it is to feel an increased regret that the services rendered by the author to literature have had *finis* written to them by the hand of death. No work exactly similar to this has ever appeared in English. M. Brunetière was as much immersed in the spirit of criticism as was Sainte-Beuve himself. He thought with clearness and precision, his opinions were of a decided character, and they are here expressed with copious energy. The author wastes no time over the trivial or irrelevant. He is passionately interested in Balzac, but beyond Balzac is always the French novel and beyond the French novel life itself. In a spirited preface he tells us that he intends this work to be not a memoir but a study. The reader is expressly warned not to seek here for information about Balzac's origin, "anecdotes of his college days, the tittle-tattle of his love-affairs, and the tedious narrative of his quarrels with newspapers or publishers." Thus the personal element is eliminated. Circumstance :

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,

if not entirely ignored is at least neglected. M. Brunetière does not start with the childhood of Balzac, but with the childhood of the modern novel. The ancestors he is concerned with are not the forefathers of the "Inspector of Supplies for the First Military Division," but the fathers of the modern French novel, whom he finds in Le Sage and Courtlitz de Sandras who invented Athos, Aramis, and Porthos. No doubt this is meant as a rap on the knuckles to the reputed parent of the immortal trio, for M. Brunetière has little sympathy with the so-called historical novelists. To him the elder Dumas was "nothing but a negro, one who was quite happy to exploit white people, and who laughed immoderately over it." M. Brunetière's great point is that the Novel of Manners, the story of contemporary life, is the real historical novel: it is the evidence of one who has seen with his own eyes and who has lived among the scenes he describes. Your studious bookman with bent head and pale face he will have none of; for of all forms of composition the novel is the one "whose roots should be most deeply implanted in reality." With the conclusions of M. Brunetière we confess ourselves in absolute agreement. The present degradation and low estate of the English novel are due to the success of those who have manufactured cheap art fabrics for the million, cloak and rapier stuff from which even the omnivorous schoolboy turns away. No age recorded in history is so romantic and so magical as that in which we live, but the man who essays to depict it needs more than a deft pen and the attributes of a sedulous ape.

M. Brunetière might have worked out his thesis more convincingly. Are the distinctions he draws vital? In trying to show that the novels of the half-century following "Gil Blas" "assumed almost universally the form of the personal narrative," he mentions "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Manon Lescaut" and "Marianne." He goes on to say that :

the success of the "novel in letters"—after the model of "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748) or "The New Heloise" (1762)—neither interrupted nor checked the vogue of the personal novel; but, on the contrary, it may be said, indeed it must be said, that its success contributed only to encourage that vogue. And, in truth, if "correspondence" is, so to speak, nothing else but a mutual diary, and is therefore also only a form of "confession," or, at all events, of "confidence," it will be seen how the novel in letters continues and extends the form of the personal narrative by broadening and diversifying it. It is herself, and no other, whom Clarissa Harlowe analyses, as Marianne did; and Saint-Preux differs from the Chevalier Des Grieux only in this, that he "anatomises" himself with more complacency.

It is curious that M. Brunetière never alludes to or mentions "Tom Jones," the apotheosis of the Novel of Manners, a work which fulfils all his conditions except that it does not take the form of a personal narrative or of a tale told in letters. Yet it is dominated by a personality who is none the less commanding because he does not mingle in the story or use the first personal pronoun.

Now let us glance at M. Brunetière's examination of the romance. A clue to his thought is to be found in a mot of one of the De Goncourts: "History is a novel which has been; a novel is history which might have been." He says the models and masterpieces of the historical novel are "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "The Abbot," "The Monastery," "Rob Roy," "I Promessi Sposi," "The Last of the Barons," and "Henry Esmond." But surely this is a "variegated" list. Are both "The Abbot" and "The Monastery"—a failure and a success—to be classed together? Are Scott and Thackeray to be placed on a throne (or bench) on which Manzoni and Bulwer-Lytton have an equal place? Worse still is the comment :

The historical novel having no other legitimate means of its own to attract and hold the reader's interest than its literal imitation of the past, if I may so speak, and a scrupulous exactness which might be compared to that of the painters of the Dutch school, it forced, as it were, by a return shock, this scrupulosity upon the representation of contemporary reality, and made of this literal imitation a sort of law of the form. It revived what formerly was life-like; and what is life-like to-day is therefore what will endure in the future. Such is the lesson to be drawn from the historical novel, and that is why the success of Walter Scott could not last.

This is altogether wrong. Not "literal imitation of the past", not "scrupulous exactness" (whenever was it found in a historical novel?), but adventure is the attraction. Even in historical novels the present has more influence than M. Brunetière admits. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, in Louis XI., Richard Leicester and the rest of his historical characters gives us only so many varieties of his own countrymen dressed in the garments and using the language of a different age and clime. The greatest of all truths is the essential truth to human nature, and when genius gives us this it may choose its own embroidery. Yet, while establishing this point of difference from M. Brunetière, we recognise with gratitude the immense value of his book and with how keen an interest it will be read by all "novel-makers."

He takes a pardonably high view of his subject, although admitting or boasting that whereas style with Flaubert was an end in itself, to Balzac it was only a means to an end. As a philosophy of life he places the novels of Balzac first, with those of George Eliot second, and the ground on which this criticism is based is stated in the following passage :

Balzac devotes himself to the new characters, the singularities "as yet unseen," which his time offers to his observation; and this is precisely what readers brought up on the classics find it extremely hard to forgive him. That which displeases them in his manner of conceiving and representing life is the very thing that shocks them in his style, which they consider, if I may so express it, scandalously "modern."

This is a sample of the acute and sound criticism with which the book abounds.

THE PLEASANTEST RAMBLE

A Last Ramble in the Classics. By HUGH E. P. PLATT. (London: Simpkin, Marshall; Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS charming sequel to the charming "Byways in the Classics" is to be heartily welcomed from every point of view save one; Mr. Platt tells us that this is his last ramble. Homekeeping does not beseem a wit so far from homely; and the fount of so much brilliant comment and sparkling scholarship shows not the least symptom of running dry. Books like this do much to help the continuance and influence of classical reading, now

threatened on every side. They deserve the tribute paid to the performing dog of which Codlin in "The Old Curiosity Shop" declared: "that dawg would have made his master's fortun' besides revivin' the drayma."

The Preface (modestly called "Apology") gives an interesting *addendum* to De Quincey's famous denunciation of that bane of conversation, the professional story-teller. "It is no good your telling us stories," said G. A. Sala to a young man who showed a tendency of that kind; "if it's a proper one we don't want to hear it, and if it's improper we know it."

Many departments of social life are touched with the lightest hand, and many interesting observations thereon both new and true are made or suggested. It was not the wife's mother who was the target of the cheap humourists in ancient Rome. Juvenal (vi. 231) did launch one thunder-word after his manner,

Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru;

but the jealousy that seemed natural to the dramatists was that between the wife and her mother-in-law; Laches in Terence (*Hecyra* ii. 1, 4) puts it plainly:

Itaque adeo uno animo omnes socrus oderunt, oderunt, nurus.

Mr. Platt on his next appearance (for there will be a second edition of this "Ramble" and, we hope, another to follow) may think it worth while to add to his comments on *noverca* a reference to Aesch. *Prom.* 727, where a dangerous coast is described as "the maw of Salmydessus, rude hostess to mariners, stepmother of ships." To some diverting tales about Roman marriage he might add an incident related by Plutarch about the famous Cato of Utica. Cato had married as his second wife Marcia, the daughter of the consular Marcius Philippus. She was still young and beautiful, and had borne to him three children. He was much attached to her, but his bosom friend Hortensius conceived that his own feelings were still more deeply engaged, and requested Cato to be kind enough to divorce her, so that he might make her his wife. It sounds like a Bab Ballad, but Cato consented. "Observing," writes Plutarch, "how much the affections of his friend were engaged, Cato did not think his own feelings should be allowed to stand in the way." As to Marcia, it seems that, like the lady sung by an anonymous poet quoted by Mark Twain:

She loved her husband dearly,
But another man twicest as well.

She was married to Hortensius in the presence of Cato. To crown the absurdity of the situation, when some six years later Marcia became a widow, Cato at once remarried her. The bizarre incidents of the Roman marriage-market were various. Pompey, having divorced his wife for alleged adultery with Caesar, immediately married the daughter of his wife's seducer. Caesar, who repudiated a blameless wife with the words that Caesar's wife must be above suspicion, was called by Curio *omnium mulierum vir*. Cicero in his sixty-second year, the year before his death, married an heiress in her teens named Publilia, concerning whom he wrote to Atticus: "I never saw an uglier creature"; now Cicero was an exceptionally sober and "rangé" gentleman for his time. On p. 52 Mr. Platt quotes an amusingly pedantic definition of *pupae* "dolls" by Forcellini, which he compares with Johnson's famous definition of "network" as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Beside both may stand Hegel's definition of Notion (Stirling's translation of Schwegler's History of Philosophy, p. 329): "The Notion is the Unity of the Immediacy of Being with the self-diremption of Essence." Archbishop Whately used to ask his clergy the distinction between an Idea and a Notion, and when they had exhausted their metaphysics in attempted solutions, he would thus propound the answer: "An Idea is the object of the mind in thought, an Ocean is a vast expanse of water." Another favourite question of his was: "What is the vocative of *cat*?" The reply was generally "O cat!" The

Archbishop, with the true sense of grammar, said the vocative was "Puss, puss."

The sections on Proverbs and Mottoes are excellent reading. If we began to quote we should never stop. We will give only two timely mottoes:

For a Visit to a Country House

Plures dies [efficiendis] pontibus absumpti.—Tac. *Ann.* ii. 8.

For an Automobile Club.

Sunt quos curriculo praepepe pulverem
Collegisse juvat.—Hor. *Carm.* i. 1, 3.

The little essay on melody in poetry is full of interest. We read that Johnson's favourite verse from this point of view was

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

The author is himself disposed to crown a lovely line from one of the stanzas to which Gray refused a place in his "Elegy":

And little footsteps lightly print the ground;

or Tennyson's exquisite:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms;

or Keats's

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Tennyson reckoned among the most liquid lines in any language:

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

We will not impose on the reader our own choice for melody, but for cacophony we hold that it would be hard to surpass Browning's:

Draughts dregwards loose tongues tied.

On p. 144 Mr. Platt makes a shrewd remark on a device useful in rendering a pregnant phrase, the transposition of the substantive and its epithet. Thus Gibbon translated *anilis superstitio* "the dotage of superstition." So Calverley in the ode beginning *Uxor pauperis Ibyci* renders *famosisque laboribus* by "All thy studious infamies." The author naturally finds a difficulty in the way in which, in foreign words, usage sometimes throws back the accent, as in "senator," sometimes keeps it on the syllable which originally held it, as in "arena." Would it not be a good rule to retain it only when the word has a non-English termination? Thus we say *abdomen*, *vertigo*, *plethora*, but not *blasphemy*, *orator*. He very naturally asks why Lewis and Short give *platēa*. The penult is certainly short in classical Latin. Does the absurd rule of old Alvarez still dwell in their minds as it lives in the memory of the present writer, who once knew Alvarez's Prosody by heart, and still remembers much of it, though he has not seen it for fifty years? The dear old nonsense ("precious" nonsense) runs as follows:

Nomina Graecorum certa sine lege vagantur:
Quaedam etenim longis, see *dia*, *chorea*, *platea*,
Quaedam etiam brevibus, veluti *symphonia*, gaudent.

Mr. Platt remarks how often in quotation the order is reversed in *Hoc opus, hic labor est*. Another trap besets this passage. Most men if asked to repeat the passage after *facilis descensus Averno* will go on with *Sed revocare gradum*. But between these two comes a fine line,

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

Among familiar misquotations he might have counted the very common substitution of "a" for "the" in

He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

We remember reading many years ago in an article on Eton in the *Cornhill Magazine* by an old Etonian that when the writer of the article was at Eton a boy sent up as a rendering of that couplet;

Linquebat nomen per quod jam palluit orbis
Pungere moralem seu caudam ornare superbam.

This may be "a fond thing vainly invented"; but *jam* and *superbam* are very natural.

R. Y. TYRRELL

ANOTHER TERROR

Frederick York Powell. A Life, with a selection from his letters and occasional writings. By OLIVER ELTON. 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 21s. net.)

A PERUSAL of this book recalls very forcibly Lord Lyndhurst's remark when he heard that Lord Campbell had undertaken to write the Lives of the Lord Chancellors: "Another terror is added to death." Nothing would perhaps have displeased York Powell more than the suggestion that all his desultory writings and his private letters—never intended for eyes other than those to whom they were written—should be given to the public. It is a great pity that Mr. Elton was not true to his remark that "No one knows better than a reviewer the objection to reviving work of this kind"; his frankness in dealing with his hero is almost brutal. Since Froude gave us his representation of Carlyle it has hardly been equalled. We should be the last to deny the cleverness and ability of one who was a valued contributor to this journal, but we feel that Mr. Elton has hardly done York Powell justice. We should never have said: "Powell loved heathendom being himself a heathen." We believe that this is giving an entirely wrong idea of his character. He loved not heathendom but the determination and courage of which the heathen world showed many fine examples. That his was Hero-worship more than Heathen-worship, is exemplified in his idea that the proper form of histories intended for schools should be on the lines of Plutarch rather than on those of Eutropius. This may be a wrong view, but it is the view that York Powell, Green and others put forward as the teaching of the Oxford history school as opposed to the more prosaic view of the narrative of events advocated by Lord Acton and the Cambridge historians. It was almost a necessity that York Powell should hold it. His association with Vigfusson and his study of northern literature made it practically a certainty. To quote Mr. Elton: "this association enabled Powell to satisfy the dream that was once cherished in our Universities of sitting in the study of the master of learning, watching his ways, helping to produce his works, and soon becoming his indispensable partner." Vigfusson was the prophet of the Icelandic saga, and Powell, as his disciple, became a worshipper of the prophet's idols, the heroes of the sagas.

We agree with Mr. Elton that it is a pity that the English Universities contain no place for men like Powell, who should be able to concentrate themselves on some one great task and make it the work of their lifetime; and that unless a man is content "to spend himself on college tuition or sterilise himself for the good, real or seeming, of his pupils," Oxford has no place for him. As he says, Powell's strength did not lie in that direction; he would hardly have respected himself if it had. Although it is true that Powell had possibly a wider miscellaneous learning than any other resident Oxford graduate of his time, it was not the learning that Oxford wanted taught to undergraduates. It could utilise him only in teaching something it wanted, and he was set to teach the rudiments of law. It was unfortunate, but in order to live York Powell had to work. This gave him a living, but it injured his scholarship: had he been able to concentrate his power he would have left an enduring monument; as it was his talents were wasted. As his biographer tells us:

With all his gifts and historical erudition he left no large example behind him of the methods that he urged. He did not produce much historical writing of a continuous kind; he said clearly and sharply and repeatedly what he thought of the relation of written history to ethics on the one side and literature on the other.

This, however, is hardly what is expected from the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. We admit the great, the exceptional, difficulties of the task that awaited any one who undertook the duties of the post at the time when York Powell was appointed. Oxford had become

accustomed to the carefully prepared, picturesque essays in which Froude detailed, in his splendid prose, some incident of the Reformation history. If Froude's accuracy was doubtful his language was perfect. A greater contrast than there was between York Powell and Froude it would be difficult to imagine. Most of us have read some of Froude's lectures; here is Mr. Elton's account of York Powell's inaugural lecture:

Powell misreckoned his time, was troubled with notes, and stopped abruptly after half an hour. When he had jerked out his earnest advice that they should look to calendaring state papers and the exploration of local archives and closed with the names of three reclusive scholars whose names they dimly knew, they could hardly believe that it was all over. There is no sign that Powell thought he had missed fire unless it be that he did not print the lecture in the customary way.

The opening was inauspicious, and York Powell never regained the opportunity he lost. He held the chair for nine years, till his death, and it will be best to give Mr. Elton's account of his work:

Powell's successor, Mr. Frith, had to open his own career with a grave public protest against the methods of Historical teaching in the University. Powell was not and did not become a popular and frequented lecturer; it was often said he could not lecture at all. He did not gather round him a serried numerous band of young investigators. He did not become a captain of organised research like Mommsen. He did not publish any historical work of larger compass than a short article or address. He had as a professor few visible annals.

We have quoted this because we prefer to give the considered judgment of the biographer rather than our own. It is a sterner one than we should have passed on York Powell but it is not wholly untrue. He ought never to have been made Regius Professor of History. He was unfit for the post, not from lack of learning, for probably no more widely learned man was then at Oxford, but for the reason Mr. Elton gives, that he underestimated the lecture as a means of letting light and air into half-awakened or stagnant spirits.

We recognise the difficulty of Mr. Elton's task in compiling the biography of his friend, and we feel that he has performed the task conscientiously; but in closing the book we cannot help wishing that it had not been undertaken. York Powell was one of those men to whom no biography can do justice. There is nothing to write about; and to be obliged continually to refer to great learning and no tangible results is a thankless task, especially if four hundred and fifty pages have to be made of it. Mr. Elton has failed partly because failure was inevitable, partly because of a certain lack of sympathy with his subject; but he has one quality which is also his main defect—a fine impartiality.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE MILLION

St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a remarkable book. It seems to sum up in itself a whole method peculiar to latter-day England and to America, a method of bookmaking in which any real knowledge of the subject upon which one writes is apparently the last thing necessary. A fluent style, not too grammatical; a gift for taking one's facts where one finds them and spoiling them in the taking; and an extraordinary carelessness in dealing with, and ignorance of the language of, the country or person of whom one writes, are the only equipment needed. It has become necessary to speak out, and since Italy has particularly suffered from such writers it is well that it should be a book on a great Italian that gives us an opportunity to deal with these things.

The first thing that strikes us on opening this book on St. Catherine is the curiously small number of authorities cited. There is no bibliography such as a scholar includes in his work, thus acknowledging his debts as an

honourable man should, and giving his reader some guarantee of the seriousness of his work. Our author, who prefers to remain anonymous, gives in all perhaps ten names of writers at the bottom of the pages without for the most part naming any of their books, or editions. Generally she merely writes a name—"Gigli" for instance—at the foot of the page. Now Gigli is responsible for at least three books: but we have no means of knowing which she refers to, or to what page or volume. This, however, is a specimen of her work when she is more or less careful; five times out of ten she will write her authorities' names wrong. Thus, on page 3 she writes "Zeekaner"—meaning, we may suppose, that great Tuscan scholar, Zdekauer. We begin to wonder whether she has ever really seen the work in question. Our wonder increases as we proceed. On page 11 she cites "Bentivoglianti" as an authority, writing it as though she had information from him *visa voce*. Who is Bentivoglianti, we ask ourselves? We never heard of him. It is only after a long time that we conclude that she must mean Benvoglianti, who wrote the Preface to the *Cronache Sanesi* in Muratori (Rer. Ital. Scrip. xv.). On page 58 she quotes "Neri di Donati," meaning Neri di Donato, while on page 107 she refers us to "Tennyson's Memoirs." We should like to see these. Again on page 185 she quotes "Capocelatro," meaning Capecelatro.

So much for the authorities our author does quote. Let us pass to those she does not. One might almost say that the whole of that part of the work dealing with the times of St. Catherine has been based on, and sometimes whole passages taken verbatim from, the various works of Mr. William Heywood, a very fine scholar some of whose works have not been published in England; and from Mr. Langton Douglas's "History of Siena." Yet from cover to cover the names of these writers are never once mentioned! In Mr. Heywood's case, the morality of this free use of his work is open to question. In England his "Ensamples of Fra Filippo: a study of mediæval Siena" (Siena, Torrini 1901) is not well known. It is certainly the finest study of a mediæval Italian city in the language. Our author has used it without scruple or acknowledgment—a most discourteous act, especially as the book was not published in this country. This in itself would be curious, but it becomes more extraordinary since she has here and there changed words of Mr. Heywood's to other words of her own, as though to free herself from obligation. Debts cannot be so paid. As this is a matter which concerns every writer and scholar, we will be particular in our choice of examples. Had our author acknowledged the debt, though there might have been nothing to say, we should have thought her large use of another writer's work almost indefensible. Scholars like Mr. Heywood may seem to our writer mere dry-as-dust researchers, whose work should be "brightened up" and used to adorn a pleasing tale, the very heart of which she has dragged from their less popular works. Apparently the writer of "St. Catherine and Her Times" does not know the "Assempri" of Fra Filippo apart from Mr. Heywood's book. If she does, this is a strange coincidence.

St. Catherine . . . and Her Times, p. 34.

How is it that thou considerest not thy duty? he demands. See'st thou not the pig which always squeals and always clamours and always befouls thine houses, yet thou sufferest him till the time cometh when he is fit to kill. This forbearance thou showest only that thou mayest have his flesh to eat. Consider thou pitiful rascal, consider the noble profit of the woman and have patience. Not for every trifle should'st thou beat her.

Ensamples of Fra Filippo. Heywood, p. 40.

How is it [he says] that thou considerest not thy duty? See'st thou not also the pig which always squeals and always clamours, and always befouls thy house and yet thou sufferest him until the time cometh when he is fit to kill. This forbearance thou shewest only that thou mayest have the profit of his flesh to eat the same. Consider thou pitiful rascal, consider the noble profit of the woman, and have patience. Not for every trifle should'st thou beat her.

"Consider thou pitiful rascal"—"Considera gattivello" it is in the original. Could it have occurred to two

people independently to translate "gattivello" "pitiful rascal" . . . and the rest?

Again:

St. Catherine, p. 9.

another who after a life which was a long hymn of love and goodness feeling death approach thankfully knelt down laying his tired head on the Gospels and so passed away.

Ensamples, p. 223.

other pious anchorite whose life had been one long hymn of love and kindness and who feeling the hour of his death approaching kneeled down and laid his weary head upon the Missal which he had opened at the words, "In manus tuas Domine," etc.

The original is: "e poi si pose ni ginocchioni e co' le braccia si riposava su'n un gofano et aveva el Missale aperto inanzi in quella parte del passio di S. Luca evangelista che dice In manus tuas Domine," etc.

There is nothing here about laying "his weary head"; that is Mr. Heywood, and we may suppose the "Gospels" substituted for "Missale" for reasons we need not explain. There are many other passages of a like character; but space and the will to quote them alike are lacking. By this it must be obvious to all that our author has used Mr. Heywood mercilessly without even a "Thank you." Let us turn to another sort of failing.

On page 6 (*cf.* Ensamples, p. 118, notes 5 and 6) the saying of Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo is attributed to Fra Filippo Aguzzari (*sic*). So that our author spells even the name of the author of "Gli Assempri" wrong, for it should be Agazzari. This mistake occurs everywhere. On page 8 Fra Niccolo Tino should be Fra Niccolò Tini. On page 11 (*cf.* Ensamples, p. 269) our author speaks of the "dark arches of Fontebranda in whose waters the were-wolves . . . bathed to recover human shape." It is a misreading of Ensamples, p. 269. The superstition as to the were-wolves is quite modern. On page 13 (*cf.* Ensamples, 99 *et seq.*) our author refers to a receipt for dyeing the hair. This receipt is mentioned by Mr. Heywood; but our author says it was this receipt which Catherine's mother urged her to use. What is her authority? It is manifest nonsense. On pages 21-22 (*cf.* Ensamples, pp. 75 *et seq.*) our author states that there was an affresco of our Lord at Vignona (*sic*). There is not. The fresco is at Macereto. Vignone is to-day almost as it was in St. Catherine's time. The hot-water spout where she half boiled herself may still be seen.

On page 25 our author writes: "a man most evil traitorous, perfidious, merciless, and cruel beyond all diabolical imagination who took more delight in slaying than did many wild beasts. The Italian is "Che più si deletteva di uccidere gli uomini che molti le fieri salvatiche": which means, of course: "he took more delight in slaying men, than many take in hunting wild beasts." (*cf.* Ensamples p. 205.) Here, too, our author speaks of the "sermons" of Fra Filippo. The "Assempri" were not sermons. On page 31 our author says that the Palio was run on foot in St. Catherine's days. She gives no authority for this statement. There is a statute of 1262 (quoted by Mr. Heywood, "Palio and Ponte," p. 63) *qui current eques* etc. This is a good instance of the enormous inaccuracy of statement in this book.

On page 35 (*cf.* Ensamples 164) our author writes Piazza Prusierla. There is no such place in Siena. It should be, we suppose, Piazza di Postierla. On the same page she says that "Baths were unknown" in the Siena of St. Catherine. This is absolutely false, as we shall see if we compare Ensamples p. 42, and G. Giacosa *La vita privata ne' castelli* in "La vita italiana nel Rinascimento" 1899, p. 40, quoted by Mr. Heywood. On page 39, Campidoglio is written for Campiglia. On page 49 our author speaks of Via Infangato. There is no Via Infangato in Siena, and if there were it would not mean "Muddy Street," it would mean a street bespattered with mud by some extraneous force. The true name is Via Malfango. The person who traversed Via

Malfango might be Infangato. On page 37 she writes "Sovrana" for Sovana. As we learn from L. Bianchi's note to the "Prediche Volgari" of St. Bernardino (vol. i. p. 100): "Sovana è il nome che ha la maggior campana del Duomo di Siena . . . ed è così chiamato perchè i Senesi la tolsero al campanile del bellissimo Duomo della diserta Sovana"; see also the Cronaca of Bindino da Travale p. 152. On page 40 she writes "Salimbena" and elsewhere "Salimbene" for Salimbeni.

Such are the first fifty pages of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times," by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." It is useless to pursue the matter, and indeed we have already devoted a considerable amount of space to this inaccurate book only because it is about the worst specimen of its class which we have seen.

SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE

Society in the Country House. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. (Unwin, 16s.)

MR. ESCOTT belongs to that genial and companionable class of writers whose reminiscences form an indispensable commentary upon and amplification of the solid matter of history and biography: a class which, since Pepys and Evelyn, has furnished through its Creeveys and Grevilles the living hues with which a future generation may clothe the dry bones of the past. It is the chronicler of what may seem at the time small beer, with his retentive memory, his sense of humour, his almost invariable tendency to prolixity, who supplies the little intimate touches without which no portrait of a man or his times is complete.

The large volume before us possesses both the merits and the failings of its type. In his opening and concluding pages, Mr. Escott certainly endeavours to indicate a definite plan on which the book is worked out; but it is needless to trouble about the train of thought, which disappears after the introductory chapter, and makes a dutiful reappearance only on the last page. We prefer to take the book as a cheerful jumble of interesting sidelights on people and events, the value of which consists in its mirroring the passing phases of thought in the fashion and speech of the time. It is left to the reader to supply his own perspective, and to select the grain from the inevitable chaff of anecdote and genealogy. Mr. Escott wisely devotes his chief attention to matters within his personal knowledge, either at first-hand or from direct information—houses which he has himself visited, and notabilities with whom, or with whose contemporaries, he has come into contact. His acquaintance with the last survivors of the Regency, bucks like Captain Gronow and Mr. Alfred Montgomery, carries his store of anecdote back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and gives additional interest to his chapter upon early days at Brighton.

This tour round some of the notable country houses of England includes many whose notability is derived from other reasons than those of wealth or architectural splendour. Such are Alfoxden, which Wordsworth and Coleridge rented with its deer-park for £40 a year: Sarsden Rectory, with its memories of "Soapy Sam": and Morwenstow Vicarage in R. S. Hawker's day. Such a progress, including West Dean and Waddesdon, Arundel and Petworth, is likely to leave one's head in a whirl if made at a high speed, and, like most diarists and writers of reminiscence, Mr. Escott is most enjoyable as an occasional companion. The glimpses which he gives us into the less-known sides of the lives of public men are varied and sometimes pathetic, as when we see Lord Palmerston in 1865:

Coming out of the house bareheaded, walking straight up to some high railings opposite the front door. Then looking round to see that no spectator was near, the old man climbed over the top rail on to the ground on the other side; next, turning round, he climbed back once more. It was his way of testing his strength, and discovering whether ground had been lost or gained.

For the most part, however, the anecdotes—which are the best things in the book—are such as this of Lord Lytton and his young Australian visitor:

Looking at some China ornaments especially prized by their owner, the young man nervously let one slip through his fingers—not, however, to the ground, for Lord Lytton, at once putting out his hand, arrested the fall of the ornament with the words, "Fielded, by Jove! and saved my crockery."

Among the literary stories is one of Douglas Cook, of the *Saturday*, and his contributor, Mrs. Lynn Linton. "Has he not," she would say, "stormed at me, cursed me, on one occasion actually hit me, on one of his bad days?"

There are a few good new things among the Oxford pages, together with much that one has heard before; and, although Mr. Escott has not lighted upon any fresh Jowett story, Liddon's *mot* at Jowett's table is a hard one to beat:

Talbot (head of Keble), a good scholar but a bad whip, had upset into a ditch the then Khedive's son, Prince Hassan. Proposing to drive Liddon home, he received the reply, "What, intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian yesterday?"

Among the gifted ladies whom Mr. Escott has met was Mrs. Grote, the historian's wife, of whom Sydney Smith once observed: "Grote, hence the word grotesque." He gives us a good description of this lady, who

affected a masculine manner and to some extent a masculine dress, and who, sitting with one leg crossed over the other and both legs as high up as possible, would lecture Dean Stanley on ecclesiastical history, Max Müller on Sanscrit epics, Count Saffi on Italian literature, and any local expert in agriculture on the growing of turnips or the breeding of Southdowns.

We must bring our quotations to a close with the delightful American lady of the Via Babuino, who invited Lord Malmesbury to a reception "in Baboon Street, near the Pope propagating houses."

MEDIAEVAL BUILDERS

Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen. By W. R. LETHABY. (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net.)

As a statesman and warrior Henry III. was deficient; but as a patron of art he stands first among our kings, for he not merely ordered and collected, he initiated and controlled the execution of works of surpassing beauty at the finest moment of the Gothic age. The history of his greatest achievement, and of the craftsmen of genius who nobly carried out the task he had set them, is now given to us, after years of painstaking study of written record and surviving structure, by Professor Lethaby. He seeks to rebuild in our imaginations this "supreme work of art" in all its perfection of form, its beauty of adornment, its suavity of environment, its church and chapter-house, its monastery and mill, its garden and farm, seated by the side of the king's palace on the bank of the clear-running Thames.

Our Angevin kings were French by race and training and English only by residence and position. They were surrounded by a Court of foreign-speaking laymen, and their ecclesiastics were members of a cosmopolitan church. There was, therefore, nothing narrow or insular in Henry's outlook on the art of his age, or in the *personnel* which he gathered round him to execute his schemes. By a minute comparison of Henry's work at Westminster with contemporary French examples, Professor Lethaby clearly establishes that the English coronation church resulted from a full knowledge and observation of the French one, and the dates support this. "When Westminster was begun, the choir of Rheims had been consecrated four years." But, also, the English designers had likewise mastered the details of St. Louis's "incomparable" chapel—which he was just completing in Paris for the reception of the Crown of Thorns—and of the great church at Amiens, begun some years before Westminster and

completed in the same year, which was sufficiently advanced for consecration. And yet our Abbey is English and not French. "It is a remarkable thing, indeed, that this church, which was so influenced by French facts, should, *in spirit*, be one of the most English of English buildings." This is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that it was native in design and execution. None of the leading craftsmen of its *structure* appear to have been foreigners. John of St. Omer, Peter de Hispania, William of Florence may have painted there; but so also did William of Westminster, "the king's beloved painter," and Walter of Durham, the probable artist of the surviving altar retable, "the most beautiful thirteenth-century painting in England." And London, Gloucester and Beverley supplied the designers and artificers in chief.

It was in 1245 that the King ordered the pulling down of Edward the Confessor's church, which had been consecrated in 1065—a few weeks only before its founder's death—but had been altered and continued all through the twelfth century. The Lady Chapel, which had only recently been completed, was left, but the Norman choir and transepts were gradually removed. Meanwhile stone and other material for the new work were being collected, and in the following year Master Henry the mason was authorised to receive them as master of the works at Westminster, and himself acquired two messuages close by, where he took up his abode and remained as the chief architect and overseer till 1253, when the absence of all further mention of him in the accounts seems to indicate his death. "By this time the work was so far advanced that Master Henry must be considered as the architect of the building in all its parts." He was succeeded by John of Gloucester, who had charge of other royal works as well, for next year he was promised ten "librates" of land for his services to the King at Gloucester, Woodstock, Westminster and elsewhere. With him, as keeper of the works, was associated Alexander the carpenter, who had from the beginning been head of the timber work at the Abbey, and whose *rôle*, now that the stalls and other fittings were in progress, was increasing in importance. Both these men had, twice a year, furred robes of office supplied to them. After 1260 we hear no more of them, and Robert of Beverley is in charge and continues to conduct various royal works into the reign of Edward I. By 1269 he brought forward the building then in progress—the choir, transepts and four bays of the nave—to a usable, though unfinished condition, and:

On Oct. 13, the anniversary of his first translation, the Confessor was enshrined in the marvellous, but still incomplete feretory of gold, silver, and precious stones, beneath the new structure which the king, at his own cost, had built from the foundation, and in the presence of a great concourse of prelates, barons and commoners. On this day the monks first celebrated the mysteries within the new building. (p. 169.)

The interior ever surprises me by its loveliness. The grace of the parts and their ordered disposition, the slender springing forms and the gaiety of the style, the fine materials and the romantic early monuments, are arresting beauties of a matchless whole. (p. 3.)

With historic precision, Professor Lethaby continues his account of the progress of the work and the lives of the workers throughout the Plantagenet reigns. The noble series of royal tombs he not only dates and describes; he assigns them to their particular creators. The whole succession of master masons and their individual imprint on the Abbey, whose monastic buildings, cloisters, nave and west end were gradually rebuilt during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are duly catalogued to the time when Henry VII. determined to remove the early Lady Chapel and erect a new royal mausoleum in its place. "Built wholly in the sixteenth century, and yet without any taint of the Renaissance," his chapel completes the Gothic cycle of which the Abbey is so full a presentment. Just as Henry II. shows it in the fresh vigour and simple elegance of its first full development, so does Henry VII. give us a choice example of it in the tricky cleverness and gorgeous

elaboration of its decadence: "As an exercise in architectural composition of intentionally romantic cast, self-conscious, elaborate and artificial, it is a work of extraordinary merit." Of all this what have we preserved? Of the inside, much; of the outside nothing—not even a meritorious copy. We have the havoc of the modern Gothic architect who feels he knows better than did Master Henry of London or Master John of Gloucester what "early English" work was like.

Until our own, every age has had its style; it has been proud of it; it has believed in its superiority to that which preceded it and which it has therefore not hesitated to replace. We have none of this; we are conscious copyists; we set out to build not in our own, but in the Gothic, or Renaissance or Georgian style. And yet we subject old examples of such work to deeper destruction than did those who professedly despised them. Fully clad in the mantle of Palladio and Bramante, it was intellectually impossible for Wren to impregnate himself with the mediæval spirit. Yet he respected the past more than did Pearson, who claimed to be a devoted follower of the Early English masters. Wren sought to do the necessary repairs "without modern mixtures to show my own inventions." What "inventions" the later restorer of the north transept has indulged in is fully and conclusively set out in Professor Lethaby's third chapter. We have only space for one example.

Henry III. did his work at the very moment when the French school was seeking to expand the window space to its uttermost and had just invented the plan of *isolating* the wall ribs of the vault from the wall itself, thus allowing the great rose windows of their gable ends to be set in a square whose spandrels were pierced and glazed. This new fashion was seized upon by Master Henry the mason, and both his transepts had roses of this character. The south rose, though altered in the fifteenth century and renewed about 1670, has always retained its pierced spandrels. The north rose remained untouched till, in Wren's time, it called for renewal. Wren had a careful drawing made of the original, and that drawing survives. He then renewed the window. His tracery—it was there until a few years back—was totally lacking in mediæval verve and spirit—inevitably so; but he had enough respect for the past to retain the old plan. His spandrels were pierced. Now—for what reason we do not know—Wren's work has been torn away and in its place we find a rose window with solid spandrels, a nice window, perhaps, but not Master Henry's window, not the window of such surpassing interest as showing us that Henry III.'s architect, far from being insular, was so informed and cosmopolitan that he introduced a development which Rheims, his model, had not reached, and which, though it had been adopted in one or two lesser churches, was only used at Rouen twenty years later.

How different it would have been with the Abbey church if, instead of all the learned and ignorant experiments to which it has been subjected, this ever fresh energy in pulling down and setting up, there had been steadily carried on during the last century a system of careful patching, staying and repair. (p. 91.)

For genuine love of the past; for unwearied study of its records and minute observation of its examples; for accurate marshalling of facts and for incontrovertible conclusions in support of admirable principles, Professor Lethaby's book deserves high commendation.

We have not yet, however, reached his devotion to whitewash.

LE ROI SOLEIL

The Great Days of Versailles. By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRADBY presents a sombre picture of this distinguished formal period, without any brilliance but with too much care to be at all disappointing, though at times we wish for the lightness and gaiety of style which were

the feature of his charming story "Dick" and his flippant farce "The Marquis's Eye." Here he wears his robes of office: and though cap and gown become him as they become few, somehow his pen moves without its customary ease and grace: his hand is a little encumbered. Not that he is pedantic—the writer of "Dick" would have a long road to travel before he reached pedantry—but he has taken a few steps in that direction and his sentences show signs of heaviness. We cannot help wishing that he had written this book, too, in his Norfolk jacket.

Versailles and its great originator, Louis XIV., suggest the last word of courtly grandeur and polished grace: of the days which produced Molière, and when, to use an adroit phrase, "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." It speaks in the picture of an artist, Rigaud perhaps, in which Louis, le Roi Soleil, is handing a lady, Le Vallière or de Montespan or another, into a royal coach. On one side stands a long row of magnificently dressed ladies of the court, curtsying with formal precision, on the other side stand the court gentlemen bowing with equal uniformity, as the King's mistress puts her foot on the step: and in the background the sun is setting in red splendour behind the stately formal palace of Versailles. Mr. Bradby's picture is sombre because invariably he goes a little below that polished surface; he protracts the ceremony a little unkindly beyond the great moment of its consummation, and sees the court ladies home to their wretched apartments packed away in unhealthy corners, which have been grudgingly spared from the spacious rooms of state. He listens to their disputes and squabbles; he even escorts the grand monarch to his private room, and amidst the odd medley of his children shows the monumental dullness to cope with which Madame de Maintenon needed all her prodigious strength. He does not dwell on the gorgeous youth of Louis, but on his sad distinguished old age, when more and more pomp became necessary to him to thwart the dreary slowness of Time's gradual advance. Magnificence should serve as the setting of ardour, not as the cloak under which to hide senility. What was the expression of a king's greatness became the exponent of a man's weakness:

The best thing in the book is Mr. Bradby's treatment of Madame de Maintenon; but some of the tremendous contrast of her influence in that court is lost because the full colour of the King's youth is not given. In treating his early days Mr. Bradby is too inclined to award praise and blame: and they are dangerous commodities when handled by a writer whose purpose is to summon the past to life. Much is lost and little is gained by judging one age by the moral standard of another. Nothing may be more commendable than morality, but morality contains no elixir: its touch is cold and deadening. So the drama of Madame de Maintenon's rise to almost supreme power stands by itself: and for that reason its poignancy is diminished. You see the stern patroness of *dévots*, with her passion for educating and her genius for moulding others by her will and patience to the pattern which she desired them to take. You see her coming slowly upon Louis, like a punishment almost, or like the embodiment of his own advancing years, bringing with her unexampled common sense and chill austerity. The governance of the children of the King's most brilliant mistress, de Montespan, became the terrible comfort of his old age and his wife. "Mad world, my masters." But the isolated portrait of this remarkable woman is depicted with deep understanding, though the greatness of the woman who practised economy at the most extravagant of courts, who was content with a competence when brilliant fortunes were given with a jest, and who loved power for its own impersonal sake, is not fully realised, because the magnificence and splendour in the midst of which she moved, and to which she was superior, are not realised at their true significance.

BY LAND AND SEA

Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of an Old Officer. By Colonel JAMES P. ROBERTSON. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a good tale of adventure, told in a cheery, breezy, way which says as much for the light heart of its author as his own statement that at the age of eighty-four he can take a twenty-mile run or more on his bicycle, and feel blither for it. The volume is full of good stories, telling anecdotes, gallant exploits and hair-breadth adventures, related in a manner which at once fascinates and compels admiration for the old officer and his comrades. Like Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir John French, and Sir Henry Hildyard, Colonel Robertson was a middy before he took to soldiering, and a love for the sea and life afloat bore fruit in many stirring episodes in his subsequent career, while to the credit of the seaman's instinct thus early imparted may be placed that readiness of resource so frequently exhibited during the vicissitudes of his military life.

Joining an East Indiaman, on a voyage to Calcutta, he was one day ordered to go with a quarter-master, who had something to do in the magazine, a strong iron room down in the after-hold. His orders were to sit at the scuttle, and hold a lantern so that the quarter-master could see:

Presently I heard the iron door open, and I got a peremptory order to come down with the lantern, as he rather noisily informed me—with a good deal of strong language—that he could not see what he was doing. I accordingly went and held the lantern up outside the open door. After fumbling about for some time, he ordered me to come inside, lantern and all. In I went, and sat down on a bag of gunpowder. Presently, after some more fumbling, I got the order, "Take the candle out of the lamp and hold it in your hand." "Oh, dear!" I said, "what would the Captain say if he knew this?" to which the Quartermaster replied, with a fresh edition of strong language intermixed: "I know just as well as the Captain that, if you drop that candle, we'll all be in hell-fire in less than five minutes."

We decline to believe that Colonel Robertson said "Oh, dear."

His next trip was to the West Indies, where he was considerably surprised to find that the emancipated slaves had been most comfortably provided for by their late owners. Escaping an attempt at murder by a negro who stole into his bedroom in the dead of night, and also the attack of a wild boar, which passed a tusk through his left leg, he almost fell a victim to yellow fever on the return voyage. On his arrival home, he was sent to the Edinburgh Military Academy, and then joined the 31st Regiment, taking passage with a draft of recruits to Calcutta for the purpose. Before, however, he reached Umballa, where the regiment was stationed, he had more than one strange experience, in which an alligator, a cobra that got into bed with him, and a tiger took part. The 31st was a famous regiment, but scarcely up to the standard of the present day in some respects. The colonel was an old Peninsular officer, one of the majors was accustomed to mount his horse from a chair, a captain had fought at Waterloo, and as to the rank and file, many of them had grey hair and had both sons and grandsons serving in the ranks, and many of the married women had been born in the regiment. For all this, it was a grand old corps, made up of tough fighting men, who gave a hearty welcome to the new subaltern. We learn how he escaped from an elephant which knocked over his tent, and how his duties were varied by shooting expeditions and theatricals, about which he relates this anecdote:

In one play I came on as a young lady leading a pet dog by a scarlet ribbon. Lieutenant Bray was my lover. He walked gracefully forward, exclaiming "Dearest Susan," and threw himself into an attitude of devotion, when my pet dog pinned him by the calf of the leg, and his speech ended in a yell of pain, to the huge delight of the audience, who roared till their tears ran down. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Dash had to be discovered (as the curtain went up) in the centre of the stage, dressed as a lady and about to sing. The curtain had to be rolled up from the bottom by two men, at the side (out of sight, of course). The bell rang, and up went the curtain, catching the lady's (?) dress. She seized the curtain, and struggled to force it down. Another tug from the men—quite unaware why the curtain would not go up—when up went the poor lady, hanging on

and kicking frantically. What all the audience saw was a pair of legs, kicking wildly up and down two or three times, till the curtain finally went down with a bang and the petticoats were released. Of course, these little incidents were quite as much amusement to the audience as the play, knowing as they did who the actors were.

Shortly afterwards the news came that India was invaded, and, with his regiment, our hero went through the sanguinary battles of the first Sikh War. At the Battle of Moodkee, 1845, he mentions seeing Captain Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, riding all alone, dressed in plain clothes, having nothing but a walking-stick in his hand, and, although in the midst of the fighting, escaping unhurt. He himself had a narrow escape, for, as he passed a tree, a Sikh officer made a fair cut to take off his head. Lieutenant Pollard, who was immediately behind him, put his sword over his head and caught the blow, and at that moment a Grenadier drove his bayonet into the Sikh and drew his trigger.

After the campaign, Colonel Robertson was sent home with a large party of wounded men, and was complimented by the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief, upon his conduct of the affair. Presently we find him in Ireland, where, among other amusing incidents of sport and service, he relates how, during the elections in 1852, he was quartered at Ennis:

One afternoon a riot was anticipated, and I received a message from Mr. Franks, the magistrate, who was a brother of Colonel Franks, of the 10th Regiment, telling me that we were to remain under arms all night as a big row was expected. It was a very still, hot summer evening, and Lieutenant Prevost was amusing himself with his harmonium, and as he had a good voice, was singing. Just as he finished one of his songs, by this time well into the night, a thundering knock came on the outer gates. The sentry shouted out at the top of his voice, "Who comes there?" and every man in the barracks jumped up and seized his arms. In a moment there was a dead silence, the men eagerly listening to know what was up. "Who comes there?" shouted the sentry a second time. And a very small voice outside the gate replied, "If you please, Mr. Sintry, will you ask the gentleman to sing that over again?" and the sentry's indignant reply was drowned in the shouts of merriment from the men.

The regiment was ordered to the Ionian Islands, where our author kept a yacht, and with his adventures in the Mediterranean and shooting parties in Greece we have another series of amusing and dramatic incidents. Then came the war with Russia, and we find him in the trenches before Sevastopol, commenting on the disgraceful state of the transport, undertaking the water-supply himself, and eventually being placed in charge of the transport of the second division of the Army, which he speedily brought into a better state.

The chapters devoted to the Crimea, where his battalion remained until nearly the last, are full of graphic scenes and stirring incidents of military life, in which the names of many distinguished men occur. It was decided after the war to establish a military train, on similar lines to that of the French, and the old land transport having been disbanded, Colonel Robertson was selected to assist in the formation of the new unit. He was allowed to choose his men from the cavalry, and, as he says himself, no finer body was ever collected together in one regiment, many of the non-commissioned officers being from the Life Guards, the Scots Greys, and the Royal Horse Artillery. When war broke out with China in 1856, his battalion was picked for foreign service, but during the voyage it was diverted to India, in consequence of the Mutiny. He describes his arrival at Calcutta, where he reported himself to Sir Colin Campbell:

His first question was, "What are you, and what can you do?" I replied, "We can do anything." "Anything?" he cried, in violent excitement, "What do you mean?" "Sir," I answered, "we can act as infantry or cavalry, or drive artillery guns; but we are not gunners, though my men can all ride and drive a pair." "What do you mean," he said, "by saying you can do cavalry?" "Why," I replied, "we are nearly all trained cavalry men, and we can act as such." "Take care what you say, young man; remember, if I make you cavalry and you fail, the responsibility will fall on me, not you." And then in a very sharp voice he asked, "Are you prepared to take that responsibility?" I said, "I am, sir."

And after an interview with Lord Canning, cavalry the battalion came. The chapters which describe the performances of the military train cavalry in India are as fascinating as any in the volume, and through marvellous exploits and narrow escapes our hero had a charmed life, until, after the capture of Lucknow, he was struck down by the heat of the sun and was obliged to be invalided home. It is possible that among the avalanche of gift books at this season, Colonel Robertson's *Reminiscences* may escape the attention it deserves; but our readers will find it as exciting as any adventure story, and described with a naturalness and simplicity as delightful as they are unusual.

EARLY LONDON PRINTING

The Printers, Stationers and Bookbinders of Westminster and London from 1476 to 1535. By E. GORDON DUFF. (Cambridge University Press, 5s. net.)

THE publication in this volume of Mr. Duff's two courses of lectures as the Sanders Reader in Bibliography at the University of Cambridge is the best justification which Mr. Sanders's bequest has yet received. As far as we know, only one previous lecturer has put his lectures into print, and that in an edition intended merely for private circulation. The rest have been content to adopt the alternative, sanctioned by the terms of the foundation, of depositing a copy in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum. Mr. Duff has done better than this, and there are touches of dry humour in his narrative which suggest that he can have had no difficulty in keeping his audience awake. As nearly every one interested in bibliography in this country is probably aware, the history of English printing and bookbinding in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been his life-work since the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. He has studied the early English books in almost every library in England, great and small, and unearthed so many books and fragments printed by Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde that he has trebled the number of editions which Dibdin was able to assign to them. Thus, while the outlines of the story which he here tells had already been fairly accurately sketched, largely by Herbert, Dibdin's worthier predecessor, Mr. Duff has been able to fill in these outlines with numerous new details, not only as regards printing, but as to bookbinding and the book-trade generally. The new matter and the old are welded together in a well-proportioned narrative, and the result is as good a short history of the period as can be desired. Mr. Duff's zeal as a free-trader, however, has led him into one statement which seems to us little short of extraordinary. One of the statutes of Richard III.'s reign permitted the free importation of books from abroad. At the end of 1534 this was withdrawn. Mr. Duff comments, in his final paragraph, as follows:

The fifty years of freedom from 1484 to 1534 not only brought us the finest specimens of printing we possess, but compelled the native workman, in self-protection, to learn, and when competition was done away with his ambition rapidly died also. Once our English printing was protected, it sank to a level of badness which has lasted, with the exception of a few brilliant experiments, almost down to our own day.

It needs a rash reviewer to quarrel with Mr. Duff on his own subject, but we seem to remember that the presses at Oxford and St. Albans were closed within three years of the Act of 1483, that while it lasted neither Oxford (where a second attempt was made) nor Cambridge, nor any other provincial town could afford support to a printer for much more than a year, and that in London itself after the death of Caxton in 1491 there was an interval of nearly a quarter of a century during which no native Englishman had the courage to start as a master-printer. Thus, during nearly half Mr. Duff's "fifty years of freedom" the native workman existed only as an apprentice or journeyman, and the work he did when he

began printing for himself—if we may take Copland and Skot, two of the earliest starters, as fair examples, was far from impressive. After 1534, on the other hand, excellent work was done by Berthelet and Grafton, and above all by John Day, the one English printer, after Caxton, who received reasonable encouragement to do good work, and who certainly did it. The Act of 1483 may have helped the cause of education and scholarship in England. The Act of 1534 was passed, we may imagine, not (as was professed) for the protection of printing, but in the interest of the royal censorship of the press. The one may be defended and the other condemned with excellent reason, but to defend and condemn them on the grounds put forward by Mr. Duff seems to us a curious aberration in an otherwise very sane and scholarly book.

ILL-TREATED RODIN

The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin. By FREDERICK LAWTON. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

THE bulky volume which Mr. Lawton has contributed to the already considerable literature about the greatest sculptor of our days is remarkable neither as biography nor as criticism. Viewed in the most favourable light it is a useful compilation and gathering together of scattered fragments of criticism and biography emanating from more competent pens. It has, consequently, some value as a work of reference, more especially to the student who is conversant with Mr. Lawton's sources of information. A more favourable opinion of the author would have been created were these sources more clearly acknowledged. Mr. Lawton is too fond of opening a sentence with an evasive phrase like: "As Monsieur Mauclair remarks," and then, forgetting to put in the quotation marks, leaving most of his readers in ignorance where the distinguished French critic's remarks end and his own begin. It would have been better to have left no such uncertainties and to have stated in a foot-note the number of the *Revue Bleu* from which the passage has been translated.

But Mr. Lawton has another use for footnotes. He has an irritating and stupid habit of insisting on his reader's total ignorance of the French language, and deems it necessary, for example, to give the footnote, "National Society of Fine Arts," whenever the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts* is mentioned in the text. Elsewhere (pp. 164-6) he devotes three pages to a long-winded explanation that the French word *plan* is used by Rodin (as by all other French artists of our acquaintance) as the equivalent of the English "plane." But his crowning ineptitude consists in giving in a footnote (p. 175) an English translation of the hackneyed tag about the mountains and the mouse, and torturing the Latin in the text into the extraordinary form: *Parturiuntur* [sic] *montes, educitur* [sic] *ridiculus mus*.

In the reported conversation of Rodin, Mr. Lawton owes much to Mlle. Judith Cladel's "Auguste Rodin pris sur la Vie," and this debt he acknowledges; but in the chapters which tell of Rodin's early life—the most interesting section of the book—he does not state to what extent he is indebted to Mr. W. H. Bartlett's articles in the *American Architect* for 1889. The existence of these admirable and informative articles is barely chronicled in another part of the book dealing with Rodin's relations with America, but no hint is given of their content or their value.

A life of Rodin, however poorly written, cannot be altogether dull, for the sculptor's personality is a remarkable one and his career has been full of incident. And since these incidents are, for the most part, correctly stated, Mr. Lawton's compilation has a certain value for those who find it impossible or inconvenient to consult the earlier published sources of information. But as criticism his book cannot have, even for the general reader, more than a slight, and generally borrowed, value. Two

sculptural principles, rediscovered by M. Rodin, and essentially characteristic of his art, are stated with moderate clearness:

The first was that the spontaneous attitudes of the living model were the only ones that should be represented in statuary, and that any attempt to dictate gesture or posture must inevitably destroy the harmonious relations existing between the various parts of the body. . . . The second was that, as under the suggestion of successive impulses the outlines of the body are continually changing, muscles swelling or relaxing, with a sort of rhythmic flow and ripple round them, the sculptor had large liberty allowed him to choose in his modelling the reliefs and curves that most faithfully and most effectively interpret the pose they accompany.

The reader will readily perceive that a pose observed in life is more natural than one arranged in the studio; but Mr. Lawton is insufficiently lucid in his endeavour to explain that Rodin's second principle was to interpret, or give an impression of, form as it is revealed to us by light and shade, rather than to reconstruct form as it automatically exists. It is in this perception of the distinction between what appears to be and what is, and of the importance in sculpture of chiaroscuro, that Rodin stands out from the majority of his contemporaries and predecessors.

More satisfying than any criticisms for which Mr. Lawton is responsible, and more helpful to a right appreciation of the artist, are the reproductions of M. Rodin's works which illustrate these pages. The series is comprehensive and representative, including reproductions of drawings and etchings as well as sculpture, and though some of the photographs are not so clear as could be desired, the blame in these cases must be attached to the printer rather than to the author. Unfortunately for Mr. Lawton, however, no such scapegoat can be found for the stupidities in the text.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Catalogue of Books printed for Private Circulation. Collected by BERTRAM DOBELL, and now described and annotated by him. (Published by the author, 77 Charing Cross Road.)

THOUGH now for the first time brought together in a volume, Mr. Dobell's lists of privately printed books have been issued at intervals during the last fifteen years, which accounts for one note describing the Catalogue of the Printed Books at the British Museum as still slowly progressing, and another attributing to Mr. A. H. Bullen a design of writing a history of the Chiswick Press, unhappily long since abandoned. Mr. Dobell gives no statistics as to the number of books he has described, but they must amount to between two and three thousand, and are certainly a very notable collection for one bookseller to have brought together. They are here catalogued not merely with all necessary bibliographical information, but with literary notes, which show that Mr. Dobell must often have spent more time over a volume than could be adequately remunerated by the very modest price asked for it, even if the book had originally come to him for nothing. It need hardly be said that books "privately printed," or "printed for private circulation" (two terms which have unfortunately come to be regarded as synonymous) are very miscellaneous in their character. There are the true privately printed books, such as those printed by Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, or by Sir Thomas Phillips, or again (these being much more liberally here represented) at the "Rochester Press" worked by Edwin Roffe. Then there are countless antiquarian reprints of which wealthy book-lovers have caused a few copies to be struck off to give to friends, less wealthy book-lovers occasionally adopting a similar plan in the expectation of being able to sell more copies in this way than on the open market. Lastly there are the books genuinely intended for private circulation, original works which their authors have not cared to subject to the ordeal of criticism: poems, memoirs of relatives, autobiographies,

descriptions of travels—not a very exhilarating class of book, but capable when examined by a judicious and sympathetic prospector, such as Mr. Dobell, of yielding pretty little nuggets both in verse and prose.

Letters to Young and Old. By Mrs. C. W. EARLE. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

It would be very pleasant to get one of Mrs. Earle's letters by post: to come down to breakfast and find several sheets of description, philosophy, gardening, diet, and hygiene, all pot-pourried together, and all amiable and soothing. Every now and then a phrase might startle you, partly because the writer seems unconscious that she is saying anything with which any one could disagree. Switzerland is inartistic, she writes, "hopelessly inartistic and unpaintable." We can believe that the high Alps are unpaintable, but to call them "inartistic" is rather like being disappointed with the Atlantic—a paradox for Kensington and Chelsea, but not for the world at large.

In the course of three hundred and sixty-nine closely packed pages Mrs. Earle gives her friends large quantities of excellent advice on a variety of subjects, and one of her subjects is the critic's vocation. She quotes what she calls a unique description of what a critic ought to do, from a poet who says that what is best he firmly lights upon, as birds on sprays. We tried to do it, and we lighted first on some of the charming poems by other people spatchcocked between the letters—"Dreams to Sell," by Beddoes, for instance, and two verses from Shelley's *Invocation*. Then there are many persuasive pages about the injurious effects of meat and alcohol, and some tempting recipes for vegetarian dishes. There is not enough about gardens in these letters, for when Mrs. Earle writes about gardens she always commands interest and respect. Her successes and her failures are both described with modesty and knowledge. She is not modest about diet because she is an enthusiast, certain that she is right and the unconverted wrong. Her faith is so strong that it infects the sceptic with a mild desire to become a vegetarian himself; but he is checked by his conviction that the vegetarian cuisine, when properly carried out, is elaborate, costly, and quite beyond the resources of the British plain-cook.

The Romance of an Eastern Capital. By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT. (Smith, Elder, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE interest excited in the recent partition of Bengal has led Mr. Bradley-Birt to hope that the time has come when Eastern Bengal and its capital, the ancient City of Dacca, may win some share of public attention. That Dacca has not been ignored by the historian is proved by the existence of such books as Sir Charles D'Oyley's "Ruins of Dacca," Taylor's "Topography of Dacca," Sayid Aluad Hasan's "Antiquities of Dacca," and the pages devoted to it in Sir William Hunter's "History of British India," and Stewart's "History of Bengal"; but, notwithstanding this array of books on the subject, the city has been fated to an obscurity from which even the Indian Mutiny failed to rescue it; and by readers in Great Britain it is remembered only, if remembered at all, as the temporary home of William Makepeace Thackeray, the grandfather of the novelist. The story of Dacca is the story of many English settlements. Prior to the arrival of Portuguese, English and French traders, the history of the old city is largely a mixture of a few facts with much fiction; and admirably as the author has handled his materials, the lack of dates and the absence of other links in the story are sadly felt by the reader. But Mr. Bradley-Birt makes up for the paucity of his materials for a foundation by raising a superstructure of much beauty in his graphic accounts of the lives and methods of such men as Shaista Khan, Viceroy of Bengal, and the Emperor Farrukh Siyar. For an account of the rule of Aurungzebe there is plenty of material and of this the author makes good use.

Dacca to-day has been restored to the position of capital of the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam,

a position which it lost in 1702 after having held it for nearly a hundred years; and it is pleasant to learn that under present conditions:

Dacca, so long folded in the fatal sleep that falls upon all Eastern cities once their greatness has departed, has at length awakened, and standing at the parting of the ways, midway between the memories of her past and the possibilities of the future, looks hopefully along the vista of the coming years, and awaits with confidence the fulfilment of their promise.

Though there is in the present volume much of the charm which marked "The Story of an Indian Upland," Mr. Bradley-Birt's style suffers sometimes from redundancy of expression, as, for instance, by the introduction of the word "fatal" in the sentence just quoted. If the sleep were "fatal" Dacca could never have awakened. The illustrations, which are chiefly reproductions of photographs, are excellent.

TO E. J.

I THINK I'll not forget them, when Ireland's far away,
The songs you gathered in the glens, the songs you sang
to-day;

And maybe you'll remember, as I remember well,
The grey land, the grey sky, and the grey sea swell.

Beneath us was the castle that crumbles on Kenban
And the foam fringes rippling up, that turned and broke
and ran,

And straight in front lay Rathlin and farther yet
Cantire

And all away behind us the land of your desire.

The songs that you were singing were simple as the soil
And glad with Ireland's gladness and sad with Ireland's
toil,

A dirge for some old chieftain the snake of poison slew
Or maybe "Cuttin' Rushes" or "Bonny lads are few."

And now the words went weeping and now the words were
gay

And love and death and laughter were in your voice to-
day,

And still the wind sang with you, and still the sea bore
part,

And many joys and sorrows were mingling in your
heart.

So in the darkened city and far across the sea
The songs you gathered in the glens will sing themselves
to me;

And maybe you'll remember, as I remember well,
The grey land, the grey sky, and the grey sea swell.

ROBIN FLOWER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

GOING UP TOP

DURING the closing years of the last century certain critics contracted a rather depressing habit of numbering men of letters, especially poets, as though they were overcoats in a cloak room, or boys competing in an examination set by themselves. "It requires very little discernment," wrote Mr. Churton Collins, A.D. 1891, "to foresee that among the English poets of the present century the first place will *ultimately* be assigned to Wordsworth, the second to Byron and the third to Shelley." Matthew Arnold, I fear, was the first to make these unsafe zadkielian prognostications. He, if I remember correctly, gave Byron the first place and Wordsworth the second; but Mr. Swinburne, with no little discernment, observed that English taste in that eventuality would be in the same state as it was at the end of the seventeenth century, which firmly believed that Fletcher and Jonson were the best of its poets.

But when is *Ultimately*? Obviously not the present moment, because with all the advantages of Mr. Churton Collins being happily still alive, Byron does not hold the rank awarded him by the distinguished critic in 1891. The cruel test of the auctioneer's hammer has recently shown that Keats and Shelley are regarded as far more important by those very discerning people, the book-dealers. Wordsworth, of course, is still one of the poets' poets and the *Spectator*, that Mrs. Micawber of literature, will, of course, never desert him; but I doubt very much whether he has yet reached the harbour of *Ultimately*. His repellent personality has blinded a good many of us to his exquisite qualities; on the Greek Kalends of criticism, however, may I be there to see: I shall certainly vote for him if I am one of the examiners—or one of the cloak-room attendants.

It was against that kind of criticism that Whistler hurled his impatient epigram about pigeonholes; and if it is absurd in regard to painting how much more absurd is it in regard to the more various and less friable substances of literature. By the old ten o'clock rule (I do not refer to Whistler's lecture), once observed in board schools, no scripture could be taught after that hour. Once a teacher asked his class who was the wisest man. "Solomon," said a little boy. "Right, go up top," said the teacher. But there was a small pedant who, while never paying much attention to the lessons and being usually at the bottom of the form in consequence, knew the regulations by heart. He interrupted with a shrill voice (for the clock had passed the hour): "No, sir, please, sir, past ten o'clock, sir . . . Solon." Thus it is I fear with critics of every generation, though they try very hard to make the time pass as slowly as possible.

But if invidious distinctions between great men are inexact and tiresome, I opine that it is ungenerous and ignoble to declare when a great man has just died that we really cannot judge of him or his work, because we have been his contemporaries. The caution of obituary notices seems to me cowardly and the reviews of books are cowardly too. We have become Laodiceans; we are fearful of exposing imposture in current literature lest we get into hot water with a publisher, and a lukewarm, over-weening modesty in us precludes the idea that we are fortunate enough, sometimes, to know personally a *great* painter, a *great* poet, a *great* novelist, or to be nodded to by one occasionally. With all the deliberation of a police-court magistrate we sentence him without the option of a fine and we will never commit him even to the assizes of immortality; so we whimper *decadence, decadence*; and to corroborate our suspicions we applaud the dramas of Mr. Hall Caine; we cry "stinking fish" and cackle at Mr. Frank Richardson in the weekly press.

During the New Year week I was invited by Lord and Lady Lyonesse to a very diverting house-party. This

peer, it will be remembered, is the well-known radical philanthropist who obtained his title owing to his interest in the submerged tenth. Their house—"Ivanhoe"—is an exquisite Gothic structure which is regarded as the masterpiece of the late Sir Gilbert Scott; it overlooks the Ouse. Including our hosts we numbered forty persons, and by an odd coincidence the personnel, including valets, chauffeurs and ladies'-maids brought by the guests, numbered sixty. In all we were a hundred souls, assuming immortality for the chauffeurs and the five Scotch gardeners. On January 2 somebody produced after dinner a copy of the *Petit Parisien* relating to the plebiscite for the greatest Frenchman of the nineteenth century: another guest capped him with the *Evening News* list; and the famous *Pall Mall Gazette* Academy of forty was recalled with indifferent accuracy. Conversation was flagging; our hostess looked relieved; very soon we were all playing a variation of that most charming game *suck-pencil*. At first we decided to ignore the nineteenth century. The ten greatest Living Englishmen were to be named by our votes. Bridge and billiard-players were dragged to the polling station in the green drawing-room. Lord Lyonesse and myself were the tellers. I shivered with excitement. One of the *Ultimaties* of Mr. Churton Collins seemed to have arrived; it was *Götterdämmerung*—the Twilight of the Idols. And here is the result of the ballot, which I think every one will admit possesses extraordinary interest:

Hall Caine,	Sir Thomas Lipton,	Barrie,
Marie Corelli,	Hichens,	George Alexander,
Rudyard Kipling,	Chamberlain,	Beerbohm Tree.
Lord Northcliffe,		

I ought to add, of course, that the guests were unusually intellectual. There were our host and hostess: their three sons—one is a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, another is at Balliol, and a third is a stockbroker—there were five M.P.s with their wives (two Liberal Imperialists, two Liberal Unionists and one real Radical); a Scotch peer with his wife and an Irish peer without one; a publisher and his wife; three Academicians, four journalists, an Irish poet; a horse-dealer; a picture-dealer; another stockbroker; an artist; two lady novelists; a baronet and his wife; three musicians; and Myself. I think the only point on which the sincerity of the voting might be doubted, is the ominous absence of any soldier's name on the list. Lord Lyonesse, however, is a firm upholder of the Hague Conference. Like myself, he is a pro-boer, but he will not allow any reference to military affairs and I suspect that it was out of deference to his wishes that the guests all abstained from writing down some names of our gallant generals. Lord Kitchener, however, obtained nine votes and I myself included Christian De Wet; but on discovery of documents, he was ruled out, in spite of my pleading for him on imperialistic grounds. I thought it rather insular too, I must confess, that Henry James and Sargent were denied to me because they are American subjects. My own final list as pasted in the Album at "Ivanhoe," along with the others, was as follows:

Swinburne,	Lord Northcliffe,	Andrew Lang,
C. H. Shannon,	Edmund Gosse,	Oliver Lodge,
Bernard Shaw,	H. G. Wells,	Dom Gasquet.
Thomas Hardy,		

Mine, of course, is the choice of a recluse: a scholar without scholarship, one who lives remote from politics, newspapers, society and the merry-go-round of modern life. Its two chief interests lie in showing, first how far off I was from getting the prize (a vellum copy of poems by our hostess) and secondly that one name only, that of Lord Northcliffe, should have touched both the popular and private imagination! I regret to say that none of the guests knew the names of Dom Gasquet or Sir Oliver Lodge. Every one, except the artist, thought C. H. Shannon was J. J. Shannon, and some of the voters were hardly convinced that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Lang are

still ornaments to contemporary literature. The prize was awarded to a lady whose list most nearly corresponded to the result of the general plebiscite. I need not say she was the wife of the publisher. After some suitable expressions from Lord Lyonesse it was suggested that we should poll the servants' hall: pencils and papers were provided and the butler was sent for. An hour was given for the election: and at half-past eleven the ballot papers were brought in on a massive silver tray, discreetly covered with a red silk pocket handkerchief. And here is the result:

Frank Richardson,	Eustace Miles,	Dr. Williams (Pink
Marie Corelli,	Robert Hichens,	Pills for Pale People),
John Roberts,	T. P. O'Connor,	Hall Caine,
C. B. Fry,	Lord Lyonesse	

The prize, and this is another odd coincidence, was won by the butler himself, to whom very generously the publisher's wife resigned the vellum copy of our hostess's poems. From a literary point of view, it is interesting to note that Mr. Frank Richardson is the only master of *belles lettres* who is appreciated in the servants' hall! The other names we associate, rightly or wrongly, with something other than literature.

The following evening I suggested choosing the greatest English names in the nineteenth century (twentieth-century life being strictly excluded). Every one by this time had caught *suck-pencil* fever. By general consent the suffrage was extended to the domestics; the electorate being thus one hundred. And what, you will ask, came of it all? I suggest that readers of the ACADEMY should guess. Any one interested should fill up this coupon and send it to R. R. puzzle editor, ACADEMY Office, 20 Tavistock Street, on April 1.

I think the Ten Greatest Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century were:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....
- 5.....
- 6.....
- 7.....
- 8.....
- 9.....
- 10.....

A prize consisting of one year's subscription to the Times Book Club will be awarded for the best shot.

ROBERT ROSS.

FICTION

The Salving of a Derelict. By MAURICE DRAKE. (Laurie, 6s.)

THIS novel was selected by a halfpenny newspaper from over six hundred manuscripts to receive a prize of £100, and it is interesting to note what qualities a widely popular daily paper considers attractive and desirable in fiction. They are not altogether what we expected. We thought that a newspaper serial took its stand, with no regard for politics, on murder, millinery and dukes. There is novelty in a dashing story of the sea, and a hero who, even on the last page, is not heir to a peerage. Nevertheless the great heart of the public gets some of the thrills it demands. The hero "was as near physically perfect as a man of twenty-four should be," and he was a well-bred gentleman; then, suddenly thrust into the rough life on a fishing trawler, he becomes "a sombre devil unchained," a Byronic sea dog feared by all men, adored by a few, loved of women. When the bully of the trawler tries his tricks on him, our gentleman orders every one on deck, including the skipper, and shoots off the bully's thumb. We admire a hero like that in these days of trembling faithfulness to life. There is no non-sensical psychology about him. One day he is a man of culture and breeding, and the next he is a foul-mouthed pirate, and the day after that the girl in a brown dress turns him into a dove. But the march of the

story is stirring and vivid, carrying you bravely to the finish. You lay the book down, and from afar off comes the sound of wedding bells.'

My Neighbours. By E. G. STEVENSON. (Elliot Stock, 6s.)

A SIMPLE little story overflowing with kindly feeling and anxiety to advocate the claims of "my neighbour," on the presumption that the neighbour, when of equal social standing, is not stiffnecked and unwilling to accept favours. But the finest taste and tact go to the making of the perfect giver, and we confess that we sometimes trembled for the pride of the recipients of Dr. Bruce's lavish bounty. However, our fears were groundless, all goes well, half a dozen people are rendered happy, and the generous doctor secures the wife he desires. Although the author's style is crude, and the pages liberally sprinkled with platitudes emphasised by italics, Mrs. Erle's and Effie's brave struggles against adversity are described with the eloquence of sympathy and understanding, and we are sufficiently interested in all that affects them to feel a gentle glow of pleasure at their good fortune.

Marguerite's Wonderful Year. By MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

THE joyous opening of "Marguerite's Wonderful Year," with its radiant happiness, its brilliant promise, its underlying sense of gratitude, secures the reader's deep interest at once, and holds it to the end of the pretty, touching tale. There is a particularly charming chapter in which Marguerite draws a picture of what might have happened in her first year of enchantment with "Dimbie," before they should become an old married couple "used to the wonderfulness of being always together, alone": but the glorious morning of Marguerite's wedded life is suddenly darkened by a great calamity, and nothing is ever the same again. Despair there is, and suffering, but love, courage and humour prove that all is not lost. Marguerite finds her compensations, and gives us many amusing pages about the ways of her household, and the romances of her friends. More fully she discourses of Amelia, the faithful, tyrannical maid-of-all-work, and one of the best-drawn characters in the book. With much that is fine and delicate in sentiment and treatment in this story, there is yet a note that jars, not once, but always when Peter, Marguerite's father, is present or under discussion. There is not even the doubtful excuse that Peter's peculiarities are amusing. Marguerite's attitude of mind towards him, and Amelia's extravagant hostility, detract from the enjoyment of an uncommon and delightful book.

Bazin's Gold. By ERNEST CORNISH. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is quite outside criticism. The only thing that the reviewer can find to say in its favour is that the type is large and the advertisements at the end a material part of its bulk. Its demerits are those that demand silence.

The Offenders. By J. E. CARTER. (Drane, 6s.)

"THE OFFENDERS" opens with prophecies of ill-luck to all concerned in the destruction of the rookery at Stanborough Manor; prophecies that are amply fulfilled. When the vicar's daughter marries an elderly baronet from motives of gratitude while her love is given to his nephew and heir, it needs no clamour of rooks to warn us that mischief is brewing. The young people are passionately in love, and—to put it mildly—their conduct is far from being discreet: and the indiscretion is of the blazing sort, startlingly out of keeping with the drab conventionality, the general dowdiness, that pervades the book. All that can be said in favour of the story is that such incidents might happen, and that the author describes them with the proper amount of disapprobation tempered by charity towards the offenders, who get off much more lightly than they deserve. We do not know why such books are written.

DRAMA

TWO PLAYS AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE Court Theatre has gained a name for producing plays of a certain order; plays which are backed by an idea and contain thought—or, as for instance, in the plays of Mr. Shaw—something to tickle the intellect. So a pleasant atmosphere of brains has been created. And as this is not an atmosphere which is common to all the theatres of London the Court has attracted a special audience. Each one trims up the intellect he possesses to be on the level of the performance; he lunches lightly beforehand, with a stimulating friend if possible; he is anxious indeed to be in proper fettle not to miss that agreeable thing—a new idea. The contrary is generally the case with other theatres. The wise man does his utmost to deaden any perception he may have: he leaves proper time for his dinner (that at any rate shall not disappoint him), and he determines resolutely to obtain his money's worth of amusement. If the wine is good and his will is strong he sometimes succeeds. The management at the Court have heard of this state of affairs and apparently have disliked it. Perhaps they fear that their sphere of influence may become limited to the cold region of mere intellect; perhaps the little restaurant in the precincts has become unpleasantly crowded; perhaps they wish to poke fun at their worthy patrons; or perhaps some still more esoteric and excellent reason exists for their latest move. For on Tuesday afternoon they produced *The Reformer* by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, and a strange trespass was thereby committed upon the preserves of other managers. The play is a simple conventional story without any horrid admixture of truth, and no point which it might be irritating to feel one had missed: Just "a simple tale, dear brother Jim," as the poet says; and nothing more. It is full of stock jokes and stock characters and ambles along with some gaiety (Mr. Harcourt has the knack of fluent dialogue) to a stock ending. There is Sybil Carew, the sweet artless girl who is won as the curtain rises by an irreproachable young man and writes the coy admission of her maiden's feelings on a photograph—while Mrs. Grundy beams approval (Oh Mr. Granville Barker!)—and who hears a hint concerning the younger man's past and instantly throws him over for ever. There is the irascible old general with indigestion—a very aristocratic old general (his name is Carew) who abuses his man-servant before visitors. There is Sir Rupert Yeld, the noble friend of woman, in whom the sweet girl instantaneously confides and who has ideals woven round Mrs. Rockingham, the mildly scheming adventuress. He knows woman: he knows woman, as he would know his own hat, by a kind of happy instinct, and who is Mrs. Rockingham to withstand the noble persistence of such a man? He shows her her own mind even as he shows the maiden her mind (or heart, which is it? or is it neither?) and the lovers are united. There is a palm tree in the conservatory, as Sir Rupert says: he knows that too. The jokes were refreshing in their old-fashioned simplicity—jokes on onions, and evil smells; jokes on heart-aches and lobsters and stomach-aches. Zest moreover was lent to them by the incongruity of hearing them made on the Court Stage.

The actors entered into the spirit of the thing like boys on a special holiday. Mr. Sydney Brough was perfect as the "lardy-da" young Earl of Crowboro' who cannot face the responsibility of marriage after reading through "What a Young Mother should know" or some such capital text-book of horrors. His exit to freedom and big-game shooting in Bengal, singing "Won't you come home Bill Bailey" brought down the house. Mr. O. B. Clarence was as good as he always is, in the part of a touchy old man. Miss Eva Moore was exactly what Mrs. Rockingham should be, and Miss June Van Buskirk was sweet and girlish in just the way that Sybil Carew is girlish and sweet.

The second item was a play in three scenes called *The Campden Wonder*, written by Mr. John Masefield. It is founded on fact—a dreadful fact—that happened in the village of Campden some two hundred and fifty years ago. The story is one of mad brutish hatred, and tells how John Perry, to spite his younger brother Richard, swore that he and Richard and his old mother had murdered their master, William Harrison, for his money, and how they are all hanged before Mistress Harrison, who has never believed John's oath, comes to the prison and tells the parson, who returns from the gallows, that her husband is safe and well at home. The play is clever and interesting; but it is ineffective. And it is ineffective because it is technically wrong. The chief mistake is that the audience is not made to realise the insuperable difficulties at that time of conveying news of any kind, so that it seems incredible that a man should disappear as completely as Harrison disappeared and with so little reason. The plea of making John reveal his scheme of vengeance in a soliloquy is weak in the extreme; and the final thrill of horror in the last scene loses poignancy by unnecessary protraction. After the terrible leading away of the three prisoners to death, the revelation of their innocence should come with a snap and not be spun out, as it is spun out by the garrulous old wife. So the play missed fire; though it gave to Mr. Norman McKinnel a fine opportunity, of which he availed himself to the full. He showed with admirable competence the malignant stupidity which under the influence of hatred becomes madness. The other parts were well played, Miss Carlotta Addison being particularly successful as Mrs. Perry.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

IN abandoning the policy of the "open door" and confining its seventh exhibition, opened at the New Gallery this week, to the work of members only, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers was actuated, it is understood, by a desire to convince the sceptical of the strength of a society unsupported by outside assistance. That strength would be more obvious if many distinguished members were not this year conspicuous only by their absence. Among the honorary members notable absentees are Sir James Guthrie, Messieurs Carolus-Duran, W. M. Chase, L. Dill, Howard Pyle, Saint Gaudens and Anders Zorn; among the associates Messieurs Paul Bartlett, Anning Bell, Hornel, W. Y. Macgregor, Alexander Roche, W. W. Russell, and Havard Thomas; and the non-representation of these and other familiar exhibitors is not adequately counterbalanced by the new recruits.

While some members, and these by no means the least gifted, show nothing at all, others are permitted an excessive number of exhibits. The freshly seen and daintily handled little water-colours of Brighton and the South Coast by Mr. H. Mann Livens are pleasant enough in their modest way, but they are hardly of sufficient importance to warrant the inclusion of nineteen. A similar number of pastels and etchings by Louis Legrand may have a little more variety, but the attractiveness of the exhibition would not be decreased by a diminution in the number of his clever renderings of unpleasant incidents in Parisian life. Herr Max Klinger, again, has his admirers, but thirteen of his morbid fantasies in etching will seem an unlucky number to very many visitors. Mr. Strang's paintings, drawings and etchings are among the best things in the exhibition, but there are too many. Another improvement might be effected if works by the same artists were kept together and not dispersed. M. Simon Bussy's poetically seen and sweetly-coloured pastels of fir-clad hills and dales, for example, would be more arresting if they were not scattered over the South Room and

Balcony. Mr. Joseph Crawhall's masterly water-colour *The White Drake* (306), again, should not have been banished to the Balcony, but hung with his two other beautiful bird drawings in the South Room.

If less good than it might be, both in its contents and arrangement, the exhibition is by no means lacking in interest. The sculpture section—to which the society rightly attaches great importance—has for its chief feature a representative group of works by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, whose statuette portraits of "Rodin" (242), "M. Dayot" (244), and "Tolstoy à Cheval" (246) are very successful. The President is not at his best in his unsatisfying bronze bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw (280), or even in the sensitively chiselled marble bust of "Lord H. de W." (279); but the little bronze group "Frère et Sœur" (94), in the South Room, is one of M. Rodin's most tenderly conceived and modelled minor pieces. Mr. Bertram Mac-kennal's colossal bust of "War" (265) is too reminiscent of the President's "Bellona" to be altogether satisfying, while Herr Lucien Schnegg's "Petite Fille à huit Mois" (230) and "L'Hiver" (233), despite their charm, are obvious imitations of Signor Rosso's more famous marble impressions of babies. M. Jef. Lambeaux's full-length portrait of himself (274) is not without distinction, but his colossal group "Murder" (281) is commonplace in conception and is unsatisfactory in line viewed from any other position than in front. Of the remaining sculpture, Mr. Tweed's plaster bust of "Lt.-Col. Hutchinson Poe" (226), Mr. R. F. Wells's bronzes, and Mr. Ricketts's more restrained statuette groups are most worthy of attention.

In the West Room the places of honour are given to Mr. C. H. Shannon's large Giorgionesque idyll, *The Golden Age* (109), M. A. Besnard's *Portrait of Mme. Jourdain* (130), and Mr. Wm. Nicholson's *Miss Alexander* (123), which, but for certain irritating eccentricities, might be pronounced his masterpiece. The arrangement of the last is undoubtedly novel and effective; but although reason tells us that the lady, in a riding-habit, is seated on a table, at first sight she appears to be seated on the floor, through which the lower portion of her figure has disappeared. Again, the background, a huge equestrian portrait, seems almost to touch her cheek, and this want of atmosphere mars an otherwise finely-painted and distinguished composition. Mr. Shannon's idyll and his fine *Portrait of Mrs. Stephen* (150) may be left for later discussion in conjunction with the fifteen oil paintings he is now showing at the Leicester Galleries. A similar reservation may be made in the case of M. Le Sidaner, who has again been to Venice, and whose beautiful pictures here are but a foretaste of his forthcoming second exhibition of Venetian pictures at the Goupil Gallery. Mr. J. W. Morrice's *Venice* (125) is not one of the most successful of his pictures, but it proves his ability to take a fresh point of view of a subject that has become almost hackneyed.

Mr. Lavery is not so well represented here as he was at the Autumn Salon in Paris, and the modesty which restrained him from showing in London his self-portrait painted for the Uffizi is to be regretted. His large painting, *The Hammock* (129), is disappointing, and his only other contribution, an oval portrait of *Miss Mary Morgan* (173), though full of grace and charm, does not represent the vice-president of the society with sufficient importance. Mr. A. Jamieson's Velasquian portrait of *The Dwarf* (105); Professor Sauter's *Under the Doorway* (120), distinguished for its dazzling light effect and lovely colour; M. Cottet's sombre and impressive seascape, *Cote Sauvage, Bretagne* (132), and his quaintly primitive but dignified and solidly painted *Vue d'Avila, Espagne* (154); Franz von Stuck's incisive *Portrait of the Artist* (159); Mr. Sidney Lee's mean street viewed at *The Close of Day* (147), dignified by scholarly composition and rich creamy paint; and Mr. A. E. John's *La Petite Bohémienne* (149) are also among the more noteworthy paintings in the West Room.

A novelty to stay-at-home critics will be the two paintings in the North Room by Senor Anglada-Camarasa, who here shows for the first time in London. This brilliant

colourist, whose works have created some excitement in Paris, is not quite at his best in either *The Spanish Dancer* or *Pomegranates* (208), though the second does give a hint of his quality and of the haunting strangeness which characterises his finer works. In colour, however, it is not so enchanting as his *Opales* or *The White Horse* which were shown this year in Paris. Two magnificently modelled charcoal drawings of backs by the same artist, prove his sense of form to be not inferior to his gift for colour. Anglada's compatriot, Ignacio Zuloaga, is a familiar exhibitor at the International, and his chief exhibit, *Le Vieux Marcheur* (190), has all the virile force we have learnt to expect from his brush; but it is a pity that this gifted artist should wilfully choose such unpleasant themes for the exercise of his talents. No doubt we shall be told that Zuloaga is a satirist, but paint is a clumsy vehicle for satire and often leaves the spectator in doubt whether the artist loathes or delights in the scenes he depicts. M. J. E. Blanche's fondness for effects of shimmering light on white satin skirts is pleasantly as well as skilfully displayed in the fancy portrait *Venetian Glass* (183) which takes its title from the still-life which meets with no less dexterous treatment, while the same painter's *Portrait of M. Claude Achille Debussy* (207) has a restraint and dignity which might with advantage be more often present in his work. Both in his etchings and his paintings M. A. J. Bauer makes a strong appeal to those who value original gifts. The merits of his conventionally coloured paintings *Oedipus* (170) and *Benares at the Holy Ganges* (197) may not be obvious, but they are the more impressive the more they are studied, and have a rare personal distinction and charm. Mr. James Pryde, who like his Beggarstaff brother Mr. Nicholson, has abandoned poster-designing for painting, shows two arresting compositions, *View through a Barn* (171) and *The Pillar* (209). If the rumour that the second of these has been rejected by the authorities of the Tate Gallery be correct, the nation has lost a precious example of masterly design and rich restrained colour by a sincere artist of undoubted originality and genius.

Though its borrowed works were invariably of great interest, the Society is to be congratulated on the moderation shown this year in the exhibition of works by deceased artists. The group of paintings by the late Fritz Thaulow is very properly included and might have been more extensive, while there is every justification for the exhibition of Whistler's charcoal study (61) for the *Old Battersea Bridge* in the Tate Gallery. The small painting of *The Toilet* (156) and the sanguine study by Puvis de Chavannes are welcome if less justifiable exhibits, but the society will do well to rely more on the productions of its living than on the reputation of its deceased members for the maintenance of its prestige. Next year we hope there will be fewer absentees of note, and a limit to the number of contributions from individual members.

MUSIC

A SECOND PERFORMANCE

THE preliminary arrangements for the Gloucester festival of this year, which have lately been published, by including Sir Hubert Parry's work, *The Love that casteth out Fear*, exemplify a principle which might well be acted upon more frequently. It was produced at the last Gloucester festival, that of 1904, and like many fine works by its composer was admired and laid aside; if it has received any complete performances since, they have certainly been few, and it has not, except in fragments, been heard in London. Festival choruses, with the best of intentions and the most painstaking effort, are rarely able to make a first performance satisfactory. A new work engages perhaps one-tenth of the total time for rehearsal, and a correct note performance with a few broad effects of light

and shade is all that can be hoped for. The same may be said of festival audiences. They begin by wearying their ears with *Elijah* or *The Dream of Gerontius*, a Beethoven symphony and one or two other things, and come with blunted susceptibilities to listen to a new work. It is all they can do to catch its main outlines; they realise enough to know that it seems less attractive than what they were listening to before, which they knew well. Even the critics of the daily papers are sufficiently human to feel their powers of discrimination somewhat impaired by the heat and hurry of a festival, and would often willingly reserve their irreversible judgment could they know that a second hearing was certain. There are, in short, no works good enough to be performed once which are too bad to be heard twice. In taking up again for their next festival the work which they produced at their last, the authorities of the Gloucester Festival do very wisely. A second performance at some other festival would be attended, as far as the chorus is concerned and to some extent for the audience, by some of the evils of the first, but at Gloucester practically every one will have a previous experience to build upon. It would be a great good if this principle could to some extent be adopted by the festivals of the Three Choirs, that an important work which is passed over elsewhere, should on the next occasion when the festival is held in the same town be repeated. Three years would give a sufficient interval in order to see whether the work were likely to be taken up generally, and the second performance, by offering it a much better chance of being understood, might start it on its career. It is possible to think of several compositions produced in the last few years which only need to become known to take their place in the repertoire of large choral societies as current work. In the case of works by Sir Hubert Parry the second performance is very much needed. He has written so much on similar lines, that at first hearing we are too ready to imagine that he repeats himself. Three of his latest works, *Voces Clamantium*, *The Love that casteth out Fear*, and *The Soul's Ransom* are Modern Church Cantatas, a form of his own devising, though it owes much both to Bach and to the older form of Oratorio. This common basis, with Parry's peculiar idiom of musical speech, give them more than ever the appearance of repetition. They require frequent hearing to prove their individuality. The first received an excellent second performance at Leeds in 1904, while *The Love that casteth out Fear* is now to get its proper hearing. It is more than possible, however, that we may hear it in London before the autumn, when the Gloucester festival takes place, and such an event might be even more conducive to its general acceptance, since it would then be given without the distractions of festival trappings. These works, and perhaps this one most of the three, are music which specially need leisurely listening and quiet thought in order to grasp their intention. Parry does not, like Elgar, take Bible history and describe it vividly; whatever there is of description is rather cold, and his desire to keep to general terms, to avoid what is dogmatic and merely of the Church, often detracts from the surface interest, and at first leaves a vague impression. They are not, therefore, probably they never can be, popular compositions, for neither has the music itself that obvious beauty which will sometimes supply to outside listeners an interest which the subject lacks, nor are the subjects simple enough to make a direct and universal appeal. They require some sympathetic thought on the part of the listener. For those, however, who are able to give that, there is very quickly a reward. The first page for the semi-chorus in *The Love that casteth out Fear*, to the words:

O my people, what have I done to thee?
Wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against Me—

is among the most beautiful pieces of choral sound which any recent work has contained, and its beauty is emphasised by its reappearance before the finale to the first

part: Wherever the semi-chorus is used it is with the same distinction, which becomes most clear in the dialogue held with the full chorus, beginning, "What is love? The one thing that availeth," as well as in the last few pages of the cantata in which the semi-chorus, to a phrase which recalls the beginning, ponders upon the words, "Who is wise understandeth these things." If these are the most conspicuous places of beauty, and there are many pages between them, especially those occupied by declamatory solos, in which the musical expression is less perfect, they are yet enough to assure the careful listener that it is worth searching deeper, that beneath some obscurity, due to the haste for composing for an occasion, there is hid treasure. The experience of those who heard *Voces Clamantium* was generally that it cleared wonderfully with each hearing. *The Love that casteth out Fear* is much more involved in purpose, and built on a more extended scheme; it may take longer to know than its predecessor, but former experience and some study of the score suggest that the effort it causes will be worth while. I need make no apology for calling special attention to this work before it reappears, for to do so afterwards, as is the usual practice, would be too late to arouse the interest of the apathetic. Such works need ideal performances and ideal listeners, and it is due to the fact that both, but especially the latter, are rarely attainable, that Sir Hubert Parry's works are passed by with such scant appreciation. It is not by any means for his works alone, however, that the vigorous appreciation of the principle of second performance is desirable. Every year several large choral works are produced, but outside those by Sir E. Elgar, who has now a special privilege to be performed everywhere, but few are heard again. There are some which are decisively condemned by a second performance, and this very decision is worth having and cannot be given safely at a first hearing. There are certainly some which might live and have a permanent place amongst performed music. For these we should be so much the richer that the application of the test, even should a majority of the works so tried be condemned, would more than repay the effort.

H C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FROM the day when, a youth of sixteen, he was given ten shillings by his guardians and bidden to go where he would, until his final return to London as Admiral of New England in 1615, Captain John Smith had as adventurous a life as the most daring spirits of the time could desire. "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the Proceedings of those Severall Colonies and the Accidents that befell them in all their Journyes and Discoveries, by Captaine John Smith, Sometymes Governour in those Countreys and Admirall of New England," gives an account of his great work of founding the colony of Virginia and protecting it against the savage tribes who again and again endeavoured to destroy it; in his "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations," published in 1630, he writes the story of his early adventures against Turks and pirates, and in his "Sea Grammar," published in 1627, he gives a very valuable treatise on the ship of his time and the manner of sailing and fighting her. These works—all of which are practically unobtainable—are to be reprinted together by Messrs. MacLehose in a convenient form for the first time since their original publication. The edition now announced will be an accurate, complete, and beautifully printed text from the original editions, and will contain facsimile reproductions of all the rare maps and illustrations in the originals, including the portraits of the Duchess of Richmond and Pocahontas. It will consist of two volumes, printed on antique paper, and will be similar to Messrs. MacLehose's edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Coryat's *Crudities*. The edition for sale in this country will be strictly limited to one thousand copies, of which one hundred copies, numbered and signed, will be printed throughout on the finest hand-made paper with proofs of the engravings. The price to subscribers to the ordinary edition will be 25s. net, and to the edition on hand-made paper with proofs, 50s. net.

Messrs. Jack announce a cheap edition of "The Centenary Burns" containing, in addition to Mr. Henley's famous essay on Burns, all the text, notes, glossaries, etc., exactly as in the original edition.

Messrs. Bell announce an abridgment of Webster's "International Dictionary," to be issued under the title of Webster's "Collegiate Dictionary." This book is the largest and latest abridgment of the "International," and contains, in addition to a very full vocabulary, valuable literary appendices, including a Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases; a Dictionary of Classical Mythology; Vocabularies of Rhymes, Proper Names, etc.; Quotations from Foreign Languages, and Tables of Abbreviations and Arbitrary Signs used in Writing and Printing. There are also articles on Pronunciation and Orthography, a List of Prefixes and Suffixes, and other features of interest. The aim of the editors has been to retain so much of the scholarship of the "International" as to meet the ordinary wants of advanced students in schools and colleges, and to offer to the general reader a compact and convenient Dictionary, thoroughly trustworthy and full enough to serve for most of the every-day purposes for which a Dictionary is consulted. In addition to the ordinary edition on thick paper, an *édition de luxe* is also issued, printed on Bible Paper, this being the first time such paper has been used in a book of reference. The edition, though containing one thousand, one hundred and sixteen pages with one thousand four hundred illustrations, measures only $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Dr. George Sigerson has just completed the revision of the second edition of his "Bards of the Gael and Gull: Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin, done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael." Mr. Unwin will publish the edition, which contains much fresh matter (including a new preface), on January 14.

Another book promised by Mr. Unwin on the same date is Sir Spencer Walpole's volume of "Studies in Biography." The subjects are: Sir Robert Peel, Gibbon, Richard Cobden, Prince Bismarck, Benjamin Disraeli, Napoleon III., Lord Dufferin, and the seventh Lord Shaftesbury.

Mr. Unwin will publish on January 14 a new novel by Mr. Alphonse Courlander, whose stories, "The Taskmaster" and "Seth of the Cross," attracted much attention. The title is "The Sacrifice" and the book is, the publisher informs us, a realistic picture of life in a Wiltshire village. Its heroine, Mora, is a peasant girl who is too weak to fight against circumstances and her own nature.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish this month a book on "Saint George: Champion of Christendom and Patron Saint of England," by E. O. Gordon, which deals with the Life and Martyrdom of St. George; the Commemoration of St. George in Church Liturgies and National Institutions; Celebrated Knights of St. George from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century; and St. George in Art, Hostels, Customs and Traditions. Another volume promised by the same publishers is "The Principles of Architectural Design (Exterior and Interior)" by Percy L. Marks.

"Charles Edward" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Harrison Rhodes which Messrs. Ward Lock have in the press.

"Phrases and Names: their Origins and Meanings" is the title of a new book by Mr. Trench H. Johnson, which Mr. Werner Laurie will publish shortly.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret the necessity for renewing this correspondence. Mr. Lang, in his letter, which appeared in the ACADEMY of October 13, has gone off on a small issue of a misplaced comma, altogether disregarding the more serious one raised by my question as to the four parts of my summary, which he rearranged and termed "a passage from Mr. Howitt" ("Secret of the Totem," p. 197).

It seems to me that it would be well, for Mr. Lang's credit, if he replied to my question, because that so-called "passage," on the face of it, carries an unpleasant suggestion of manipulation, for it was used as the ground for a charge against me of overlooking my own facts ("Secret of the Totem," p. 199).

A. W. HOWITT,

Metung, Victoria,
November 28, 1906.

"PARONOMASIA—PLAY 'PO' WORDS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should like to know who your correspondent supposes he is quoting from when he places the words "paronomasia—play po' words" between inverted commas in his notice of Mr. Roe's translation of "The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyâm" in your current issue?

E. G. EDWARDS.

[There is no question of supposition. We refer our correspondent to "The Cock and the Bull":

"You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia—play 'po' words?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well to my muttons."

He will find it in C.S.C.'s "Fly Leaves."—ED.]

A FIRST EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"Expectation was roused to its utmost pitch. But nothing came of it." Your critic has been writing my experience, for I went to the theatre for the first time in my life exactly a month ago expecting to see Shakespeare's *King Richard II.*, and Lord! what did I not get instead!

From a child I had known Act 1, scene i., "London. A Room in the Palace," and when Act 1, scene i. showed me a river and a garden, with a dumb show in the shape of a game of bowls, I honestly thought I had made a mistake and come to the wrong theatre. My bewilderment was not wholly dispelled when the fidgety King casually went on to say (this time aloud), "Old John of Gaunt time-honoured Lancaster." The scene began with bowls and ended with bowls and much girlish giggling, while Shakespeare was truly "up a tree."

H. de S. says Mr. Lyn Harding played Bolingbroke with marked ability. I can hardly think he and I saw Bolingbroke on the same day, for to my understanding Mr. Lyn Harding's Bolingbroke was a boorish bully, very far removed from Shakespeare's strong man. Charity itself could not have seen anything natural in his attitude when King Richard pronounced the sentence of banishment upon him.

I plead ignorance, but I should like to ask, by the way, whether there is any authority for such vowel shortening as "Then, dear mi' liege, mi'or' 'onour let mi' try." The effect at least was hardly melodious.

The Queen, too. Where was her dignity? Weep Shakespeare's Queen undoubtedly does, but not in that modern uncontrollable fashion, half drowning her words in sobs.

I have not seen the new *Antony and Cleopatra*, nor do I intend—thanks to experience and your critic. But I should like to know whether this is the only kind of Shakespeare dished up in London nowadays. If so, I stay at home—until I hear again Mr. Gordon Craig's trumpets shaking the walls of Jericho.

M. P.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Sayce, Rev. A. H. *The Archaeology of Cuneiform Inscriptions.* $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. 220 S.P.C.K., 5s.
[Embodies the Rhind Lectures in Archaeology delivered by Professor Sayce at Edinburgh in October 1906.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Robertson, Col. James P. *Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of an Old Officer.* With portraits. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. 284. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 36.)
Lord, John. *Cleopatra.* $7 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 69. A. L. Humphreys, 2s. net.
[In the "Little Lives of the Great" series.]

Bisland, Elizabeth. *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.* With illustrations. 2 vols. $9 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. viii, 475 and 554. Constable, 24s. net.

DRAMA.

Housman, Laurence; and Barker, H. Granville. *Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden.* $8 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 89. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Produced at the Royal Court Theatre on December 23, 1904, and revived on April 24, 1906.]

- Harris, E. G. *St. Agnes, and other Dramas*. 7½×4½. Pp. 179. Dent, 2s. net.
 Besier, Rudolf. *The Virgin Goddess*. A tragedy. 6½×5½. Pp. 82. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
 [The *Virgin Goddess* was produced by Mr. Otho Stuart at the Adelphi Theatre on October 23, 1906.]

FICTION.

- Appleton, G. W. *The Duchess of Pontifex Square*. 7½×5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
 Sergeant, Adeline. *The House in the Crescent*. 7½×5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
 Forster, R. H. *The Mistress of Aydon*. Illustrated. 7½×5½. Pp. 314. Long, 6s.
 Montgomerie, F. W. *Paying the Price*. 7½×5. Pp. 178. Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- Besant, Sir Walter. *Medieval London*. Vol. ii. : *Ecclesiastical*. 11½×9½. Pp. 436. Black, 30s. net.
 Chambers, E. K. *Notes on the History of the Revels Office Under the Tudors*. 9×5½. Pp. 80. A. H. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE.

- Brunetière, Ferdinand. *Honoré de Balzac*. 7½×5½. Pp. 316. Lippincott, 6s. net.
 [In the "French Men of Letters" series. See p. 30.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Escott, T. H. S. *Society in the Country House*. 9×6. Pp. 512. Unwin, 16s. (See p. 34.)
 Booth, Charles. *Old Age Pensions and the Aged Poor*. A proposal. 8½×5½. Pp. 84. Macmillan, 2s. net.
 Jones, Emily. *The Englishwoman's Year Book and Dictionary, 1907-8*. 7½×5. Pp. 405. Black, 2s. 6d. net.
 [Twenty-seventh year of issue.]
Penrose's Pictorial Annual. The Process Year-Book. Vol. xii. Edited by William Gamble. 10×7½. Pp. 160. Penrose, n.p.

POETRY.

- Sparrow, Arthur Goldsmith. *The New Crusade*. 7½×5. Pp. 136. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.
 Malone, Walter. *Songs of East and West*. 7½×5½. Pp. 58. Louisville : Morton, n.p.
 Leonard, William Ellery. *Sonnets and Poems*. 7½×5½. Pp. 67. Boston, Mass. : Published by the Author, \$1.00.
 Ledoux, Louis V. *The Soul's Progress, and other poems*. Pp. 94. New York : John Lane Company, \$1.25.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- The East and West Indian Mirror*, being an account of Joris van Speilbergen's Voyage round the World (1614-1617), and the Australian Navigations of Jacob le Maire. Translated, with notes and an introduction, by J. A. J. de Villiers. 9×6. Pp. 272. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, n.p.
The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an introduction by Joseph Knight and 15 illustrations. 7½×8½. Pp. 490. Frowde, n.p.
 ["The Oxford Edition."] Wilson, Rathmell. *Hinemoa and Tutaneikai*. 7×4½. Pp. 112. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.
 [A Maori legend, with other stories and some verses. Paper covers.]

THEOLOGY.

- Knight, the Rev. H. Theodore. *Criticism and the Old Testament*. A Popular Introduction. 7½×5½. Pp. 170. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.
 [Appendices : (1) Chronological Tables ; (2) Bibliography.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Bayley, Stanhope. *The Sacred Grove, and other impressions of Italy*. 7×4½. Pp. 132. Elkin Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.
 [Of the eighteen "impressions" in this book, ten have previously appeared in the *Times of India*.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Du Positivisme au Mysticisme, étude sur l'inquiétude religieuse contemporaine. Paris, Bloud. [Being the continuation of the same author's *Introduction* (Paris : Oudin, 1901) to *Psychology and Mysticism*.] By Jules Pachet, S. J.—"Palpitating actuality" is the Gallicism applicable to this work of a Jesuit, French indeed, but steeped in English and American philosophy, and long a resident in Great Britain. Published this year, these études comprise Comte, H. Spencer, Guilan, Schopenhauer, Renan, Barrès, Nietzsche, Tolstoi

and the occultists. The Abbé Pachet gave his conférences at the Paris Institut Catholique on "the Internal Life," from 1891-3, or a year over the period devoted to W. James's Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh. The Harvard Professor and the Jesuit thus cover the same ground in point of time and of philosophy. His course at Paris necessitated the delivery by the Abbé of conférences on "mystic," as word and as thing, and that for Catholics and Non-Catholics alike, for the linguist and for "the general,"—the thing-in-itself, Mysticism, being treated physiologically, psychologically, scientifically and artistically. Then comes, in his filiation, the present work on Positivism and Mysticism. "Spiritual life as a poem" follows: "Alighieri and Loyola." The *Inferno* is now the sinful soul; the *Purgatorio*, virtue in the acquisition; the *Paradiso*, Unity in Love. Of these, the *Inferno* is profusely illustrated, e.g., with the "remorse" of Macbeth; the "confusion" of Lucretian thought, veiled in verse crystal-clear; the "fear" of a St. Thérèse; the all-embracing "Vanity"; variously expressed, of a Villon, a Paschal, a Bossuet. That vale of misery, Purgatory, men use for a well, and the pools are filled with water. Paradise unites Love in one synthesis, and the End crowns the Work. The leit-motif is Dante; the three works of the Florentine make: "une sorte de triptyque, une trilogie, où nous aurions à ramener un choix exquis de peintures d'âme. Ici la poésie des larmes, et les élégies de la conversion; plus loin l'aube de lumière qui croît, le soleil de l'amour qui monte et revêt l'âme de vertus; la poésie de la douleur et du sacrifice, enfin l'idéal paradisiaque de lumière, d'amour et de paix" (p. 96). The Abbé's "Dante and Verlaine" is the introduction to the above works and lectures. Here are marshalled Edm. Spenser, Bunyan, Shelley, Verlaine, Huysmans, Fra Luis de Leon, Giacomone da Todi (*il Vecchio di Todi*), Silesius, the German mystic poet. The whole series is remarkable for lightness of touch and depth of thought, for allusiveness of style and attraction of subject.

Book-Prices Current, vol. 20 (Elliot Stock, £1 7s. 6d.).—This record of the prices at which books have been sold at auction from October 1905 to July 1906, being the season, 1905-6, has nearly come of age in point of years but long ago reached maturity in point of excellence. It is simply indispensable alike to the bookbuyer and to the bookseller. Forty-eight sales are reported on comprising 37,414 lots, realising £95,829 1s., or an average per lot of £2 11s. 3d. All the sales were in London, and book-selling by auction of important books is practically confined to the Metropolis and indeed to the auction-rooms of four firms. The most important sale of the year was that of the books of Edwin Truman. The sale was divided into two portions, one dealing mainly with Cruikshank, and altogether brought £876. Far the highest price realised for one book was for the 1600 edition of *Much Ado About Nothing*, £1570; next comes *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600, £480; *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, £460; *King Lear*, 1608, £395; *Othello*, 1655 (Sir Henry Irving), £200. One copy of the First Folio Shakespeare appeared during the season and realised £245. Four copies of the Second Folio appeared, one of the Third and seven of the Fourth Folio, as well as two copies of the Poems of 1640. Shelley's "Queen Mab," original boards, brought £168, his "Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote," £132; Forster's "Life of Dickens," extra-illustrated, £380; "Biblia Sacra," Ben Jonson's copy, £320; Common Prayer Book formerly belonging to Charles I., £285; "Bulletins de la Convention Nationale," complete set, £190; John Still's *Gammer's Gurton's Needle*, A Play, £180; "The Sporting," 1792-1870, £170; Gould's "Birds of Australia," 10 vols. 1848, £141; Dallaway and Cartwright's *History of Sussex*, extra illustrated, £131 and a "Memorial" of Edmund Kean, 5 vols. folio, £130. The book is admirably arranged, each sale being catalogued separately and the whole indexed exhaustively. The index runs to nearly 100 pages and is very well done. The compiler of *Book-Prices Current* is Mr. J. H. Slater.

Messrs. Blackwood issue a handsome, illustrated volume which will make an admirable present for girls who are growing into womanhood—and for those who have passed the border. *Maids of Honour*, by A. J. Green-Armytage (10s. 6d. net), consists of twelve descriptive sketches of single women who have distinguished themselves in science, poetry, prose, travel, philanthropy, and nursing: Hannah More, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, Sister Dora (Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison), Mary Kingsley, Adelaide Anne Procter, Marianne North, Jean Ingelow, Louisa Alcott, Christina Rossetti, and Mary Lamb. The author treats her subjects sympathetically, and her work is careful and accurate.

Text-Book on Fungi, including Morphology, Physiology, Pathology, Classification, etc. By George Massee. (Duckworth, 6s. net.).—Mr. Massee is a recognised authority on Mycology and in this volume proves clearly how greatly our knowledge of Fungi has increased of late years. The subject is a deeply interesting one, as it throws much light on the all-important point of plasmogony and even suggests that of autogeny. The book is profusely illustrated with very clear drawings, and Mr. Massee, beside giving much valuable information himself, informs his readers where more is to be found. Taken in conjunction with such books as those by Dr. M. C. Cooke, this should prove an invaluable guide to the student.

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No. 1811

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE are few English scholars whose knowledge of French literature is so extensive as that of Professor Saintsbury, and this accomplishment is seen to full advantage in his article on Brunetière and Balzac in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*. It forms a delightful piece of reading, and yet the criticism in it leaves us dissatisfied. Professor Saintsbury assumes that M. Brunetière writes with certain judgments that have been formed beforehand, and that one must tolerate and overlook. He calls Dumas a negro, and he is opposed to the historical school of novelists and is in favour of the novel of manners. Professor Saintsbury's own opinions are equally fixed. He was one of that band of *Saturday* reviewers who brought Dumas into popularity in England, and belief in Dumas is part of his intellectual being.

Professor Saintsbury is altogether wrong when he assumes that those in whose opinion the historical novel has become a mere nuisance have not enjoyed their Dumas. But they are looking at the effects produced, and they see that one result of the Dumas cult has been a degradation of English imaginative literature. One has but to look over the essay on the historical novel contributed to the same Review by Mr. Prothero to see that the time has come when such opinions as have been held by Professor Saintsbury ought to be thrown into the melting-pot. In sum and substance that was M. Brunetière's message. He told the novelist to cease fumbling among the archives of the past and to go forth into the highways and byways of the life of his time and translate the results of his observations into that living mirror of life which the best novel will always be.

Of late years the literary critic or critics of the *Edinburgh Review* have cultivated a special vocabulary, of which a paper in the current number on "Insular Fiction" supplies an example. It seems to us that the writer might just as well talk of insular rainwater or insular soap. His complaint is that the writing of novels in Great Britain is governed by a convention. This is true of the majority of novels of all nations. If he had discovered a writer who had struck out lines of his own, or in other words originated a convention, he would have been able to tell us that there is a great and original novelist in England at the moment. It was the merit of George Eliot, for instance, that she made a convention. So did Dickens, so did Thackeray; and we call those their imitators who follow that convention. The reviewer mourns because Stevenson and Pater are gone, Mr. Meredith has ceased to write, Mr. Kipling is preoccupied with children, work comes from Mr. Henry James at increasing intervals, and Mr. Thomas Hardy has turned from romance to transcendental drama. We would like to know in what sense these writers are unconventional.

The novels chosen for reprimand are headed by "The Guarded Flame," by Mr. Maxwell. Its author is told that he missed a rare chance in not analysing and throwing into opposition the fresh, generous, unsuspecting love of the philosopher's niece and the jealous, eager, despairing passion of his wife; but that is just what the conventional author would have done. The study of the scholar was a new departure, and nowhere did Mr. Maxwell show more promise than in resting his interest on this foundation. Mr. Hichens receives a still more stinging rebuke, though the writer modestly asks whether he is not wrong "in attributing to the influence of the convention what may be a mere personal insufficiency." "The Call of the Blood" was certainly a failure, but for reasons that the reviewer does not seem to penetrate. His glorification of Mr. Galsworthy is in itself a striking commentary on his style of argument.

In this tercentenary year of the founding of Jamestown, the real beginning of English colonisation in America, the little known writings of Captain John Smith, who accompanied the expedition are, as we announced last week, to be reprinted. Smith was in his way a less picturesque Raleigh, a leader of men, an earnest advocate of over-sea colonisation, an adventurer and a very capable penman. He wrote some thirteen or fourteen books, all worthy of the study of the student of seventeenth-century travel and efforts to establish British settlements on the other side of the Atlantic. His experiences in Virginia—experiences which few men would have survived—are told in the "True Relation," which appeared in 1608. When, some twenty years later, he had settled down in England, he wrote "Advertisements for the Inexperienced, or the Pathway to erect a Plantation." His "Young Seamen's Grammar" is a curiosity. Whilst Jamestown is celebrating its three hundredth birthday, these works of Captain John Smith will naturally be in some demand.

A correspondent writes: The *Revue Germanique* has an article on "G. B. S." His star waxed as Ibsen's declined (it appears), till that of the *dramaturge britannique* became of the largest dimensions. The mantle of the Norwegian is on the shoulders of the Fabian. This last-named disciple of Ibsen, and second Byron (for British public opinion), is anything but a *Cunctator*. Like the Irish pig, he cannot be counted, so brusque and active and fugitive is his genius. Agitator and propagandist—things unmusical enough—he is a critic of Terpsichore from A to G; preaches transition in all the chords. In his *Perfect Wagnerite* his study of the tetralogy is itself a teratology, marvellously smacking of the Anarch old, Miltonian or other. Before, his *Quintessence* smelled of Nietzsche's lamp as much as of Aladdin's, carefully omitting as he did there Stirner (whose philosophy is so greatly his own) in the weird, formidable array of word-painters, whom he confesses to affect, from Bunyan to Wagner, from Blake to Tolstoy.

The critics, who with their stilus slew Ibsen between the wall and the altar, spare no bit of "G. B. S.," whose crusade is against our being tied and bound by our ideals of virtue. Marriage idealists, to take but these, were hard on Ibsen, and called Ibsen's successor sacrilegious and cynical. As a conscious nihilist, Shaw has outstripped Nietzsche. That philosopher found that all our principles—scientific, artistic, moral—are illusions. But are illusions bad? On the contrary, they are vital. A philosopher is nothing if not consistent, and conscious inconsistency is the best. But Stirner was already at this stage before Nietzsche, and Shaw is there after both.

Says the last-named: "Activity is the only road to Knowledge," and the present writer found him in bed between 9 and 10 A.M., in his Superman days! One is

not Irish for nothing! Not for nothing does one call oneself "a natural born mountebank," in a waggon in Hyde Park, 'midst clashing cymbals and acclaiming mobs. There is nothing like this for a dramatic writer: "Noise and fury; club, finance, theatre, cockneys and clergymen," all giving voice at once. This gives tone, it seems. Hypocritical Albion is prejudiced, blind as a new-born puppy, an ostrich that hides her head in the sand. And this of gaiety of heart, wittingly. But Shaw has torn aside the veil. "Il est retourné ainsi à l'état d'innocence." He is naked, and makes naked, and is not ashamed.

From such innocence and from such nakedness rise works of art. And as tragedy is impossible nowadays, Shaw is Hebbel's ideal "comic poet." Of course our "mob orator" scandalised society with his "Widowers' Houses." It reeks of "the Man with the muck-rake" of Bunyan. Indeed, Shaw refers us continually to Bunyan, for explanations of himself, of his evolution, as a dramatist. And his view of women? Shakespearean, he says; and cites *Troilus and Cressida*, with its scorn of womankind, or Strindberg, with that Shakespearean's "hate and disgust," *modo non genus omne perosus fæmineum*.—Woman, however, in the Irishman's view (different from Ibsen's), is excellent in prose and truth; cures men of idealism, as Lady Cicely cured Captain Brassbound, for all his Byronianism. The Irishman's man is not Byronian and not Shakespearean. This new man affects Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *intransigence* (without the Spanish songs of the Lobby at Westminster): he loves every woman (*à l'Espagnole*) and never retires, verbally or otherwise, before any man.

"Sir, I never withdraw!"—the Trafalgar Square Red Sunday *mot*—plants itself promiscuously about the Balkans in *Arms and the Man*. When the hero falls, as in the song, he falls on exactly two thousand four hundred eiderdown quilts, supplied by Brunschli. Shaw's Cæsar is a very duodecimo hero; bald; part brute, part woman, part god; dividing his time between Cleopatra and (Mr. Hichens's) Sphinx. In the rôle of J. Tanner, Shaw limps somewhat between Revelation and Revolution. Aristotle's critique of the Platonic Man in himself applies to his borrowed Superman (why not a *Super Horse* or a *Super Apple*?), crushed out now by Property and Marriage (why is "G.B.S." married?). A synthesis of Nietzsche and Socialism, it seems, is only *apparently* "forcée, instable, et paradoxale." Shaw is disintegrating and synthetic—without being flippant. And on this note I stay my review of the review.

Novels at half a crown! This is the legend which the happy Editor of the *Times* was able to inscribe on his pages the other day. At least two firms of publishers have announced their intention of abandoning the custom of publishing at six shillings, and they promise that for half a crown they will give the same quality of ink and paper. It will be interesting to see whether this blow will be as fatal to the six-shilling novel as the six-shilling novel was to the old three-volume.

Unfortunately it is to be feared that the change will work badly for the young and unknown author. Probably novelists with a reputation will gain rather than suffer, because when they have adopted the principle of small profits and quick returns the publishers will take care that the number of copies of a book sold will recompense them for the diminution of profit on the individual copy. But it will become even more difficult than formerly for the young and budding author to find a market. At the most, his first book (unless, indeed, he be exceptionally lucky) would sell to the extent of from five hundred to one thousand, and these at half a crown

would admit of very little plunder coming his way. In fact, the publishers would be almost obliged to concentrate their efforts on pushing the important man at the expense of those whose spurs are still unwon.

A contributor to the *Times* gifted with more ardour than wisdom, has taken it upon himself to explain the attitude of the press to the Book War with which the leading journal has been boring its readers for a long time past. He writes on a subject he understands very little about. The best journalists have always been proud of the *Times*. They regard it as the leading newspaper not only of Great Britain but of Europe—and one might also say of the world—because it has no rival. Admiration is generous and unstinted; but the journalists are by no means proud of the *Times* as a retail book-seller, and they are not proud of it for having got up a squabble about the terms on which it is to obtain books for the purpose of selling again. Most people, when they have anything to dispose of, claim to make their own conditions and the bidder or would-be purchaser has only to say Yes or No to them. If the *Times* were to abolish that page of dull and unintelligent correspondence which has confronted the eye of the reader for months, and return to the legitimate newspaper enterprise in which it has excelled in the past and may excel once more, its readers and admirers would be extremely comforted.

At a meeting of the London Esperanto Club, the other evening, a number of kantoj and deklamoj—in other words songs and recitations—were given, and among the latter was "Konsilo de Hamleto." Our readers may be interested to see the effect of Hamlet's advice to the players:

O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

translated into Esperanto:

Mi farigas furioza en la omimo, kiam ia sanego denshara bubo dissiras la pasion en pecajn en verajn afonojn, kaj tondras en la orelojn de la popolamesa publiko, kiu ordinare komprenas tuksi mu sensacajn pantomimojn kaj bruon. Mi sentas tiam fortan disiron bone traboston tiam bubon pro lia bruado: li volas nepre esti pli tirano ol la tirano mem. Mi petas vin, evitu tion ci!

A letter of great historical interest will be offered for sale shortly by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. It is the Order for the Massacre of Glencoe. The Scottish chiefs, it will be remembered, were commanded by a Proclamation issued in August 1691, to take the oath of allegiance to the king and queen by January 1, 1692, and many of them did so. Amongst those who were late (waiting for the consent of James II., who only sent it from St. Germain in December) were the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and the submission of the aged chief was not given, owing to stress of weather—and, it is alleged, difficulties placed in his way by those in authority—until January 6. Orders had been issued to give no quarter to the recalcitrants and the Macdonalds of Glencoe were to be extirpated. The commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland transmitted the order to the Governor of Fort William, who had it conveyed to Major Robert Duncanson of the Argyll Regiment. He sent the letter in question to Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, also of the Argyll Regiment, which was to do the bloody work.

The letter reads as follows: "You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glenco, and to putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old fox and his sons do not escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to putt in execution at fyve of the clock precisely; and that time, or very shortly after

it, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at fyve, you are not to tarry for me, butt to fall on. This is by the King's speciall commands, for the good and safety of the countrey, that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be put in excution without fear or favour, or you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King nor countrey, nor a man fitt to carry commission in the King's service. Expecting ye will not faill in the fullfilling herof, as you love yourselfe, I subscryve this with my hand at Ballacholis, 12th Feb., 1692.—R. DUNCANSON."

A number of autographs and historical documents will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on the first and second days of next week. The letters include twenty-five by Dr. Johnson, chiefly addressed to Mrs. Piozzi and printed in her "Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson"; a series of letters written by Lord Beaconsfield, and epistles penned by such a variety of persons as John Wesley and Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean and Joseph Hume, James Boswell and Mary Robinson ("Perdita"). The signed documents bear the signatures of, amongst others, Napoleon, Louis XVI., Marlborough, and Voltaire.

On the 23rd inst. Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of the late Mr. Samuel Eyres Wilson, of Bedford Square. Mr. Wilson had a great many sporting books and works illustrated by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Leech, and other satirical artists. He also collected first editions of Dickens, Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, Sterne, Tom D'Urfey, and other early authors. Amongst the books illustrated by Cruikshank are *The English Spy*, by Blackmantle, *Carey's Life in Paris*, and *Egan's Life in London* (1821), and of those with plates by Rowlandson we have first editions of the *Tours of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, in *Search of Consolation*, and in *Search of a Wife*. Dickens is represented by first editions of nearly all his works and D'Urfey by, of course, his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. First editions of Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews and other of Fielding's works will be sold, and also first editions of all of Smollett's works:

"How the branch associations can help the Library Associations" was the title of a paper read at the last meeting of the Library Association. The subject of the paper, however, was, How the Association can help the branches. It was preceded by one suggesting alterations in the "Library Association Record" (Mr. Shaw, Liverpool). The devolution of the control of the Association is necessary for its well-being. London must be equalised with the branch associations, and a central executive appointed. At present it is impossible for the majority of provincial members some distance from London to attend council meetings (Mr. Savage, Wallasey; and Mr. McKnight, Chorley).

It is impracticable to give any authoritative opinion in "the Record" on matters of current interest, as the council of the Association is composed of members with a multiplicity of opinions (Mr. Wyndham-Hulme, Patent Office Library). And an individual editor would create an individual opinion, which could not possibly be the opinion of the council as a whole. The broadcast circulation of the minutes would be an impolitic movement. The extension of the teaching facilities enjoyed by London assistants to the provinces is under discussion, and no doubt will be effected shortly (Mr. Jast, Croydon). The official publication is a record of the transactions of the Association, and if it were desirable it is financially impossible to make it into a smart journal (Mr. Hopwood, Patent Office Library). A resolution (Mr. Kettle, Guildhall) was carried to the effect that the council should consider the suggestions contained in the papers and report at the annual conference.

LITERATURE

ROBBIE

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. With Life and Notes by WILLIAM WALLACE. (Chambers, 3s. 6d.)

IN some respects this is an excellent popular edition of Burns, in others a very indifferent one. The book would have given less offence to the fastidious taste if the illustrations had been omitted. They are extremely sentimental and they lack character. Apparently the artists have accepted it as a duty to be literal. The passage

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'

has an exceptionally fine pictorial quality, which is only mocked by a picture of fiddlers, dancers and an ill-conditioned shepherd "grouching" in a corner with a dog at his feet. The Auld Mare and The Twa Dogs are terrible examples of what illustrations should not be. An absurd literalness characterises the picture to the lines:

We twa hae paid'l in the burn
Frea mornin' sun till dine?

The same remark applies to "Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel."

O my luv's like a red, red rose

is illustrated by a rustic damsel leaning over a hedge to pin a buttonhole to her lover's coat. The silliest picture in the book is that which has for legend the opening line of a spirited lyric:

Last May a braw wooer cam' doon the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me.

Such pictures give force to the frequently made criticism that the popularity of Burns is in great measure due to an interpretation lacking completely the *esprit*, humour, wit, point, and energy that were his best characteristics. And glancing over the explanations of words and phrases that are deemed to be necessary we cannot but realise that Scotland has changed utterly since the poet's day and generation. Then the Scotch were a poor and frugal agricultural people. Industry and economy were necessities of existence to them. But now Glasgow is London hopelessly vulgarised; Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, and other large towns approximate closely in character to the great provincial towns of England; clerks and factory hands have supplanted the agricultural classes; and how are the town and country young ladies who, from head to foot, wear scarcely any article that is not cheap and machine-made, to understand that when Burns wrote, clothes were nearly all hand-made? Board schools, too, have taught the poorest to speak a bastard English that must make the poet incomprehensible. In the days of Burns the following was a realistic picture of the cottage life:

There sat a bottle in a bole
Ayont the ingle low,
And ay she took the tither souk
To drouk the stourie tow.

The verses are full of a spinning and weaving that have either passed away or changed completely in character:

My mither sent me to the loom,
To warp a plaiden wab
But the weary, weary warping o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

In the "Cotter's Saturday Night" the good wife dates her cheese for the time "sin lint was i' the bell." A song is addressed to "the lassie wi' the lint-white locks." Questions might be indefinitely multiplied, but where are the fields of flax that would render such references intelligible to the young people of to-day? Again, when Burns wrote it was the most usual thing in the world for both youths and maidens "to take the shearing" in

harvest, but the successors of those whom he addressed are clerks and shopmen if men, milliners and dressmakers if girls. The "auld clay biggin'" has been pulled down and a small villa built in its place. And in the genteeler Scotland that has arisen in place of the old, people neither eat nor drink as they did in the poet's time. "Halesome parritch" is a food suffering an undeserved decline in popularity, yielding place, it is believed, to cheap tinned meats and white bread. If the "chieftain of the puddin' race" is eaten it is only out of sentiment. And where are the drinks over which Burns waxed enthusiastic? If Willie brewed a peck o' maut to-day he would be had up for keeping a shebeen! The "reaming swats" and the "Tippeny" have yielded place to ale from Alloa and Burton and Tam o' Shanter's "usquebagh" certainly differed from all and every kind of "Scotch" now on the market. Yet these external changes only symbolise one that is deeper. The aggregated population of towns have imitated the greater freedom of English manners. He would be vowed a Rip Van Winkle who now insisted upon the sanctity of the Sabbath or expressed a prejudice against "hunkering," objected to "human hymns" or refused to be accompanied in his singing by a kistfu' o' whistles. If Burns could be the one traveller to return he would not know his own country. He would find even his beautiful and poetic streams defaced and polluted, and the holiday-maker in possession of the glen and the heather. In face of these changes the popularity of Burns affords a high testimony to his adherence to those truths that depend on no change of manner. We can say as much after making a most liberal discount for the bleat and sentimentalism which compose so large a part of this popularity. There is no discrimination in the worship of a Burns club; indeed we are afraid it is often directed to those aspects of his poetry that are of least value in the eyes of the true admirer.

TUDOR REVELS

Notes on the History of the Revels Office under the Tudors. By E. K. CHAMBERS. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.)

ATTENTION has lately been called to the Office of the Revels in the time of Queen Elizabeth owing to the unfortunate theory put forward in the Clarendon Press edition of the works of Lyly that that impecunious dramatist not only expected the Mastership, but was actually, from 1585 onwards, the Clerk Comptroller. This hypothesis, which, as Mr. Chambers remarks, "runs through the whole of Mr. Bond's elaborate biography of Lyly," and forms the basis of many of its conclusions, can be shown to be wrong, "since it so happens that the tenure, not only of the Clerk Comptrollership, but of every post on the Revels establishment is clearly traceable to the end of Elizabeth's reign, and that there is no room for Lyly." To have put this point beyond doubt was worth a thin book such as Mr. Chambers has here written, but his narrative, though perhaps rather needlessly detailed and minute, possesses considerable interest in its own right. From the reign of Henry VII. onwards notices of Court revels are frequent, and Mr. Chambers enables us to follow the fortunes of the successive masters, sergeants, yeomen, and clerk comptrollers, and to form an estimate of their incomes and even, in some cases, of their characters. Among the Burghley papers are several reports drawn up with a view to a re-organisation of the Revels Office, which like many Utopias make it possible to guess pretty closely what were the actual customs from which the would-be reformers took their start. One of the worst of these customs was that of keeping the creditors of the Office waiting for years for their money, a bad system for which they must presumably have recouped themselves by charging the highest possible prices. Among the recurring difficulties of the Office was that of preventing the fashionable participants in any revels at Court from

retaining the costumes supplied to them as their own perquisites, while the spectators seem to have expected to be allowed to scramble for anything that could be carried off, presumably as mementoes. Notwithstanding these depredations the properties belonging to the Office were considerable, and the annual "airing" given to them seems to have been a great affair. During the greater part of the period with which Mr. Chambers deals the office of Master was not very highly paid; but latterly the official salary was so largely increased by the payments made by the players that the special allowance of one hundred pounds a year made to Tilney "for a better recompense" was not continued to his successor. Unfortunately this takes us beyond Mr. Chambers's period, but a full investigation of these payments may be looked for in the second volume of Mr. Greg's edition of Henslowe's Diary, and Mr. Chambers has done his share of the work with admirable completeness.

THE POETRY OF THE FAR EAST

Primitive and Medieval Japanese Texts. Translated into English, with Introductions, Notes and Glossaries. By FREDERICK VICTOR DICKINS. 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE fundamental documents of Japanese history and literature form a trilogy, which is now for the first time presented in completeness. The *Kojiki* or Ancient Annals, translated by Professor Chamberlain, the *Nihongi* or Chronicles of Japan by Dr. Aston, and the *Manyōshū* or Anthology of Poetry, never published before in English or any western tongue, are all the work of the first sixty years of the eighth century of the Christian era. With them Japanese literature begins; and, so far as we can see, with them it ends. Mr. Dickins, in a very interesting Introduction, writes:

In modern Japanese the characters (ideographs) representing the Japono-Chinese words, forming now two-thirds and ever forming more of the vocabulary, must be seen to be understood; the sound alone does not give the sense. Thus the development of the language in the direction of imagery or rhetorical expression was almost destroyed. One can neither be witty nor pathetic in the current language of educated Japan. . . . The modern literature of Japan, as such, is nearly worthless. . . . The modern language of Japan becomes more and more incapable of rendering, so as to be fully understood by a Japanese not already acquainted with some western language, a single sentence, not simply descriptive or narrative, of the literature properly so called of the Occident.

Mr. Dickins's brilliant attainments as a Japanese scholar are well known and have long been recognised. None less would have availed to accomplish, as he has done with splendid success, the task which he has set himself. The two hundred and sixty-four lays of which the Anthology consists are formidably difficult of interpretation. The text is very imperfect and calls for constant conjectural emendation of the compound Chinese script. Moreover, it was the strange habit of these old poets of the Far East to express as little as they could of what they had in their minds, apparently regarding suggestion as the true function of a poet. Now suggestion was probably vocal enough to their contemporaries, but must often fail to carry its message to a translator coming one thousand two hundred years after with a mind necessarily full of western associations. It is only necessary to read Sections XII. and XIII. of the Introduction, dealing with the "decoration" of Japanese verse—which finally destroyed what it was meant to adorn—to appreciate the almost insuperable difficulties arising from the "Pillow-words." Without going into the origin of this curious designation—in itself obscure—we may give Mr. Dickins's explanation or description of the terms so-called, and supplement it by subjoining a few typical instances:

Pillow-words may be described as fixed epithets belonging mainly to the word following them as a verbal decoration, but sometimes

more or less necessary to the poem as well. Not unfrequently they are comparable with the Homeric epithet, but they lack all personification, and of the wealth of imagery characteristic of classical poetry the humbler verse of Japan cannot boast.

Some of these are conventional adjectives, like *κελαυεφής* *ισόθεος*, some are highly poetical, like "winter-prisoned" as an epithet of spring, but some have a significance wholly unique and confined to the poetry of the far East; for instance, a word meaning "wave-ride-seaweed" by a double quibble involves the meaning of "do not tell (my name)."

When they involve a word-play, or apply to part of a place-name or word, with perhaps a word-play thrown in, they cannot strictly be rendered at all; all that can be done is so to turn the Western version as to give the reader more or less the impression the original may have made on the Japanese hearer of the eighth century.

The pillow-word is often something like the title of the poem, and two alternative versions of its meaning have often hardly an idea in common. Of one passage Mr. Dickens writes (p. 202):

It may mean, "this is what the swift messenger of the skies, swift as a flying stone, hath told me"; or, "like a messenger, swift as a stone flying through the air, would I tell my thoughts"; or, better still, "this is what I say, climbing the rocky hills and swiftly mounting them to reach my love."

Nearly all the lays consist of lines of five syllables and of seven syllables alternately, with two hepta-syllabic lines at the end. It would be quite impossible to convey, except by copious extracts, any idea of the general character of the lays; but they have a character of their own, giving the impression of lovely and delicate workmanship, if one who is wholly unacquainted with Eastern literature may venture to express an opinion. One feels in them all an intense artistic sensibility which cannot fail to suggest the Greek Anthology, especially in the hands of the earlier anthologists. The later Byzantine poets aim at a richness of ornamentation which carries them farther and farther away from the poetry of the Far East. The Japanese dwell on external aspects of Nature with an ecstasy which is sometimes more impressive and intense than that of the Greek, by reason of that reticence and allusiveness to which we have referred as increasing the difficulties which the translator has to meet. But nothing can disguise the love of flowers, of life in the open air, the romantic spirit which came into Greek poetry with the Anthology, and which was by it handed on to the literature of Rome. We see by this collection that Japanese poetry, like that of the Greeks, went hand in hand with art. There are choral odes in the Greek dramatists which are uttered frescoes and bas-reliefs; there are many poems in Mr. Dickens's collection which can only be likened to engraved gems. One may indicate a few of the Lays as a good introduction to the rest: 2, 6, 22, 24, 27, 37, 53, 62, 64, 67, 92, 102, 105-III, 125, 127, 178, 183, 203, 204, 210, 211, 217, 224, 226, 227, 231, 240, 259, 263, and the three lays on p. 304, of which we give the last:

In Yashima
No wife to love I found me,
In Kasuga
Of blossoming spring-time mind-
ing
I heard there dwelt
A maiden passing fair,
Whose door I opened
That fair maid's door I opened,
And there I entered,
And foot to foot

And head to head embraced her
My arms embracing
Her, her arms embracing
Me, we lay there,
And so we slumbered sweetly,
Till that the cock crew,
And from the moorland border
The pheasant screamed,
And dawn of day announced,
sweet,
Ere half my tale,
My tale of love was told thee.

Mr. Dickens compares:

O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

We may offer one more extract:

Book II. Part ii.

During the residence at the Palace of Ohotsu in Afumi.
18.

By one of the Ladies of the Court on the ascent to heaven of the Sovran.

Earthly and mortal
My Lord I may not follow
On high ascended,
And, far from him divided,
Each morn my tears
Each even flow my tears,
From him wide sunder'd—

Were I a jewel worn,
Or any vestment,
I should be still unparted
From whom I love
My Lord whom in a vision
But yesternight I saw.

These extracts will show how pure and vigorous is the diction of Mr. Dickens. Such is it through his whole work; there is no affectation of archaism or Wardour Street English, hardly a word not to be found in modern poetry. It is this candour and sincerity, as of one who loves and respects his subject, that enables us to read without any sense of weariness a considerable body of poetry which, though it never can rise very high by reason of the absence of personification which characterises Turanian speech, yet never fails to please, partly by its peculiar quality, but partly also by its interesting position in time and place. None can approach without a feeling of deep interest and eager curiosity a body of literature which arose twelve centuries ago in the Far East between the Caspian Sea and the Northern shores of the Eastern Pacific at a period of the world as near to Callimachus and Theocritus as to Tennyson and Browning, a good deal nearer to the "Garden" of Meleager than to the "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave.

Now and then we catch an echo, of course quite fortuitous, of an ancient or modern song. With the above, for instance, Mr. Dickens aptly compares Anacreon's

ἐγὼ χιτῶν γενόμεν
ὅπως αἶε φέρησιν με;

and somewhat similar, but warmer in the one and somewhat gross in the other, is the sentiment in Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" and Ovid's *Amores*, ii. 15. Again, by lay 94 we are reminded of the nightingale in the celebrated Ode in the *Oed. Col.* of Sophocles, and lay 180 has the very counterpart of "Shule Agra":

I sold my rock, I sold my reel,
To buy my love a sword of steel.

Mr. Dickens has also translated in vol. i. some short mediæval lays; the Preface to "The Garner of Japanese Verse Old and New"; the Mime of Takasago; and "The Story of the old Bamboo Wicker-worker," the earliest work of fiction in Japanese or any Ural-Altaic tongue.

Volume ii. is not for the general reader but for students of the Japanese language, containing the text of the Lays romanised, and a short grammar, with glossary and index.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A QUEEN OF INDISCRETIONS

A Queen of Indiscretions. By G. P. CLERKE. Translated, with an Introduction, by FREDERICK CHAPMAN. (Lane, 21s. net.)

THIS book could not have been more aptly named, for Caroline of Brunswick, who was married to George IV., was much more truly a queen of indiscretions than ever she was Queen of England. And she possessed such genius for indiscretion that in the face of a complete system of espionage over her life she managed to preserve something of what is known as a good name and much sympathy. Sympathy, indeed, and pity are easily wasted upon her; and in his introduction, though it is an able piece of work, Mr. Chapman laments a little profusely her ill-usage by the Prince Regent, and treats her escapades with excuse and solemnity which would have fitted the case of a martyr or graced the elegy on a saint. Caroline of Brunswick was far from being either, though she knew the value of a pose

which can play upon the sentimentality of a soft-hearted public—the pose of a woman whose woman's feelings have been outraged by a monarch, of a mother whose mother's heart has been broken by a council's edict of separation from her daughter. Mr. Chapman treats her, too, from the moral standpoint, and then hands must be lifted and shoulders shrugged in shocked amazement; for it may be said of her, as it was said of the renowned rabbit, that:

Although he has a pleasant face
His private life's a sad disgrace.

Such treatment is decorous for an injured Queen of England, but it clouds the vision of the merry queen of indiscretions with a kind of noble mist which her rogue's presence would have scattered with a smile.

For Caroline of Brunswick was essentially what Lady Fanshawe, that charming diarist, would have called a "hoiting girl"; that is to say, she was a girl of immense vitality, a pretty wit and no refinement. After certain escapades at the Court of Brunswick—the fun of which probably compensated in a measure for the loss of reputation which they entailed—when she was beginning to weary of the poverty of her home and the wrangles between her father's wife and her father's mistress, both of whom lived in the palace, the English Ambassador came forward with the proposal that she should become the wife of the future King of England, a man who in extravagance and feature was the *preux-chevalier* of Europe. True, in character and attainments he showed unmistakable signs of being the son of a man who became an idiot; but he made her Queen of England, and only afflicted her with his presence for a very brief space of time, after which she rioted on the Continent, fêted as a queen, with the £30,000 a year which the nation allowed her.

It is principally of the years which she spent in Italy that Professor Clerici treats; the years during which she did as she liked, and during which evidence was being slowly gathered with official solemnity and precision for her ultimate divorce. Rabelais would have done justice to the situation: the staid ambassador, James Harris, Earl of Malmesbury, acting as mentor to the hoyden of the little German court in such matters as the more frequent change of *lingerie*, and trying to create in her some shadow of the stately queen which he wanted her to become; the journey to England and her royal lover, and the mischief of the girl who must needs walk about with a handsome officer on deck during the whole night; and that marriage and her swift freedom. What could be madder than her behaviour on her wild progresses with Bartolomeo Pergami, while the careful Baron Ompteda kept her under his austere surveyance, and noted down minutely the reports of her mischief and her fancy for lightness of apparel; or more theatrical than her return to England and her attempt to enter the Abbey at the coronation of her sometime husband? And then at length her trial took place before the sober law-lords and peers of the realm while in her hand she held some tremendous secret which could be known only to the king and to herself, which was never revealed, and which kept the king in perpetual uneasiness until death called her from him.

Caroline's life was an astounding romance, and though it is a little clouded in the sumptuous volume before us by sentiment and pathos which are not needed, the account is ably given. Mr. Chapman especially lends colour to her adventures in his clever introduction by the way in which he shows how, for all her genius for mischief and for all her tricks and wantonness, Caroline never lost a curious charm which made her buoyancy and reckless spirit lovable to the last. The numerous illustrations, which are admirably reproduced from contemporary portraits and prints, would alone make the book of interest and value.

THE SALON OF MADAME GEOFFRIN

The Friends of Voltaire. By S. G. TALLENTYRE. (Smith, Elder, 9s. net.)

IN the seventeenth century the French woman of high rank was the patron of polite learning and the companion of the king. In the eighteenth century, the more energetic and ambitious French woman of the upper middle classes ruled in the salon and in the palace. When she appeared the French mind had already lost its poetic qualities, its imaginativeness, its passionateness and its sense of the infinite, and these she replaced by the secondary qualities of radiant common sense, breadth and versatility of interests, and universal sympathy. In politics she was a force that made for disorder, and as the distinction of noble birth was the only distinction to which she could not pretend, she was, in this respect, an envious egalitarian. In literature, science and philosophy she was an urbane and wholesome influence. She had that kind of taste which Edward Fitzgerald defined as the feminine of genius. Her peculiar power of attraction resided in the intellectual quality of the charm which she exercised. She dressed her mind as exquisitely as she arrayed her body. Nothing that interested men was indifferent to her, and she accompanied her lover in the pursuit of knowledge as ardently as she accompanied him in the pursuit of entertainment. In the art of conversation, especially, she was the most brilliant of women. Originating nothing, she collaborated in everything. Ideas presented to her in a clear and agreeable form, she re-expressed with a grace and vivacity of manner that made them the current coin of thought of the civilised world. The Café Procope and the Café Gradot ceased to play in French literature the part that Wills's and Button's played in English literature. The French bourgeoisie, more affable, sympathetic and generous than the great lady of the period, detached the men of letters of the middle of the eighteenth century from the coffee houses, and converted her drawing-room into the centre of the intellectual life of Europe. There, in the absence of any difference of rank between the hostess and her guests, the new spirit of equality was fostered and exercised, until it passed, almost insensibly, from the field of conversation into the field of literature.

Mme. de Tencin had already gathered about her, for political purposes, some of the leading men of the age—Fontenelle, Montesquieu and Bolingbroke, Marivaux, Helvetius and Marmontel—when Mme. Geoffrin entered her salon. "Do you know what Geoffrin has come here to do?" said the Cardinal's sister to a friend. "To take an inventory of my effects." So, in fact, she had. Rich, witty, bountiful and good-tempered, with a genius for managing men, Mme. Geoffrin became in a very few years a great power in the world of French literature, and as soon as she arrived at this position a change took place in the thought of the age. She took over the effects of Mme. de Tencin's salon, but she arranged them in a way that would have displeased that hard, brilliant lady of the old school. Her predecessor was a stateswoman, she was a revolutionary. "You know," she said to Fontenelle, "there is reason in what I say." "Yes," said the nephew and pupil of Corneille, taking out his watch and looking at it; "but your reason is, like my watch, in advance of the right time."

That, however, was just the sort of reason that was then beginning to obtain in France. Scattered groups of men of the younger generation were trying to think in advance of orthodox opinion, and were casting about for a common meeting-place and a means of common action. Mme. Geoffrin placed her house and a great part of her wealth—a hundred thousand crowns—at their service, and Diderot and D'Alembert, the son of Mme. de Tencin, then formally instituted in the "Encyclopædia" that movement of enlightenment in which the moderate forces of progress were massed and directed. A little about

everything and nothing about one thing only, so the Encyclopædists talked and so they wrote. There was no more system in the work that Diderot edited than in the conversation that Mme. Geoffrin guided. The men of the new school conspired with the Government against the power of the Pope, and advocated in an indefinite way certain measures of social reform, but they had not, like Rousseau, a clear and radical political philosophy to establish which the whole order of society had to be destroyed. D'Alembert, an eminent geometrician, harsh and overbearing in argument but sprightly and amiable in ordinary talk, was inspired by a belief in science as the main instrument of progress. Diderot, an extraordinarily versatile man of letters and an inexhaustible fountain of ideas, was too much of a sophist to be a thinker. Helvetius and D'Holbach, the extreme writers of the school in matters of metaphysics, reduced the materialism of Hobbes to a desperate and melancholy view of the world upon which no gospel of regeneration could be based. Turgot, the most masculine genius and noblest character of all, disliked every democratic form of government, while other frequenters of Mme. Geoffrin's salon were, like Buffon, the great naturalist, and Grimm, the German critic, but little interested in the machinery of the State.

One trait, however, the Encyclopædists had in common with Rousseau, which none of Mme. Geoffrin's foreign visitors—Gibbon, Hume, Horace Walpole, Galiani and others—possessed. This was enthusiasm. "Posterity is merely a possibility and we are realities," said Galiani, a brilliant Italian abbé who combined Machiavellianism in politics with epicureanism of the lower sort in life. "Why should realities put themselves out for possibilities?" Few of his audience agreed with him. The French writers were then animated by that breath of generous aspiration in regard to the future of the human race which inspired Condorcet, just before he mounted the guillotine in the days of the Terror, to compose his work on "The Progress of the Human Mind." The French intellect in the later part of the eighteenth century had not the cold intellectual quality of the English intellect of the same period. It was suffused with feeling. The Encyclopædists were more deeply moved by a regard for humanity than many of the clergy of their age were by a regard for God. Their humanitarianism amounted to a religion, though sometimes, it must be admitted, it affected them in strange ways. Touched by the new enthusiasm, Helvetius, for instance, a professed atheist, who had enriched himself by farming the taxes and grinding the poor, reformed his manner of life, married, and retired to the country and there tried to make all men happy by writing a book to prove that they were actuated entirely by the most selfish motives. Diderot, too, the founder of the movement, was the author of one of the most licentious novels in French literature, and a man so wanting in feeling in regard to his wife and child that even Mme. Geoffrin grew angry with him, and, as he said, "treated him like a beast."

But, after all, it is in the bright side of the French movement of enlightenment that the genuine character of the men who promoted it, is displayed. The generosity of soul that inspired it, the force of mind and strength of will that sustained it and brought it to a triumphant conclusion, these are the memorable things. The dark side of the movement was only a reflection of the darkness of the age against which the light-bearers struggled. In her studies of the writers of the Encyclopædic school Miss Tallentyre rightly keeps to the bright side. Her book is an agreeable contexture of anecdotes, epigrams and light biographical sketches. The works of the Encyclopædists are not discussed at any length or with any critical power. Few of them, it is true, now merit much attention. The voluminous "Encyclopædia" itself has become one of the most unreadable of books. That is the worst of movements of enlightenment: in them good literature gets mingled with perishable science, and the dead science drags the literature down into dust and oblivion.

A HISTORY WITH A PURPOSE

The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands. By J. ELLIS BARKER. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ELLIS BARKER, taking the view of Dionysius of Halicarnassus that "History is Philosophy teaching by example," has apparently been looking round for an awful warning which may induce the British people to see the error of their ways. He finds that the story of the rise and decline of the Netherlands has been largely neglected by English writers, though the material is ample and requires only a knowledge of Dutch to make it easily available. Motley did not carry his account of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands beyond 1619, and Motley apart, the only histories accessible to the average English reader are Grattan's published in 1830, Davies's published in 1841-4, and Thorold Rogers's published in 1888. In Dutch there are what Mr. Barker calls "the monumental and indispensable works of Bor, Aitzema, Wagenaar," and in addition to reading them he has consulted some two thousand volumes and pamphlets in Dutch, German, French, English, Italian, and Spanish. No praise can therefore be too high for the thoroughness with which he has discharged the task he set himself. From the point of view of many of his readers, however, it will be felt that in this very capable book he has been concerned not mainly to tell the story and point the moral, but has deliberately searched for evidence in favour of a political and economic theory. Indeed he confesses as much when he says that he has deserted the broad path trodden by modern historians and elected not to crowd his canvas with elaborate details which obscure causes and consequences—a criticism on the methods of others which it is necessary for Mr. Barker to make in order to justify the writing of "a history with a purpose." "It is meant," says Mr. Barker, "to be a history of cause and effect, not a lengthy and wearisome account of battles, sieges and negotiations; for I believe with Polybius that 'the most useful part of history is the knowledge of what passed before and after every great event, and especially the causes that produced it.'" If we cannot all share Mr. Barker's view as to the superiority of his methods over those of Motley and Gibbon and Macaulay and Froude and Green, we can at least commend the honesty of his explanation and the quality of the work he has given us.

And what is it Mr. Barker seeks to prove? That the Netherlands grew rich by thrift, by industry, by education; that they were the pioneers in material and scientific progress and of liberty, and that their shipping and their colonisation made them in the seventeenth century to the world in general what Great Britain is in the twentieth. He certainly draws a parallel, which, as his business is that of advocate rather than judge, must be regarded as striking.

Dutch wealth and pretension naturally created enemies for the Netherlands. Louis XIV., with some justification, no doubt, resented their attitude towards France, and sought a pretext for attack. To conquer the country meant his own aggrandisement, and when he had induced Charles II. of England to accept his gold and become his creature, the way seemed clear. The Netherlands, in their self-satisfied belief that wealth was power, had failed to give heed to their defences. Self-government had been carried to an extreme which meant that every province was a law unto itself. Party spirit ran high, and when the hour of trouble came democracy proved itself helpless in the teeth of French organisation and leadership. The army and the navy had been reduced to a point which almost invited attack, and free trade, it is contended, left the various industries equally defenceless against the invasion of foreign rivals. England and France had both set themselves, by tariffs and navigation acts, to break up Dutch supremacy in trade. Whilst the enemies of the Netherlands were active the States were

torn by political dissension. Mr Barker is as strong in his denunciation of party government as in his plea for unity of aim and loyalty to the whole rather than to the part. He finds that popular government is a delusion and a snare. "It has never existed during historical times, it exists nowhere at present and it never can and never will exist." Popular government, he says, means party government; and party government means government by a few interested and irresponsible wirepullers and agitators. His account of the effect of the party régime on the fortunes of the Netherlands is a scathing condemnation of the sectional and individual interests which sacrificed the States to their own selfish profit. They rendered union between the States for common purposes impossible, and the Netherlands were saved from annihilation only by the strong hand and wise head of one man, William III. of Orange. The people rose against the politicians, insisted on William being made Stadtholder, were saved from the worst consequences of the folly of their political leaders, and when William's influence was removed by his transference to England, sank back into the rut of materialism from which he rescued them.

The upshot of it all is, of course, from Mr Barker's point of view, that Great Britain will go the way of the Netherlands unless she applies the lessons they provide. She must give up free trade, strengthen her army and navy, federate the Empire and send the party politician about his business:

Unless Great Britain and the British Colonies be soon organised and united in accordance with modern requirements, the history of the Netherlands may repeat itself, and Great Britain may lose her power, her colonies, her industries, her trade, her shipping, and her wealth to other nations.

The trouble is that Mr Barker's book will itself divide men into parties: tariff reformers will applaud its conclusions, whilst free traders will say that the colours are laid on thickly for the very party purpose which Mr Barker denounces. The story of the Netherlands which Motley began is a profoundly interesting one and we wish Mr Barker had seen his way to continue it down to the eighteenth century without making it the vehicle of political propaganda.

VERSE AND POETRY

Out of the Silence. By JAMES RHOADES. (Lane, 1s. net.)

New Poems. By WILLIAM H. DAVIES. (Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

It would be difficult to find any serious fault with "Out of the Silence." It is true that occasionally the author becomes ungrammatical, as in the phrase "no toy Like as men fashion for an infant's joy." Occasionally, too, he seems not to understand the meaning of the words he uses, as, for instance, "Say who . . . Enableth foot and finger, ear and eye?" At times he is pleonastic and puerile, as when he writes "Viewless, inaudible, to eye and ear." But we cannot feel too sore against him for this last line: a rhyme had to be found for the words "clear" and "dear," and what could be more appropriate and correct than "ear"? The captious reader might also discover lines in which Mr. Rhoades, without making a downright linguistic mistake, uses phrases which are not quite idiomatic at the present day, such as "What erst was hurtful . . . Will . . . Turn to innocuous or beneficent." Still, as we have said, little censure of a positive kind can be passed on the poem. But where is its merit? "Out of the Silence," the author tells us in the preface, "while structurally conforming to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, is directly opposite in its teaching." He is a poor poet who has not his own ideas of form, and a poor controversialist who has to borrow the method of his opponent. Omar, as we know him in English, is by no means always blasphemous or rebellious,

but he is always familiar. He is ready, as has been said, to curse God with one drink and love Him with the next. Then why use the metre of FitzGerald as the vehicle for a somewhat lengthy utterance on the part of the Deity and put into His mouth things which, by the force of association, have become unreadable in FitzGerald's stanza? If the author had any rhythmical originality, he might manage to produce the impression that he was writing from his heart and had a sense of the appropriateness of form and theme. But originality is precisely what he lacks. His verse is either characterless or else it is an echo of FitzGerald's music.

Mr. William H. Davies, on the other hand, is a poet whose work ought to have attracted much more attention than it has yet received. "The Soul's Destroyer," which was published last year, had not a fair chance of becoming known and appreciated, owing to two causes. In the first place, it was not issued by a publisher, but offered for sale by the author at an address in the Borough. Secondly, a large proportion of the reviewers who noticed the book, excited by Mr. Davies's fearless portrayal of life in London lodging-houses and public bars, treated him as a poet of the slums or a follower of James Thomson. Because he is sufficiently frank to write of intemperance and squalor, they overlooked the fact that he is poet enough to sing of love and beauty. In reality his spirit is much more Wordsworthian than Villonesque. Sincerity and confidence are the keynote and dominant of all his poetry. It is not possible to imagine him writing anything in a posing or histrionic vein, or, as they say, for the sake of writing. How many of our younger makers of verse would have had the sincerity to include the following lines in a passage describing the delight of returning to the country after years of exile in a dismal neighbourhood of London:

Let others praise thy parts, sweet Nature; I,
Who cannot know the barley from the oats,
Nor call the bird by note, nor name a star,
Claim thy heart's fulness through the face of things?

So he wrote in "The Soul's Destroyer," and in this new volume we have evidence of the sincere delight which he has taken in the observation of birds and flowers and changing aspects of the woods and meadows. These subjects may receive fuller treatment in future and come to be an important element in his work. But at present we still prefer him when he writes of men and women, or when he takes a fancy suggested to him by nature to typify a human emotion:

As butterflies are but winged flowers,
Half sorry for their change, who fain,
So still and long they dwell on leaves,
Would be thought flowers again—

E'en so my thoughts, that should expand
To grow to higher themes above,
Return like butterflies to lie
On the old things I love.

He is eminently a poet of humanity. In "New Poems" there is the same healthy strain of humour which appeared in his first book, the same occasional grimness—seldom however amounting to bitterness—the same sudden and unusual pathos, as when, in a passage proclaiming the universality of beauty, he mentions the ocean:

cruel though it be,
That will not leave the poor drowned boy unmoved,
But cuts with rocks that face his mother loved.

While this volume shows a considerable advance on the first in the matter of technique, there are still a few roughnesses and obscure passages which might be altered in the next edition.

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EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 19, 1907

RELIGION AND THE TEACHER IN SCHOOL

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

ONE cannot argue with a sentiment or disprove a prejudice; above all one cannot usefully controvert the sentiments and prejudices of conscientious worshippers in the Cowper temple, the Brompton Oratory, or the Halifax church. It would be Pharisaic to boast one's exemption, but, after all, there are *grâces de l'état*, which make for sweet reasonableness and enable one to comprehend and therefore pardon. Because I have been a teacher in Voluntary and Board Schools, and know the inwardness of the matter, I have been able to listen with patience and tolerance to both sides of a loud outcry during eleven long Parliamentary years. The outcry about teaching Religion in elementary schools, I mean; it is accepted that there is no "religious difficulty" for teachers in any other than elementary schools. But when I have said, as with brief default of patience I have said sometimes, that there is no real religious teaching difficulty in elementary schools either, it has been said to ears of unbelief or disappointment. "There is!" has been the response from one side. "Then there ought to be!" has been the cry from the other. It does not appear to suit anybody's book that there should be no "religious difficulty" in the teaching of elementary schools.

Of course to schemes of government and systems of faith the forms, degrees, and conditions of religious teaching maintained at public cost are an important matter; people and Peoples always have quarrelled over that, and perhaps in honesty and vitality people and Peoples always ought to quarrel over it; as a politician I could quarrel over it myself. In writing this I need tax nobody with insincerity nor call anybody hypocrite; though it is human to be inconsistent and self-deceptive, there are very few conscious hypocrites in the world. Neither the right nor the wrong in the present matter lies with Dr. Clifford or with Lord Halifax, it seems to me, though each in honesty battles for what seems to him the right, against what seems to him the wrong. Yet, as one who knows by practice and experience the true inwardness of the matter, regarded practically and not polemically, I declare that at the bottom of the huge, hollow sounding shell of uproar lies only the minutest kernel of solid fact.

"Rights of the parent!" "No tests for teachers!"—those are the war-cries. The floor of the parish church used to be the battlefield of the creeds; the battlefield is now the floor of the public elementary school. "If you will kindly keep out and leave it to us, all will be peace," says the teacher to the wranglers. But the wranglers cannot do that; at any rate, they will not. Yet what the teacher says is true—there is no practical difficulty about the religious teaching in elementary schools. I think it was Disraeli who said, in 1870, that the Cowper-Temple Clause would call into existence a new sacerdotal class—the Board School teachers to wit. With skill, and forbearance, and professional tact, with the approval of many parents and the explicit disapproval of next to none—above all, without any sacerdotal assumption—the Board and Council school teachers have made that latter-day prophecy come true; they have been priests and elders in religion to half the children of the land. With just as much skill, forbearance, and tact, amidst just as much approval and indifference, the teachers in Denominational schools have done their work. In the one case offence and occasions of offence to parents who are Churchmen, or Wesleyans, or Baptists, or what not, have been avoided, in the other case offence or occasions of offence to Nonconformists as a whole.

I have smiled—though tolerantly, I hope—when I have heard in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, a thousand times these last eleven years, the claim that parents must have the right to obtain for their children elementary-school teaching in the creeds the parents profess. I know that parents seldom or never have made that claim for themselves, do not now make the claim, and do not feel that they need make it. I know that Churchmen and Roman Catholics whose children attended Board and Council schools have been satisfied, have not been offended, and not once in a myriad cases have claimed the protection of the Conscience clause. I know that Nonconformists whose sons and daughters attended Church schools have hardly ever grumbled, have hardly ever withdrawn their children, and have often said of the teaching in the Creed, the Catechism, and the Duties there that "It won't do them any harm." And, further, I know that parents who attend neither Church nor Chapel, the Agnostic, Rationalistic, or Materialistic parents, have shown themselves Indifferentists in this matter, allowing their children to "learn religion" all the same. With proof and actuality, therefore, the teacher may say, "If you will only be quiet—if you will only leave it to me!"

"Admirable! Plain evidence of the common sense of the people when not stirred up by fanatics!" thinks the philosopher. "Horrible! Plain proof of the decay of religion in the land!" cry those sincere persons to whom he refers. "I wish you would all keep quiet," says the teacher, "and let me go on quietly with what I know is doing the children good. Come into my school and see for yourselves. It does not matter whether my school be provided or non-provided in this respect. Listen to the sweet and reverent singing of the morning hymn, note the hushed awe of the united prayer, hear the moral teaching conveyed in the lessons from the Bible or the Canons, enjoy the thanks of the *Nunc Dimittis*, the doxology at the close of the day. Matthew Arnold defined religion as 'morality touched with emotion'; don't drive us into secularism, don't wrest away the Book. Let me keep on impressing on the children, directly or indirectly, that Christianity is all one essentially, and real and abiding; no matter how churches and chapels may be ranked against each other outside. Let us go on touching morality with the religious emotions that English folk have felt for ages—leave us still free to hallow with supernal sanctions the plain and noble ethics we teach. Let me still, without cassock or white tie to mark me off from lay humanity, be a priest and a pastor to these little souls. Don't ask me to form them into Cadet Corps of Episcopalians or Wesleyans—don't think I am doing it now; I have never done it, it is done in no Protestant school, whether Voluntary or Council. This school is a nursery for Christians, not Sectarians; from whatever houses and with whatever creeds the children come to us, here they join in common Christianity and family prayer." Then, like the father in the "Cotter's Saturday Night,"

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

Now that is the attitude of the typical teacher towards this vexed question in elementary schools; the teachers who during the late discussions claimed liberty to "volunteer" to give denominational teaching did not claim liberty to proselytise. And it is an attitude which, in practice, one cannot better. For myself, I cannot see that it needs bettering, and I am sure that legislative and administrative attempts to better it will worsen it instead. "Right of entry" will worsen it, tests for

teachers in Council schools will worsen it, ultra-ecclesiastical emphasis on what has been will worsen it, and so will any insistence on formal tests. In practice the use of formal preliminary tests is decaying; the recent dearth of teachers brought that about. A good deal is said, in political debates on this question, as to the necessity of tests in order to ensure sincerity and efficiency in religious teaching; but sincerity and efficiency cannot be proved in that way. In point of fact, teachers who do not wish to give, or are unable to give, instruction according to the views of a religious denomination do not apply for service in schools associated with that denomination; Protestant teachers do not seek to enter Roman Catholic schools, Nonconformist teachers do not apply for appointment to Church schools. Whether or no it is fair and wise that employment and promotion for the teachers as a body should be limited in that way is not the question I am discussing now; I am dealing with the positive value of tests. Over and above this act of selection or renunciation by a teacher, the managers of a Church school can exercise the following preliminary tests: they can inquire of a candidate if he was trained in a Church Training College, if he possesses the Archbishop's certificate in Divinity, if he is a Communicant, and if he is High Church or Low. Now a teacher may answer all those questions satisfactorily, and yet be, *au fond*, irreligious; formal preliminary tests are worse than useless, they are futile against deceit, and they positively invite deceit. Yet it was to conserve to managers of denominational schools the power to put these preliminary formal tests that the Act of 1902 prescribed four denominational managers to two representative managers on the committee of each denominational school. That provision lies like a worm of ruin at the root of that Act. If all the managers were appointed by the local authority and formal preliminary tests were not applied, there would still be the chief and only valid preliminary test remaining, that of the teacher's willingness to undertake the work. After all, the real test of a teacher's religious efficiency is his teaching, and the true guarantee of his sincerity is his life. To get a truly religious man or woman into the school is the desideratum. The best religious teaching is that which emanates like an aura from personality, from character and example as well as from precept, from zeal in the actual work joined to a sober, righteous and godly life.

The applicant for service in a Council school answers one preliminary test indirectly—he is willing to give the religious lessons which are customary in the school. But to him the real and subsequent tests, of efficient teaching joined to character and behaviour, apply as much as they do to teachers in denominational schools. All teachers in public elementary schools live and work under a fierce light of publicity; they are known and marked in the neighbourhood, the eyes of the children, the parents, the managers, the inspectors, and the neighbouring population are on them constantly, and there cannot be a better guarantee of sincerity of life and purpose than that. But formal preliminary tests, to maintain which the friends of Voluntary schools are risking the very existence of those schools, do not detect unfitness of life, inconsistency of character, or insincerity of purpose at all.

To me the conclusion seems to be that out of great zeal and little actual knowledge a monstrous pothole has arisen, over what in practice is a matter quite simple and small. The discussions during 1906 seem to show that the public as a whole would agree to the continuance of existing denominational schools as well. These denominational schools might be wholly managed by representatives of the public, and yet their denominational teaching be continued; because in the first place, the public managers would, almost without exception, "play fair," and, in the second place, only teachers prepared to give the denominational teaching would apply to work in these schools. Preliminary tests being useless, as I have shown, and not being applied; the management of the schools and appointment of teachers resting wholly in public hands;

and the two principles of "public management of public money" and no "denominational tests in public schools" being thus satisfied; then the nation as a whole would be content that denominational teaching as at present should go on. A conscience clause for teachers could be enacted, and by administration over large areas due employment and promotion could be found for teachers unable to enter denominational schools.

MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION

NOTHING was more surprising last summer than the enormous output of letters provoked by the articles of Mr G. R. Sims in the *Tribune* on the Bitter Cry of the Middle Classes. They conclusively proved that the middle classes are a kind of Issachar between two burdens, and the hardest hit section of the community. The country practitioner or his equally ill-paid brother in the poorer suburbs, the small lawyer, the poor parson or minister, the struggling tradesman, all find it harder than ever to make both ends meet and to do their duty by their children—if they consider that they can afford the luxury of children.

It is therefore encouraging to see that at least as to their children's education legislation has done and is continually doing something to lighten their burden. During the past seventeen years a complete change has come over the educational horizon in this respect. Less than twenty years ago there was hardly anything, in many districts, between the public school with its high fees, or the expensive and often poorly equipped private school, and the free or nearly free board or voluntary school, with the result that the intelligent foreigner wondered how the man with a family and five hundred pounds a year educated his children at all. On the other hand, the tax-burdened middle-class parent of to-day often neglects to avail himself of the educational advantages now at his disposal; and this for two reasons: the first (and pardonable one), ignorance of the benefits open to him; the second (and unpardonable), a snobbish and belated notion that by sending his children to the county or municipal school he robs them of social prestige.

It is very true that the things we pay for most dearly we value most. If the fees of these Local Authority schools were those of Eton, the schools would be appreciated. Yet while in curriculum, tone, and status of teachers, some of the best of such schools more and more approximate to the type of the public school, the overweighted middle-class taxpayer neglects to make use of this valuable education for his sons and daughters, for which he is helping to pay. He stands aside, and bemoans his lot, and gives his children a shoddy education at home or in private schools, or wears out his life in the Herculean effort to send his boy to the old school which for generations has been the playground of his family—too often giving his poor daughter only the genteel bringing up which makes her totally unfit to enter the army of wage-earners, and create for herself an independent career. But other times, other manners.

It is extraordinary from what small beginnings this present movement for middle-class education started, and how recent a departure it is. At the end of the Parliamentary Session of 1899 the Bill then before the House to improve Secondary Education was already reckoned among the "Slaughtered Innocents"; but by the skill and energy of Sir William Mather (then Mr. Mather, M.P.), Sir William Hart Dyke, and the late Mr. W. H. Smith, standing orders were suspended, the Bill was considered and passed in a single night by the Commons, carried the next afternoon to the Lords where it passed through all its stages in one sitting, and became law just before the two Houses rose.

To quote Sir William Mather's picturesque description in his Presidential address to the National Association for

the Promotion of Secondary and Technical Education, in that year:

At two o'clock in the morning we seemed far from the goal and the debate was stormy; . . . but a few of us stuck to our guns . . . and we managed by four o'clock on Thursday morning, as the light of early dawn flooded the chamber, to get through Committee . . . and on Friday, when Parliament rose, it was law! . . . This story illustrates the somewhat bungling fashion in which we English people deal with some of our most serious legislation.

It is important to note that had the Bill not been passed, the so-called Whisky Money which became available next year could not have been applied to secondary education, and at any rate the outlook to-day would have certainly been more gloomy.

The County Councils at first paid most attention to technical education, but they speedily found that the great majority of those attending their technical institutes and classes were quite unfitted to profit by the various courses, owing to the defects in their general education. They were therefore compelled to concentrate their attention more and more on the secondary problem. At first they confined their attention to the building up of a scholarship system and to giving aid to existing secondary schools. The majority of these scholarships were intended to benefit the cleverer children of the working classes, and to form ultimately a ladder, as it was said, from the gutter to the university. Such scholarships were confined to the children of parents with less than one hundred and sixty pounds a year, but there were others which are still available to-day for the sons and daughters of parents with incomes under three hundred pounds and even under four hundred pounds a year.

Some idea of the magnitude of these scholarship schemes may be gathered from the fact that in London alone the Technical Education Board spent over a quarter of a million in eleven years; and its successor, the London County Council, has since inaugurated a still more complete system of scholarships, which educates free gratis and for nothing in our secondary schools thousands of children, many of whose parents belong to the middle and lower middle classes.

It is interesting to note the extreme lowness of the fees in some of these "aided" schools in London alone. Doubtless this is due not only to the Council's "grants in aid," but also, in some cases, still more to the substantial endowments possessed by the schools.

To show how well equipped these schools are we quote from the latest handbook of the London County Council. Thus School A (for boys), with a fee of £2 8s. per annum, provides

good chemical and physical laboratories and workshops. Offers sixty scholarships giving admission to the school and also leaving exhibitions.

School B (for girls), at £2 8s. per annum, is

a secondary school. Offers scholarships and exhibitions similar to those at the above boys' school.

School C (for girls), at £4 10s. per annum, is

provided with laboratory and lecture theatre for science teaching, and with facilities for the practical teaching of domestic economy.

School D (for boys and girls), £4 10s. per annum, has

polytechnic laboratories and equipment available for the pupils of the day school. The school is a mixed one for boys and girls. Pupils from the school can pass to the day college for men and women at this institution.

When we think of the £25 and even £30 charged by some schools for tuition alone the contrast is remarkable, and should appeal to the classes chiefly interested.

A second development of County and Borough Council activity in Education was the erection or taking over of secondary schools, in which a first-class education is often given by well-equipped staffs at a comparatively low fee. We are informed by Mr. Oldman, the courteous secretary

of the Technical and Secondary Education Association, to whom we are indebted for many facts in this article, that in 1903—the last year for which complete statistics for England are available—there were no less than one hundred and three towns and country districts in which such schools had either been planned, built, or transferred, and the movement since this has been so much accelerated that it is impossible for statisticians to keep pace with events. In London alone there are now thirteen such schools, the majority of which, however, are only a year or two old. The fees in these particular London schools vary from £1 10s. per annum at Shoreditch Technical Institute Day School (boys) to £10 10s. at Manor Mount Secondary School (girls).

As an instance of what has been done in the country we cannot do better than give a short account of the Cambridge County School for boys. No less than £12,000 was spent on the building and £3400 on the site, and the school receives from the local authority a grant of £500 a year. A thoroughly good general secondary education is given and the fees amount to only £1 10s. per term, and this includes the free use of class-books, stationery, etc. Boys from beyond the Cambridge County area are charged a higher fee. The school was founded over six years ago, steadily increasing in numbers from the first until there were over three hundred pupils when the permanent buildings were opened in 1903 and boys had to be turned away for lack of room. There is a junior and senior course. Only in the latter does differentiation begin. In the Senior Course there are three sections—Agricultural, Building and Engineering, and Commercial. The prospectus lays down that

whilst no actual trade or calling is taught, no effort is spared to give the instruction a most suitable, useful, and practical character preparatory for the leading occupations in the neighbourhood.

The Cambridge County Council has a school for girls, carried out on the same practical lines.

SCHOOL BOOKS

GREEK AND LATIN

FROM Mr. Murray we have received *Thucydides* VI. 30–53 and 60–105 (2s. 6d.), being the story of the first part of the Sicilian Expedition, edited by Mr. Percy Ure. This is an edition for beginners, difficulties of text or subject-matter being deliberately ignored. There is an Historical Introduction upon the condition of Greek political life and of the leading Greek States at the period. The text is followed by explanatory notes, an Appendix upon the speeches of Thucydides, with an abstract of those included in this selection from his writings, and a full vocabulary. Two maps are given, one of Sicily and Magna Graecia, and another of Syracuse, by the help of which Jones *minor* can follow with ease the course of the siege operations.

Mr. J. A. Shawyer has edited the *Menexenus* of Plato (2s.) for the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The text and *apparatus criticus* are those of the Oxford Classical Texts Series. The Introduction examines critically the meaning and intention of the Dialogue; discusses historical misstatements or doubtful statements; and gives a sketch of Greek literary criticism of the Orators. The commentary following the text is brief but deals adequately with all important points of history, grammar and style. From the same Press comes *Selections from Plutarch's Life of Caesar* (2s.), edited by Mr. R. L. A. Du Pontet, who hopes that the book "may be found a suitable way of introducing middle forms to one of the masterpieces of ancient literature," and makes the happy suggestion that the book be read in conjunction with Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The notes are brief but to the point, and a useful table of dates is appended. The Greek type of the text is a delight to the eye. *Tales of the Civil War* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1s. 6d.) is a selection made by Mr. W. D. Lowe from the third book of Caesar's *Civil War*. The book being intended for beginners, the chapters are broken up into short paragraphs; the notes are full and explanatory, but rather in construction than in translation, and are followed by a Latin-English Vocabulary, one of proper names, and English exercises with English-Latin Vocabulary. Three maps illustrate the theatre of war.

Mr. E. C. Marchant, in *Latin Unseens Selected and Arranged* (Bell, 1s.), has cast his net far and wide, and has not feared to draw upon the Vulgate and Prudentius. The collection is intended for beginners, and serves as an introduction to the same editor's *Passages for Unseen Translation*.

In his *First Latin Book* (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.) Mr. W. H. S. Jones gives a first year's course intended chiefly for beginners of about twelve years of age, the only grammatical knowledge assumed being simple analysis and the parts of speech. The oral method of teaching is followed throughout. The book includes Professor Sonnenschein's version of the National Anthem, with the musical setting by Professor Villiers Stanford, and a selection of facsimiles from Mr. Jones's *Latin Picture Stories*.

To Blackie's Latin Texts have been added Books X., XI., and XII. (each 6d. net) of Virgil's *Aeneid*, completing Mr. S. E. Winbolt's edition of the great Roman epic. No notes are given except a few selected critical ones at the foot of the text, recording noteworthy *variae lectiones*. Each volume forms a slim octavo of some thirty pages and is prefaced by a short Introduction mentioning the most important manuscripts of the poet's works, the leading dates in his life, and the chief characteristics of his style, with lists of the *voces Vergilianae*. In the same series is included Cicero's *De Senectute* (6d. net), edited on similar lines by Dr. J. S. Reid. The text is preceded by an introduction giving the leading dates in Cicero's career, a list of his extant writings, and short excursus on the principles of criticism, Cicero's Latin style, and the dialogue which forms the text.

Latin Unseens in Prose and Verse, Elementary Section (Blackie, 3d.), is a booklet of thirty-two pages, advancing from simple and compound sentences, illustrating some particular grammatical rule, to extracts of about a dozen to twenty lines each.

From Messrs. Blackie and Son we have received *A First Greek Course* (2s. 6d.), by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse. The author intends the book for fourth-form boys, between fourteen and fifteen, who are already well trained in French and Latin. With this end in view Dr. Rouse has introduced several novelties in arrangement. The grammar is accompanied throughout by reading lessons and conversation. The latter half of the book is occupied by a Compendium of Grammar with the usual paradigms, a summary of syntax rules, and Greek and English Vocabularies. For the convenience of teachers a Companion Reader has been compiled. The fact that *Damon: a Manual of Greek Iambic Composition* (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net) has reached its third edition is evidence sufficient that it has achieved the end its authors, Mr. J. H. Williams and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, had in view—a graduated and systematic guide to the art of writing Greek Iambics.

The next two books on our list lie quite out of the beaten track, and would charm even the dullest child to learn Latin before he was aware of the fact. *The Story of Robinson Crusoe in Latin* (Longmans, 2s.), it is true, is only an old friend revived, having been edited, amended, and rearranged by Mr. P. Barnett from Goffeaux's version. It is a sound piece of work, but we prefer the arrangement by which, in our own copy, dated 1820, the notes are given at the foot of the page, and the wearisome turning backwards and forwards between text and notes is avoided. The book is dedicated to Mr. Rudyard Kipling! The second work is *Colloquia Latina* (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.), adapted from Erasmus by Mr. G. M. Edwards. The very headlines—in English—ought to make a boy eager to read the Latin page beneath. The Introduction gives a most interesting sketch of the great Humanist's career, and Holbein's portrait of him forms the frontispiece.

FRENCH AND GERMAN

WE have before us four new volumes in the Oxford Higher French Series (Clarendon Press) under the general editorship of Mr. Leon Delbos: *Pierrette* by Honoré de Balzac (2s. 6d. net) edited by Miss de Sélincourt; *Choix de Lettres Parisiennes de Madame de Girardin* (2s. 6d. net), edited by F. de Baudiss; Victor Hugo's *Hernani* (2s. net), edited by C. Kemshead; and *Poésies Choisies de Alfred de Musset* (2s. net), edited by C. Edmund Delbos. These titles are indicative of the courage shown by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press in deciding to venture outside the narrow range of reading in French literature to which schools have hitherto been confined. Each of the above volumes contains a contemporary portrait of the author and a bibliography, the introductions are models of what introductions should be, and the notes are bright and interesting.

Two other Clarendon Press publications are also before us: the first, *Feuilletons Choisies* (2s.), edited by Clouesley

Brereton, forms one of the Oxford Modern French Series, and includes half a dozen specimens of that characteristic feature of French journalism which, as Mr. Brereton points out, "had practically to go round the world before obtaining admission to the English Press." There are a few pages of explanatory notes. The second, an illustrated edition of *Premières Notions de Vocabulaire et de Lecture* par J. E. Pichon (1s. 6d.), is based on the principle of the direct method of teaching, there being not a single word of English in the book. A pleasing feature of both these books is the clear and legible type used in their production.

The name of Mr. H. W. Eve on a title-page is a guarantee of sound and scholarly work. The text of his edition of Corneille's *Le Cid* (Cambridge University Press, 2s.) is preceded by a short life and appreciation of Corneille, a *résumé* of the history and legends of the Cid, an analysis of the plot, and notes upon the unities, and the characters of the drama; explanatory notes, indexed, conclude the volume.

Messrs. Macmillan have published Part II. of their *New French Course for Schools* (3s. 6d.) by C. C. Perry and Dr. Albrecht Reum, "based on the principle of the direct method, combining the practical use of the living language with a systematic study of grammar." The volume is intended more especially for pupils of about twelve to fifteen years of age. Every lesson is accompanied by a *dictée*, a *questionnaire*, and a *devoir*. A series of *Petites Lectures* in poetry and prose is given, followed by a selection of *Chansons avec la mélodie*. Grammatical Exercises and a full vocabulary are included.

The same publishers have added to Siepmann's Primary French Series *Le Petit Ravageot* (1s.), by Jean Macé, extracted from his "Contes du Petit Château." The volume, which has been adapted and edited by Dr. F. W. Wilson, follows the plan of this well-known series; text, notes, and vocabulary being succeeded by Appendices which include a *questionnaire*, words and phrases for *viva voce* drill, exercises on syntax and idioms, passages for translation into French, based on the text, and lastly, a key to words and phrases.

To their series of *Classiques Français* Messrs. Dent have added *Lettres Choisies de Madame de Sévigné* (1s. 6d. net). These immortal letters—readable in any edition—acquire a new charm when they are issued in the delightful *format* Messrs. Dent have taught us to look for in their publications. A photogravure portrait of "Marie de Rabutin Chantal, marquise de Sévigné parfois, bourgeoise de Paris bien souvent, si délicieusement femme toujours" is prefixed.

From the same publishers comes *Contes Choisies* (4d. net), consisting of extracts from Diderot's "Rêve de Mangoult," and Voltaire's "Zadig" and "Montesquieu et Chesterfield," edited by H. Cammartin and W. Osborne Brigstocke.

Three new volumes in Messrs. Blackie's Modern Language Series lie before us: Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* (1s. 6d.), edited by Dr. J. E. Michell. The text of this classic is preceded by a short Introduction giving all the necessary information about De Maistre, and is followed by notes literary rather than grammatical, in which the editor draws upon his wide range of reading to illustrate the numerous allusions of his author. Exercises and vocabulary complete the most stimulating edition of the *Voyage* that we have come across. In the same series we have *La Jeunesse de Pierrot*, by Alexandre Dumas (1s. 6d.), edited by Louis A. Barbé, with Notes and Vocabulary, and Octave Feuillet's *Vie de Polichinelle* (1s.)—illustrated—followed by *questionnaire* and vocabulary, but without notes of any kind. In the Little French Classics of the same house are now included Eugène Labiche's *Le Baron de Fourchevif* (8d.), without notes, but containing *questionnaire* and vocabulary; De Laboulaye's *Le Château de la Vie* (6d.), edited by E. B. Le François, with notes and vocabulary; the *Shorter Fables of La Fontaine* (6d.), to which Mr. Arthur H. Wall has furnished notes and vocabulary; and La Bruyère's *Caractères* (4d.), selected and edited, with notes, by M. J. Laffitte. In the *Petits Contes pour les Enfants* of this firm, *La Petite Charité*—text, *questionnaire* and vocabulary, with illustrations, at the moderate price of fourpence—is now issued; for the same sum one can get *Cendrillon: Fée en un Acte*, edited by E. Magee, with st ge directions in English and hints on the costumes; *Froschkönig* and *Das Märchen vom Dornröschen*, both by Henny Koch; or *Grossväterchen und Grossmütterchen: Kinderlustspiel in einem Aufzug*, von Käte Weber. To Blackie's Little German Classics has been added *Bechstein's Märchen* (6d.), selected and edited by Frieda Weekley. Mr. H. G. Atkins's *Skeleton German Grammar* (2s.), now in its third edition, in typography and arrangement is a model of what a schoolbook should be. *O si sic omnes!*

The *Grammaire Française Pratique, basée sur la méthode inductive* (3s. 6d.), of W. G. Hartog, now in its second edition, has been sent us by Messrs. Rivingtons. This grammar is written entirely in French. Part i. (which may be had separately) is

meant for pupils in their second, third, and fourth years of instruction; Part ii. carries the learner slightly beyond the standard required for the London Intermediate B.A.; exercises are given throughout both parts. Mr. C. V. Calvert's *First Book of French Oral Teaching* (Rivingtons, 2s.), with numerous illustrations, has reached its third edition. The book is, in the author's words, "written in a spirit of compromise and in the endeavour to devise a scheme combining the best features of both systems" of language-teaching, the old and the new. The First Sixty Lessons of the above work, phonetically transcribed by D. L. Savory (1s.), have been issued separately. Mr. W. G. Hartog, the general editor of Rivingtons' Direct Method French Series, in his *First Book of Oral French Prose Composition* (1s.) has taken English versions of eight of Grimm's Tales as materials for rendering into French Prose by young pupils, adding a few simple notes of a suggestive kind on difficulties arising in the text. In *Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains Modernes* (1s. 6d.) the same editor has collected sixteen extracts from standard French authors as a reading book for upper forms, explaining historical and other allusions in notes written in simple French, and adding oral and written exercises at the end.

From the same publishing house, and the same editor, Mr. W. G. Hartog, we have received nine uniform volumes, all illustrated, and the price of each is one shilling. The three new volumes in Rivingtons' Illustrated French Comedies comprise Madame de Girardin's *La Joie fait peur*, Labiche and Jolly's *Le Baron de Fourchevif*, and Labiche and Martin's *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*. The trio of additions to Rivingtons' New Intermediate French Texts are A. de Musset's *Croisilles*, Prosper Mérimée's *Le Coup de Pistolet* and *Tamango*, and Edmond About's *Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille*. In these six volumes the text is followed by notes, oral exercises, and *questionnaire*, entirely in French. The three additions to Rivingtons' New Junior French Texts are Antoine Galland's *Histoire d'Ali Baba*, Madame de Ségur's *Histoire de la Princesse Rosette*, and Prosper Mérimée's *Mateo Falcone* and *L'Enlèvement de la Redoute*; in each, in addition to the notes, oral exercises and *questionnaire*, all in French, a vocabulary has been included.

Recent additions to Messrs. Methuen's Simplified French Texts are *L'Histoire d'une Tulipe* (1s.), founded on *La Tulipe Noire* of Alexandre Dumas, adapted by Mr. T. R. N. Crofts; and *Abdallah, ou Le Trèfle à Quatre Feuilles* (1s.), by Edouard Laboulaye, adapted for school reading by J. A. Wilson. In each case a short Introduction and a vocabulary form the only additions to the text.

From Mr. Edward Arnold we have received the first two volumes of his *Lectures Françaises* (Book i., 1s. 3d.; Book ii., 1s. 6d.), in prose and poetry, arranged and in part written by Jetta S. Wolff, with *questionnaire* and vocabulary. Illustrated with reproductions of works by Lancret, Millet, Puvion de Chavannes, Marie Bashkirtseff, etc. Each book contains a vocabulary. From the same publisher comes *Vier Kleine Lustspiele für die Jugend* (1s. 6d.), by Käthe Weber, four original little plays in easy German, suitable alike for reading in class and for being acted by the pupils.

A Practical German Grammar, Reader and Writer. Part ii. By Louis Lubovius. (Blackwood, 3s.) Until quite recently the most general method of teaching modern languages in English schools was to set the student to learn by heart a number of rules with (especially in the case of German) still more numerous exceptions. By this means a certain familiarity with the grammar of the language was acquired, but the student had no proper insight into the general structure, and was frequently unable to make a practical application of the principles he had learned. The newer, easier and more thorough method has been adopted in the book before us. The grammar is learnt from the language and not the language from the grammar, the starting-point being the translation of simple connected sentences. Thus the grammar is taught gradually, and in connection with the language as a whole. In the case of pupils of average intelligence the advantages of this system cannot be too highly estimated.

Lateinisches Elementarbuch für Reformschulen. Von Dr. Wilhelm Kersten. (Leipzig: Freytag, 3m.) Griechische Schulgrammatik. Revised by Dr. Florian Weigel. (Vienna: Tempsky, 3k., 10h.) In the teaching of classics to young students the labour involved is considerably lessened by the use of a good text-book. Both of the books before us have been compiled with the object of making the lessons as interesting as possible, thus lightening the task of both teacher and pupil. Dr. Kersten's Elementary Latin Book contains a number of graduated exercises, each one illustrating certain rules which are set forth later on in the book. There is a separate vocabulary to each exercise, and a general one including practically all the words used. Dr. Weigel's Greek

Grammar is less of a translation book but more of a grammar, and German students could scarcely find a better text-book to assist them in learning the language. The rules, which are given with the utmost clearness, are fully explained, and illustrated by means of numerous examples.

HISTORY

SEVERAL of the histories sent us are little more than readers, but two of greater importance are issued by Messrs. Constable: *A History of the Ancient World*, by George Stephen Goodspeed (7s. 6d. net), and *A Short History of Italy*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick (8s. 6d. net). In Mr. Goodspeed's volume, of course, a severe compression has been necessary, but the author has succeeded in clothing the dry bones of history with a garment of interesting fact; and the need to make a readable book has not led him into accepting as true amusing anecdotes about great men and women which contain no element of truth. They are the bane of modern history books intended for "mere students." His work, so far as we have tested it, is accurate, and it is well and vividly written. It is divided into three sections—(1) The Eastern Empires; (2) The Greek Empires; and (3) The Empire of Rome—each of which is preceded by a "Preliminary Survey": a valuable summary of the salient points in the chapters which follow, and a useful bibliography. A review of each chapter is given at the end, and a general review follows each section. There are maps, plans, charts, and other illustrations; an excellent bibliography for teachers and advanced students; a series of notes on the illustrations is given in appendices; and the index, beside being full, is rendered valuable by the system of marking pronunciation employed. It is a pity that the idea was not extended to the text: we trust that it will be in future editions.

Mr. Sedgwick's *Short History of Italy* deals with the years from 400 A.D. to 1900 in less than five hundred pages, and is of necessity, as the author says, a mere sketch in outline. At the outset Mr. Sedgwick disarms criticism. "It makes no pretence to original investigation, or even to extended examination of the voluminous literature which deals with every part of its subject. . . . So brief a narrative is mainly a work of selection; and perhaps no two persons would agree upon what to put in and what to leave out." We could have wished for compression in one or two instances and for extension in others, but for the most part Mr. Sedgwick's sense of proportion is excellent, and the book gives an accurate impression of Italian history as a whole. Within its limits it may be cordially recommended as a careful piece of work.

From the same publishers—Messrs. Constable—comes a book which teachers and students alike will find very valuable for purposes of reference, if not for continuous study: the *Time Table of Modern History A.D. 400—1870*, compiled and arranged by M. Morison (12s. 6d. net). Parallel tables show at a glance the important events taking place in different countries at the same period, and the genealogical charts and maps are useful. The book is a monument of industry and care.

From Messrs. Longmans comes by far the best of their Historical Series for Schools: Book iii—*An Advanced History of Great Britain from the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria*, by T. F. Tout (5s.). Professor Tout is a historian of considerable ability and—generally—undoubted impartiality. He weighs and sifts his evidence with the aim of writing history, not a pleasant mixture of facts and fancies; and he never lets his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment. For the series of which this forms the third volume we have nothing but praise. They follow the only possible plan of teaching history effectively: by inculcating a love of the subject for its own sake, with no relation to school tasks. The first volume was designed to meet the needs of junior forms, the second of middle forms, and the third of higher forms; and in each the detail becomes a little fuller, the analysis a little more acute. As a history for students who are within a year or so of leaving school we do not hesitate to say that Professor Tout's is the best obtainable at the present day. There are excellent bibliographies (a valuable feature), maps and plans, genealogical tables, a table of kings and queens, and a list of the chief ministries since 1689. The index is full; a model which index-makers would do well to study.

Though not a new book, *A Short History of Ancient Egypt*, by Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang (Constable, 3s. 6d. net), which takes the reader from the founding of the monarchy to the disintegration of the empire three thousand years afterwards, is too little known. Opinions may differ as to

some of the author's conclusions, but they give in a concise form material which is practically unobtainable elsewhere in so small a compass, and the book will be found useful. A defect which might be remedied in future editions is the absence of a bibliography.

War and Reform, 1789-1837, by Arthur Hassall (Rivington's, 3s.), is an addition to a series of text-books of English history designed for the use of middle and upper classes in which special subjects are taught. Recent contributions by Dr. Holland Rose, M. Coquelle, Professor Oman, Captain Mahan and others have added considerably to our knowledge of the history of the period under review, and the results of their investigations have been incorporated by the author. The "Sketch of the History of Literature during the Period" is extremely superficial, but on the whole the book is well done. As an instance of the author's literary "history" we may take his treatment of Wordsworth:

"During the remainder of his life [after 1816] he busied himself with political and social problems. He sympathised with the Carbonari; he wrote on Education and the Poor Law; he published "Peter Bell", "Sonnets on the River Duddon," and the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets." He died in 1850."

"I should like my epitaph to be: 'He wrote true history,'" said Bishop Creighton in effect. Pressure of ecclesiastical duties prevented his accomplishing half the work he mapped out for himself, but what he did will remain when other historians are forgotten, and he being dead yet speaketh in a little book, very small and very valuable, which Messrs. Longmans send us; for Mrs. Creighton's *Heroes of European History* (1s. 6d.) shows just those qualities—justice, accuracy, grace, and vividness—which marked his work.

From Messrs. Blackie comes a book by Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff bearing the same title as Mrs. Creighton's—*Heroes of European History* (1s. 6d.), which we understand is to be changed to *Heroes of the European Nations*. It is rather more "popular," and its object is to give, in simple reading lessons, an outline of the history of Europe "from the early conflicts of Greece with Asia to the great war of the French Revolution." The plan pursued has been to give biographical sketches of the men whose lives have had most influence in each particular epoch, and the selection is good and the idea well carried out. The book will be found useful for lower forms.

A Young Folks' History of England, sent us by Messrs. Relfe, is hardly up to the high standard maintained by these publishers. The language is not simple enough for the students for whom it is apparently intended, and it reads too much like a compilation. There is nothing to hold the attention—an important point in histories for the young—and we regard the absence of notes as a great defect. How are the "young folks" to understand what the Law of Entail was when this is their only clue: "Henry VII.'s reign was chiefly remarkable for the rebellions against the throne, and few good laws, such as the Law of Entail," etc. etc. This is not the way to teach history.

A Primary History of England, by Mrs. Cyril Ransome (Rivingtons, 1s.), is a little book of substantially accurate facts, in which a whole period is summed up in a few words.

For the same class of students an unpretentious little book by Mr. H. R. Hall—*Days before History* (Harrap, 1s.)—will be found of great value. It presents the history of the Stone Age in a story that will engross the attention of boy or girl, and the facts are accurate so far as we have tested them.

It would be difficult to praise too highly Messrs. Blackie's *Readings in English History from Original Sources* (2s.). The volume before us forms Book I. of a series and takes the reader from B.C. 54 to 1154 A.D. by means of extracts from historians. Thus the early chapters consist of carefully selected quotations from Caesar, Pliny, Tacitus, and so on, and the child catches something of the atmosphere of the period he is studying. The illustrations are helpful, and we hope the book will find its way into many schools which teach only dates and names at present. Messrs. Morgan and Bailey's method is one that future school-historians would do well to imitate.

To their series of Raleigh History Readers Messrs. Blackie have added a new volume: *The Growth of Greater Britain*, a sketch of the history of the British Colonies and Dependencies, by F. B. Kirkman. The book is what it pretends to be and no more; but the lack of connection between the episodes seems to us a serious blemish.

A more useful book is the same publishers' *The British Empire in the Nineteenth Century*, which gives in as vivid and interesting a way as the limits of a history-reader permit, "a clear general account of the building up of the British Empire" in the period under discussion. It is sound and written in simple language.

MATHEMATICS

MR. BORCHARDT'S *Arithmetical Types and Examples* (Rivingtons, 3s. 6d.) has already reached a third edition, and it is unnecessary to deal with it at length here. Five new sets of Examples of an easy problem type in the first four rules, compound rules, vulgar fractions, the metric system and percentages have been added and a few slight corrections and alterations made. The book may be obtained with or without answers; and the Examples are issued separately.

Junior Arithmetic, by the same author (Rivingtons, 2s.), is based on Mr. Borchardt's excellent "Arithmetical Types and Examples," but contains new matter. Greater space is devoted to the more elementary parts of the subject, and the difficult sections have been omitted. It appears to have been designed for—and should meet the needs of—pupils studying for Oxford and Cambridge Locals and similar examinations.

Messrs. Macmillan issue the first part of a *Modern Commercial Arithmetic*, by Geo. H. Douglas (1s. 6d.) which should prove useful to teachers of commercial arithmetic in technical schools and to teachers of the commercial side of elementary schools. It contains the notes of lectures given by the author in connection with training courses for teachers of the subject engaged in schools in Yorkshire. A preparatory course in the "fundamental operations" of arithmetic is assumed, and the first part, as the author claims, gives practically all that is required for the elementary stage of commercial arithmetic. We have tested it at several points and found it accurate.

Messrs. Black send us an excellent little book of *Arithmetical Exercises for Junior Forms*, by R. B. Morgan (1s.) of which two other parts are to follow. Wherever possible oral exercises precede written exercises of a mechanical nature, which are succeeded by problems; and each new difficulty is prefaced by a note explaining the method and giving worked examples. This is a valuable plan which we should like to see more widely adopted.

Two admirable books by Mr. Webster Wells, Professor of Mathematics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reach us from Messrs. D. C. Heath: *Algebra for Secondary Schools* (5s.) and *Text-Book in Algebra* (5s.). The first is intended for fairly advanced students and is in many respects similar to the author's "Essentials of Algebra" which is too little known in this country. Many additional topics have been introduced, and the book is carefully compiled. The *Text-Book in Algebra* is an amplification of the "Algebra for Secondary Schools." The first four hundred and fifty-eight pages are identical, but to meet the entrance requirements of more advanced colleges and of scientific schools chapters on compound interest and annuities, continued fractions, summation of series, determinants, theory of equations and solution of higher equations have been added.

Elementary Algebra for the use of Higher Grade and Secondary Schools. By Peter Ross. Part I. (Longmans, 3s.; without answers, 2s. 6d.). The tendency of the modern text-book, as Mr. Ross observes in his introduction, is "to consist of a collection of examples strung together by a few worked out cases, the theory and great underlying principles being almost entirely neglected." Mr. Ross's aim has been to produce a text-book from which the student of any intelligence can gather the principles of Algebra for himself if necessary, without recourse to the teacher. His book supplies a very real want and has been carefully prepared and clearly written.

Mr. A. Leighton's *Elementary Mathematics: Algebra and Geometry* (Blackie, 2s.) has been prepared for the use of pupils beginning the study of mathematics. It covers "algebra as far as quadratic equations; the subject-matter of Euclid's 'Elements'—Books I. and II. (to illustrate certain algebraic identities), and Book III. the mensuration of plane figures and of the simpler solids; and similar figures." Within its limits the book is a useful one, but we think the introduction of a little more explanation would have added considerably to its value.

"It has long been felt," says Mr. E. J. Edwardes, the author of *The Elements of Plane Geometry* (Arnold, 3s. 6d.), "that some substitute for Euclid is required; my aim in this work has been to unfold the Elements of Plane Geometry in the simplest and easiest manner possible." The book is intended for use in schools and colleges, but, so successful has Mr. Edwardes's attempt been, it may be used by an intelligent student without the assistance of the teacher. It is, throughout, admirably clear and lucid.

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GEOGRAPHY

THE Oxford Geographies, vol. i. *The Preliminary Geography*. By A. J. Herbertson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d.).—The second volume of this valuable series has already appeared and has earned the wide appreciation it merited. The third has yet to appear, but each may be used independently of the other two. Dr. Herbertson's work is invariably sound and scholarly, and the book before us is proof of the value of the methods of teaching geography at Oxford to-day. There is more in it to stimulate the mind of the pupil than in all the geography books of our childhood put together.

The British Empire. Selected and edited by Mrs. F. D. Herbertson. (Black, 2s. 6d.).—This well illustrated little book is apparently the first of a new series of Descriptive Geographies from Original Sources which, if succeeding volumes are of equal merit should prove even more attractive than Messrs. Black's Descriptive Geographies of the World, in which the plan of teaching geography by means of quotations from original authorities was adopted in preference to the customary digest, "touched up" by the "historian." The book before us consists for the most part of extracts from the earlier series, some of which have been slightly simplified; and a commentary which links the extracts together replaces the indices, which were considered too difficult for junior pupils. The bibliography has been omitted; and in a work of this class it is no great loss.

A Scientific Geography. Book III.: Europe. By Ellis W. Heaton. (Ralph Holland, 1s. 6d. net).—This is the third of a projected series of six books. The author takes it for granted that the student has mastered the leading facts of the subject, and his aim is "to associate those facts in a way that not only makes them interesting, but affords at least some explanation of them—to be suggestive rather than exhaustive." He holds that it is best to associate historic places with historical incidents in their proper place, and that side of the subject is treated only incidentally. There are useful maps and diagrams, and a short glossary of geological terms used in the text. The author's English is not above reproach.

A Survey of the British Empire: Historical, Geographical, and Commercial (Blackie), gives, in broad outline, in the earlier chapters, an account of the British Empire as it is to-day, and of the process of empire-building. The second part is devoted to the commercial aspect. A brief explanation of the nature and importance of international trade is followed by a survey of the trades of each part of the Empire, and the principal commodities are dealt with singly in systematic order. A tabular view of the Empire, a chronological summary, a short list of Empire-builders, and a geographical summary add considerably to the value of a book we can heartily commend.

The New Century Geography Readers. Book VI.: Geography of Greater Britain. (Blackie, 1s. 6d.).—The last volume of Messrs. Blackie's series of Geography Readers is in every way a worthy successor to its predecessors. It is well-illustrated and gives an entertaining and substantially accurate account of the different countries under the British flag, and the author (or authors, for the title-page names no name) show an excellent sense of proportion. The synopses are good and the maps clear.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston send us a new and revised edition of their indispensable *Multum in Parvo Atlas of the World*, with descriptive text. The index is a Gazetteer in itself, and it is hardly necessary at this date to say that the maps are well-defined. It is a book which no school should be without.

A Geography of Europe and the British Isles. By Lilius Milroy. (Blackie, 2s.). "This text-book for junior [and middle, cf. title-page] forms endeavours to avoid the dangers consequent on presenting mere tabular lists of facts to be learnt by the pupil as home-work," says the author. It is not very successful in avoiding those dangers, and it is badly written.

Messrs. Philip send us a *Progressive Atlas of Comparative Geography*, edited by P. H. L'Estrange (3s. 6d. net), with one hundred and seventy-two maps and diagrams on seventy-two plates. It consists of the maps which were included in Mr. L'Estrange's larger "Progressive Course of Comparative Geography," which is too well-known to call for comment here, and there is a good index.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston make a special feature of maps, and we have received two excellent specimens—the *Bathy-Orographical* and *Rainfall* maps of the British Isles. They are well mounted on canvas, with rollers at 4s. each, and may be obtained in sheet at 3s. each. They should be on the walls of every school in whose course scientific Geography finds a place.

READERS

MESSRS. BLACKIE issue the first seven volumes of a new series: The Plain-Text Shakespeare. Those before us are *The Tempest*, *King Richard II.*, *King Richard III.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Coriolanus*, *As You Like It* and *King Henry V.* As the title of the series implies, there are no notes, and the text follows the Junior School Shakespeare in omitting everything which is considered by the editor to be undesirable for class reading. They are well worth the modest price (4d. each) asked for them.

To the excellent series of Epochs of English Literature, which we noticed in a former Supplement, Mr. Arnold has added two new volumes: *The Shakespeare Epoch* and *The Milton Epoch*, by J. C. Stobert (1s. 6d. each). The selections have been carefully made, the introductions are scholarly and not too long, and there are good notes and glossarial indices.

Messrs. Ralph, Holland send us a new volume of their Shakespeare—*The Tempest* (2s.)—with introduction, full text, notes, glossary, examination questions, and an index to the notes. Mr. C. W. Crook is responsible for the series, and we referred to his methods in terms of high praise when noticing earlier volumes. "The Tempest" is in every way worthy of its predecessors. The preliminary matter gives the student everything he will need to learn during his schooldays.

Another excellent reader is Mr. W. Murison's edition of *The Traveller and The Deserted Village* in the Pitt Press series (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.). The introduction is brief but adequate, and the notes full.

Selections from Tennyson: *Tiresias and other Poems*, with an introduction and notes by F. J. Rowe and W. T. Webb, reaches us from Messrs. Macmillan (2s. 6d.). We do not know what considerations influenced the choice of a title, but Tiresias comes last in the volume. The other poems given are "A Dream of Fair Women," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "Maud," "The Coming of Arthur," and "The Passing of Arthur." There is a good general introduction, and the notes are full—a little too full we are inclined to think.

A very welcome reader has been added to Messrs. Bell's English Texts for Secondary Schools: *Charles Lamb: Essays and Letters*, selected and edited by A. Guthkelch (1s. 4d.). This little volume contains ten of Lamb's essays (including the "Dissertation on Roast Pig"), sixteen of his letters, and one or two minor pieces, arranged, with short introductions with a view to giving "a more or less connected account of his life." There are good notes, references to quotations, and a short bibliographical note, and the book is in every way calculated to induce a love of Gentle Elia that age will not diminish.

A Tale of Two Cities, arranged and edited by J. Connolly, and *Ivanhoe*, arranged and edited by the Rev. C. F. A. Wimberley (1s. 6d. each) are new additions to Mr. Edward Arnold's English Literature Series. Both are intended for small children, for use, as the publisher puts it, "as a reading-book in school and at home," and they have been, of course, considerably cut down; but the work has been carefully carried out, and the books will serve the purpose for which they are intended.

From Messrs. Oliver and Boyd we have received two readers of an even more elementary type: *The Excelsior Readers*, Books I. and II. (9d. and 10d.). They are well illustrated and the pieces included in them should make reading a pleasure to very small children to whom it would otherwise be a pain.

English Lessons. No. 1. By Alsonia. (Murby, 2s.).—This book, which is designed especially for teaching English to foreigners of practically any nationality, is of a kind seldom seen in this country. It is the first of a series of five and is evidently intended for young students, as the lessons are given in a very elementary fashion and are accompanied by curious and childish illustrations. At the end of the book there is an alphabetical list of the words used in it with their pronunciation, a very necessary addition, as the seeming inconsistencies of English pronunciation must offer great difficulties to foreigners. If placed in the hands of a capable teacher, this book might be of

some assistance to a foreigner wishing to learn English, but it would be of little use otherwise.

Messrs. Charles and Dibble send us two books for small children: "Observation Lessons in Plant Life," by F. H. Shoosmith, in which the subjects are arranged seasonably for a full year's work, beginning with seeds in January and ending with holly and mistletoe in December, and "Nature Walks and Talks," by Florence B. Tindall. Both volumes are well-illustrated.

THE BOY'S DIGESTION

The Public Schools from Within. Essays by Schoolmasters. (Sampson Low.)

THE opinions of specialists command scant attention in these days when the layman, inspired by his particular brand of halipenny paper, claims to be in a position to lay down the law on war, diplomacy, medicine, and any other subject to which he has not devoted a lifetime of work and thought. Still we would commend this volume to the earnest and, if possible, respectful attention of the parent.

In it he will find eight chapters devoted to Class-room studies, six to Auxiliary studies, and many others glancing at nearly every facet of the many-sided boy-life of our Public Schools, and nearly all written by men who are actually engaged in teaching. "The most obvious weakness of the schools" (it is pointed out in the Introduction) "appears to lie not in conservatism or supineness, but in a state of uncertainty and confusion which is caused mainly by the profusion of advice shouted from all sides." Exactly; the very number of chapters in this book bear out this suggestion.

"A boy's brain" to quote from Mr. Page's chapter on Classics "is not, any more than his stomach, capable of all things. His mental like his physical digestion does best on simple diet. About two solid courses supplemented by some trifles that suit his taste would promote his health and vigour." Now in choosing these two solid courses it cannot be too much emphasised that they must be such as will enable the progress of the boy to be noted and measured week by week, and this requirement classics and mathematics amply fulfil. Latin composition in lower forms is an infallible test showing up clearly the efforts made to correct yesterday's faults, and the increased power of using each new rule taught. Doubtless science, when its teaching methods are systematised in the same way, will prove of equal value, but it must be remembered that it is handicapped by the subjects mentioned above having gained a start of many centuries: How best to teach a subject is not discovered in a decade or two.

In writing his chapter on Science Mr. Eggar takes as his text Professor Armstrong's dictum that school science is not worth having. Now that gentleman is the great exponent of what is called the "heuristic" method of teaching, which undoubtedly is of great value when gradually and carefully introduced on the top of a solid foundation of facts thoroughly learnt from books or from the master. But work—honest, uninteresting, hard grind—is as necessary and inevitable now in all subjects as ever it was in the days of our predecessors and the foundation laid by it is the only thing that makes safe the further advance to original observation and research; wherefore the practical master will make use of the heuristic method (he will not call it by that name) or of any other only as far as he finds he can safely weld it into his own system.

Mr. Arthur Hassall in his essay on History makes a somewhat unexpected protest against the neglect of classical history in the supposed interest of mediæval and modern history, but his contentions seem to us undeniably sound, and, to quote the introductory chapter again, are "independent corroboration from an unexpected quarter of Mr. Page's warning against the danger of letting classical studies drop out."

"Teaching to think" is the title of a chapter by Mr. R. Somervell, the author, if we mistake not, of one of the most valuable little books ever written on the analysis of the English Sentence, and he goes to the root of the matter in saying that no rules can be laid down as to when and how the highest ends of teaching can be pursued. The seizing the right moment is an inspiration. That is as much as it is safe for one man to tell another; each must learn it for himself.

According to Mr. P. W. Headley: "It is most desirable" in the study of Natural History "that boys should keep note-books or pocket-books in which to record what they observe," but that is not the kind of boy we ourselves should like to take out for a walk, and his statement that "in many preparatory schools the tendency is to coop boys up more and more" is on all fours with Professor Armstrong's opinion quoted previously. Frankly, the public school master knows nothing about boys from nine to twelve years of age any more than a University Lecturer does of boys under sixteen. Let each "stick to his last."

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THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

I READILY accept the Editor's courteous invitation to declare here my firm belief that the English Association, which was formally inaugurated on Saturday last at University College, Gower Street, is designed to render an urgently needed public service. The main object of the society is to enforce the truth, which though apparently a truism, has never been fully apprehended in this country, that the accurate and pliant writing of English, the correct speaking of English and the just appreciation of English literature are not less important but more important acquirements than any other that can come of educational training. No sensible person would wish to exclude from their due place in the modern educational system the classics or modern languages or mathematics or the sciences or technical subjects. The English teachers and the advocates of English teaching who have called the English Association into being, preach, as I understand their aim, no more revolutionary doctrine than that whatever else is well taught in English schools and colleges, English should be well taught there too. It is for the English Association, in my view, to impress beyond all risk of misunderstanding this saving creed on the mind of the nation, and especially on those who are responsible for the instruction of secondary schools and universities.

Collateral purposes of the association are to afford opportunities of intercourse and co-operation among all who are interested in English language and literature; to discuss methods of teaching English and the co-relation of school and university work; and to encourage and facilitate advanced study in English language and literature. Every means that is calculated to maintain correct usage in spoken and written English lies within the Association's scheme of work. But it seems clear that its vital objects can only be fully realised if the educational authorities, through all the ranks of the hierarchy, put their shoulders vigorously to the wheel.

In spite of sporadic improvements in the position of affairs during the past quarter of a century, it is still possible for young Englishmen to pass quite creditably through public schools and the older universities without acquiring any sound knowledge of the range and fascination of English literature or, what is more important, the power of expressing themselves clearly and effectively in their own tongue. There may be differences of opinion as to how far literary taste or feeling may be communicable by teacher to pupil, although an efficient teacher can do much in this direction, if literary instruction begin early in the pupil's career, and continue late. But no doubt at all can exist of the possibility of instructing youth in the art of clear and effective expression. It is only by constant practice in composition that a perspicuous and supple style of writing is attainable. Any educational course which fails to provide for such uninterrupted training of the pen is worthy of summary condemnation. On that theme the greatest English writer on education long since pronounced the last word. "Whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better)," wrote Locke two hundred and fourteen years ago, "that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness and elegance to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should be daily exercised in it."

The present system of higher education in England commonly treats both English literature and English composition as only fit, even in the pupil's early career, for spasmodic and somewhat scornful notice. In the later stages of his training both subjects are often withdrawn from his attention altogether.

The competitive examinations for public offices seriously influence educational standards and methods through the country. Happily these essay-writing always finds a place. But the study of English language and literature,

on which English composition must always chiefly depend for its real virtue, is treated, as a rule, with scant courtesy. Even English composition carries, in the Civil Service Examinations, marks which do inadequate justice to the supreme importance and utility of the subject. In the highest examination for first-class posts at home, in India and the Colonies, it is placed on a level in mark-value with Greek history and with Roman history and with Roman Law. It ranks twenty per cent. below Sanskrit, Arabic, any one modern European language or any one natural science; nearly eighty per cent. below either Latin or Greek, and fully one hundred and thirty per cent. below either "Mathematics" or "Advanced Mathematics." The purely optional papers on English Language and Literature are meanwhile allotted in the same examination a gross maximum of six hundred marks, while Latin and Greek are reckoned at nine hundred marks each, and the two divisions of mathematics at twelve hundred marks each. In no rationally conceived scheme of English education or of public examination should English composition or English literature suffer such humiliating treatment. At any rate, essay-writing should hold a place apart from and above every other topic. No surer test could be devised of the general capacity, knowledge and judgment of the candidate than the English essay, were English composition recognised in English schools and universities to be the essential complement and inseparable companion of all other studies from end to end of the curriculum.

In France, Germany, and America the teaching of the vernacular literature, and of composition in the vernacular language, is treated not only as the basis but as the coping-stone of all intellectual development. Again Locke points the moral which few Englishmen heed: "We see," he writes, "the policy of some of our neighbours has not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language. Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business amongst them; it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised among them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly." Another result of the zeal outside England for education in the vernacular languages and literatures is that living foreign languages are far more easily acquired by the youth of France, Germany, and America than by the youth of this country. In France and Germany advanced students of English language and literature show an aptitude and an interest in the pursuit of those branches of knowledge which, paradoxical as it seems, excels the aptitude and interest of the home-born.

In all directions tragical results of the long neglect of serious English study are visible. The worst English is practised and appreciated, outside a very small circle of English society. The municipal libraries, which minister to the literary needs of the multitude, overflow with literary vacuity and vapidty. The standard of average taste in literature steadily declines. To bring home to the British public dismal facts like these and to suggest means of cure is, I take it, the mission of the English Association.

While I highly appreciate the compliment paid me by the organisers of the movement in inviting me to preside at the first meeting last Saturday, I ought to add that I am in no sense entitled to the credit of founding or of organising the Association. In a humble way I desire to forward its interests, but in speaking or writing of its objects or prospects, I have no mandate for expressing any other views than my own. The actual founders of the Association are two masters of secondary schools, Mr. Valentine, of Dundee Grammar School and Mr. Coxhead, headmaster of Hinckley Grammar School. That the society should spring from the ranks of secondary schoolmasters is a circumstance of happy omen. The headquarters of the Association are in London, but there is in course of formation throughout England and Scotland a network of branches, which will enjoy, according to the constitution,

as much local independence as is practicable. A Scottish branch and a Liverpool branch are already at work. There is thus every likelihood that the movement will assume a national character. A strong central executive has been formed under the chairmanship of Dr. Gregory Foster, provost of University College, London, with Professor F. S. Boas (Cranford, Bickley, Kent) as chief secretary, and Miss Laidler (Goldsmith's College, New Cross, London) as assistant secretary. Mr. G. E. S. Coxhead (the Grammar School, Hinckley) is secretary for business connected with the provinces; Mr. J. I. Low (64 Murray Place, Stirling) is secretary for Scotland, and Mr. E. S. Valentine (the Grammar School, Dundee) is the treasurer. The annual subscription has been fixed at five shillings, and a composition fee for life-membership at three guineas.

SIDNEY LEE.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RHODES SCHOLAR

AN American periodical recently published a professedly humorous article about Harvard University in which that institution was called "The Gentleman Trust." It was not quite clear whether the writer meant to imply that Harvard manufactured gentlemen or that only gentlemen entered the University. If the latter was the meaning, the appellation suggests one of the first impressions of Oxford. To an American, unaccustomed to any necessary connection between one's antecedents and membership in a university, the notion that membership in such an institution should be confined practically to one class in the community, is at first glance altogether undemocratic and wicked, and he is apt to reprobate such a state of affairs in set terms. But it is one of the many advantages which Oxford has in two years conferred on the Rhodes scholars that in many cases they are not now so cock-sure about things upon which they once held unalterable convictions; and while in this particular instance the Americans are still sure that the conditions that prevail in America are best for America, they are by no means sure that the conditions at the English Universities are not best in England. Certainly the class in question has justified its monopoly of the Universities in respect of social service alone.

In America not only do students at the Universities come often from the humblest homes, but also during their university courses they support themselves by means of such lowly services as waiting on the table in dining-hall, etc. The result is, often, particularly in some of the large universities in the East, that there are social differences within the university greater than any that we find at Oxford. Professor Münsterberg says that Americans boast that they have only one class on their railways, but he notices that nearly every one who can afford to do so avoids riding in that class by taking a Pullman. In something of the same way the American undergraduate often escapes from the one class in the university by living at his club. But, of course, the large Eastern universities form by no means all or even the larger part of university life in America. Still, at Oxford one finds something altogether different. There is a homogeneity in the student body, a democracy in the higher levels which makes for social intercourse to a degree unknown in America. A student may go to Harvard and become lost, making few friends; at Oxford the student is looked up and given every opportunity of entering into the college life. I cannot here enter into a eulogium of the social life at Oxford, except to say that a Rhodes Scholar is always glad of an opportunity to express his appreciation of the extraordinary hospitality which was accorded him on his arrival at Oxford.

This homogeneity of the membership of the student

body unites with another feature of Oxford life to make real the Oxford atmosphere about which so much nonsense is talked. I mean the continuity of the life. One feels the close connection with the past. As to the dons, one feels that they are not a teaching force superimposed from without, but members of the same college body with the undergraduate, only further advanced in the degrees of learning. One still hears, as facts of present interest, that the head of this college took a double first, or that the dean of that college was a Rugger blue. It was Old Gorgon Graham, I think, who could not grasp "the atmosphere proposition"; men of his kind rarely can. It is said that a Western millionaire, intending to found a university, came to Harvard to "look it over." After doing so, "Well, Maria," he said to his wife, "I think about ten millions would do it, don't you?" What he could not see at Harvard, and what his ten millions could not furnish, is exactly what makes residence at Oxford so important, apart from the reading which one does there, and proves the wisdom of the framers of the statutes in requiring a certain amount of residence for a degree, even though a student may have to reside after his work is finished.

An English undergraduate once said to me: "We regard a man's education as absolutely finished when he takes his B.A." I do not know whether the university is prepared to endorse this, though there are critics who say that the fact that the M.A. may be had by merely paying dues implies it. But the statement suggests that the Oxford idea of a B.A. degree is different from that prevailing in America. At Oxford a man specialises in reading for the degree. He can take his degree in history, or law, or the classics. In America we associate the idea of specialisation of this kind with the M.A. degree or the Ph.D. In fact the Oxford degree is more nearly akin to these degrees than to an American B.A. So it is true, in a sense, that with the B.A. degree a student's education is finished as far as the university is concerned. The consequence is, that Oxford takes apparently little interest in a student who is doing work apart from preparation for the B.A. Her heart is in the final honour schools; she holds other examinations and grants other degrees, but they do not arouse much interest. Now, for a foreigner these facts are difficult if not impossible to obtain. When the Rhodes scholars came to Oxford, most of them with B.A. degrees from American universities, they naturally turned in the direction of other degrees. But they soon found that they had placed themselves outside of the main channels of Oxford life. Those who went in for these degrees—e.g., B.Litt. or B.C.L.—found difficulty in getting started. They found few who knew the statutes on the subject, and when they did finally get registered for the degrees, they found that little of the University teaching was directed to their work. For the greater part they have been left to shift for themselves. This is perhaps unavoidable in the circumstances, and in the future Rhodes scholars will be well advised at least to consider the expediency of putting themselves in a position where they will come in more direct contact with university teaching.

With respect to undergraduate life there is one aspect that strongly impresses an American. The undergraduate has a great deal done for him. The don takes a paternal attitude toward him and manages his affairs. You pay your college club subscription to a don and you are handed a report made up by him without, apparently, any undergraduate aid. In one college, I am told, college meetings are conducted as follows. A don presides and when any business is to be done, he says: "Will some one please move so and so?" Then when the motion is obediently made, the chairman says: "If there is no objection that motion will be carried." The undergraduates apparently take no part in their own meeting, I am told that the paternal attitude of the don is on the increase in recent years, and it may be the better way; but to a foreigner it seems that the undergraduate is

often deprived of opportunities of acquiring self-reliance and the power of initiative which he might otherwise have.

One is struck by the levity of the debating. In America debating is taken very seriously. When I tell an English reader that there a debating contest is followed often with the same keenness as a football match, that a college debater is sometimes given the equivalent of a "blue," and that at least at some of the larger universities, briefs, bibliographies, etc. of a debate are published in book-form, he will get some idea of the seriousness with which debating is followed. An American sometimes finds it difficult to put himself in the frame of mind for an Oxford college debate, where an epigram is more highly prized than argument and where sophistry is often purposely made to displace logic. It must be admitted that the English debate is more entertaining, just as debates in the House of Commons are much more interesting than Congressional debates at Washington. People out in the Western states subscribe to London papers and read the reports of the Parliamentary debates regularly, whereas no one reads the *Congressional Record* except to look up some dreary question of steel rails or railroad rebates. But at Oxford one sometimes feels that opportunities are sacrificed of learning effective expression of sound arguments. I notice that the Scotch undergraduate is different; he is argumentative.

Much is said of the expense of a course at Oxford. Admitting that the total cost is not out of proportion to the value of an Oxford education, one would like to see some re-arrangement of the items of expenditure. If possible, something should surely be done to reduce the extraordinary inflation of values, by which one often pays two or three times the real value of an article. Perhaps something could be done by discouraging the giving of unlimited credit. "I like to hear you Americans talk," said a clerk in an Oxford shop. "There is Mr. B. He never asks the *price* of anything; he always asks how much it's *worth*." Certainly that Americanism is out of place in that shop! A knowledge of the value of money is surely a useful thing even to an Oxford undergraduate, and by providing for increased payments direct to the college, the colleges could reap the benefit of a reform.

It is needless to say that within the limits of an article one cannot attempt to sum up all the impressions of seven terms at Oxford. One would like to speak of many things: of the healthy system of athletics, by which some form of exercise is provided for every student, and where the aim is not, as is too often the case in America, to produce a single team of stars; of one's belief in the vitality of classical education as exemplified at Oxford; of one's growing admiration for the type of mind which the best of the Oxford schools produce. Perhaps I have not expressed, as I wish to do, the deep sense of privilege which an American at Oxford feels. Rare opportunities are opened up by a three-years' residence there, and certainly not the least of these is the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the institutions and customs, and, above all, of knowing the men of the country which, to America, in spite of the influx there of other races and all nationalities, has been, and, we hope, will long continue to be, the Mother Country.

PAUL KIEFFER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LITERARY MADE-DISHES

SOME few weeks ago, when I ventured to make some observations on Literary Feeding-Bottles, or the reduction of the finest old literature to pap-meat for babes, I brought on my devoted head an avalanche of blame from the irate authoress of a book of stories from the ballads, and other

equally righteous people. None of them questioned the principle that I tried to lay down—which was that it is much better to give children original literature than to simplify it into the language of babes and sucklings. What they did protest was that the various ballads relating to the Battle of Otterburn were so separate and distinct that they could not be combined into one story. The argument was certainly feeble. There are people yet living whose nurses crooned to them the old ballads, and who can yet remember the words as they fell from the lips of some aged servant. If the children of the new generation cannot enjoy this privilege and require that their food should be pulped, one sees no reason why, at all events, the stories should not be as good as they can be made, and a writer who was single-hearted in the desire to obtain a fine story would not at all mind how many versions were blended in order to secure that end. But my reason for referring to this matter is not to fan the flames of controversy, but because in the versions alluded to there is an example suitable to my present theme. It has occurred to me only at this moment that my theme has not yet been disclosed. "Made-dishes" then, is suggestive of French kickshaws, of spices and condiments and of elaborate cookery. At them I by no means desire to sneer, but would rather leave them to the *gourmet*. "Plain roast and boiled for me," cried the hungry curate in a well-known tale of parish life, and the present deponent would cry "Amen." He likes variety, but he can find abundance for his tastes in the sundry and widely-different products of Nature. What he means is that he prefers the potato in its native jacket to the potato tortured into strings. I confess that cold meat eaten cold is more to my taste than when it is hashed, or minced, spiced, tortured and served up as though it were a new dish. The most flagrant of all examples is supplied by the vegetarian. Mr. Eustace Miles, for instance, will make at his restaurant a chop or a sweetbread that has never been any part of a living animal. When the thing comes to your table you find that it is a curious concoction of vegetables so mixed as to bear some distant resemblance in everything except taste to what it is called. I hope that no one thinks I am in this arguing against the cult called vegetarianism. All that is meant is that the writer prefers vegetables as vegetables, and meat as meat, and does not care for one "got up" so as to resemble the other.

Now to transfer our thought from the material to the spiritual, it is the same taste for a simple life that one would like to see prevailing in letters. In the old ballad we have, so to speak, the potato exactly as it comes from its native earth; but no sooner is it visible, than officious cooks begin to manipulate it, sometimes with skill and sometimes with stupidity. Take the death of Douglas as it was told in the "Hunting of the Cheviot":

Thorowe lyvar and longes bathe
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordes but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry men,
whyllys ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan."

The dying speech of Douglas is here as straight and simple as it possibly could be. In one version of "The Battle of Otterburn" he makes no dying speech at all:

The Perssy was a man of strength,
I tell yow, in thys stounde;
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length
That he fell to the growynde.

But if we turn to the version of "The Battle of Otterburn" which Mr. George Eyre-Todd has selected for his Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets we find any amount of embroidery. After Percy wounds Douglas the latter makes a long speech:

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 "What recks the death of ane!
 Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain."

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the braken bush,
 That grows on yonder lily lea."

"O bury me by the braken bush,
 Beneath the blooming brier,
 Let never living mortal ken
 That a kindly Scot lies here."

The embroidery, no doubt, is very excellent embroidery but we much prefer:

Thorowe lyvar and longēs bathe
 the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
 That never after in all his lyffe-days
 he spayke mo wordēs but ane:
 That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry men,
 whylls ye may,
 for my lyffe-days ben gan."

And it is not only the individual case that we are considering, but the principle of the thing. The professional literary man of to-day is a most learned chef. He sits in his intellectual kitchen and devises and devises, piling ingenuity upon ingenuity until the simple plain material is distorted beyond recognition; for there are poets and novelists, too, who seem to forget the elementary truth that whatever their material it must be contained within the limits of human nature. As the greatest of our novelists has told us in a famous passage, human nature is the only book that is to be unfolded. But the very earnest, and still more the very yearnest, are for ever straining beyond this point. I was the other day reading the poems of W. B. Yeats and this, in truth, gave rise to the present meditation. "Veiled" is, I believe, the correct descriptive word to apply to them. I am very far indeed from denying the magical quality of romance that hangs so beautifully over the shadowy waters, any more indeed than I would deny the poetry of the elaborate French dinner prepared by a chef who happened to be an artist. Once and again, indeed, such a meal is to be enjoyed, but it consists almost exclusively of made-dishes, and a made-dish indeed is the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats. A made-dish, indeed, appears to be the literature of the whole Celtic movement, and beautiful though much of it may be, it would be a more wholesome and satisfying affair if the essence of it had been presented as simple roast or boiled. But from Ossian downwards these bards have invited us to feasts where the intellectual chef had laboured his brains to produce the fare. For the present I refrain from making a wider application of the principle, yet it was through not understanding it that Rossetti and his school all came to failure. The discovery is none of mine. It has been that of a hundred others. Mr. Kipling felt it when he swung back the pendulum from the refinement of Tennyson to his music-hall numbers. The popular journalist heard its call when he abandoned the stately Macaulayese and the mid-Victorian period and plunged into the directness, slang and vulgarity of the present moment.

A.

FINE ART

THE OLD MASTERS

THIRTEEN portraits by Reynolds and the same number by Gainsborough are probably enough to lure as many people from Bond Street to Burlington House this month as all the rest of the exhibits put together. Certainly they are a wonderfully attractive assemblage, and so sure are they to be talked about that there is no necessity for saying anything about them on this occasion.

One of the least obtrusive portraits (156), which is hung at the very end of the last gallery, is alone worth going so far to see. Portraits by Alfred Stevens are not so plentiful as to pall, the only one known to the public being that of Mrs. Collman at the Tate Gallery. It seems hardly credible that this one of Mr. Spence should have been refused by the authorities at Millbank when recently offered at a nominal figure, and Mr. Alfred de Pass is to be congratulated on having secured this example of a master whom we do not even yet seem to appreciate at anything like his proper value.

Another picture which really might have been specially painted for the Tate Gallery and certainly ought to be placed there, is Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners* (131). That it should belong to the Duke of Wellington is, we admit, perfectly right and proper; but that it should be conspicuously hung in the British Gallery is so desirable, that it is well worth pausing to ask whether some arrangement could not be made for a permanent loan of it.

On the same wall is another English piece (135) of which Mr. Alfred de Pass is the fortunate possessor, namely Hogarth's *Happy Marriage*. Hogarth's reputation has suffered, like Rowlandson's, from the British enjoyment of caricature, and the real genius of both is but little known. This picture, though carried somewhat further than the "Epsom Wells" at Peckham, is evidently unfinished but its shadowy effect has an indescribable charm that is altogether absent from such elaborate accomplishments as the Election series at the Soane Museum.

On the opposite wall of the same room is another little English picture (146) that is a joy to gaze upon, the only example here of Richard Wilson. The catalogue coldly describes it as *Scene in Italy: Effect of Twilight*, but it might without affectation be called, "In the Key of Blue: effect of Richard Wilson," for blue is not a colour usually associated with Wilson and for this reason alone it is worth noting.

And now we must get back to the first room, and make a fresh start, lest we be accused of attempting to shirk it; for it is in the first room that you will see all the critics wagging their heads and listening furtively to what the others are saying, or blandly to what they are saying themselves. The committee no doubt hoped that they would all settle on the "Cuyt" which is temptingly displayed in the second room; but it is in Room I. that most of the controversial interest centres.

To begin with, there is a portrait of a lady with a red rose that is called Holbein, and another of a lady with a white rose that is not; though to our mind the latter seems much more likely to be Holbein's than the former. The face has been partly restored, but as a whole it is the finer picture of the two, and it is to be hoped that the lady's identity will be established, as it surely ought to be with its many accessories to guide conjecture. The catalogue is of scant assistance in this direction, and besides omitting several details that in a case like this are of real importance, gravely states that the gold cup is attached by a gold chain to the lady's waist!

With Lucidel's beautiful portrait the catalogue again distinguishes itself, the obvious fact being that the painter has distributed his inscription over her apron and the medallion, "Anna v. Botzheim aetat xxv."—for the bearded face on the medallion cannot possibly be that of a youth—so that there need be no question at all as to the subject of the portrait.

The value of any little scrap of lettering on old portraits is even better instanced in No. 20, which Miss Edith Hewett has lately discovered at Tullymore. That it was the work of Ambrogio de Predis was soon allowed, but it was Mr. Kerr-Lawson's discovery of the tiny device on the belt-buckle that really established it, and also established the connection of this lady with the Court of Ludovico il Moro—a discovery which has a very important bearing on the history of other pictures besides this one.

Antonio More's portrait of himself (8) is a wonderful piece, and in perfect condition; whereas that of the lady with a parrot (18) looks as if it had been entirely repainted (saving the parrot) by some provincial dealer during the Great Exhibition period. At the further end of the large room there are three portraits which are of more than usual interest, though not of such beauty as the galaxy that surrounds them—Reynolds's *Lady Spencer* ought to have a room all to itself in order to give others a chance. First there is Sir Ralph Assheton and his lady (Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Sapcote Harington) at full length. An inscription, which must be of considerably later date than the painting, states that it is the work of "S^r Peter Leley," and as there is probably no doubt that the picture is by him, it is worthy of more than passing attention; for nearly all that is known of Lely's work is a number of conventional portraits of Court beauties that were painted with unfailing regularity of pose and feature in the palmy days of the Restoration. A portrait like this is worth a dozen of the others, and a little judicious cleaning would probably disclose that, apart from its importance, it is hardly inferior in mere charm to many of the over-restored Nells and Molls with which the public is familiar. As Sir Ralph was born in 1603, it can hardly have been painted later than 1650; and as he married this lady (his second wife) in 1644, it is quite probable that it is earlier still, if not indeed one of the first portraits that Lely painted in England.

Next to this (save for the beautiful little Velasquez head) is Lady Frances Devereux, by Van Dyck, a portrait not mentioned by Mr. Lionel Cust, but which can hardly, we suppose, be questioned. Save for a stray curl that falls over the neck, severity is the prevailing note of the picture, and the wonderful painting of each hand lends additional force to a face in which at least a trace of the high-handed Essex is discernible. Close to this again (105) is the *Portrait of the Earl of Northumberland*. That this is the work of Rubens, as stated, seems more probable than that it represents the Earl of Northumberland, even though it is unknown to Mr. Max Rooses; for it is certainly characteristic of Rubens, and in every respect worthy of him. But Northumberland, unless we are mistaken, was rather a politician than the navigator here depicted, with almanack and celestial globe; while his appointment as Lord High Admiral dated from only three or four years before Rubens's death.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Howitt (ACADEMY, January 12, 1907, p. 44) appears (if I understand him this time) to ask me to clear myself of "an unpleasant suggestion of manipulation"—of his text.

How can I reply? If I am capable of intentionally garbling a passage, to be then "used as the ground for a charge" (against Mr. Howitt) of "overlooking his own facts" I am also capable of falsely denying that of which I seem to be suspected. I leave Mr. Howitt to the enjoyment of his own suspicions—if he suspects me.

A. LANG.

January 13.

MR. HARDY AND TENNYSON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I find so much that is orthodox and informing, in general, in your bibliographical and literary notes, that it is with regret I read your comparison of Mr. Thomas Hardy's New Year verses in *The Fortnightly* with Tennyson's well-known lines in No. LVI. of "In Memoriam," in Number 1809 of the ACADEMY, whereby you appear to join him along with Mr. Hardy's pessimism.

Tennyson was not in any sense the poet of pessimism, and it is unfair to take an isolated passage from his great poem and give it as conclusive when he himself answers his own thought

by some grander hope within him in a later mood. When we read his "two voices" where he is really setting forth the same problems we take our meaning of his message from the evolution of his argument—the divine Hope he solaces himself with that "*all is well*." So here. The very last line you quote after

What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil

clinches the matter in his faith. I have never read the passages you quote without feeling that Tennyson who accepts everywhere evolution

Evolution ever working after some ideal good
really meant it monstrous to think

That man her [nature's] last work
should have no purpose in his nobler striving, that if it were not so he was the greater monster

Dragons in their prime
That tore each other in their slime
Were mellow music matched with him.

To the poet of evolution this seems so monstrous he will never accept it. (He indicates pessimism in these very comparisons.) Nor does he: cxx 5 In Memoriam:

Whatever I have said or sung—
Some bitter notes my heart would give—
Yea, though there often seemed to live
A contradiction on the tongue,
Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth
Love is and ever was my Lord and King.

And *all is well*, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

and this were enough to remove the stigma, were it not further emphasised in:

That God that ever lives and loves
One God, one Law, one element
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

Mr. Hardy can find a voice within him greater than the infinite of which he is only the creature? His God is not Tennyson's:

That ever lives and loves.

Shorthouse, in "John Inglesant" knows a better way:

"Only the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of life."

If one were to take Mr. Hardy's "New Year" verses seriously, who could work forward to any higher hope—the ideal would perish from off the earth. What has poetry to do with anything but the ideal? Mr. Hardy has looked so long on the tragic side of life (and we sympathise with him so long as he keeps to nature) that it has become to him the only fact. It is as if a man should declare, after being so long in a dungeon, there could not be any blue sky or golden sun. A child would know better.

There is another side to tragedy, and Tennyson holds the key. It is Love. Therefore he believes and hopes. At any rate, the comparison of Hardy to Tennyson is odious.

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

January 15.

JOHN DOUGLAS COOK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have not seen Mr. Escott's story, which you refer to in this week's notes, but I gather from your reference that the great editor, John Douglas Cook, is said to have so far forgotten himself as not only to swear at Mrs. Lynn Linton, but to strike her. Now, with all due deference to Mr. Escott, I very much doubt this. For the last ten years of her life I was on terms of close intimacy with Mrs. Linton, eventually, as you may remember, being appointed her biographer, and, although she often spoke of her *Morning Chronicle* days and of Cook's astonishing lack of self-control she never accused him of actually raising his hand to strike her. Nor do I trust

merely to my memory. Those who would have an unpromising picture of the man in his relations to Mrs. Linton should refer to the most interesting, but least read, of all her novels, "Christopher Kirkland," which is her own thinly veiled autobiography. There, under the guise of Mr. Dundas, she tells the whole story of Cook as she knew him, and states explicitly; "I had nothing worse to bear than an outburst of imprecations which let off the steam and broke no one's bones . . . and once he forgot himself so far as to shake his fist in my face. That was when trouble had come between us; and it may be easily understood that this day saw my last visit to the office. It was the rift which was never mended." Eventually when Cook assumed the first editorship of the *Saturday Review*, she became one of its active contributors, but the old familiarity was never restored. Nevertheless she heartily admired his admirable qualities and wrote: "He had his grand good points. He was generous and affectionate: utterly devoid of all treacherous instincts, and he bore no malice. He was brutal if you will; but the core of him was sound, and his fidelity to his friends was very beautiful."

G. S. LAYARD.

January 12.

SHAKESPEARE AND ARISTOPHANES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following parallel, unique of its kind, between "Clouds," ll. 345-8, and *Hamlet*, iii. 2, I succeeded in unearthing last year, and communicated soon after to the *New York Evening Post* in that paper's literary notes. From the fact that no mention is made of it in the ordinary editions of Shakespeare, in Dyce, the Cambridge, Furness or Dowden, perhaps it may prove somewhat of a novelty to English scholars, as well as to the ordinary readers of the ACADEMY.

When my curiosity was first aroused on reading Aristophanes in the very serviceable Bohn edition, I had recourse quite naturally to the early commentators: to Pope, Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Capell, and Knight, only to find them silent on the subject of Shakespeare's indebtedness to classical authorities. A little later, on reverting to W. J. Hickie's translation I observed a footnote which directed me to Porson; so after going diligently through the works of that distinguished scholar I at length came upon the desired information in his "Notæ in Aristophanem," where ample confirmation was obtained as to the supposed originality of the much hackneyed "whale" incident in *Hamlet*. By placing the two passages in juxtaposition the close resemblance between them will appear sufficiently striking, if not startling, to convince, I think, all but the most prejudiced that here, at any rate, there is something very like plagiarism on the part of the English dramatist:

ARISTOPHANES.

Soc. Have you ever, when you looked up, seen a cloud like to a centaur, or a panther, or a wolf, or a bull?

Strep. By Jupiter, have I! But what of that?

Soc. They become all things, whatever they please.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

By resorting to the text of the First Quarto edition it will be seen that the resemblance to Aristophanes is far less obvious—the adoration of Polonius is wanting—than in the late edition. From this one is inclined to think that some of Shakespeare's literary confrères, a Nash, a Bacon, or a Ben Jonson, may have detected the borrowing; and that the poet afterwards made the episode more in the nature of a translation, thus showing his willingness to acknowledge the source of his obligation.

Porson, in his note to the "Clouds," while refraining from any verbal comment, refers the reader to Cicero, *De Div.* ii. 21, to Swift, "Tale of a Tub," Epistle Dedicatory; and to *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14, as well as to *Hamlet*, iii. 2, in Malone's Shakespeare. As Malone credits the former reference to Sir William Rawlinson, a politician of the reign of William III., and says nothing about the scene in *Hamlet*, the merit of that discovery is doubtless due to Porson, whose wide reading, retentive memory and scrupulous regard for truth were in his day proverbial. It will be seen at a glance that the dialogue which follows, so far from being a plagiarism in any sense of the word, is nothing more than a reminiscence, or at most a perfectly legitimate imitation of the Greek poet:

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish:

A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,

A forked mountain, a blue promontory

With trees upon 't that nod unto the world

And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse even with a thought;

The rack dislimbs and makes it indistinct

As water is in water.

In the famous passage of arms between Polonius and Hamlet the language, instead of being highly figurative and elevated, is almost identical with that of Aristophanes, and the metaphors are crude, but striking; the situation is, however, exquisitely comic, and almost an exact counterpart of that between Strepsiades and Socrates, the philosopher in each case putting his antagonist triumphantly in the wrong.

That Shakespeare had more than an average acquaintance with the Latin classical writers has been proved, I think, beyond cavil by the late Mr. T. S. Barnes; while Professor Churton Collins has assembled a multiplicity of quotations in his "Studies in Shakespeare," that point to the probability of our master poet having made himself familiar also with the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides by means of Latin translations from the Greek, of which there were several current at the close of the sixteenth century. In the same way perhaps, from what I have been able to bring to light, Aristophanes may henceforward have to be added to the list of those ancient authors from whom Shakespeare occasionally drew, fittingly enough, some of his best thoughts and inspirations.

N. W. HILL.

Philadelphia,
December 31.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is fitting that an answer to Mr. George Stronach's inquiry should come from Stratford-upon-Avon, and for this reason I may be allowed to express an opinion upon the dictum of that great actor and interpreter of Shakespeare, the late Sir Henry Irving, "that the hand of the actor is visible in all his [Shakespeare's] dramatic work," and to offer an explanation.

To me the statement admits of no denial when I once realise that in the days of Queen Elizabeth plays were represented upon a platform admitting of no change of scenery, and were played with no intervals between the scenes, and at most only one or two waits in their whole course. Thus, the scenes of ten or a dozen lines present no difficulty to the actor, and the action proceeds quickly from scene to scene. Dr. Poel and the Elizabethan Stage Society have demonstrated this of late years by their performances at the Temple, the Mansion House, and elsewhere.

As first published separately in small quarto volumes, the plays of Shakespeare are not divided into acts and scenes, and it was not till 1623, in the first collected edition in folio, that these arbitrary divisions appeared, marking the advance made in stage-craft from the simple Elizabethan method towards the more elaborate arrangements of the theatres of the Restoration period. While it cannot be denied that students of the drama thoroughly enjoy the simple arrangement and quick action of the old method, it must be admitted that a modern revival, with all its concomitants of elaborate scenery, careful dressing, and archaeological detail as a background to the artist's interpretation of the poet's creation, appeals more directly and forcibly to the general public; though this enjoyment can only be had at the sacrifice of much of the text, and a transposition of scenes. Yet I venture to think that in the near future the more educated portion of the public will demand a return to the old method, with possibly some slight modifications necessary for the interpretation of ancient drama to modern audiences.

From a long experience I am convinced that there is not an impossible exit, or entrance, in the whole of Shakespeare's plays, and this proves a complete knowledge of stage-craft on the part of their author.

WILLIAM SALT BRASSINGTON.

Stratford-upon-Avon,
January 8.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Stronach's letter in your issue of the 5th inst., it may be observed that Lord Penzance, in his able work on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, published

in 1903, suggests that, in preparing the plays for the stage, Shakespeare made such additions and alterations as he thought would suit the taste of the audience. Sir Henry Irving was probably right, therefore, that the plays, or some of them, show a special knowledge of "stage craft." But *Antony and Cleopatra* was never acted in Shakespeare's time, and was not printed or published until he had been seven years in the grave. It is therefore probable that the play never passed through his hands, but was printed in the "folio" in 1623 without ever having been altered, or prepared, by the illustrious "acting-manager" who edited, revised, and to some extent re-wrote, the plays for the theatre.

AMBROSE T. PEYTON.

January 7.

THE DECAY OF ILLUSTRATION

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Since the angel-correspondents have feared to tread on this ground, with one exception who was merely quoted, I, being what I am, feel impelled to rush in. The department of illustration is that in which I am supposed to win my (butterless) bread; therefore I may be regarded as speaking with authority and not as the scribes when I point out that what looks like decay to one who fans through the leaves of a magazine, is not really decay but dilution. The dozen or so of illustrators in the famous 'sixties can be more than matched to-day; but, nevertheless, there are not enough willing to work at the present market-prices. Restore the tariff of the 'sixties and immediately better work would be seen. But, of course, that's impossible. Modern reproduction has changed all that. In the old days it used to cost from five pounds to fifty to engrave good work, and it was worth while paying a decent price for a drawing on which so much had to be spent. Process-work changes pounds into shillings in reproduction; hence publishers can afford to engrave anything. Magazines spring up like mushrooms, "fully illustrated," and the public buy, marvelling at the benefits of progress. The *Strand*, the first success, has scores of imitators, and as they all must have drawings, the good artists are too few to go round, so in steps the amateur; the untutored wretch who doesn't know what illustration means; but who copies badly a model to illustrate "He walked to the door," and then slobbers in a background of nothing to fill up the paper. Some even "draw out of their head" with dire results. All this stuff finds its way into the magazines because it is cheap; but it blocks the way for better. Young ladies with well-to-do fathers are great sinners in this respect. For the sake of pin-money, and the idea that they are "independent," they offer drawings of nursery subjects for five shillings each, and rather than foil their vanity they have been known to give them gratis for the sake of posing before their friends. Immature art students are another pest. Without any art education worthy the name they join "black-and-white" classes at the art schools (more progress), and expect in a term or so to go out into the world and illustrate for a living (I know; I teach 'em!). This disgusting state of things will go on until it gets so bad that even the low level of art-editorial taste is passed, and then perhaps some enterprising publisher with taste—though enterprise and taste rarely go hand-in-hand—will start a magazine well illustrated, and intended to sell more for its drawings than for its literature, as did the *Harper* of the 'eighties.

I don't think there is anything in your contributor's point that wash-work has been the downfall of illustration. Why should it have been? It's a difference of tweedledum and tweedledee. There was as much wash as line used on the wood-block drawings of the 'sixties. Besides, a bad process-block of a line drawing is a much more miserable thing than a bad block of a wash-drawing; although people who don't see the originals might not think so. There is not so much opportunity for things to be altered in a half-tone block.

As to photographs, they are necessary for certain classes of work. But they are hideous when they make pictorial claims. The public don't want them. I never heard anybody say they were delightful. It's the editor who wants them; to lighten matter that is not fiction, and to make a big show on cheap terms. The fool of a public takes what is offered; but it has never been known to refuse the best. Changes for the worse have come about by the economy of production, not by any demand of the public. The public do not demand; they simply swallow.

F. C. TILNEY.

[Our correspondent has not, evidently, studied any fine art-photographs.—ED.]

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We enclose a complete list of branches. The *ones* that have been underlined are the only *ones* which do not open daily."

A friend criticises the use of "ones" in the above sentence as being ungrammatical and improper. I should be glad of your opinion, for which I thank you in anticipation.

H. H. W.

January 8.

[As there can be no plural of one, the use of "ones" is incorrect, although it is often employed colloquially.—ED.]

"A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has only recently been drawn to some remarks which concern myself occurring on page 19 of "A Record of Spanish Painting," by Mrs. W. Gallichan (London, 1904); and it is not too late to point out their inaccuracies. There is no such place as "San Teruel." Teruel is a station on the railway from Calatayud (near the ruins of Bilbilis) to Sagunto. For "Mudijar" read Mudejar. So far as I now recollect, "the scenes" in these most interesting pictures are entirely non-Moorish, and evidently the work of a Christian who wished to celebrate the triumph of the Christian Court of Aragon, after the defeat of the Moors at the *Reconquista*. The Bishop of Teruel at the time when I saw them, 1902, a few weeks before I met Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan at Avila and Zamora, was most zealous for their preservation, and hoped that copies of them would be taken. He told me that he knew where certain panels which had been stolen were to be found. To him the public owes the greater facility of access which has been offered since that time, when the climb on to the roof was most dangerous. He feared that the removal of the false roof below them, which conceals them from view to those in the nave of the Cathedral, would be very unpopular in the city. There can be no doubt that to its existence the pictures owe their preservation; though it is an architectural atrocity. The old *artesonado* with the paintings ought to be removed to a museum, and a new roof in the same style erected in its place; the operation being accompanied by the removal of the *boveda* which spoils the church. Soon after my visit I wrote to the authorities of the Museum at South Kensington, asking them to take copies of these instructive pictures, but received an unsatisfactory answer. I believe, however, that they have since then received the attention of a society in Spain. Mrs. Gallichan omits to state that there are similar paintings, perhaps from the same hand, or hands, in the remains of the Royal Palace, in the Juderia, at Teruel, etc., on the *artesonado*, above another false *boveda*, in a church at Ciudad Real. I am not "the author," but the editor, of the Baskish New Testament printed at Oxford in 1903; though I am the author of a partly published work on the Verb which is used in that translation. On p. 309, Eibar is not in Biscaya, but in Guipuscoa; and Zuloaga should be Zuloaga.

EDWARD S. DOBSON.

"THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you or any of your readers can inform me who is the author of the recitation entitled "The Sign of the Cleft." A reader at these libraries informs me he thinks it is by a J. Heart, but of this we are unable to obtain confirmation. I am anxious to trace the author and also the collection in which the recitation can be found.

L. STANLEY JAST.

Croydon Public Libraries.

BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The committee of this institution, which is supported by voluntary contributions, have lost so many old subscribers during the past few years, through death and other causes, that they are compelled to make a special effort to obtain new subscribers to enable them to meet expenses. Considerable increase in the number of these has become imperative if the institution is to be maintained. Letters of warm congratulation have been received by the committee on the attainment of the library's thirtieth birthday, all bearing testimony to the work which it has achieved. Its bankers are Barclay and Co., Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C., to whom donations may be sent, or to the secretary and librarian,

G. F. HILCHEN.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What I most object to is orthographic anarchy. There is Mr. Greevz Fysher's system, for instance, which, so far as I know, he has never induced any other man to accept. We do not want a new Tower of Babel. We want a system which will unite men, not divide them. I do not care a button how anomalous the present system is so long as it constitutes a recognised nexus of thought between English speaking people. Introduce a better system if you like; that is if you can get it universally accepted. Any simplifications, such as those proposed by Mr. Roosevelt, if accepted by a large body of men, mark a step in the right direction. I certainly think Mr. Greevz Fysher should drop his system until he has submitted it to a million or so of English people and induced them to accept it. Nobody wants it or recognises the least shred of merit in it. If they did they would adopt it. I am in favour of tentative simplifications to be dropped if they do not commend themselves to a large majority of writers.

The written word is not essentially a symbol of sound. It is a symbol of thought. Except for the purpose of reading aloud, a thing that nobody does nowadays, it does not matter a jot how the word written is pronounced.

E. A. FISHER.

January 8.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CLASSICS.

The Medea of Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with explanatory notes, by Gilbert Murray. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 96. Allen, 2s. net.

DRAMA.

Cruso, H. A. A. *Sir Walter Raleigh.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 178. Unwin, 5s. net.
[A drama in five acts.]

ETHNOLOGY.

Thomas, Northcote W. *Kinship Organisations and Group Marriage in Australia.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. xvi, 163. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.

[In the "Cambridge Archaeological and Ethnological Series." Bibliography; index of Subjects and of Phratry, Blood and Class Names; maps of (1) Rule of Descent, (2) Class Organisations, (3) Phratry Organisation.]

FICTION.

Rhodes, Harrison G. *Charles Edward.* Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 359. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Bailey, H. C. *Springtime.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Murray, 6s.

Bindloss, Harold. *The Dust of Conflict.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 354. Long, 6s.

Cleeve, Lucas. *Selma.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Yorke, Curtis. *The World and Delia.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Findlater, Mary. *A Blind Bird's Joy.* Illustrated. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 313. Methuen, 6s.

Shiel, M. P. *The Last Miracle.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Courlander, Alphonse. *The Sacrifice.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 336. Unwin, 6s.

Talbot, L. A. *The Footstool of the Virtues.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 296. Sisley's, 6s.

Cross, Victoria. *Life's Shop Window.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 358. Werner Laurie, 6s.

HISTORY.

Doyle, J. A. *The Middle Colonies; and The Colonies under the House of Hanover.* Each 9½ × 6½. Pp. xvi, 563 and xvi, Longmans, 14s. net each.

[The fourth and fifth volumes of a series entitled "The English in America," earlier volumes of which appeared in 1882 and 1886.]

Séménoff, E. *The Russian Government and the Massacres.* Authorised translation from the French, with an introduction by Lucien Wolf. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 265. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

[A page of the Russian counter-revolution.]

LITERATURE.

Smith, Arnold. *The Main Tendencies of Victorian Poetry.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 208. Simpkin, Marshall, 5s. net.

[“Studies in the thought and art of the greater poets.” The substance of this book was contained in a series of University Extension lectures, delivered “in connection with” the University College of South Wales and Merionethshire.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The Summoning of Everyman. Edited, with an Introduction, Note-Book and Word-List, by John S. Farmer. 7 × 4½. Pp. x, 36. Published by Gibbings and Co. for the Early English Drama Society, 2s. net.

[In the “Museum Dramatists” series. This version, Mr. Farmer states in his introduction, is based on Hazlitt's text. “In its preparation,” he says, “the two impressions by Pynson, unknown to Hawkins, and one of those issued by Skot about 1530, have been collated.”]

Broughton, Rhoda. *Foes in Law.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 358. Macmillan, 2s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Jerningham, Sir Hubert. *From West to East: Notes by the Way.* With maps and illustrations. 9 × 6. Pp. 351. Murray, 15s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

A Text-Book of Irish Literature. By Eleanor Hull. (Nutt, 3s. net.) This “Text-book of Irish Literature” has been prepared, the author informs us, to meet the needs of the students under the Intermediate Board; and it carries the reader up to the early years of the sixteenth century. As Miss Hull says, “For a great part of the early literature no chronological order can, for the present, at all events, be followed. The earlier existing secular material comes to us for the most part gathered into great vellum compilations made by the assiduity of the scribes of the twelfth and following centuries; but the contents of these volumes are of various ages; and the actual date of the composition of any particular piece can only be approximately calculated either by casual allusions contained in it to persons or events whose dates can be verified from other sources, or by the language of the piece itself. Often such calculations can only be fixed within the wide limits of three or more centuries.” She has grouped her materials under general heads, even when they do not indicate the chronological order, so that the student may “more readily find any particular piece he may be in search of under its own subject.” As the book is intended for those studying for Intermediate Board examinations—of all people the least likely to be seeking any particular piece—this seems a curious reason. We suggest that the arrangement is due to the fact that the subject can be “got up” more quickly when presented in this way than it could be if a chronological arrangement had been attempted. Any one with a fairly good memory could get marks after running through this book three or four times. With a chronological order it would be necessary for them to possess not only a fairly good memory, but a certain amount of intelligence and understanding. A short chronological table is prefixed to the volume, from which the student under the Intermediate Board may glean such illuminating details as these concerning the makers of the “literature” of Ireland:

Lugaidh, son of Ith and nephew of Milesius. Lament on the death of his wife.

Ollamh Fodhla, law-giver and monarch of Ireland, and reputed founder of a College for Law and Poetry.

Roigne, or Roynne the Poetic. Poem on the partition of Ireland among the sons of Milesius. . . .

d. 500. St. Fiacc, Bishop of Sletty. Poem on St. Patrick ascribed to him.

525. St. Brigit. Abbess of Kildare. A hymn is ascribed to her.

570. St. Ita. Poem on the Infant Jesus.

We hope the students will lay them to heart. Some of the entries, needless to say, are more full than these. Miss Hull's preface suggests that “The Literature of Ireland” has recently been added to the list of subjects to be taken by candidates presenting themselves for examination by the Intermediate Board. If this be so, and it be due to the initiative of the Gaelic League, we would like to know what recompense they are prepared to offer students for the loss of time involved in “cramming.” The great defect of the book seems to us to be that it lends itself to the pernicious system of “cramming,” which the methods of the Intermediate Board foster. Its learning is undeniable, and its accuracy may pass unchallenged. If we were to grant the necessity for its form and existence—which we do not—we should call it, within its limits, an excellent book. But its limits are so considerable that we prefer to call it a useful book of reference. Remembering Miss Hull's “Pagan Ireland” and her “Early Christian Ireland,” we could wish that the volume before us had not come into our hands for review.

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No. 1812

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THE ANCESTOR, complete set, 12 vols., as issued, 35s.; {Archæologia Cantiana, 26 vols., £10 10s.; Encyclopædia Britannica, 36 vols., "Times" edition, half morocco, as published, £9 9s.—W. E. GOULDEN, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

A RECENTLY published volume, "The Public Schools from Within" (Sampson Low), contains an interesting paper by Mr. J. O'Regan on "The School Magazine." The particular school magazine he writes of is *The Marlburian*, which has a record, in all, of nearly sixty years' life, and can number among its contributors Messrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins, E. F. Benson, Eustace Miles, E. K. Chambers, S. H. Butcher, A. C. Hilton and C. L. Graves—a good list. The editors (there were four) of *The Marlburian* seem to have been a little severe. They rejected most of the contributions from outside and wrote the greater part of the paper themselves. And in apology they published the following stanza:

Our strictures, like House-masters' "measures in season,"
Are all for the best, though they're harsh at the time;
'Tis a kindness to show you your essays lack reason,
As much as your verse is deficient in rhyme.

—A kindness for which many editors, and not only of school-magazines, have had to suffer the reproaches of the rejected.

Mr. O'Regan declares that school magazines have often had to give up the attempt to encourage literature in the school for lack of worthy material. On the other hand, many budding talents have been fostered by these school-papers, and have learned to do better by their early mistakes. How feeble one's things in prose and verse used to appear when printed! Or—according to the author's temperament—how grand did they not seem! And there has been many a case of really brilliant work first published in a school-paper. After all, it is largely written by men (?) of eighteen or nineteen, an age at which many a poet outside the public school circles has published of his best.

Not long ago the Eton paper contained some exceedingly clever light verses which have since been collected and published; the author conceals himself under the difficult name of "Signa Severa." A good many of the late Lionel Johnson's poems appeared in the pages of *The Wykehamist*; and we remember the pages of that journal giving much space one summer term to a long correspondence on the vocabulary of Victor Hugo, which sat cheek by jowl with cricket reports, in the happy jumble typical of the school-boy mind. And not of the school-boy mind only. We have seen papers for adults which were equally "various."

In the same volume ("The Public Schools from Within") Mr. Kennedy of Haileybury, discoursing on

School Libraries, pleads for a little novel-reading to be permitted. The plea is a good one. It is a choice between reading novels and talking shop, and a little change is good, if only the novels are carefully chosen. When the present writer was about eighteen, and rather prided himself, perhaps, on a dawning knowledge of English literature, he was asked by a maiden lady whether at his school the boys were allowed to read any books they liked. His scorn rendered him almost dumb (he had lately finished "Tom Jones"); but, if (which Heaven forbid!) he were ever to be a schoolmaster, he would try to exercise a severe supervision over the books read, to the exclusion, not so much of the so-called "coarse" or "immoral," as of the feeble, the washy and the affected. "Tom Jones" would be on the shelves; "The Sorrows of Satan" would not. There would be all the old ballads, and none of the modern dilutions of them; Byron's poems complete, but not a line of Mr. A. B. or Miss X. Y. Z. And the novels should be made, so far as possible, stepping-stones, as the poet rather inaccurately puts it, to higher (or stiffer) things. We owe an immense debt of gratitude to the schoolmaster who, finding us yawning over a feeble novel, suggested: "Why not read Macaulay's History?" and added, with a twinkle in his eye, the old jest: "It's more exciting than any novel!" And so it proved.

One of the most interesting books published in connection with the annual celebration of the birthday of Burns is that by Mr. T. F. Henderson on Ayrshire as it was in the time of the poet. Mr. Henderson is an expert on Burns, for he had to do the lion's share of the research work when he and Henley published their well-known edition. But perhaps more interesting than the text are the pictures in this book. Mr. Monro S. Orr has probably worked from drawings and old prints. At any rate "the auld clay biggin" with its thatched roof covered with snow is exactly like the place in which the Scottish cotter used to live. He has also given a very realistic picture of the Tam o' Shanter Inn at Ayr, the "chapman billies" being carefully studied in regard to dress. The bridges, that is to say, the Auld Brig at Ayr and that at Doon, are very fine studies and help us greatly to realise the scenes that must have struck the eye of the young poet. The book has an interest beyond mere illustration, as the picture recalls a very interesting Scotland that has completely changed since the time of Burns.

There is a manuscript volume somewhere about the world (it appears from an old newspaper cutting) which literary "fanciers" would give a good deal to find. In it are transcribed some of the Paraphrases of the Psalms. Every alternate page is blank, and on these pages are entered certain emendations in three different hands, one of which is described as "masculine, massy, mysterious." The cutting goes on to add that this portentously described caligraphy was submitted, in lithographed facsimile, to the eldest son of Robert Burns, who identified it as his father's. "No man ever wrote like Burns," he said, "but I never knew before that my father had been consulted regarding the Paraphrases." The Paraphrases, however, were naturally congenial to the Burns who was accustomed to read the Bible to his assembled farm-hands at Ellisland, and who wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Nor need we be surprised to learn that the poet's alterations, which are embodied in the authorised collection of the Paraphrases, are an improvement on the original versions.

There seems to be no limit to the field touched upon by anthologists, the latest compilation, called "A Garden of Spiritual Flowers," being a collection of prayers from the devotional books of the reign of Elizabeth. It is a singular fact, that has often been noted, that the art of writing prayers has been practically lost. At any rate,

no petition made in modern times will compare with these beautiful compositions of the reign of Elizabeth. The Book of Common Prayer possesses a literary interest scarcely inferior to that of the Revised Version itself. Its language is invariably pure and often touches a grace and beauty unexcelled in any other prose of the language. Never, we think, did Ruskin make a greater mistake than when he found fault with what he considered the redundancies. In spite of what he said the language is almost perfect.

A very interesting note appears to the new edition of Sonnets of Samuel Waddington. The author says :

The late illustrious critic, Mr. W. E. Henley, in an otherwise favourable review of my "Century of Sonnets," took exception to the occasional use therein of variant forms of the sonnet, such as that with octosyllabic lines ; and the poet, Mr. William Watson, in a letter he addressed to me in 1890, expressed somewhat similar views. I fully concur with both of these writers in thinking that the legitimate form of the Guittonian sonnet with decasyllabic lines is the best, and I have almost invariably used it.

It may be interesting to quote the sonnet which is generally thought to be Waddington's best, and which was included in the "Century of Sonnets" :

It was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep,—we stood, my love and I,
A while in silence where the stream runs by ;
Idly we listened to a plaintive strain—
A young maid singing to her youthful swain—
Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow we know not why ;
"If spring be past," I said, "shall love remain ?"

She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own—
"Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see
Unto a goodly height again hath grown ;
Belovèd, thus love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring-days have known."

If authors were to be judged by their fertility and copiousness, a very high place would have to be awarded to Mrs. Stannard, who claims that her last novel is the ninety-sixth which has come out under her pen-name of John Strange Winter. Nor does the ninety-six include everything, as she informs us that there are, in addition, nine long supplements to the *Family Herald*. It is no wonder that at the end she has to confess, "I am now tired of writing novels"; and it sounds pathetic when she adds, "But it does not do to be tired of earning one's living." The confession altogether is a very sad one. We are afraid that earning one's living and literature have, in the case of novels, very little to do with each other.

Novelists who try to trim their sails to the breeze ought to study the halfpenny press. If they do they will come upon such treasures as the following, which is described in a large-type heading as "A Romantic Reunion of Old Village Lovers" :

A broken village courtship has just had an interesting sequel. After more than fifty years of separation, Mrs. Ellen Briggs of Stevenage, Herts, is going out to Australia to marry the lover of her early days. Mrs. Briggs, who is seventy-six years of age, lost trace of her sweetheart, and has since been three times married. The man himself has survived four wives. Now he has communicated with the object of his youthful affections, and is anxious to marry his sweetheart of half a century ago.

The romance attaching to a marriage after three weddings had been gone through by one of the parties and four by the other is a very modern product.

No one would associate the appalling disaster in Jamaica with any touch of the absurd. Mr. Hall Caine, however, is able to adorn every subject with colours of his own choosing. Like a conjurer, he produces oranges and rabbits from the most unlikely places. On January 16 he took occasion to inform the audience

of the Adelphi, where his own play is running, that he had received a personal communication from Mr. Winston Churchill in regard to his brother's safety. How many of the audience were thirsting for news of Mr. Ralph Hall Caine we do not know. It is reasonable to suppose that if any of them were suffering from anxiety for near relatives in the island they would have foregone or postponed the pleasure of seeing *The Bondman*; but even the prospect of a new Lycidas, another Adonais, or a twentieth-century Thyrsis being added to our literature would hardly have compensated them for the loss of Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, whom we are glad to see contributing some days later to a contemporary a healthy account of the disaster. It suggests a new reading for Milton :

Where the great vision on the Greeba mount
Looks towards Namanzos, and Hall Cainia's hold.

It is a curious literary and dramatic precedent which, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Hall Caine has established. How odd it will seem if one evening after the curtain has fallen on *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Mr. Bernard Shaw announces that he has just received a telegram from Sir Frederick Treves saying that his uncle, from whom he has expectations, was successfully operated on for appendicitis! Or if we read in the morning paper: "At the close of the performance of *The New Aladdin* last night Mr. George Edwardes announced that he had received a telegram from the Home Office, saying that in a recent railway disaster at Salisbury no one had been identified as an habitual visitor at the Gaiety Theatre." Or that, "At the Garrick Theatre last night Mr. Arthur Boucher announced *before the curtain rose* that in a recent dynamite explosion at Liverpool only one dramatic critic was killed." At His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday evening Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the entr'acte, read a telegram from Lord Northcliffe: "Your brother Max has arrived at Naples; Vesuvius is quite safe."

The season of German Opera is now in full swing, and the performances have been as well attended as their excellence deserves. The popularity of Grand Opera is becoming so great that the good day is not far distant when music lovers will not be obliged to wait for foreign visitors and to pay exorbitant prices for seats or be crowded into impossible places, as is now too often the case at Covent Garden. One of the most interesting features of this Winter Season is the production of Weber's *Freischütz*. It has not been given for many years in England and is seldom heard even on the Continent. Yet the opera is pure music, full of melody and grace, and the story is simple and delightful. We can see no reason why it should not be played for a run, as they say; and its production would considerably ease the strain of perpetual Musical Comedy with its incessant suggestion and vulgarity. People like to feel that they are being educated (Weber would educate them musically), and if they went with set and serious faces, they would soon find their hearts lightened and their ears thrilled by the exquisite, simple melodies and the gay *insouciance* of the work.

The applause that broke in after Caspar's great drinking song and Agathe's "Leise, leise" showed that the audience could not keep their delight within the bounds which usually obtain at the Opera that is haloed by the epithet Grand. Many useful recruits have been found, of whom we feel confident that more will one day be heard: notably Madame Mary Grey, who has not previously, we believe, appeared in Opera, but whose recital last year bore witness to a superb quality of voice and a fine capacity for comprehending great music. We hope that the Winter Opera Season will become a permanent institution: it is not possible to have too much of such a conspicuously good thing.

A correspondent writes: Beside the amended Liturgy of which your contributor gave us the other week some delightful examples, the rendering of the 23rd Psalm found in a native hut in West Africa—according to a daily paper, which reproduces it—deserves to take its place:

Diety is my pastor. I shall not be indigent.
He maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns. He leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities.

He restoreth my spirit. He conducteth me in the avenues of restitude for the cillibry of his appellations.

Indubitably though I perambulate through the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories I shall not be perturbed by any appalling catastrophe, for thou art present thy wand and thy crook insinuate delectation.

Thou spreadest a reflection before me in the midst of inimical scrupulations. Thou performest my locks with odoriferous ugent my chalice excubrates.

Unquestionably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality and I shall eternize my habinance the mistropolis of nature.

God Save the King!

We should like further particulars concerning this remarkable translation.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though we cannot agree with Pope:

In beauty or wit
No mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dared,

we owe a debt of gratitude for the light she has thrown in her letters on the manners of her age. She quarrelled with her ardent admirer in the end, and her temper does not appear to have been an equable one, but she possessed the qualities of sound common sense and humour, united to a love of literature and no small measure of discrimination, and we are interested to learn that the lady who styles herself "George Paston" has unearthed a number of hitherto unpublished letters among the Wortley Montagu manuscripts at Sandon Hall, which are to be embodied in a new Life to be published this spring by Messrs. Methuen.

The net book system is very far-reaching in its effects. One phase of the question is its influence on the public libraries of the country. We have touched upon this aspect of the matter in these columns on several occasions. The Council of the Library Association has been actively engaged in endeavouring to obtain concessions similar to those given to public libraries on the Continent and in America, and to Governmental libraries in this country, but up to the present without success. "As the great extension of the net book system and the new regulation prohibiting the sale of new books at second-hand within six months of publication are matters of grave importance to libraries generally," a special conference of libraries and delegates will be held at 20 Hanover Square on February 27 at 4.30 P.M.

The list of Mr. Carnegie's gifts, to which we referred a few weeks since, contains the names of twenty-five libraries. Five of these obtained small sums, as additions to those previously received, for the completion of buildings, or to defray excess expenditure. Four only are sums under £2000. This is satisfactory as showing that the number of small libraries, which can hope for success only in a comprehensive county scheme, is not increasing proportionately. Ten of the gifts were for the extension, or rebuilding of existing libraries, or for the provision of branches. These particulars do not include those of gifts to the libraries in our colonies, nor to those in the United States. The greatest need of the public library movement in this country, apart from the needs embodied in the Omnibus Library Bill and already referred to on several occasions in these columns, is the foundation of a professorial chair. Compared with the sums freely given for the erection of libraries the cost of the endowment of this would be insignificant.

LITERATURE

SELECT EPIGRAMS

Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Edited with revised Text, Translation, Introduction and Notes, by J. W. MACKAIL. New edition revised throughout. (Longmans, 14s. net.)

Is there any fixed standard of literary taste? Juvenal speaks of Statius as an enchanting poet, and Addison shared his enthusiasm. Dante, Addison and Macaulay regarded Lucan as one of the great poets of the world; now it is rare to meet a man who has read through the "Pharsalia" or the "Thebais," and Martial doubts whether Lucan is a poet, though he sells well; as did Martin Tupper fifty years ago, though now his "Proverbial Philosophy" shares the oblivion which has overwhelmed Montgomery's "Satan" and Pollok's "Course of Time." Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son on January 25, 1745, calls the Greek epigrams "the worst company in the world," adding "Martial has wit, and is worth your looking into sometimes." Mr. Mackail, in his "Latin Literature," says of Martial:

He appealed strongly to all that was worst in Roman taste—its heavy-handedness, its admiration of verbal cleverness, its tendency towards brutality.

He likens some of Martial's epigrams to the cracker mottoes of modern times, and, in contrasting him with the Greek Anthology in its flourishing period, writes:

The art practised with such infinite grace by Greek artists of almost every age between Solon and Justinian was at this [Martial's] period sunk to a low ebb. The contemporary Greek epigrammatists all show the same heaviness of handling and the same tiresome insistence on making a point.

Mr. Mackail's Introduction is an entirely delightful piece of work. The subtle and beautifully expressed analysis of the Oxford Professor of Poetry makes it quite a different thing from the ordinary introduction to a classical edition by an editor who, however excellent as a scholar, is seldom trained to investigate minutely how our sensibilities and emotions are related to the art of expression and affected by the mystery of the external world. Mr. Mackail is no indiscriminate eulogist of the epigrammatists even at their zenith. He admits that Nature has a smaller part in the Anthology than in modern poetry:

The appeal from man to Nature, and especially the appeal to Nature as knowing more about man's destiny than he knows himself, was unknown to the Greek poets.

One cannot imagine a Greek poet taking Nature into his confidence or emphasising her sympathy with his moods as in Tennyson's:

On the bald street breaks the blank day;

or Lytton's:

The day comes up above the roofs
All sallow from a night of rain.

When Burns sings:

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

he craves sympathy. When Meleager (about B.C. 100) asks the meadows why they laugh in vain, it is only to point out that they need not aspire to rival the radiance of Zenophiles's smile.

The Greek, like the Japanese, anthologists had an intensely sensuous love of the outer world, the delights of soft grass, flowers, cool waters, sunshine, shade and murmuring sound; but none of them would have thought of saying, with Wordsworth, of a lovely maiden:

And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;

or with Shelley:

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

Which of them had a heart that danced with the daffodils, or was in love with the sweet jargon of all the little birds that are? Even the "Thalysia" of Theocritus, "that perfect example of the poetry of a summer day," stops short of describing natural objects for their own sake apart from their relations to man. On this Mr. Mackail makes an interesting comment:

Perhaps the nearest approach that Greek poetry makes to this is a remarkable fragment of Sophocles describing the shiver that runs through the leaves of a poplar when all the other trees stand silent and motionless.

He compares the fragment (*Ageus*, fr. 24) with the glorious simile in Keats's "Hyperion" beginning:

As when upon a tranced summer night,

in which the forest trees are "green-robed senators."

We have said that the Greek poet could not have uttered the sentiment of Shelley quoted above; but we do not mean that he did not share Shelley's sense of man's misery. Death and great darkness after death lay like a pall over the pageant of the world:

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

Sometimes life is a thorn without a rose. Here is a wail from Leonidas of Tarentum, § 12, 27 (fl. B.C. 270):

Infinite, O man, was the foretime until thou camest to thy dawn, and what remains is infinite on through Hades. What share is left for life but the bigness of a pinprick, and tinier than a pinprick if such there be? Little is thy life and afflicted: not sweet, but more loathed than hateful death.

Sometimes, too, the rose finds a place. Rufinus (fl. under Justinian), sending a garland to Rhodoclea (§ 9, 2), adds:

Garlanding thyself with these flowers cease to be high-minded: even as the garland thou also dost flower and fall.

Anon there is the gentle resignation of Wordsworth, in an epitaph (§ 3, 42) on a girl who died young, by Callimachus (fl. B.C. 250):

The daughters of the Samians often require (*δίδονται*) Crethis, the teller of tales, who knew pretty games, sweetest of workfellows, ever talking: but she sleeps here the sleep to which they all must come.

One feels what a delightful creature was Crethis, and one is reminded of that charming poem of Mr. Arnold, "Strew on her roses, roses," which is so redolent of Greek Anthology, especially in the verse:

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Here is a desperate saying (§ 3, 62) of Callimachus, in which the poet questions the dead man, who answers:

O Charidas, what of the under world? Great darkness. And what of the resurrection? A lie. And Pluto? A fable: we perish utterly.

But, again, many of the epigrammatists find consolation in the sources to which Omar Khayyam so constantly appeals. Of this vein a good example is xii. 13, by Zonas (fl. B.C. 80):

Give me the sweet cup wrought of the earth, from which I was born and under which I shall lie dead.

And this, xii. 2, by Nicarchus (probably under Nero):

Must I not die? What matters it to me whether I depart to Hades gouty or fleet of foot? For many will carry me. Let me go lame, I will not leave my revelling, I fancy, to save them labour.

The great majority of the epigrams, however, breathe a spirit of gaiety and light-heartedness, which in Roman times often degenerated into crudity and even vulgarity. We have the snake-bite when:

The man recovered of the bite,
The snake it was that died,

and the lady who can boast that her hair is her own because it is bought and paid for. Jest of Roman times on tumours, ruptures, and other bodily infirmities suggest a low standard of taste; but they form a very infinitesimal fraction among more than five thousand epigrams embracing a thousand years; and no offensive pieces, of course, have found their way into the five hundred selected by Mr. Mackail. The notes, as might be expected from the Professor of Poetry, are full of delightful parallels from modern literature, and they show finished scholarship.

Mr. Mackail justly remarks that most readers would agree on three-fourths of the epigrams to be admitted, while with regard to the remainder, perhaps hardly two persons would be in accordance. We own we missed a few favourites. We should have welcomed more from that consummate artist Paulus Silentiarius, who, under Justinian, rivalled the grace of Meleager. We missed Herodicus with his admirable description of the dry-as-dust pedants who "settled *Hoti's* business" in the ancient world:

γωνιοβύμβυκες, μονοσύλλαβοι, οἱσι μέμλε
τὸ σφίγν καὶ σφῶιν καὶ τὸ μίγν ἦδὲ τὸ νίγν.

But most of all do we regret the absence of one epigram of Callimachus, not only on account of its cleverness, but because it illustrates Bentley's amazing powers as an emendator. The epigram before Bentley ran thus:

τὴν ἀλὴν Εὐδήμος, ἐφ' ἧς ἄλα λιτὸν ἐπελθὼν
χειμῶνας μεγάλους ἐξέφυγεν Δαναῶν.

The last word was the correction of a supposed error, *δανέων*, debts, found in all the manuscripts. With this correction the meaning was supposed to be:

Eudemus dedicates the ship in which, after crossing a smooth sea, he escaped great storms of the Danaï (i.e., such as they encountered).

Bentley [saw what poor stuff this was, that *ἀλὴ* was "a saltcellar," and *δανέων*, debts, was right. The change of one letter turned nonsense into wit; he corrected *ἐπελθὼν* to *ἐπίσθων* and translated:

Eudemus dedicates his saltcellar with which by picking from it a frugal grain of salt he escaped the ill winds of debt.

Beautiful as is Mr. Mackail's prose translation, one craves verse. Perhaps that is an impossible consummation, though devoutly to be wished. If it should ever be achieved, Mr. Mackail is the man to do it. It would have been pleasant to quote a few of the best verse renderings, but they would probably be familiar to many of our readers.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE PEDESTRIAN MUSE

Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays. By the Hon. ALBERT S. G. CANNING. (Unwin, 16s. net.)

ONCE upon a time, when one of the Napoleons who have parcelled out the field of modern journalism among them was in the making, he was advised to secure the services of a young man of brilliant promise. The latter had written a book—one of those made with blood and tears—and sent it as the only credential he cared to show. In reply the said Napoleon suggested a series of "catching" articles, and added: "I will peruse your volume." And that was the last communication that passed between them. "Peruse" was the word that killed the correspondence. "I have perused a bill, and, sad to say, I have perused a summons; but to peruse my book!" Whereupon the young man bestowed much bad language upon

the budding Napoleon, and applied to him many slangy and irreverent terms, of which the mildest was "rotter." A memory of this incident was suggested by the book before us. Its author is a master of the prosaic, nor have we encountered any other commentator equally skilled in the art of reducing noble poetry to small beer. The book contains more than five hundred pages of solid print, and the plan adopted is to make a running analysis of each play accompanied by a description of the most famous passages. Here, taken at random, is a description of the three witches in Macbeth:

These three, in their first conversation together, reveal malignant hatred to the human race, as well as their great, yet strangely limited power, and also their complete union in design and thought. One of the witches relates having been refused some chestnuts by a sailor's wife, and vindictively discloses her plan of revenge on the husband, regretfully admitting her limited powers of mischief, which enable her to torment the luckless sailor for a certain time, but not to destroy his vessel.

"Vindictively discloses her plan of revenge"; "regretfully admitting"—do not these attain to a delicious perfection of commonplace? The following characterisation of Lady Macbeth is equally worthy of notice:

She is a thoroughly hardened, ambitious woman, resolute and utterly unscrupulous. Her love for Macbeth, upon which so much stress has been laid, seems, when considered in reference to her worldly position and interests, worthy of little, if any, commendation. She knows her fortunes are now linked with his, and that with his increasing power her own will rise proportionately, owing to her influence over him.

Study and analysis indeed! "Worthy of little, if any, commendation" is a phrase to be proud of—excellent "good words." Mr. Canning's reprehension of Macbeth and his wife is done in a style that would not disgrace a village schoolmaster. "They are merely a cruel, ungrateful, selfish couple." They pursue a mean object, and the Hon. A. S. G. Canning is astonished that "Lady Macbeth has been represented both on the stage and in song with a dignity and grandeur almost worthy of Catherine of Aragon, Joan of Arc, or Margaret of Anjou."

At the risk of boring our readers we must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting one more passage about Lady Macbeth:

She is evidently meant to be a person of great spirit and daring but her plot against the King is worthy of the most cowardly assassin who was ever deservedly executed. Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth confess that, had not Duncan resembled her own father when asleep, she would have slain him herself. This very slight touch of human feeling has been much commented on, as if it were rather redeeming, yet, if examined, it is surely of very little consequence. She was about to commit a deliberate murder, but fancied the intended victim resembled one of her own family, so preferred to have him killed by another, while fully resolved on his death. Had he resembled any one else, she would have murdered him herself without scruple.

But at times the author is suggestive, as when, after the passage: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," etc., he remarks that this "passionate appeal would have been more suitably addressed to a clergyman, or trusted friend, than to a medical man"! The zenith of the quotidian is, however, reached in the description of the celebrated lines:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

This is "a brief yet wise reflection on the shortness and uncertainty of human life." Enough of Macbeth and the excursions into the bathos it has prompted. A word must be devoted to Sir John Falstaff. The Hon. A. S. G. Canning comments on the first part of *Henry IV.* in the very spirit of paterfamilias! "Sir John is a compound

of self-indulgence, falsehood, licentiousness and shameless roguery," while Hal, Prince Henry he is primly called, is dealt with thus:

Satisfying his too easy conscience by purposing reformation, he never considers the vile example every hour of his life sets even to his younger brothers—none of whom, happily, follow it—nor the grief and shame, if not danger, which it causes to his toil-worn father, to whose sense and energy he owes alike his present position and high expectations. He flatters himself that the more dissolute he now is the more noble will his altered conduct make him appear in future, forgetting that he might die at any moment, leaving a reputation disgraceful and even dangerous to his family and the nation.

After that it would be creating a surfeit of good things if we were to quote the unconscious humour of the analysis, paraphrase or solemn travesty of Sir John's witty speeches. No equal revelation of the absolute commonplace has ever appeared in an English book. One would have imagined it to be almost incredible that any one should be attracted to the study of Shakespeare who did not take a deep delight in those exquisite passages in which we see the genius of the poet raised to its utmost heights; but to these the author seems blind.

AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE RULES

Kinship Organisations and Group Marriage in Australia. By N. W. THOMAS. (Cambridge: University Press, 6s. net.)

MR. THOMAS'S book of a hundred and sixty pages is the necessary complement, and to some extent the criticism, of the large collections of facts which we owe to Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, Dr. Roth, Dr. Howitt, Mrs. Langlois Parker, and to the less widely known "Ethnological Notes" of Mr. R. W. Mathews (Sydney: F. W. White, 1905). Mr. Thomas has also studied many scientific periodicals, German, Australian, and American, and many books of the prescientific period, which occasionally yield us useful facts or clues. It may be said that "what he does not know is not knowledge," as far as printed records of the native ways are concerned. He is also able to point out the imperfections and inconsistencies which occur in our most recent and elaborate records; and, when occasion arises, he demonstrates that even the best qualified observers are not, when they stray into theory, necessarily impeccable logicians.

Mr. Thomas's first chapter contains a highly condensed account of savage social organisations—tribes, kinship groups, totem kins, and phratries (intermarrying exogamous divisions of the tribe), not in Australia only, but wherever they occur, in America, Africa, Melanesia, New Guinea, India and elsewhere. The references are copious and often novel. The second chapter deals with descent, whether in the paternal or maternal line, and (pp. 12, 13) is not precisely favourable to the new theory of "conceptional" totemism, as "primitive." However, he admits that "patrilineal descent may have been directly evolved without the intermediate form of reckoning through females." Anything *may* have occurred "in the dark backward and abysm of Time," but "whereas evidence of the passage from female to male reckoning may be observed, there is virtually none of a change in the opposite direction." "The problem is probably insoluble. . . . All that can be said is that in the kinship organisations known to us female descent seems to have prevailed in the vast majority of cases, and probably existed in the residual class of indeterminable examples."

But why did early mankind, almost if not quite universally, reckon descent of the kin-name, and inheritance of things hereditary, first in the female line? Why have many races shifted to reckoning in the male line? We can only offer hypotheses, and of these hypotheses we can only prefer such as are self-consistent to such as are self-contradictory. As to the second question, why was the transition made from reckoning in the female to reckoning in the male line, Mr. Thomas justly says that "the subject needs to be discussed in detail for each

particular area before general conclusions can be formulated." Thus many Australian tribes, on a very low level of material culture, have made the transition from female to male reckoning long ago; while Melanesian peoples, much more advanced in civilisation, are, even now, still struggling towards the transition. The truth is that we cannot, with our present knowledge, and on the strength of evidence sometimes self-contradictory (pp. 22, 23), answer the questions about descent.

We next turn to the organisations called totem kins, phratries, and matrimonial classes, in their various combinations, and Mr. Thomas illustrates, by maps and "tables," the territorial distribution of these associations, all over known Australia. This is a work of great labour, very efficiently performed. Mr. Thomas makes it clear that when the names of the phratries and matrimonial classes can be translated, they are names of animals, which indicates some relationship, probably, between the phratries and classes, on the one hand, and the system of totemism, on the other. But, among the class names, only a few are translated with certainty, and no stress is laid on probable but conjectural renderings. As to the phratry names, out of fifty-eight, nineteen can be certainly translated—they are animal names—and some six others can be guessed at with much probability. Mr. Thomas prefers the view that "the phratry names" (say Black and White Cockatoo, Crow and White Cockatoo, Crow and Eagle Hawk) "were selected in some way, and were not due to some accident of savage wit." As far as we know the phratry names usually indicate *contrasts*, either in the colour of the animals, or in their habitats. To two opposed sets of persons in the tribe, names indicative of opposition were given. The sets were contrasted but allied: all persons were, say, either White or Black Cockatoos; Black Cockatoos could marry only White Cockatoos, and *vice versa*. This archaic rule was either the result (1) of more or less unconscious evolution; or (2) of a conscious and purposeful reformation of a previous promiscuity. Mr. Thomas decides against the second theory, that of conscious reformation. His arguments (pp. 68–70) seem difficult to answer, for we are not told how anybody could dream that there was anything to reform; while the arrangement does not attain the supposed reformatory purpose; and the hypotheses of the partisans of a theory of conscious reform are vague and self-contradictory. Mr. Thomas is averse from the theory of primitive promiscuity, and tears into shreds the arguments in favour of the actual existence of "group marriage" among certain tribes. He dissects the late Mr. Morgan's elaborate hypothesis, which is hardly necessary, for "Morgan is utterly inconsistent," that is, has nothing that can be called a theory. Chapters xii. and xiii. contain criticisms of the "Group marriage" theory of Dr. Howitt and of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen. No doubt they will have replies to make; of what nature these may be we can know nothing till they are placed before us. Perhaps they will adduce new facts, or correct previous statements; for, as Mr. Thomas says, "it will be seen that our information is very fragmentary, and what we have is neither precise nor free from contradiction." This is not extraordinary, when we consider that the tribes are decadent and dwindling, that their dialects are obscurely known; that, for all we are told, they sometimes give evidence in "pidgeon" English; and that their customary laws are breaking down under the many strains of contact with colonial civilisation. We have to thank, not to blame, the energetic collectors of information; but we cannot, at present, say that their facts are a safe basis of a consistent theory.

Mr. Thomas's book is a severely critical and much-needed essay in restraint of the making of hasty theories. A similar work by him on Australian Magic and Religion would satisfy a want acutely felt by students.

ANDREW LANG.

LAFCADIO HEARN

Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. By ELIZABETH BISLAND. (Constable, 24s. net.)

IN the late 'forties England still held the Ionian Islands. The Surgeon-Major in the 76th Foot, when the regiment was ordered to Greece, was a certain Charles Bush Hearn. He was a handsome young Irishman with Dorsetshire blood in his veins (for the family went to Ireland only in 1693) and gipsy blood, too, legend says, Hearn being a good Romany name. Between the garrison and the islanders of Cerigo fierce animosity prevailed: but no danger could prevent the Surgeon-Major from falling passionately in love with a beautiful Greek girl, Rosa Cerigota, and from winning her love. Her brothers stabbed him and left him on the road-side for dead. The girl found him, and, hiding him in a barn, nursed him back to life. Then the lovers ran away to Santa Maura and were married. Their first child died at birth: their second child, born in 1850, was called after the island Lefkada and his name was Lafcadio—Lafcadio Hearn. On his palm was a strange thumb-print, and that thumb-print is well known to be the certain mark of Romany descent.

In the Ionian Islands Lafcadio Hearn was born. "I have memory of a place and a magical time, in which the sun and the moon were larger and brighter than now. . . . I know the sky was very much more blue and nearer to the world." And it is memorable that George Gissing won his way at last against desperate odds, fighting poverty, ill-health and starvation, to the same Greek islands from which Hearn started his life and from which he took the memory of One who ruled those islands and who told him of a charm "that I must never never lose because it would keep me young and give me power to return." It remained with him even in straits as desperate as any that had gripped George Gissing, that charm which keeps man aloof from bitterness; for the One who ruled those islands was Beauty. The hope of Beauty kept Gissing alive until Beauty welcomed him at last to this domain of hers; and she set her influence upon the child Lafcadio and sent him through the world—her impassioned troubadour. Beauty is not limited in her presence; but it is a pleasant phantasy, this breathing-space of the two men, proper artists, contemporary almost and strangely dissimilar, the one starting life and the other meeting death, by the Ionian sea where the sky is "very much more blue and nearer to the world."

Six years Lafcadio Hearn lived there: then the family left Cerigo and returned to Dublin, where trouble came upon him. His father and mother quarrelled and Rosa ran away with a cousin back to the blue islands and the boy was given into the charge of a strict aunt, Mrs. Brenane, who frightened him with tales of God and turned his love of beauty into a reproach. The child fought against her narrow evil teaching and was counted wicked. "For the best of possible reasons I then believed in ghosts and goblins, because I saw them both by day and by night. Before going to sleep I would always cover up my head to prevent them from looking at me; and I used to scream when I felt them pulling at the bedclothes." And when Mrs. Brenane tried to make clear to him the meaning of the invocation, *In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*, it is small wonder that only the last Being was of any interest to him, and that the only impression left upon his mind was that the "Holy Ghost was a *white* ghost and not in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk." But his cousin Jane, whose spirit he saw one day when she was alive and far away from the house, was the chief origin of his terror; and to her strenuous efforts to impress him with a proper sense of sin and fear of the tortures of hell, he owed the feeling of horror, impending like a doom, that filled his heart with distrust. "Woe, woe, thou didst destroy it, the beautiful world!" But just at the time when his sympathy with the enemies of

cousin Jane's God was strengthening, he came upon great folio books on Greek mythology with many illustrations of nymphs and fairies and gods and heroes; and he came into his own. By a kind of childish instinct he realised that these gods had been belied because they were beautiful. "Blindly and gropingly I had touched a truth—the ugly truth that beauty of the highest order whether mental or moral or physical must ever be hated by the many and loved only by the few!" All honour to Mrs. Brenane and to cousin Jane. They did their thankless negative work thoroughly: they even laid hands on those folios and cut out with a penknife the breasts of the nymphs and inked in clothes on the splendid naked limbs of the goddesses. Thereby they helped Lafcadio to know their real beauty more than many lectures could have done and filled him with a lasting rage against all enemies of beauty. Mrs. Brenane too gave him food and comfortable shelter; cousin Jane left him a library of books collected before she became devout. Of that kind of narrow superstition he wrote afterwards—"its horizon is solid stone, its sky a material vault."

This child of a passionate love, with the Romany thumb-print upon his palm, who seemed born with a memory of other lives, and who, with that vision which the blinding of one eye with a knotted rope could not affect, always saw a little further than other children of men, became the apostle of the Old, the Queer, the Exotic, the Monstrous. But he never lapsed into pettiness, because he remained in touch with the whole greatness of things by reason of his great understanding of Beauty. Beauty was his religion and through the power of Beauty he attained to that ultimate harmony between himself and life which the eccentric is apt to miss.

Upon the surroundings of his childhood and early youth Miss Elizabeth Bisland dwells. As much as possible she endeavours to tell the story from fragments of autobiography and from chance words which Mrs. Hearn remembers and relates with Japanese charm in exquisitely dainty English. The facts of his later life Miss Bisland tells with exactly the brevity and precision with which such facts should be told. Indeed, it is a pleasure to feel that too much praise cannot be given for the ability and reverence with which she has done her work. Facts become insignificant compared with the interest and importance of the comment upon them which the letters afford. In 1869 Hearn was starving in New York, where his only friend was an Irish carpenter. Then he went to Cincinnati and eventually became a hack-journalist who rose on the paper through the lurid cleverness of his treatment of a murder. The year 1877 finds him in New Orleans, still a journalist, but translating Gautier in his spare time, when his eyesight allowed him, and working at his first book, "Chinese Ghosts." The books were sold, and he had the opportunity of visiting the Tropics, which laid their spell over him for ever. Gradually he overcame the giant Circumstance in spite of ill-health, and in 1890 he arrived in Japan, and by teaching in schools, lecturing in colleges, and writing, he was at length enabled to live in happiness. He married Setsu Roizumi, a Japanese lady, and became a Japanese subject. In the last fourteen years of his life he found his life's work. At the age of forty, when most men have done learning, and the crust of habit has formed upon their minds and manners, Lafcadio Hearn began to learn a new language and was able to understand a new people, to enter into their mode of thought and mode of living, and to do so without losing his own personality.

The letters show the gradual growth in him of that power in his character which made this possible. He remained sensitive, and his life vindicates the truth of the great saying that Nature is on the side of the most sensitive. Men are apt in daily life to stigmatise such a character glibly as shrinking, weak, timid, and to pass on without recognising the strength and vitality and courage which are needed to keep such a personality from the easy lapse into indifference. Lafcadio Hearn was able to

remain sensitive through that power of his, noticeable in his earliest childhood, of seeing a little beyond the material fact and of trusting in his vision. He welcomed the hardest facts of science as a kind of challenge: and he looked at them until they were illumined by the light from beyond and he could see them truly. "Isolated facts," he wrote, "are worthy of consideration only in their relation to universal, and, perhaps, eternal laws." All his work is informed by this sensitive disposition; his delicate handling of words, his subtle perception, his strange fascination, his choice of theme: these are signs of it. But in his letters its unveiled beauty is apparent. Therein lies their extreme charm. Whether he is writing to his friend Krebbiel to prevent his depression on feeling himself too small a man for the Art of Music—

The Vatican with its sixty thousand rooms is but a child's toy house compared with but one of the countless wings of Art's infinite temples; and the outer world, viewing only the entrance, narrow and low as that of a pyramid, can no more comprehend the illimitable that lies beyond it than they can measure the deeps of the Eternities beyond the fixed stars. . . . It seems to me that want of confidence in one's self is not less a curse than it appears to be a consequence of knowledge;

—or whether he is writing to an old pupil, a Japanese with all the instinct of the Samurai, who has quarrelled with his wife and is showing him her point of view, as he does show it with infinite delicacy and quiet firmness, always and in all his relations with men and women, the very inspiration of tenderness and of understanding seems to be expressed, and to colour his humour, his style, his view of life, everything indeed that he touched with the sacred colour of Beauty. One never forgets that he was born in a place where the sky was very much more blue and nearer to the world than are the places in which most men are born.

PLAIN AND COLOURED

Firelight Fancies. By WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS. (The Tallis Press, 2s. 6d.)

The Truce of God, and other Poems. By WILLIAM STEVENS. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Lady Beautiful. By F. E. WALROND. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

The Re-union of Adam and Eve. By DAVID DAVENPORT. (Hammond, 1s. net.)

Songs to Desideria and other Poems. By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (Lane, 2s. net.)

Lyrics of Life and Beauty. By MARCUS S. C. RICKARDS. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d. net.)

Paper Pellets. By JESSIE POPE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

A Sheaf of Songs. By MRS. CALVERT SPENSLEY. (Gay & Bird, 1s. net.)

Meditata. By WALTER HOGG. (Wellwood, 1s. 6d. net.)

A Book of Masks. By WILBUR UNDERWOOD. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

For indeed 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
And blest is the man who such happiness finds
To enjoy but a span in the hours of leisure
Of elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

THE undoubted fact that Keats is the author of the above lines, and that, when he wrote them, he was several years older than Master Wallace Bertram Nichols was when he wrote the verses contained in "Firelight Fancies" (we are informed, in a publisher's note, that they are the work of a schoolboy, and written between the ages of thirteen and sixteen) will not deter us from saying that Master Nichols would be much better employed in reading poetry than in attempting to write it, or at any rate to publish it. We do not war on babes and sucklings and it would be unkind to overweight this statement of opinion with quotations from the volume. A boy may write very poor poetry at the age of fifteen and may yet live to become a great poet. On the other hand he may not. In either case he is pretty sure, sooner or later, to regret the publication of immature work.

In the case of Mr. William Stevens, the author of "The Truce of God," we are confronted by a very much worse state of affairs. Mr. Stevens has rashly ornamented his volume with his own portrait, thereby providing the reviewer with evidence that he has reached an age when he can no longer have any valid excuse for imagining that he can write poetry. It is true that in the preface to his book we are informed that, in acknowledging a copy of these poems, Mr. Gladstone wrote that he "much admired their sentiment and feeling, which cannot but influence favourably the minds of all who may become acquainted with them." But our belief in the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone as a judge of literature did not survive the publication of his own poetical works. Mr. Stevens goes on in his preface to say that the residue of the first edition, thus blessed by Mr. Gladstone, was consumed in an outbreak of fire, and that the present re-issue of the book is due to "the suggestion of a friend." Mr. Stevens is evidently a hardened offender, and we feel that it is our duty to quote. Here are the five opening lines of "An Idyll of the City," a poem in blank (very blank) verse:

Success had crowned our venture once again.
My fortunes founded, and provision made
To keep my heirs in wealth, I now had reached
The goal of my desires, so long pursued.
A life of labour sought its end in rest.

Mr. Francis Ernley Walrond is an ecstatic poet, but his ecstasy unfortunately takes the form of exclamation marks and vain repetition. Here is a stanza from "The Skylark's Song":

Spring! Spring! Spring!
O the brave Spring!
Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!
Spring!!
There is no Spring like our Spring.
There is no world like our world.

There are four more lines to the stanza, but perhaps our readers have had enough. Mr. Francis Ernley Walrond reminds us of Mr. Micawber when he likened himself to the leopard, which before making a leap crouches down to the very lowest possible point. Mr. Walrond gets very low down indeed, but he does not spring: he sinks.

Mr. David Davenport writes of "the re-union of Adam and Eve," who, as he informs us, according to an ancient legend rejoined each other after a separation of a hundred years. As Adam explains:

So year on year we lived
In constant wrangling, till at last she rose
With bitter tauntings and a fierce farewell.

However, like the Jumlies in Edward Lear's delightful rhyme, in a hundred years she came back, and though she was, not unnaturally, rather nervous as to the sort of reception she might get after such a comparatively long absence—

Misgivings vex me lest relentless Time
Have marred my beauty—

Adam, who perhaps had missed her less than she thought, received her very kindly, and showed a pleasing readiness to let bygones be bygones. We should wish to extend the same charity to Mr. Davenport, but we confess that it requires an effort.

In "Songs to Desideria," by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, we find tuneful and easy verse, informed now and then with feeling and emotion which we feel to be real. The volume is slight but pleasing.

The same cannot be said of Mr. Marcus Rickards's ambitiously named "Lyrics of Life and Beauty." While the verses it contains are free from faults of taste, and are not ill-written, they are dull and heavy, and there seems to be no reason why they should have been published. They have not even the saving grace of that unconscious humour that has cheered the weary reviewer through the arid wastes of the greater portion of the books reviewed in this article: But we are unfair to

Mr. Rickards: we are blaming him because his verses are not bad enough to be funny.

We find that "Paper Pellets," a volume of humorous verse by Miss Jessie Pope, has strayed into the serious company of this batch of "poets." The greater part of Miss Pope's volume consists of pieces reprinted from *Punch*. The best we can say about them is that they are occasionally mildly amusing. But what can be said of this sort of sentiment, except that it is mawkish and silly? It is about a little boy and his governess:

The baby eyes were blue and sweet
He lifted to her face.
First he attended to his feet
And put his hands in place,
Then said with stiff and rigid spine,
"Please will you be my Valentine?"

Small Jimmie conquered in a fray
Where stalwart men would flee.
The governess pushed her book away
And took him on her knee.
The end of the affair was this—
A wistful sigh, a tender kiss.

Reader, have you a lump in your throat? We have one in ours. We are rough men, but we have our feelings.

In "A Sheaf of Songs" by Mrs. Calvert Spensley we have some charmingly felt and well written poetry. We wish we had space to quote "In Early Spring" (it cannot be quoted except in its entirety without spoiling its delicate beauty). This small volume also contains some good sonnets.

Mr. Walter Hogg, in "Meditata," gives us a volume entirely composed of sonnets. They are written with considerable skill and distinction in spite of an occasionally irritating arrangement of rhymes in his sextets.

"A Book of Masks," by Wilbur Underwood reveals a sensitive soul and a skilful hand. The author derives from Ernest Dowson and further back from Mr. Swinburne. When we say that he derives from Ernest Dowson we would not wish it to be thought that he is an imitator or even necessarily a disciple of that poet; we see merely a kinship of thought and manner. We are not at all sure that Dowson ever wrote anything better than the best that appears in this dainty volume. We would particularly commend "Bal Céleste," an exquisite and plaintive little lyric. Here is the last verse:

It is a dream with love aglow
Seen only by the childlike wise;
A child-heart dreamed it long ago—
A fête-champêtre in Paradise.

And here are two stanzas from "The Children of Night":

Let us go hence, with all the nights that were,
The vast expectant waters thrill and stir
In passionate joy of morning strong and free.
The morning that is not for you and me.

Let us go hence, our joy is overcast,
The pallid peace of night is o'er at last;
Far in the depths with shadows we must flee,
Dawn's breath is on the sea.

"The Masquerade" is perhaps more original and therefore more characteristic of this delicate poet whose future work we shall await with interest.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

A CULTURED DILETTANTE

The Life of Sir Charles J. F. Bunbury. Edited by his sister-in-law, Mrs. HENRY LYELL. 2 vols. (Murray, 30s. net.)

IT is easy to understand the admiration and affection with which Sir Charles Bunbury inspired his family circle. We cannot, indeed, read the letters and diaries contained in these two substantial volumes without being to some extent affected by similar feelings; but we doubt very

much whether Sir Charles Bunbury's achievements were of a character greatly to interest the public. At the most he was a learned amateur in science who yet made no conspicuous contributions to science. The greater part of the seven hundred pages of this biography consists of discussions on subjects connected with geology, botany, and biology, or of accounts of meetings at the Geographical or Geological Society. Sir Charles was no doubt quite competent to criticise the newer theories which were being put forward by Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell and Huxley and others; but his own original work was inconsiderable, though his life as a country gentleman of ample means and leisure afforded him opportunities which his more eminent contemporaries were not fortunate enough to possess.

The main interest of the memoirs is to be found in his references to these contemporaries. He was the son of Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, a distinguished Peninsular soldier who married a niece of Charles James Fox, so that Sir Charles was naturally often at Holland House; his memoirs contain much of the kind of information and anecdote with which we are familiar about the Holland House coterie. When the war was over he travelled in Sicily, where his father had served, in France and Italy, then to the Mauritius and to Buenos Ayres.

His correspondence and his diaries appear to have been preserved carefully, and they are reproduced here with a fulness of detail which of itself shows that their author was one of those fortunate people *nati consumere fruges terræ* and little else. He married a daughter of a president of the Geological Society, and he and Sir Charles Lyell, who had married another daughter, became brothers-in-law. His domestic circle and his scientific circle were thus largely the same, and his voluminous correspondence is a *mélange* of science and domesticity. Natural selection and the question of species were the topics of the day; most of his friends were mixed up with them in some branch of science or another, and he had the merit of being amongst the first who understood, and appreciated and accepted the new theories. Many of these letters and learned *résumés* of books and essays and discussions are records of opinion in the making on these theories. They have now lost their freshness, and, in any case, are only readable by those acquainted with the technicalities of at least three or four sciences.

Sir Charles was a man of some literary cultivation, and as in science so in literature, if he was mediocre himself he delighted to meet the literary and other celebrities of his time, and about these his letters and diaries contain much interesting gossip. Though he never held any political or administrative office he followed political events both at home and abroad with the intelligent curiosity of a man who had lived amongst those who controlled the political machine; but he was never of importance in politics, and the many references to politics contain nothing calling for special observation. He was an amiable, high-principled man who, we can well believe, was highly valued for character and knowledge somewhat above the average even of men of his class. At first the *Memoirs* were intended only for private circulation. This was a true instinct as to their real province. Their appeal is not to a public personally unacquainted with Sir Charles Bunbury.

LEIGHTON

The Life, Letters and Work of Frederick Leighton. By Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. 2 vols. (Allen, 42s. net.)

IF Mrs. Russell Barrington's discretion and discernment were equal to her industry and enthusiasm, her two ponderous volumes, which constitute the long-expected official account of Lord Leighton's career and achievements, would be far more satisfactory both as biography and criticism. Unfortunately her work is marred, from either standpoint, by a total lack of discrimination, and the

biographical portions of the book are as wanting in coherence, continuity and compression as her critical judgments are in balance and proportion. Overwhelmed alike by the mass of material at her disposal and her intense admiration for a fascinating personality, Mrs. Barrington has proved unequal to the task of sifting the wheat from the chaff, and though the result of her labours will prove a rich mine for future biographers to delve in, she fails to give her readers either a clear image of the man or a consecutive account of his career. Leighton's letters to his parents during his student days in Rome and his life-long correspondence with his friend and master, the Frankfort painter, Steinle, provide the book with its most enjoyable and informative passages, but there was no need for the author to emphasise their importance by repeated quotations and re-quotations from letters already given in full. The same failing results in our reading the same incident first in Leighton's own words, then in those of a friend, and again in Mrs. Barrington's own commentary.

The son of a man of means, Frederick Leighton was not exposed in his youth to the tribulations which often beset aspiring artists, and his early days were calm and uneventful. Familiar from early childhood with the Continent, Leighton began his serious art studies at Frankfort, where he unfortunately fell under the full influence of the arid attempts to revive classical painting in Germany. But Overbeck and Cornelius were at that time great names in the art world, and though Leighton soon discovered for himself the artificiality and lack of vitality in their paintings, affection blinded him to the similar defects in the work of his own master, Steinle, who for all his delicacy and correctness of draughtsmanship and learnedness in design, was little more than a disciple of Overbeck. From Frankfort Leighton was sent to Rome with introductions to Cornelius, Overbeck and other German painters, but he wisely sought their society less than that of Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), who mothered the young exile and introduced him to her brilliant circle. Thus Leighton became intimate with Browning and many other celebrities and laid the foundations of his future social successes. His days at Rome were, in his own words, the happiest of his life, and his story of them, told in letters to his parents and his old master Steinle, is certainly the best portion of Mrs. Barrington's book. From Rome he sent to the Royal Academy his painting of *Cimabue's Madonna*, the purchase of which by the Queen contributed quite as much to the immediate fame of the artist as its intrinsic artistic qualities.

Henceforward it becomes more and more difficult to search out the main stream of Leighton's career from a maze of unrelated incidents and unconnected letters: Returning to London, the young painter entered upon a variety of activities which have sadly confused his biographer. We are spasmodically informed of his prowess as a volunteer, his patronage of music, his acquaintance with the great, his many kindly acts towards struggling fellow artists, and we travel backwards and forwards, down to the footnotes and up to the text, till we are reduced to a bewildered unconsciousness of time and place. We are baldly told of his election as Associate, Academician and finally President, but of the events leading up to these distinctions we are given no clear conception, and the claims of Millais to the presidency are ignored. We hear of a stay in Paris, where Leighton appears to have preferred the art of Robert Fleury, Ary Scheffer and Delaroche to that of Couture and Delacroix, and consequently we are not surprised that he derived little benefit from his studies there. We are given an unabridged diary of a tour in Egypt which becomes wearisome in its dull recital of spiritless facts, we are invited to dwell with delight on the specifications for the Arab Hall at Leighton House, and we are treated to innumerable notes from celebrities congratulating Leighton on various distinctions in very ordinary terms.

An undue respect for persons appears to have blinded the authoress to the fact that letters are more important for their contents than their signature.

Unsatisfactory as biography, these volumes are entirely valueless as criticism. Instead of disentangling the real merits of Leighton's work from less admirable characteristics, Mrs. Barrington vaguely couples him with Phidias and the Old Masters, and urges claims so absurd as to tax severely the patience and perseverance of all educated readers. Leighton was almost a great draughtsman, and his drawing is distinguished for its delicacy and elegance rather than its strength and simplicity. He is far nearer akin to Praxiteles than Phidias, though his art, being derivative, has not the vitality of the Greek's. A false ideal of finish, misdirected conscientiousness, and a failure to know where to stop, caused Leighton to over-elaborate his works and gradually rob them of that spontaneity which many of them at one stage possessed. Although he asserted his reverence for the Venetian painters, he appears to have learnt from them neither the value of breadth nor the sense of quality in paint, and he certainly never succeeded in rivalling their achievements as did his great contemporary Watts. He came far nearer to emulating the naïvety of early Florentine drawing and colour in a sophisticated manner, and his designs and groupings of large masses of figures, though often rhythmical and always possessing great scholastic merit, had never that unexpected balance which distinguishes the work of the greatest creative designers.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

With Byron in Italy. An Illustrated Selection of his Poems and Letters. By ANNA B. McMAHAN. (Unwin, 5s. net.)

THIS is the first of a series of books "showing on the one hand"—to quote from the publisher's note—"the influence of Italy on great English writers, and on the other, the light which their works throw on Italian life, Italian history and Italian art." This volume on Byron is illustrated by "a series of photographs of scenes made famous by him." Among the scenes which have had fame conferred on them by Byron are, curiously enough, the Coliseum, Lake Albano, the Rialto bridge, the Venus de' Medici, the tomb of Dante and many other places and monuments which we remember hearing about before we read much Byron. In the Introduction Mrs. McMahan seems to make a further claim for the usefulness of the book. Speaking of the failure of Byron's contemporaries to understand him, she says: "Not even now . . . can it be said that we have any adequate analysis of this most complex and puzzling character among the English poets. Until a psychologist equal to the occasion shall come, the best means of arriving at an individual opinion may be to read side by side the poems and the letters [written] during the most mature and most productive period of Byron's life—the years of his Italian residence." No light undertaking, this, to compile and edit a book which shall be illuminating on the subject of Italy in Byron's time, reveal that country's influence on his work, and offer the best material for the formation of an individual opinion of his character! In one sense the compiler is certainly a follower of Byron—in the carelessness of her style. Without counting a few footnotes to the selections, the volume contains in all eighteen pages of her own writing. In this short space we notice—besides the sentence we have quoted above, with some such word as we have supplied necessary to complete the sense—that the first sentence of the biographical part is ungrammatical. It runs: "Arriving in Venice late in the year 1816, this city became at once to Byron 'the fairy city of his heart.'" At the beginning of a paragraph on p. 146 there is a use of the personal pronoun typical of

the style of a fourth-form boy in his English Essay: "During these years Italy was in a state of tremendous political ferment. His letters are full of tales of duels . . ." etc. For the rest, the contents of the book are just what the compiler's style would lead us to expect. The information which she imparts could be read just as easily in almost any literary history. The selections from the letters and poems are aggravatingly cut about by lacunæ and curtailments. By means of these jumbled fragments of prose and verse the patient reader is forcibly reminded of Byron's hatred of England and the English, and less forcibly of his undoubtedly sincere love of Italy. A good deal of space is given to letters arranging for the publication of his poems; scraps of drama plucked from their context are also to be found, and long though plenteously starred passages in Byron's best guide-book manner. These last excerpts, of course, furnish excellent material for illustration. The page bearing the words, "The goddess loves in stone" faces a photograph of the Venus. The lines about the Wolf at Rome, "Dost thou yet Guard thine immortal cubs . . . ?" is not far from an illustration which we have only to glance at to be immediately assured that she does still guard them. But we look in vain for one picture which would have been most appropriately included in this book.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!

Facing this line, there surely should have been a portrait of the ocean, rolling.

Don Juan. Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. (Murray, 6s.)

A REVISED and enlarged edition of Byron's great poem comes as something of a surprise to a public which has forgotten the idolatry of the day before yesterday. The numerous notes and quotations are retranscribed from the early editions, the text being founded on the original manuscripts in the possession of Lady Dorchester and Mr. John Murray, and the introduction tells all there is to know of the publication and sources of the poem. The remarks of Mr. Coleridge on the poem itself are both just and sympathetic. He seems to think that the vindication of the natural man in it contained in fact Byron's "criticism of Life" and society. Every admirer of the poem must regret the blemishes of taste and modesty which are only too evident to the superficial reader, but all do not recognise, as Mr. Coleridge well says, that these are merely included in the survey of a vast and various whole and on reflection "dwindle into natural and so comparative insignificance." Byron himself was furious at the charge of immorality applied to the poem in his day, when the mention of "Don Juan" made respectable people shudder. He wanted to show "by the white light of truth, the great things of the world: Love and war, and Death by sea and land, and man half-angel half-demon—the comedy of his fortunes, the tragedy of his passions and fate." If we leave out the palpably gross and offensive references the poem forms a magnificent and sparkling picture of life. All the energy, the beauty and aspiration of humanity find a voice in it in the accents of real poetry. Sir Walter Scott maintained that it "embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string of the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful . . . tones." The more sensible judgment of a later day has followed in the wake of Scott's sane approval and this fine volume will have many readers.

The Greedy Book: A Gastronomical Anthology. By FRANK SCHLOESSER. (Gay & Bird, 5s. net.)

AT the dinner-table of a certain Oxford gourmet, the present writer once found himself next to a stranger who looked critically down the menu, then turned and asked: "Are you greedy?" On receiving a half-apologetic but decided

plea of guilty, he replied: "Good! Then we won't talk till after the game." It must not be supposed that he said nothing till then; he knew that—to quote one of Mr. Schloesser's slovenly but wise sentences—"a dinner partaking of Wordsworth's Peter Bell's party in a parlour, 'all silent and all damned,' is contrary to the best gastro-nomic traditions." But a casual word or two was enough while the art of eating claimed attention; it was later, when the art of talking had its turn, that he showed himself as brilliant a talker as he was reverent and discriminating an eater. To such a man Mr. Schloesser's slipshod, scrappy, odd, amusing book, would offer many points of interest. Both take the act of eating seriously—not gloomily, but gravely, as a thing worth study and care; and both—to judge from the stranger's conversation and Mr. Schloesser's book—have a fund of anecdote and quotation which makes them capital company. In the volume before us Mr. Schloesser remains an impressionist critic of the art; he describes his sensations rather than details the rules and the recipes; but that does not prevent him from displaying a large amount of sound thought and wisdom, the result, clearly, of carefully acquired experience. Like the sluggard whom Dr. Watts blamed, in our opinion with unnecessary acerbity, he "talks of eating and drinking"; letting his fancy roam where it will, and no more troubling about consecutive ideas or ordered discourse than the good talker at a dinner-table, who knows that an apt story or a lively description is better than logic at meal-time. It is a pity that his English is so colloquial and his proofs so ill-read. To take a single instance, Mrs. Glasse (whose other name was Harris), appears at the top of eight pages as Mrs. Grasse.

A History of Dancing. By REGINALD ST. JOHNSTON. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasant and not too technical work on an interesting and graceful subject. Recalling the far-off past, when dancing was considered an accomplishment to be acquired by every true knight, the author deplores the indications he finds of decadence in dancing, and he has endeavoured to show the origin of our dances and to trace their gradual development. His method of treatment will be best gathered from the titles of his chapters. Thus, starting with the birth of dancing, pictured in the Greek mythology—the personification of all that is graceful and pleasing in beautiful motion—he takes us on to dancing as a religious ceremony: not only the dances of Osiris, Bacchus, and Dionysia, but also those connected with the rites and ceremonies of the uncivilised nations. From the semi-sacred dances of a pantomimic nature to the drama and the connection of the dance with the theatre is but a short step to dancing as a popular amusement. Our author describes some early forms of English dancing, particularly that of the Maypole and the Maurice, the former for many centuries the chief dance of rustic England, and probably of Druidical origin. The Maurice, on the other hand, was introduced by the gypsies, and it was not until the characters had been adapted to the country, in the shape of Robin Hood and the Sherwood foresters, that it took a firm hold upon the people. Allegorical dances among the primitive nations, quaint dances in civilised countries, and dancing as a social pastime are all skilfully and adequately dealt with, but the greater part of the last chapters is devoted to stage dancing and dancers on the stage. The book would have been improved if in these final chapters there had been less repetition of the names of certain well-known players and more discrimination in the praise of certain well-known dancers, so many pages being devoted to one person and her history that for the moment we fancied we had drifted into the advertisement columns of a theatrical paper. The illustrations might have been better chosen if the intention was to show how beautiful and picturesque a thing a dance well done may be.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN—IV

THERE are children who have an unconscious poetry of diction. These do not fall into the habit of such sayings as "I didn't used to" and "I don't know but what I won't," and similar utterances learnt from the illiterate. It seems they prefer to say things prettily:

"I see all the stars of the sky, with my heart"; or:

"Do you ever cry, Moth', when you say sad songs to yourself in bed?"; or this darker saying:

"And when the lights were put out I saw in the corner something like Jezebel, doing idols"; or:

"Your room was all dark and nothing at all! Just a lucky moon behind a little branch and one peculiar star."

Sometimes a child holds in his mind a substitute for some ordinary word, that he evidently thinks is equally customary:

"And did Goliath go to battle with tower on?"

"With tower?"

"Yes—with tin clothes."

He modernises the Scriptures: "God didn't like David sending Maria where they would kill him."

"What did we read of yesterday?"

"David, and his great friend Johnson."

Nevertheless his own language is sometimes scriptural: "And dreaming I saw a King's Throne, and his servant beside it."

The children once helped their Mother to paint her garden chairs green. Overalls on and a brush apiece, they were happy, working in silence. Then Blynken: "This is wretched work for your intelligence, Mummie."

"This is an awkward house, I think. I said so to Mademoiselle and she asked me what I meant."

"And what did you say?"

"Me? O, I said, there seems to be lots of room till you find that there isn't."

"I do like Marryat's books so much, they are such nice stories in the way they go on, all about so many different things. Not always about love, like Shakespeare."

"You know, now that the boys at school know that I have got a watch, they treat me as nothing but a tool for time."

"O, this pain, this pain! and I shouldn't be having this pain now if that dashed old Eve hadn't eaten the apple." Then swiftly turning, "Well, she did take it first, didn't she?" [Adam, Adam!]

Patterfoot, naturally, asks questions of a different calibre:

"Could I swim if I had whale's things on?"

"What does a sheep mean when it's lame?"

"I dreamt last night that Nod threw a whole boxful of toys at my forehead. A whole boxful. But I had an engine to fling back at him."

"That's not like Nod," said his Mother, "not a bit like what dear Nod would do."

"But this Nod wasn't ours in my dream, he was an Indian Nod, a forest Nod. We was both forest boys."

How sorry one may be when some familiar mispronunciation is one day self-corrected, and the speech gets perfected as the months go on.

As long as the stairs however are taken properly, that is to say two steps to one stair-step, in true nursery fashion, a Mother should not repine. It is Southey I think who has said: "No household is complete without a kitten rising four months, and a child rising four years."

Probably every one knows what it is to transpose the initial letters in some phrase. To say roaring with pain, for instance, instead of pouring with rain. But as a rule it is swiftly corrected. Nod however, on having his first little breeks on was alive to nothing else. All the way downstairs did his Mother hear him coming, foot by foot, solidly. And as each step was taken, she heard: "Brown one ons . . . brown one ons."

One night (and his Mother is ashamed of it), after hearing Patterfoot's prayers and all the wealth of love they evidence, his Mother wasn't satisfied.

"What would you do if one day Daddy told you Mummie had died?"

"I would kill myself beside you."

"But how would you do it?"

"I would lean on a tin thing."

To the story of Bathsheba and David, told discreetly, he listened earnestly. "And this was a great sin on David's part," continues the little book, "for Bathsheba was another man's wife. A man was allowed more than one wife then, now a man may only have one wife."

This was listened to with pondering eye. "And who is our wife here I should like to know?"

At last the children, all three snugly pillowed, have said good-night.

To the great relief of those in attendance they are hushed to silence.

A warm red light falls upon dimity curtains, and the shadow of the fender is patterned large upon the wall.

And a voice from the shadow:

"Bears hug badly. Polars."

PAMELA TENNANT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HIC JACET

A FORTNIGHT ago attention was directed in these pages to the poem with which Mr. Thomas Hardy opened the New Year. It was a bitter greeting. Man was represented Job-like asking his Maker bitterly: Why, when it was so easy not to call into being "an ill-used race of men," did you commit the cruel enormity of creation? The answer was stern and contemptuous. It was, in effect, that he who was responsible for the world sat weaving successive New Years automatically, neither caring for suffering nor knowing of it. Man is a creature of many moods, and on this occasion Mr. Hardy was accurately expressing one of them. Because of the very fulness of life in our day men are often disposed to turn round and greet the last enemy as a friend. "Eloquent, just and mightie death" has received more hymns of praise in modern poetry than he did in the morning light of the world when it was considered better to be the thrall of a landless man than to reign over all the nations of the dead. Even R. L. Stevenson, who entered with gusto into the pleasures of life, saw in the end only a vision of peace and comfort such as awaits the hunter home from the hill and the sailor home from the sea. It was a creed of the set to which he belonged. One recognises the same attitude in his friend Henley's fine lines:

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

The passage is not personal in the sense in which Macbeth was personal when he said:

I have liv'd long enough, my way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

or

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.

They are voices of this age, an age in which it has come to be a doctrine more and more accepted that "I came like Water and like Wind I go." Even Christina Rossetti got no further with her fine faith than:

Haply I may remember
And haply may forget.

And in Tennyson's lines we seem to hear an echo of the sentiment that prefers quiet incineration to the obsequies and funeral rites of an older time:

Pass on weak heart and leave me where I lie
Go by, go by.

In these matters Walt Whitman was second to none as an interpreter of his age and as an inspiration to the school of Henley and Stevenson. His last word is to be found not so much in the "Come, lovely and soothing death . . . serenely arriving, arriving," as in the perfectly executed invocation:

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the
well-closed doors,
Let me be waited.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold, O love.)

There, hope for the future, if it exists, is of the vaguest. At bottom and behind is the sad consciousness that the ephemeral race of men is as a cloud of insects blown across dry land out of the sea into the sea. The note struck with such fine simplicity by Lady Nairne is a lost chord:

We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Or, as it is put with more force of language though not with as much delicacy of thought by Campion:

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled
breast,
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deaf not there our ears, nor vapours dim our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

Now it seems to me that the importance of these passages is that of an echo, but it is the echo which a fine woman's conversation renders of thoughts originated by the man she loves. There is a masculine and a feminine in the spirit of the age. Out of the former have come our Darwinian theories and nebular hypotheses, our march forward in scientific knowledge, our mechanical and practical achievements. These are the doings of the bread-winner. While he is out labouring, the feminine counterpart sits at home and sings of his deeds and thoughts or represents them in painting or sculpture. What the man of action inarticulately believes, that the man of taste and intellect weaves into the annals of the literature and art of the time. Thus the voices of the poets are authentic interpretations. Knowledge, spreading and advancing, is ever turning the flank of belief. But, as has been said, the minds of men vary, and every generalisation must omit somebody. The problem of death has always rivalled that of life as a subject for meditation, since the most flippant cannot fail to be reminded at times that

though the daye be never so long
At last it ringeth to evensong.

Or in the more elaborate verse of Drummond of Hawthornden:

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of those the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

As to what comes after, we still remain in doubt after all the speculation and teaching of three thousand years. Science with cold passivity refuses to pronounce on what may be, but asserts that there is at present no sufficient evidence of personal immortality. Here and there a poet or philosopher strikes out some theory which rests only on what he will term intuition. Such is Browning's:

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

A noble and invigorating creed, but it rests on no foundation. It is a guess, and the odds against it being right are at least ten million to one. Nor, for my part, do I find anything more solid to build upon in the ingenuities of psychical research people, spiritualists, thought-readers, and the other successors to Anthony Mesmer. After the *Hic Jacet* of the tombstone there is little to add beyond what was said by Clough:

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

We cannot imagine a time or circumstance when the mind of man will not be fascinated by the problem of death. Were the prognostications of Elie Metchnikoff to be realised so that at the appointed time it arrived and was accepted as naturally as sleep by a race purged of disease by centuries of stern and forced attention to hygienic laws, still the young and vigorous would continue to regard it as a dreadful mystery. And science has not yet given to the great question an answer that leaves no room for doubt. The imagination of the modern man will not follow pagan examples and build stately Valhallas or flower-strewn Elysian fields. His logical mind may reject such theoretic solutions as, for example, the Transmigration of Souls, but it sees that there are many doors for which knowledge has not yet found a key. The riddle of life is still unanswered, but every new generation approaches it with purified thought and enlarged conception. It is incredible that any real loss can be sustained by the shearing away of excrescence and misleading hypotheses.

P.

FICTION

The Whirlwind. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS is at his best in this his latest novel, which made its first appearance in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. His standard is a high one. His method is conceived on a large scale. It is no other than to bring all the aspects of nature—the changing sky, with its range of colours, the wind that blows across his Devon moors, the trees, the flowers, the animals, all the denizens of Earth—into league with him in telling one great story of passion or love or disaster. His human characters emerge from this great background: first you see the village of Lydford nestling quietly in a nook of the wide moor—then the farmhouse Ruddyford and the old peat mine, the place in which his chief characters live, and gradually the chief characters themselves stand out from their fellow villagers and over them something of the eternal greatness of things is thrown, something which comes from the greatness of their setting. In the carrying out of this conception he brings great skill to bear. But the result is not on the level of the intention. If it were so, Mr. Phillpotts's work would take a high place in English literature, a place above that of Thomas Hardy. There is something lacking: there is an element of disappointment: for though his descriptions of natural scenery and events are vivid and at times beautiful,

though his grip on his characters never relaxes and their doings are always interesting, yet the two are never moulded into shape by a view of things the scope of which is sufficiently wide to present one all-embracing outlook. Each remains separate. There is no dominant idea which would create the requisite unity in design. This defect is noticeable in "*The Whirlwind*," though the story is one which never fails to hold the attention and to hold it strongly. In isolated detail—for example in the character of Hilary Woodrow, a remarkably subtle study, or in the character of Sarah Jane, a magnificent woman, or in many descriptions of moorland scenery and of superb happenings in the heavens—Mr. Phillpotts has done nothing better. But there is a lack of inevitability about the final tragedy, and that lack lends to the tragedy an element of sordidness which is belittling. Great art takes facts which may be in themselves brutal and by its magic touch raises them above themselves, by showing that which lies beyond every fact and the beauty which is a part of all suffering. This transforming touch is absent from "*The Whirlwind*," as it is absent from all Mr. Phillpotts's work, and its absence prevents his work rising to the high place which the excellence of his actual writing, his knowledge of humanity, his love of Nature, would otherwise command.

Springtime. By H. C. BAILEY. (Murray, 6s.)

LIONARDO DA FELTRE had in him the heart of the spring, and this Lionardo is the hero of the story which Mr. Bailey tells with all the spirit and gusto which we expect from the author of "*Beaujeu*." The buoyant freshness of spring lives and breathes in the pages, as it should in a book, bearing the happy name of "*Springtime*," about a Duke with such a possession in his heart as had Lionardo, Duke of Vellano. "All lived every moment of their lives," Mr. Bailey writes: and he bears out ably the truth of his bold statement. He raises a high standard, but he is equal to its height. For whether the character be Squarcia, the great *condottiere*, who was brother to all men and women not his actual enemies, who was loyal as he was fat, and fat as he was brave; or the treacherous Castracane of Castagnaro, the black hero of a hundred murders; or the bright little peasant girl Bianca whom he gives to a leopard to devour and whom the Duke avenges; or the great Lionardo da Feltre himself—they one and all do live during every moment of the time that we spend in their company, through all the sudden phases of their love and anger, through all the reckless moods of laughter and of fighting. No lover of gay romance should miss reading Mr. Bailey's book.

In Statu Pupillari. (Sonnenschein, 6s.)

CLEVER, lively, and well-written is the story of Eva Blumberg's life at an English University, and it possesses a particular attraction for a certain class of readers who will be curious to compare experiences. Although the anonymous author is careful to explain that "all the personages and incidents are fictitious," yet girl graduates past and present will eagerly scan these pages for portraits and characteristics of the well-known people of their day. A slight love-story runs through the graver interest of lectures and the struggle for honours, but neither in love nor in learning does victory's crown rest where it might have been expected. The crowd of girls, dons and friends is handled with the skill of experience, and there are many excellent character-sketches. As an intimate study of the inner working of a woman's college with its striving and unrest, its contrasts and good fellowship, the book has a peculiar interest of its own.

The Sacrifice. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (Unwin, 6s.)

THERE is no effect so hard to attain as that of simplicity, especially in dealing with emotion. Though Mr. Courlander writes with care and ability, his story

lacks conviction. It is the story of a country girl who is betrothed to a gentle, adoring man and is swept away by her feeling for a great fierce sailor-tramp, who breaks in upon her peace and forces her to be his mate. The story reads more like the well-put statement of a credible case than a living drama of what is known as primeval passion; for Mr. Courlander is apt to explain his characters and to explain them without much insight, whereas the essential business of a novelist is to show his characters in action. Mora Targitt suffers principally from this. At one time she is shown to be a very near and simple daughter of Mother Earth; at another, a complex creature of civilisation. The two, of course, may exist in the same person, but Mr. Courlander never welds them together as he should into one being. Mark Porey is well done; but his weakness is exaggerated and spoils the proper balance of the story; we have so little sympathy with him that we cannot but welcome his ultimate desertion. The best scenes in the book are those which take place in the Barley Sheaf inn; they bear that stamp of life which is absent from the more important phases of the work.

The Caloré Girl. By HARRY TIGHE. (Routledge, 6s.)

MANUELA was one of the Gitanos who live in the cave-dwellings near Granada, but she had noble Spanish blood in her veins and never learned to lie and steal like a true gypsy. Her faithful heart—mentioned in the second title of the story—was given to Pepindorio, a gypsy blade who asks nothing better of life than to ride off successfully with other people's horses. He goes to the horse fair at Seville to exercise his chosen trade and Manuela follows him. She makes friends there with a fair-haired dancer who was once a nun and she makes an enemy of the great lady with whom she is allied by blood and whom she closely resembles. The lady's nobility is offended by her cousinship with a low-born gypsy and so she instantly pursues Manuela with hatred and malice. But her actions, like the actions of every one else in the story, are quite ineffective. The author, in spite of endless descriptions, has not produced an atmosphere, his gypsies are mere pasteboard figures painted in picturesque rags, and his great lady is farcical.

The Mistress of Aydon. By R. H. FORSTER. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is what R. L. S. called "tushery," but it is well-written tushery, with a breath of genuine north-country air to redeem the staleness of its paraphernalia. We have met all the people a thousand times, and we are always a little bored by them. The beautiful heiress who is a minor, her avaricious guardian, her lovers, one brutal, one doltish, one perfection, a garrulous housekeeper, a crabbed man-at-arms, two impish boys—they are as hackneyed as clown and pantaloons in a harlequinade. Luckily, however, for those who write tushery there is an enormous reading public that does not care a fig for life. It enjoys the alarms and excursions of pasteboard figures with various flamboyant adjectives and picturesque Christian names. These it will get just as well served up in Mr. Forster's novel as in the romances of more widely known authors, and it will get in addition a careful though sometimes heavy style and pleasant descriptions of the country around Tynedale and of the castles and fortresses there in the fourteenth century. But it will get nothing more.

The Second Bloom. By HELEN PORTER. (Greening, 6s.)

THERE are dramatic moments in this story of a nineteenth-century Pretender, a grandson of Flora Macdonald's Pretender. Indeed we see a play in the novel, a play with thrilling scenes, costumes, a love-story, and Mr. Lewis Waller in the chief part. The meeting between "Charlie" and the secret Jacobite society would have a fine effect on the stage. The members howl at him for a traitor because, bound by his oath, he refuses to join them; one flings wine in his face; a moment later they

are all on their knees kissing the hand of their king. The love-story, too, is a pretty one and has its situations, for "Charlie" woos Lady Jean as a maid of low degree before she descends the stairs of her father's castle to open the ball given in her royal lover's honour. Then there is the great culminating scene where "Charlie," within reach of success, refuses to grasp it because a dying priest has told him that he is illegitimate and has no right to the throne. It is a well-told story of the king with no kingdom and of the loyal men and women who faced beggary and death for him. The Stuart of this romance, unlike the Stuarts of history, deserved the sacrifices made for him, and we wish that he had lived longer, happy in the love of Jean, who, of course, married him—after he had discovered that the dying priest was wrong.

The Duke's Dilemma. By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY. (Long, 6s.)

DUKES are generally hardly used in fiction; they are either as unapproachable as the haughty Duke of Somerset, or ready to sell their strawberry leaves to the highest bidder. In this comedy of errors the dissipated Duke of Devizes desires to catch the Vanstone millions, yet has not wit enough to discover the identity of pert, pretty Joyce, the maid of the inn. He blunders into countless difficulties, serious and farcical, according to the ancient rules of the game; and the usual soliloquy and appeal to his mother's portrait are fortunately overheard by the right person, and the curtain is rung down upon a happy ending. The lightly-constructed story runs gaily along, avoiding or ignoring obstacles in the way; and the reader who desires to be amused and is willing to accept everything as it comes will find "The Duke's Dilemma" a very entertaining little comedy.

The Outer Darkness. By R. H. WRIGHT. (Greening, 6s.)

WHATEVER little palliation newly invented details may bring to it, the device of manuscripts found in boxes or corners or crevices of trees is played out. At such an introduction the imp of incredulity leaps into instant being; and he grows to a monstrous size as the story proceeds. For here is imagination in wild disorder, allied with small power of expression. Teeth gnash, as of course they are bound to do in the circumstances; but the book misses the *creep* which is its object and would be its excuse, and prolongs itself interminably through pages of tedious horror.

The Love of Philip Hampden. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (White, 6s.)

THE love of Philip Hampden for the mysterious Lady Armitage was but a slight episode in his career, but he had the makings of a tolerable husband to a wife who did not ask too much. The middle-aged Philip breaks away from his cloth warehouse and the influence of an early Victorian aunt to see life and have his fling; his adventures are exciting, varied, and ingenious, compounded from an old prescription adapted to modern requirements. He is successful in detecting the schemes of villains of the deepest dye, and in keeping himself and his friend out of the clutches of a secret society given to torturing its victims in ways that suggest that even that terrible "something in the nature of boiling oil" would not be thought excessive. It is not the kind of story in which the author of "Bootle's Baby" is seen to advantage, but there is plenty of "go" in it, it is brisk and lively, and two scenes at least will be read with breathless haste to obtain the assurance that the principal characters have not met with violent deaths, regardless of the claims of the last page.

Izelle of the Dunes. By G. GUISE MITFORD. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is in part an idyllic love-story, all simplicity and innocence, set in fresh picturesque surroundings in a little island in the North Sea; and for the rest it is a

highly coloured sensational tale of revenge. The author is inventive, the plot has good points, but the details have not been sufficiently thought out, and the principal situations are too absurd for acceptance. In the intentionally thrilling scenes there is no difficulty whatever in making the reader shudder; Strangsways, who tells the story, is daring, and does not hesitate to express himself strongly to that end. The fair Izelle's father is blind, drunken, unclean: "his appearance was so revolting that I felt a nausea rising in my throat," and as Strangsways's realistic description proceeds the reader suffers with him. Yet there are exciting scenes too, so well told that they lure the reader on, and some charming descriptions of the Frieslanders and their quaint friendly ways.

DRAMA

LAVEDAN'S "LE MARQUIS DE PRIOLA" AT THE NEW ROYALTY

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE has shown, in a famous sonnet, Don Juan being ferried across the Styx by Charon, while the shades of all the women he has loved hover on the bank and lament or curse his cruelty:

Mais le calme héros courbé sur sa rapière
Regardait le sillage et n'daignait rien voir.

In the pitiless strength of the man there is a kind of dreadful majesty: his absolute disdain makes him horrible, but it makes him also sublime, for he dares magnificently to be his infamous self. Such a man M. Lavedan has attempted to draw in his *Marquis de Priola*. But he has failed to achieve success. He treats his Marquis sentimentally and even tries to draw a moral from him, with the result that in the various scenes where he triumphs over various women the stupidity of the women is more remarkable than the triumph of the man. The Marquis really is much nearer to the Bel Ami type of sensual adventurer, a Bel Ami whose vulgarity is made more apparent by a certain facile distinction in perverted thought. He is more often ridiculous than great. Even in the last act, when he is finally subdued by the paralysis which has been creeping upon him, no other feeling than one of detestation, mingled with contempt, is aroused, as for a shameful creature caught by a shameful death. So M. le Bargy was justified in cutting out the serious passages of the play, and he cut freely. In his hands the play became a diabolical farce, full of brilliant wit and what used to be called *fin de siècle* idea—yesterday's name for the smart sophistries of yesterday.

M. le Bargy played the Marquis de Priola with amazing cleverness. He did not attempt to show him as the sublime Don Juan, the superman of infamy. He gave him no shred of dignity, but was content to portray him as he really is—as an educated, rather well-bred Bel Ami, a man who could lose his temper, a man who so far from controlling his passions to his own end is the slave of the most paltry vices. By his cleverness he made this strange incredible creature almost live. Nothing could have been more finished than the way in which he showed the gradual oncoming of disease and brought out the fascination of the fellow. The part has opportunities for an actor of an exceptional kind, and not one was missed. That is doubtless one reason why the play was given. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat played Madame de Vailleroy, a small and extremely difficult part, with grace and her own distinction. In the great scene in the second act, where she comes to see the Marquis and his famous almanacks, her playing was incomparably subtle. M. Lebreys was an amusing Brabançon, the jackal to the lion (that king of beasts), and all the other parts were rendered with that degree of excellence which makes it always a pleasure to welcome the arrival of the French Season.

Next week M. Coquelin Aîné, with the entire company of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, will appear in plays by Molière, Labiche and Rostand.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

MODERN PORTRAITS

OF the many new art societies which have sprung into existence during the last decade, few could hope better to justify their existence than the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, now holding its first exhibition at the Institute galleries in Piccadilly.

Of the thirty members who at present constitute this society, three (Messrs. Alexander Jamieson, George W. Lambert and Joseph Oppenheimer) are already reckoned among the younger associates of the International Society; two (Messrs. Francis Dodd and Gerard Chowne) belong to the New English Art Club; one (Mr. J. D. Fergusson) is a prominent member of the Royal Society of British Artists; and another (Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas) is a well-known Academy exhibitor; but with these exceptions the society is composed of painters who are attached to no other body, and whose work has seldom, if ever, been seen before in London. A novelty in the names of the exhibitors, however, does not necessarily entail any novelty in the exhibits, and it must be confessed that several of the Modern Portrait Painters are little more than imitators of their seniors; some emulating the sugary and stylish confections of Mr. Ellis Jeffreys, others, more laudably, if less successfully, following at a distance the lead of the late C. W. Furse. Such contributions do not materially affect the exhibition save that they tend to lower the standard otherwise maintained; for, viewed as a whole, the collection is of an unusually high order considering the youth of the exhibitors, shows a refreshing individuality of outlook, and contains much of promise, even a little of definite achievement.

If to our "arrived" painters, men old in experience, exhibition is still a temptation, how much more so must it be to their juniors? Competition is keen, patrons are few, and to the painter comes the tempter saying: "You must make your work different from the exhibits of the other man if you want it to attract attention." But how to make it different? Some strive to give novelty to the treatment, the technique; others to the arrangement, the presentation of the subject. Mr. Fergusson, a young Scotsman of undoubted originality and considerable powers, clamours for attention by his treatment. His *Man in a Tall Hat* (16) cleverly depicts a London type with a rare economy of brushwork and a subtle appreciation of colour. But, apparently, a desire to prove how much can be expressed by a minimum of touches has led to his undoing in his other exhibits, which are only carried far enough to show the painter's dexterous mannerisms, and not so far that the mannerisms are lost sight of in the vitality of the thing painted. Mr. William J. Clackens, an American painter, bids differently for fame by presenting as a portrait a picture of a man and a lady (10) seated amid the glitter of a New York restaurant. The picture is cleverly handled, as is the same painter's rendering of a pink-skirted little dancer (12), but how many patrons would choose to be portrayed amid such surroundings? Mr. David Neave, again, paints a number of interiors in each of which a lady is seated. They are not unpleasant as pictures, but as portraits are the sitters given sufficient importance? And Mr. G. W. Lambert, who sends a striking and dramatic portrait of *F. Derwent Wood* (56), labels as *Portrait Group* (54) a very charming figure-composition of two ladies going down to the sea, one carrying a child about to paddle, while by her side trots a naked youngster eager for his swim. It is a delightful little work, charming in colour and composition, and the contrast of the nude and clothed figures is as successful and natural here as it is unnatural and forced

in the same artist's *The Sonnet* at the New Gallery. But is such a picture a portrait group?

No doubt some latitude must be given in an exhibition of portraits, but we doubt whether patrons are more likely to be attracted by these novelties of arrangement than they are by eccentricities of brushwork. Nor does the adoption of either method lead to the best results.

No portrait at the Institute bears more deeply the impress of the artist's individuality than Mr. Gerald F. Kelly's *Alex en fourrures* (103), refreshingly free from any deliberate attempt at ostentatious originality. Warm sunlight falls sideways on the pensive face of this charming blonde, and forms with the furs which enwrap her figure—a ravishing harmony in brown and gold. We feel that the painter loves Titian and reveres Rembrandt, but he has imitated neither, and a loving study of the Old Masters has, according to Sir Joshua's prophecy, led him unconsciously to develop a true originality. Here is no parade of skill, the art by higher art is with subtlety concealed, but for those who search them out high technical qualities are present, in the skilful manipulation of light and shade, the rich tonality, the distinctive quality of texture.

Two other portraits deserve praise for their unostentatious virtues and solid merits. Mr. Francis Dodd has been exhibiting for some years now at the New English Art Club, but he has never attained a higher level of accomplishment than in his *Signora Lotto* (73), a work remarkable alike for its searching characterisation, its firm rendering of form and the restrained power of the painting. Another New English clubman, Mr. Gerald Chowne, is chiefly known by his admirable flower-paintings, but in his portrait of the *Lord Mayor of Liverpool* (70), in his robes, he has succeeded in investing a very difficult subject with a Titianesque dignity and simplicity. Few presentation portraits in the provinces—or in London for that matter—have equal artistic qualities, and a bad blunder was committed by those who, having the sense to give Mr. Chowne the commission, were foolish enough to reject the admirable painting he produced.

A last word of praise is due to the Hanging Committee for its good sense and excellent taste in keeping each member's exhibits together and in allowing only a single row of pictures on the walls.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

No more useful series of reprints are at present on the market than Messrs. Routledge's "Muses' Library" and their "New Universal Library." The poems and poets included in them are in many cases unobtainable elsewhere, or obtainable only at a price far beyond the limits of the ordinary book-lover's pocket, and in reprinting the poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes in the "Muses' Library" they are doing good work. Dr. Ramsay Colles, who is editing the edition—which is complete save for a few unimportant fragments the copyright of which has not yet expired—contributes an introduction.

Mr. Frowde is adding several new volumes to the World's Classics. They include Scott's *Lives of the Novelists*, with introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson; Thackeray's *Pendennis*, with introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse; Sheridan's *Plays*, with introduction by Mr. Joseph Knight; Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Poet and the Professor at the Breakfast Table*, with introductions by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll (we wonder why); and another volume of Burke's complete works.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus's first eleven half-crown novels will be: "The Spanish Necklace," by B. M. Croker; "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman; "The Ghost," by Arnold Bennett; "A Free Solitude," by Alice Perrin; "The Obliging Husband," by Frank Barrett; "The Last of the Mammoths," by Raymond Turenne; "Her Honour," by Robert Machray; "Monsieur de Paris," by Mary C. Rowsell; "His Wife's Revenge," by George R. Sims; "Love will Venture In," by Amelia E. Barr; and "The Dream of Simon Usher," by Algernon Gissing.

Mr. Manmath C. Mallik, the author of a work on Indian

philosophy entitled "The Problem of Existence in the Light of Aryan Wisdom," has written a new book entitled "Impressions of a Wanderer," which Mr. Unwin will publish on January 28.

Following Messrs. Longman's example, Messrs. Routledge have decided to offer on and after Monday, January 28, all their books, including the forthcoming "Universal Ruskin" (15 vols.), "on subscription," "subject to the following condition, viz.: That one-third of the number of copies of a book bought on subscription shall be subject to return, if in good saleable condition and carriage paid, within six months of the last day of the month in which subscription was effected."

A book which should appeal to readers and writers is "Cassell's Book of Quotations," announced for early publication. The preparation of the work has, we learn, occupied its author, Mr. W. Gurney Benham, nearly twenty years. It is "absolutely up-to-date," and includes quotations from such modern writers as Mr. John Morley, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. "Any comparison of Mr. Benham's work with existing books of quotations," the publishers modestly claim, "will serve to emphasise its superiority." We hope that their claim will be justified.

Early in February Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish "The State of the Navy in 1907," by "Civis." The object with which these letters were written and published in the *Spectator*, where they attracted much attention, and with which they are now republished with two additional letters, is to show the need of a close and impartial enquiry into the present state of the Navy. The additions deal with the distribution of a fleet in commission at sea, the abolition and reduction of the naval dockyards and bases abroad, and the numerous changes that have been made in the arrangements of the fleet in reserve. The choice of the *Dreadnought* as the flagship of the new Home Fleet is fully discussed. Mr. St. Loe Strachey gives an introduction and emphasises the arguments used by "Civis" in his plea for enquiry.

"Essays on Glass, China and Silver" is the title of a new book for connoisseurs which Mr. Werner Laurie will issue. The author, Mr. F. Coenen, is the curator of the Willet Holthuysen Museum in Amsterdam, and in his book he deals with the many valuable treasures under his charge. The work will be illustrated with thirty-two reproductions of vases and silver work.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish early in February a new novel entitled "Running Water," by Mr. A. E. W. Mason. It is, we are informed, "a novel of adventure and intrigue as well as of character development." Its action begins in the Alps, shifts to England, and then back to the Alps.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish "The Second Evil," by Sadi Grant. "Two young ladies are left almost unprotected for by the sudden death of their benefactor, but soon, by the help of Plain William, a rough and ready millionaire, who is in love with the younger girl, they take a trip to Japan." It sounds strikingly original.

Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish a novel on what he quaintly styles "an untouched theme," by Mr. Arthur Stringer, a young Canadian. The chief character makes his living by intercepting Stock Exchange and other messages and using the information so gained for his own benefit. The title of the book will be "The Wire Tappers." It is, the publisher informs us, "a combination of love and electricity"!

CORRESPONDENCE

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think you're wrong in saying "there can be no plural of one." (ACADEMY, January 19, p. 77, col. 2, line 11.) Surely you can say "three ones in sequence (111) make one hundred and eleven," and "four ones added together make 4." One can have a plural just as unit can.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

January 19.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—In logic, there may be no plural of one; but grammar (I am glad to say) is not bound down by logic. The plural ones is not merely "colloquial," but standard English. Virgil has *una* as a neuter plural; Æneid, ii. 642. French has *les unes* as well as *les autres*. The Anglo-Saxon *æn*, our "one,"

is often used in the plural. The number 11 is written with *two ones*. Shakespeare has *little ones*, *pretty ones*, *married ones*, and the like. Chaucer says that Palamon and Arcite were both "in *oon armes*," answering to the Old French phrase *en unes armes*. Bunyan introduces us to the *Shining Ones* at the end of his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Any one who will consult the N.E.D. (Neglected English Dictionary) will find the facts there, under section vi.

It would be a sad loss to miss *the ones*, which forms so fine a climax to the famous letter of the polite undergraduate, which ran, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: "Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith, and I beg leave to say that he finds he has a cap which is not mine. If Mr. Smith finds that you have a cap which is not his, no doubt those are the ones."

Beginners in English grammar may try to parse the sentence in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms: "many a one there be."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CHAUCER AGAIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for December 29, Professor Skeat exhibits the most delightful methods of proving his case. Where readings differ he selects the reading that favours his case and anathematizes the other reading. Where both readings are against him he boldly emends the text—sometimes, I admit, not without a show of plausibility—and anathematizes—this is the import of his exclamation points—anybody who refuses to admit that his emendations are anything better than emendations. It is impossible to quarrel. As Abraham Lincoln once remarked, "If people like that sort of thing that is the sort of thing they like." I have pointed out that, sometimes according to both of the earliest copies, sometimes according to only one, there are both Northernisms and imperfect rimes, in both the A- and the B-fragments of the "Romaunt of the Rose." Professor Skeat retorts that the Northernisms are corruptions, thereby clearly begging the question. He further insinuates that the imperfect rimes are not Northernisms, quite as if I had said that they were. He even goes so far as to urge that one of the Northernisms of the "Romaunt" occurs also in the "Knight's Tale," as if that proved that Chaucer could not have written the "Romaunt." And yet he says that my arguments are "flimsy." I have already admitted that they are inconclusive. They involve assumptions which are not, and perhaps cannot be, perfectly established. But what adjective does Professor Skeat apply to his own arguments?

I regret that the great editor of Chaucer, to whom all cultivated men in the English-speaking world owe so much, should have given the discussion a turn that promises nothing better than the threshing of old straw. My letter contained two suggestions that I believe to be new to the public: first that Chaucer studied the "Ywayne and Gawin" in his youth, and shows the effects of this study, for example, in the "Knight's Tale"; secondly that he owed partly to this study a certain fondness for the Northern dialect, and exhibited this fondness in the more or less Northernised B-fragment of the "Romaunt." His use of Northernisms in the "Reeve's Tale" may be due exclusively to other causes, being a device old among comic writers. Aristophanes, for example, uses Laconian in the "Lysistrata," and Megarian and Boeotian in "The Acharnians" for the same purpose; namely, that of making people talk in character. Yet it is wholly possible that even the Northernisms of the "Reeve's Tale" would not have occurred had not Chaucer at an early age become familiar with the Northern dialect, whether through his residence at Hatfield or through the study of "Ywayne and Gawin," or through both.

There is no difficulty in showing that great poets have sometimes used more than one dialect. Theocritus, Burns and Tennyson are examples of the practice. One might even dare to suggest that Chaucer wrote the B-fragment, without attempting to explain the Northernisms at all. I have, however, endeavoured to suggest a reason for his using those forms, if indeed he actually did write the B-fragment. I am open to conviction in the matter, but it must be for reasons wholly different from any that have yet been aired. The imperfect rimes, I will add, seem to offer no serious difficulty to my theory. Nothing is more likely than that Chaucer indulged in this licence more freely in his youth than in his age.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

January 10.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The recent publication of two verse translations of the "Æneid" suggest once more the question—What purpose are such translations intended to serve? Are they intended to heighten the critic's appreciation of the Latin poet, or to introduce him to readers who do not know Latin? Or are they a purely academic tour-de-force, like the prize poems of which Macaulay wrote with pungent irony that prize sheep are only fit to make tallow candles, and prize poems are only fit to light them? It will, I suppose, be admitted that no poetry which deserves the name can be adequately represented in the poetical garb of another language, that it is a flower *sui generis*, which can only bloom on its native soil. To reduce the question to its narrowest limits, no English metre can possibly reproduce the Homeric or Virgilian hexameter, the terza rima of Dante, or even the rhymed couplets of the "Misanthrope"; and all the English poets sitting in conclave, with Shakespeare and Milton at their head, could not give a worthy verse rendering of such single lines as

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
and
Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Milton translated into verse one of the simplest odes of Horace, and Shakespeare turned into poetry Plutarch's prose—a very different kind of task. The converse is equally true; and if Homer and Virgil still write verses in the Elysian fields they may well be challenged to turn Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy," or Keats's "Ode to a nightingale" into Greek or Latin verse which shall recall the special beauties of the originals. Yet we still persist in weaving ropes of sand by essaying the impossible and translating the untranslatable. If we wish to reproduce the "matter" of a poem, prose will do it as well as verse; and if we wish to reproduce the "form" the attempt must be hopeless.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

FAVOURITE LINES

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Your mention in the ACADEMY of the 12th inst. page 31, of an essay on melody in poetry and Johnson's favourite verse in Vergil's first Eclogue:

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas,
reminds me of the following extract from Boswell:

Mr. Warton writes: "As we were leaving the college he [Johnson] said, 'Here I translated Pope's "Messiah." Which do you think is the best line in it? My own favourite is

Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes.'

I told him, I thought it a very sonorous hexameter."

W. G. R. HERD.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I inferred from Mr. George Stronach's letter, that he was of opinion that in the original edition of the Play, which is to be found in the First Folio, it was split up into the extraordinary number of scenes tabulated by him. But what is the fact? It is quite true that at the commencement of the Play we find the heading "*Actus Primus, Scæna Prima*,"; but thereafter there is no definite indication of Act or Scene. Such indication as there may be by the spacing of certain "entrances," and by "exits" and "exeunts," will be found, I think, on a slight examination to be of no reliable character. It is not quite fair to toist upon Shakespeare the divisions into Acts and Scenes adopted in the Globe edition. But I have been more than once surprised to find that critics of some reputation hold, in perfect good faith, that the Globe edition reproduces minutely the First Folio, save only that the spelling is modernised. The sooner any such delusion is dispelled the better will it be for the cause of true criticism.

I am inclined to think that the stage directions in the First Folio and the Quartos deserve more study than they have hitherto received. Here is a quaint one from this very Play (after II. ii. 173): "*Flourish. Exit omnes. Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecnas.*"

ALFRED E. THISELTON,

January 21.

QUESTIONS FOR CHILDREN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apropos of the curious examination questions for children referred to in the ACADEMY, it is (mis)understood that the following supplementary questions were by some mistake omitted by the examiners at the last moment:

- (1) How is it that English hairdressers' assistants never eat reindeer?
- (2) How is it that Shepherd's Bush is not in the Isle of Man?
- (3) How is it that the Mayor of Holborn is not a descendant of the Incas?
- (4) How is it that Sutherlandshire dentists do not keep porpoises?
- (5) How is it that the New York liners from Southampton do not call at Clacton?
- (6) How is it that the office of the Local Government Board is not situated at Gibraltar?

F. E.

MR. HARDY AND TENNYSON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In publishing my letter on Mr. Hardy and Tennyson in the ACADEMY of last week a printer's error occurs, which as it affects my whole contention, kindly allow me to correct. In the phrase "He (Tennyson) indicates *pessimism* in these very comparisons" I think I used "this" where you print *pessimism*, that is, of course, the reverse, *i.e.*, optimism, as the letter infers.

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

[Our correspondent's letter was printed, word for word, as it reached us.—ED.]

CHATEAUBRIAND IN SUFFOLK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am engaged on a work on Chateaubriand's exile in England, 1793-1800. In his Memoirs this writer says that in 1794 he went down to Beccles to translate, for a society of Suffolk antiquaries, certain old French manuscripts from the *Collection de Camden*. I am anxious to know whether such a thing was possible; whether Camden left any collection of manuscripts at all; and whether, that being the case, these manuscripts were not housed in London, never to be lent out to local societies. Chateaubriand is not to be trusted. As far as I have been able to ascertain none of his statements concerning his stay in Suffolk are correct; if I could prove that *Camden* manuscripts were out of the question, as I believe they were, the proof would be complete that all the rest of the story is fictitious.

E. DICK.

January 21.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I trust that you will allow me to reply on behalf of my wife (C. Gasquoine Hartley) to your correspondent's references to "inaccuracies" in her "Record of Spanish Painting." It is unfortunate that a gentleman of Mr. Dodgson's ability should waste his time in searching the pages of a big book, in order to discover three or four printer's errors and one or two trivial slips of the author's pen. Mrs. Gallichan's information concerning the pictures at Teruel was obtained from Mr. Dodgson's own word of mouth. In a footnote, on page 19 of "A Record of Spanish Painting," she writes: "I have not personally seen these pictures. I received my information about them from Mr. Dodgson, of Oxford, upon whose judgment I have every reason to rely. Mr. Dodgson knows Spain well. He is a translator of the Basque Testament, and is a great authority upon all Spanish antiquarian subjects." Surely Mr. Dodgson should be satisfied with such full acknowledgment of his assistance in this matter. Yet apparently for the three years since the book was published he has endured a bitter sense of injury because Teruel is given as "San Teruel"! Mr. Dodgson is also dejected by the hallucination that my wife has announced him as "the author" of the Basque Testament. A reference to the passage which I have just quoted will, I hope, relieve Mrs. Gallichan from any further allusion to "inaccuracies," for Mr. Dodgson will therein find himself described as the "translator" of the Testament. Both my wife and I certainly were under the im-

pression that Mr. Dodgson translated the volume. May I say in conclusion, that Mrs. Gallichan spent several months in Spain, studying the pictures in many public and private collections, and that her book represents two years diligent labour. The praise accorded to the work by competent reviewers, and the judgment expressed in letters to my wife from those who have made Spanish painting their study should serve as sufficient proof that the "Record" is as free from "inaccuracies" as it is possible for a volume of such length to be.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

January 21.

THEATRE AUDIENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That audiences are more critical than in days of yore there can be no manner of doubt. Time was when the playgoer had so much for his money that little time was left for criticism of play or players during the performance, and at curtain fall the playgoer was too tired to discuss anything but supper. In these days, an audience, or at all events the pit and gallery portion thereof, will wait in the street for a couple of hours before the doors open, passing the time in criticising plays they have seen, and the play that they have come to see. Should the latter be something entirely new and original, they know all about it, and they are intimately acquainted with the author (provided he be a popular and successful one). When their period of purgatory is passed, and the doors are opened, they hustle and jostle into the theatre, and with hot heads and cold feet continue to air their views until the curtain rises, and oftentimes after it has risen. Seated within earshot of these worthies, one's interest in the play droops and dwindles, the laughter rings hollow, and the applause lacks fire.

Come we then to the lethargic and unsympathetic audience. At a recent performance of a popular musical play, it was noticeable that as favourite after favourite made his or her entrance on the stage, not a hand was raised nor a stick or umbrella thumped by way of welcome. Strange, is it not, that some audiences would rather laugh at a player than with him? In other words, they enjoy some unfortunate mishap on the stage more than the finest exposition of the actor's art. An instance of this occurred at a provincial theatre during the performance of a romantic drama in which the principal character was impersonated by the stage manager. An impressive speech, and a still more impressive death scene, were received in chilling silence, and the curtain would have fallen "without a hand." But the curtain *didn't* fall—it stuck! And when that dead hero arose, walked to the wings, mounted a ladder, set things right, returned to the centre of the stage, and solemnly died again, the rafters rang with applause, and the air teemed with sympathetic shouts of "Encore!"

Take the case of a performance by amateurs. The amateur audience is coldly critical, or at the best, politely appreciative, until some *contretemps* occurs. Then it wakes up, and remains on the *qui vive* for some further disaster to befall, and the more dire that disaster, the louder will be the laughter.

Nothing can be more stimulating to the actor than an alert and appreciative audience, but nothing can be more fatal to play and players than ill-timed applause and comments on the part of "Kind friends in front." An audience would very properly resent any remark addressed to it from the stage during the performance of a play. Surely it is equally reprehensible on the part of any member of an audience to hurl epithets at actor, author, or manager. The stage and the auditorium are things apart, and the dividing line should not be crossed.

In these days of theatrical clubs and debating societies, every member is a self-constituted critic, and authors great and small fall under the lash of his sarcasm. But do the authors wince? Out upon them—no! They opine that to abuse is to advertise, and in the case of musical comedy, the louder the abuse the longer the run.

It is interesting to watch the demeanour of an audience during the performance of one of the last-named variety shows. In the first Act there is usually something in the nature of a story or plot that arrests and holds the attention, and gives promise of better things to come. In Act 2 the plot wilts away, and with it the attention of the audience. They begin to exhibit signs of impatience, and as "turn" succeeds "turn" these signs become more marked. It takes a phenomenally good song or dance to arouse their enthusiasm, and ere the end is reached the want of sustained interest in the story is painfully apparent. A remark frequently over-

heard on quitting the theatre is: "And we waited outside two solid hours for *that*." On a wet night, the remark is couched in more forcible language.

To sum up, audiences of to-day are patient, long-suffering, and merciful. Patient before the curtain goes up, long suffering while it is up, and merciful when it falls. Merciful enough to warn their friends against going through the ordeal that they have just managed to survive.

H. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

- Cruttwell, Maud. *Antonio Pollaiuolo*. 8 x 6. Pp. 286. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.
- Reinach, S. *Apollo*. Translated from the French by Florence Simmonds. With 600 illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. 351. Heinemann, 6s. net.
- [An illustrated manual of the history of art through the ages. This new edition has been revised by the author and additions and alterations have been made.]
- Tucker, T. G. *Life in Ancient Athens*. The Social and Public Life of a Classical Athenian from Day to Day. 8 x 5½. Macmillan, 5s.
- [In the "Handbook of Archæology and Antiquities" series.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Huchon, R. *Mrs. Montagu: 1720-1800*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 301. Murray, 6s. net.
- [“An essay proposed as a thesis to the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris.”]
- Dressler, Friedrich August. *Moltke in his Home*. Authorised translation by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard. With an introduction by General Lord Methuen. 9 x 5½. Pp. 163. Murray, 6s. net.
- Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe during the Greek Revolution*. Edited by his Daughter, Laura E. Richards; with an introduction and notes by Mrs. John Lane. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 419. Lane, 16s. net.
- [Portrait and map of Southern Greece.]
- Simpson, Selwyn G. *Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx Poet*. An appreciation. With a preface by the Rev. J. M. Wilson. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 244. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s.

EDUCATION.

- The Major Dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*. Edited, with introductions and notes, by George Henry Nettleton. 7½ x 5. Pp. cxvii, 331. Ginn, 4s.
- [In the "Athenæum Press" series. Contains *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*. Bibliographical note.]

FICTION.

- Yolland, E. *Under the Stars*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. White, 6s.
- Blyth, James. *Amazement*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. Long, 6s.
- Phillimore, Mrs. C. E. *Two Women and a Maharajah*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 347. Long, 6s.
- Memoirs of a Person of Quality*. Edited by Ashton Hilliers. Heinemann, 6s.
- [“Being extracts from certain journals written at different times by my great uncle, the Honble. George Augustus Frederick Chorley Fanshawe, second son of the fifth Earl of Blakenham and Bramford in the County of Sussex, wherein are given the authentic particulars of his connection with the —th Regiment of Dragoon Guards; his breach with his family, residence among the Yorkshire Quakers, his restoration to Society and other matters. Privately printed A.D. 18—.”]
- Elkington, E. Way. *The Two Forces*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 290. Long, 6s.
- Cobb, Thomas. *The Amateur Emigrants*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 302. Alston Rivers, 6s.
- Cleeve, Lucas. *The Rose Geranium*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. Unwin, 6s.
- Vacaresco, Hélène. *The King's Wife*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 275. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Gouldsbury, Cullen. *God's Outpost*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 366. Nash, 6s.
- Scott, John Reed. *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars*. With illustrations in colour by Clarence F. Underwood. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 341. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- De Polen, Narcissa Lucien. *Clarice*. The Story of a Crystal Heart. Being a Chronicle mainly true. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 138. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- Rhodes, James Ford. *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877*. Vol. vii.—1872-1877. 8½ x 6. Pp. 431. Macmillan, 12s.

LITERATURE.

- Canning, the Hon. Albert S. G. *Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 545. Unwin, 16s. net.
- Ellis, Edwin J. *The Real Blake*. A Portrait Biography. With 13 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 443. Chatto & Windus, 12s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Lockyer, Sir Norman. *Education and National Progress*. Essays and Addresses, 1870-1905. With an introduction by the Right Honourable R. B. Haldane. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 269. Macmillan, 5s. net.
- Browne, J. H. Balfour. *Essays Critical and Political*. Vol. i., Critical; vol. ii., Political. 9 x 6. Pp. 307 and 333. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.
- Scott, Sir J. George. *Burma: a Handbook of Practical Information*. With numerous illustrations by the author and others. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 519. Moring, 10s. 6d. net.
- [“With special articles by recognised authorities on Burma.”]
- The Schoolmasters' Year-book and Directory, 1907*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 1046. Sonnenschein, 6s. net.
- [Fifth annual issue.]
- Willing's Press Guide, 1907*. An Advertiser's Directory and Handbook. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 424. Willing, 1s.
- [Thirty-fourth annual issue.]
- The Writers' and Artists' Year-book, 1907*. A Directory for Writers, Artists, and Photographers. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 93. Black, 1s. net.
- [Second year of new issue.]
- Life's Mystical Links*. By Alexander Connell Maclaren. Collected and arranged by Rachel Challice. 7½ x 5. Pp. 210. Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

- Poems of Life and Death*. Edited by G. K. A. Bell. 6½ x 4. Pp. 234. Routledge, 1s. net.
- [In the "Golden Anthologies" series.]
- Doughty, Charles M. *The Dawn in Britain*. Vols. v. and vi. (concluding the work). 7½ x 5½. Pp. 252 and 249. Duckworth, 9s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Kropotkin, P. *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. With portrait. 8 x 5½. Pp. 468. Sonnenschein, 6s.
- [With a preface by Dr. Brandes and a new preface to this edition in which the author deals with events in Russia up to 1906.]
- The Modern Cyclopaedia*. New edition, revised and extended. Edited by Charles Annandale. Vol. v.—Ima—Mom. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 544. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.
- [“A handy book of reference on all subjects and for all readers.”]
- Mackinder, H. J. *Britain and the British Seas*. With maps and diagrams. Second edition. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 375. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.
- Select Statistics and other Constitutional Documents*, illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Third edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 490. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.
- McCarthy, Justin. *Sir Robert Peel*. Fourth edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 194. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
- [In the "Prime Ministers of England" series.]

SCIENCE.

- Le Bon, Gustave. *The Evolution of Matter*. Translated from the Third Edition, with an introduction and notes, by F. Legge. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 436. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.

THEOLOGY.

- The Hymnal Appendix*. Compiled by A. Leigh Barker. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 122. Skeffington, 4d.
- [“A supplement to 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' (both editions), 'Church Hymns' (both editions), and 'The Hymnal Companion.'” It contains no hymn not excluded from one or other, and in most cases from more than one, of these books. Paper covers.]
- Brooks, the Rev. Phillips. *The Influence of Jesus*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 274. Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The Bohlen Lectures, delivered in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, in February 1879.]

Holland, Canon Henry Scott. *Vital Values*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 227. Wells, Gardner, 3s. 6d.

[Sermons.]

Atwood, the Rev. H. C. *At His Feet*. The Place of Faith in the Incarnate World. 7½ x 5. Pp. 164. Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.

Mayor, Joseph B. *The World's Desire, and other Sermons*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 178. Griffiths, 3s. net.

The Old Covenant, commonly called The Old Testament: translated from the Septuagint by Charles Thomson. A new edition by S. F. Pells. 2 vols. 8½ x 6. Hove, England: Published by the Editor, n.p.

["This Bible," says the Editor, "is a facsimile reprint, page for page, and line for line, of the first translation of the Septuagint into English. The copy from which this reprint is made was published in America, A.D. 1808, at Philadelphia." The author had been Secretary to the Congress of the United States.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. *The Desert and the Sown*. With many illustrations and a map. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 347. Heinemann, 16s. net.

Grimshaw, Beatrice. *From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 356. Nash, 12s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Apocalypse of St. John. The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By HENRY BARCLAY SWETE. (Macmillan, 15s.)—It is a commonplace of the schools that prophecy was not, as ordinary English thought for many years supposed, prediction so much as preaching. "If the future were foretold, it was the prediction of dissatisfaction, the prediction of hope, of anticipation, of awakened thoughts, of human possibility and Divine nearness" rather than a formal announcement of coming events. This voice of prophecy in the chilling frosts of the Scribes' domination was almost hushed, for some hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. But then it broke out again when the great Forerunner and the Lord Himself began to preach, and ever since age after age has seen some member of the order rise.

In the long history of prophecy one episode, it may be said, was that of Apocalypse. "To the earlier prophets the Day of the Lord, the crisis of the world, is a definite point in history: full of terrible, divine events, yet 'natural' ones. . . . After it history is still to flow on, common days come back." In Apocalypse "the Day of the Lord begins to assume what we call the 'supernatural' . . . tenus to become the Last Day." Finding almost its first beginning in Zephaniah, it reached in Daniel its highest altitude under the Jewish Dispensation. It culminated in the Canonical Revelation and sank gradually away through an apocryphal Apocalypse of Peter until it disappeared. The full story of its rise and fall would fill one of the most interesting and curious chapters in literary and religious history, and another, more curious if less interesting, might be written on the interpretations that these Apocalypses—especially those of Daniel and St. John—have been made to endure. The revolution in the trend of theological thought which has taken place in the last fifty years can be gauged by the character of the new Commentary on the Revelation which the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge has just issued. Thirty years ago the diligent study of the Apocalypse was looked on as either dangerous to the safe equipoise of the reason or as insufficiently productive to be worth the pains of the attempt: now we have an interpretation which makes the book interesting, edifying and generally intelligible.

The rival motives, the antagonistic germinal principles which produced on the one side Cæsarism, on the other the Church, had now developed side by side for at least half a century. The imperial idea had at first attracted to itself the enthusiasm and devotion of such men as Vergil by the magnetism of its good government and police, and of the higher civilisation it represented for barbarian subjects. St. Paul had not been dead to its commendable side, and had bidden those whom his words would influence to "honour the Emperor." But towards the close of the first century the deification of material comfort, latent almost from the first in this admiration of civil tranquillity, leapt from the modest dimensions of an extravagance permitted to grateful and effusive provinces, to the gigantic proportions of a compulsory faith. "Cæsar or Christ?" merely focussed into a point of opposition, from the first inherent, long unconsciously developing like the tares while men slept, and now declared in open battle. And this world-wide struggle to the Seer's eye was but an accident, however typical, of the great War—wide a. time and pregnant with eternal issues—between Good and Evil.

It was the fashion twenty years ago to date the book from a time shortly after Nero's death, so that the wounded head of the Beast which afterwards was healed was the apocalyptic reference to the legend widely current in the East for at least twenty years that Nero was in hiding and would again appear to take up the reins of Empire. Dr. Swete agrees that this reference must be correct, but he believes that Domitian is regarded as the re-embodiment of Nero, the Beast that was not and yet is—a rival to the risen Christ. The older school of Cambridge theologians seem to have been influenced partly by the need, if the writer was the same as the Evangelist, to give time for the Hebraic-Greek style of the Apocalypse to mature into the elegant Greek of the Gospel. But Professor Swete very properly observes that this is quite supererogatory trouble. If the writer be the same—and the seven Churches to whom letters are addressed in the Apocalypse are in the very district where the writer of the Gospel is supposed to have ministered—the wide difference in style can find sufficient explanation in the circumstance of the Apocalypse being the writer's work unaided by others owing to his confinement in Patmos, while the Gospel, a tradition specifically states, was written under others' supervision—quite possibly by another's pen. Dr. Swete therefore pronounces for the view "that the Apocalypse at least in its present form, belongs, as Irenæus believed, to the reign of Domitian and to the last years of that reign (90-96). This date appears to be consistent with the general character or purpose of the book. The Apocalypse as a whole presupposes a period when in Asia, at least, the Church was compelled to choose between Cæsar and Christ. And the prophet foresees that this is no local or passing storm, but one which will spread over the whole Empire, and run a long course, ending only with the fall of paganism and of Rome. The Coming of the Lord is no longer connected with the Fall of Jerusalem, which is viewed as an event of past history."

Those who can read Greek should certainly procure this edition if they would have in a compendious form all the information now accessible for an intelligent study of the Book. Ministers of religion should purvey its learning to their congregations. Yet, it is fair to state, they must be prepared to find that even now much is left undetermined. The illuminating and discriminating touch, the instantaneous insight, of a master is not always possible. There is learning, labour, research, impartiality, sanity of judgment—but originality and decision at times are out of place, and the reader finds what seems almost an embarrassment before a mass of material, a contentment to record and tabulate others' opinions, and a calm submission to what rash spirits feel to be the pain of suspending judgment and confessing ignorance. Thus the curious reader will be disappointed when he finds that the Number of the Beast is to Dr. Swete insoluble. Perhaps, indeed, it may be claimed with some reason that this is necessarily venial, although as the Professor himself points out, the writer seems to imply that the meaning is patent enough to intelligence and reflection. Similarly the mysterious substance *χαλκολιθῆνος* mentioned in Rev. i. 15, is left with its etymology uncertain, though the editor decides rightly enough that it is a metal.

It has been said that Dr. Swete is satisfied that the difference in style between the Gospel and the Apocalypse makes it not impossible to accept the traditional view that both proceed from one pen. The reader will expect that, having thus removed what is generally treated as a difficulty, the Professor will conclude that the author is St. John, the son of Zebedee. He will find, however, that two apparently unconnected witnesses have been discovered to the fact that Papias, the date of whose writing may be accepted as about 100 A.D., testifies that this John like his brother James was put to death by the Jews. "While inclining," Dr. Swete writes, "to the traditional view which holds that the author of the Apocalypse was the Apostle John, the present writer desires to keep an open mind upon the question. Fresh evidence may at any time be produced which will turn the scale in favour of the Elder"—another John, long known to us from another fragment of Papias. If this be correct, it would mean that no single Gospel proceeds in its present form from an Apostle, though the Fourth would be from a disciple and eyewitness. It is to be noticed, however, that if John the brother of James was martyred before 70 A.D., and another John lived at Ephesus till at least 98 A.D. as Irenæus says, the whole problem needs reinvestigation, for the various arguments assume a very different relative weight.

It is to be feared that some will find Dr. Swete's judgment disturbing. They may be re-assured by observing the attitude of the early Christian towards the books of the Bible. Dionysius the Bishop from 247 to 265 A.D. of the Patriarchal See of Alexandria writes: "That John is the writer of this book, we must believe, for he says so himself: but who this was, is doubtful."

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THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE of the noteworthy events of the week is the appointment of Mr. H. W. Massingham to be Editor of our contemporary *The Speaker*. Mr. Massingham is a brilliant and able journalist, and it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate him on the appointment. He has, since his emergence from provincial life at Norwich, held many positions and discharged many duties with marked capacity. No doubt, therefore, he will add to the distinctions of the periodical that was started by the late Sir Wemyss Reid.

Yet it would be idle to hide certain misgivings. To an impartial onlooker who is inclined to say "A plague on both your houses" and does not profess to hold any political opinions with vehemence, it seems that one reason why many political journals that have been conducted with great ability have not been truly successful is that the editors have been much too partisan. The standing example of a new paper that succeeded without even giving news or using any of the adventitious aids to popularity now commonly employed is the *Saturday Review* of the 'sixties.

Its Editor, Douglas Cook, was able, if he held any deep convictions, to keep them in check. The journal was professedly Conservative, and yet its most biting sarcasms were directed against the leaders of the Conservative party. Nor did the Editor attempt to show only one side of the question. On a matter of finance he was as keen to have Mr. Gladstone as a contributor as he was to have Lord Salisbury on a crisis in diplomacy. In other words he put his journal first and its political objects second. No succeeding Editor that we know of has been able with such conspicuous ability to steer an independent course through the shoals of politics.

Now Mr. Massingham, so far, has been an extreme partisan. In the position to which he is elected it devolves upon him to show that he can at the proper moment take a wide and critical view of a situation. There would be nothing extraordinary in the fact of his developing this faculty, as we see the same thing constantly done in another profession. Take, for example, an extremely able barrister. Probably during years of successful practice he has accustomed himself to argue one side of the case as though his existence depended upon it; yet when the time comes that he is elevated to the Bench the chances are that he will make a sound and impartial judge. His days of special pleading are ended, and he recognises it to be his duty to see both sides

of the case. It is our admiration of Mr. Massingham that prompts the hope that in the new position to which he is called he will be able to evolve those judicial qualities that would make his paper authoritative in the eyes of Conservatives as well as Liberals. He may very well take an example from the *Westminster Gazette*, which has succeeded in winning this respect without in the slightest degree surrendering its principles. But it must be admitted that the conditions of modern journalism militate against editorial independence.

A correspondent writes:—Professor Churton Collins, nearly five years ago, compared Swift and Rabelais, the perfectly refined and the grotesquely extravagant; now comes Signor Pietro Toldo, of Turin, who deepens the question of comparison and difference. Collecting points of similarity between Cyrano de Bergerac and Swift, he quotes Rohdes's "Erzählung des Odysseus bei Alcinous (ist eine) älteste Robinsonade," which is, let us hope, unknown to Mr. Andrew Lang as the view of any mortal man! Goodwin's "Domingo Gonzalez," done into French in 1648 by Jean Baudoin, is the supposed source of both Cyrano and "Gulliver" (especially at Laputa).

"Sindbad the Sailor" is not alien from the Dean's work, all proportions being kept. "Le soleil de Londres n'a pas les mêmes rayons que celui de l'Orient." Gulliver's awakening in durance is Philostratus's Heracles among the Pygmies (*Icon*. II. xxii.), whom the Scots of Rabelais call *manches d'estrilles* (II. xxvii.), and whom the Bâle professor of anatomy lately mentioned in discussing the "missing link" of Dubois. We all know H. M. Stanley's and Dr. Schweinfurt's homunculi. Swift, unlike Rabelais, knew that measurements must be given if probability was to be attained. So we have the exact calculations of the smallest details, whereas the giant Pantagruel sits in his subjects' cottages without any apparent discomfort.

There are no minutiae, realism, *véraisemblance*, in the priest of Chinon. The priest of St. Patrick's has ever his compass and foot-rule. As tailors, or breeches-makers, nothing so careless as the former, nothing so curiously minute as the latter. Rabelais had read "Furioso," and Swift Rabelais; but the outcome of their respective mental crucibles is very disparate. Gulliver's fire-brigade exploit is from the "Ricciardetto" of Forteguerra (vi., 82 *seqq.*) and a reminiscence of Gargantua at Paris. Lucian's "Menippus" (xix., 774) gave the idea of likening men to liliputians and to ants, or "Myrmidons." Erasmus, in his "Praise of Folly," had likened courtiers to wasps or gnats. To Liliput the "Civitas Solis" of Campanella is not unlike enough to repel a charge of borrowing. In each are punishments for ingratitude, lying, and such foibles; men march delicately through most pellucid air, as in Euripides's Athens; there are mixed schools for the sexes, as in Plato's "Republic" or in "Les Transatlantiques," which sexes "escono alla campagna, ove s'esercitano alla corsa," etc. The *archibugio* is more revered than the *archibugiardo*, instead of the contrary, as now. So Campanella inspired Cyrano and Cyrano Swift.

As we are all what the Coptic priest called the Hellenes, "children ever," but nowadays scientific grown-up children, we pine for explanations of our fairy hornbooks. Even Homer to Erwin Rohde is, we have seen, a Defoe, his *Odysseys* being *Crusoe*. Nearer us are Lucian—influenced by India—Rabelais, Cyrano, Swift. "Human nature," says my Lord Bacon, "is ever in appetite," demanding whence came these tales, what of truth do they embody? Mr. H. G. Wells for us, and M. C. Flammarion for the French, write what is "un genre bâtarde fondé sur des équivoques scientifiques," the best pabulum for our age, a link between youth and maturity.

Jules Verne's lucubrations have been more than once realised in practice. The *Nautilus*, for instance, has long left the brain for the main. For a savant, Verne lived in an "ante-chamber," almost in the chamber "of applied science." The creator of Phineas Fogg had seized, and always acted on, the truism that children, now especially, must have their tales probable: if the event portrayed did not happen, it must be such as could have happened.

And Swift is precisely the satirical humourist that at the same time owes much, perhaps the best, of his inspiration to Cyrano de Bergerac, and amuses best both children and adults. Proportion and tempered reasonableness are the qualities of the Travels. Even in proportion and reason the mean is kept. "The wit of Swift is the perfection of refined ingenuity," says Mr. Churton Collins. Rabelais is "drunk with animal spirits." For Herr Thierkopf, of Magdeburg, in the Dean's and Abbé's view, "ist . . . die ganz Welt ein Narrenhaus." This last word is terribly true of Swift, unless Sir William Wilde's contention of his sanity be upheld. At any rate, the *sæva indignatio* has never been denied, nor his perfect adaptability to the taste of at least two of man's Four Ages. While children take the obvious sense, the older infants among us seek at the same time the esoteric meaning and the sources. These latter the Turin scholar very fully and eruditely helps us to unearth.

A book by Madison Cawein, published by E. P. Dutton and Co., of New York, gives rise to a suggestion. Suppose its editor or publisher were to employ a clerk to go over it and delete the epithets mechanically, how vastly its literary merits would be improved! In order to show our meaning a passage is selected at random:

On a low fern-based rock—mossy shrine of the wood-god who has this particular forest under his protection—before which, like a candelabrum before an altar, burning with many silken flames of greenish gold, a young hickory lifted up its hundred pointed leaf-sheaths, and a paw-paw shook its sacramental bells of bronze—I laid an offering of wild flowers this last day of April.

Now mark how much better it would read after an application of the blue pencil:

On a rock before which a hickory lifted up its leaf-sheaths and a paw-paw shook its bells, I laid an offering of wild flowers this last day of April.

Sixty-four words are reduced to twenty-nine, and is not the improvement apparent? Nothing essential is lost.

Yet the author, as may be seen from the following extract, aspires to a certain kind of superiority:

How true is this of a great many of our suddenly successful writers, whose works meet with such overwhelming applause from the public, which is the vulgar, and reach such phenomenal sales. I never hear of a new book that everybody praises and recommends but that I am straightway suspicious of its literary merit and avoid reading it, feeling sure that the author has probably "committed some great blunder."

What are "phenomenal" sales?

It is such writing as this that has brought "prose poetry" into ridicule. Ten years ago there was a fashion for it in this country which has, luckily, passed away. The writers, many of whom are not without refinement, would be quick to recognise the vulgarity of a woman who tricked herself out with a multitude of false jewels, yet this prose, overloaded with epithet and sham ornament, is as vulgar and ill-bred as the wearer of paste diamonds.

Mr. Frederick Morgan Padelford has a curious article in the *Cornhill Magazine* entitled "Browning out West." From it we learn that the American youth takes much more readily to Browning than he does to Tennyson.

According to one student, to read Tennyson is "to be confined in a prim garden of heavy-scented flowers," while, on the other hand, looking "to the spirit and mystery of the poet and not to his teaching," it is said that they recognise in Browning a great elemental genius. The impression that one carries away from reading the article is that the American youth can have no real appreciation of poetry. Among other things it explains why America has not succeeded in developing a great poet.

The following characteristic letter has been written by M. Mistral in reply to the suggestion of MM. Paul Bourget and François Coppée that the Provençal poet should become a candidate for membership of the French Academy:

I am accustomed, like Simon Stylites, to stand isolated on my pillar, and if God should grant me four or five years more of life to finish my work, it would be unwise to rush over the ground. *Parva domus, magna quies* and the Academy is a large house! . . . My sole ambition has been to preserve the Provençal language and to do honour to my race, and this by means of poetry.

I have never had so much as a thought for my personal glory . . . everything has been added from outside—witness the proposal you make me now, as did my good friends Legouvé first and then Claretie, in bygone days.

Last week, at a meeting of the French Academy, it was announced that the following were candidates for the seat left vacant by the death of M. Ferdinand Brunetière: M. Pierre de Nolhac, who has written a history of the Court of Versailles; M. Edmond Haraucourt, M. Jules Delafosse, the senator, and M. Léon Séché. It is likely that other names will be added to this list. The election is fixed for Thursday, the 7th.

The Musée at Antwerp will be enriched under the will of the late Marquise Maison, of Paris, who was Belgian by birth, by the addition to its fine collection of the following valuable pictures, viz.: Van Dyck's Portrait of Charles II. as a child, a Christ by Duquesnoy, a seascape by Charles Vernet, and Slingeneyer's *Woman in a Bath*.

A correspondent writes:—By the sudden death of Miss Alice Oldham, B.A., the cause of the higher education of women has suffered a great loss, for there was no more zealous and indefatigable worker in Ireland than she was, from the days of the Intermediate Education Act to the day of her death. Miss Oldham was one of the earliest women graduates of an Irish University, obtaining first-class honours in Latin, and honours in Natural Science and in Logic and Ethics during her University career. She became a teacher and lecturer in Alexandra College in Dublin, and lectured on such subjects as "Egoism as a Principle of Ethical Conduct; its History and Position To-day," and "Some Modern Views of the Nature of Mind and their Practical Application." Miss Oldham, as honorary secretary of the Irish Schoolmistresses Association played a leading part in securing the opening of Dublin University to the women. Though in many respects a remarkably clever woman, she published little, devoting the greater part of her time to the cause she espoused.

We notice with interest that the Stage Society has developed the scope of the News Sheet which is sent out to every member before each performance. In the number which is lying before us, Mr. Grein writes an interesting little article which he calls "A Short History of the Independent Theatre." It appears that the basis of the Independent Theatre was laid in Holland: for it was at Amsterdam that *The Profligate* and *The Middleman* by Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones respectively, were first produced, owing to the persistent energy of Mr. Grien. So great was their success that the managers

of the Royal Subsidised Theatre sent Mr. Grein a cheque for fifty pounds for the furtherance of dramatic art in England. And so the Independent Theatre gradually came into being. Among the notable plays that were produced, are—George Bernard Shaw's first play, *Widowers' Houses*, Mr. George Moore's *The Strike at Arlingford*, a one-act play by Mr. Arthur Symonds, founded on a story by Mr. Frank Harris, and *The Black Cat* by Dr. Todhunter. But perhaps the most famous achievement was the production of *Ghosts* under the direction of Mr. Cecil Raleigh on March 9, 1891.

Any sign of exuberance, such as the extension of their little paper, is to be welcomed in a body so admirable as the Stage Society; for the work they have done is excellent and is only comparable in importance with the work that remains for them to do. And on this point of future work we notice that a pertinent letter has been written to the paper by Mr. Middleton Fox. "I think," he writes, "we are inclined to neglect (if I may be pardoned for coining another term) the *fantastic-poetic* drama." And he goes on to warn the society against the policy of producing too many censor-forbidden plays. "It will be fatal to us if we give any handle to the idea that we are a society for exploiting unpleasant and 'improper' plays. We cannot be too careful in limiting our liberty in this respect." That is very wisely said.

There are, we believe, some fifteen hundred members of the Stage Society, and we see that the Council of Management has decided that when the number of ordinary members on the register reaches sixteen hundred the list will be closed, and membership will become a matter of some difficulty. Meanwhile we would point out to our readers that they can obtain all particulars from the Secretary, 9 Arundel Street, Strand. The plays to be produced this season are *The Cassilis Engagement*, by Mr. St. John Hankin, Brieux's *Les Hannelons*, an original comedy by a new writer, and *Don Juan in Hell*, which is the dream omitted from the acting version of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*.

Some interesting particulars of the discoveries made by Dr. Stein in the sand-buried ruins of Khotan, are given in the Indian papers. His first operations were at the great Stupa of Rawak, which he had partly excavated in the year 1900. On the last occasion he found a ruined temple on the Hanguya Tati, which yielded some interesting terra-cotta reliefs. Their style was plainly derived from models of Græco-Buddhist Art. The best results were obtained from a group of small ruined sites in the shrub-covered desert, not far from the village of Domoko, east of Khotan. In a Buddhist shrine at Khadalik, Dr. Stein recovered a large number of manuscripts in Sanskrit, Chinese, and the "unknown" language of old Khotan, besides many wooden tablets inscribed in the same language and some in Tibetan.

The same temple also furnished portions of a far older Sanskrit manuscript on birch-bark, no doubt imported from India. All these records dated from the eighth century or earlier. Apparently these towns were abandoned about that period. In a rubbish mound near the southern edge of the Domoko oasis were found documents in the Brahmi script of old Khotan and a large collection of Chinese records on wood, the latter dealing with questions of administration.

At a general assembly of Academicians and Associates, held on January 30, Mr. George Henry was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

LITERATURE

CRITICISM BY TESTIMONIAL

Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx Poet. By SELWYN G. SIMPSON. With a Preface by J. M. WILSON, D.D. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s.)

If the writer of a medical treatise were to begin his first chapter with a statement from one of Mother Seigel's advertisements the book would be instantly damned. The line between the qualified and the unqualified is drawn straight in medicine. With literature the case is different. Public approval is the only test of merit or authority, and though it be true that the addition of a million cyphers to one another gives only nought as the sum total, the verdict of the ignorant is a handy tool for the juggler. We are sorry to open our remarks on the Life of so worthy a poet and prose writer as the late Mr. T. E. Brown with an ungenerous comparison. Not on him is any reflection cast. On the contrary, our judgment coincides almost exactly with that expressed by Canon Wilson in the restrained and capable preface which he has contributed to this foolish book. He describes the characteristics of Brown with a sure and precise touch. His originality, his talent as a teller of stories, and his art, at once self-effacing and self-expressing, are the points most to be admired in Brown. But a great writer has no need of such testimonials as are huddled together in the following passage:

Great writers found him long ago. George Eliot wrote enthusiastically to Maecilian when "Betsy Lee" first appeared. Max Müller, to whom with others, when staying at the Maloja Hotel in 1885, I read "The Doctor," put it in his list of the hundred best books of the world. He borrowed my copy, then unpublished, and read it to Browning at Venice, and afterwards to the Empress Frederick at Berlin; and told me of their delight in it; and others known in the literary world, rank Brown among the Great Poets.

When we turn to the book itself it is like entering a different atmosphere, and we are forcibly reminded of Canon Wilson's careful reference to the youth of his friend. Mr. Simpson opens his chapter with Mr. Hall Caine's boast that "Mr. Brown is the first of Manxmen living or dead." He might as well have described him as "that puissant officer the headborough of Little Pedlington." Has the Isle of Man been rich in prophets? Thus the text and the sermon in its ejaculatory way proceeds: "Mr. Caine, in his last three words, *their children will*, has expressed a fact [*sic*] . . . Brown's day is yet to come." Then once more the testimonial dodge is brought into play (extract from Mr. Canton). Bang goes the author next with the extraordinary statement: "And Brown is superior to the Scotchman [Burns] in intellect, culture and refinement." Exactly in the style of Mother Seigel's follows a testimonial from Mr. William Storr. Next, Mr. Henley has "proved"—mark the word!—"the superiority of the Manx poet over the 'thrice-laurelled Laureate.'" It was easy to tolerate such extravagance in Mr. Henley, who was naturally unable to write as an impartial judge of his own schoolmaster; but it is odd that such absurdities should be repeated in a book pretending to be critical. Not once, by-the-by, but twenty times, did Henley say to the present writer that the worst of all his mistakes was that of allowing Brown to review one of Mr. Caine's novels in the *National Observer*. However, our author proceeds on his wonted way:

But it is useless to compare Brown with the ordinary run of great men. He was *volcanic*.

In support of this statement he inserts a testimonial from the Bishop of Hereford in which, sure enough, we find a reference to "the volcanic outbursts" of Brown. There is a delicious phrase in this document—"the average run of distinguished men"—which deserves noting. No doubt the Bishop of Hereford is so much accustomed to the company of men of genius that he has more opportunities to strike an average than less-

favoured mortals. It would take long to examine in detail the vast number of testimonials collected by the industrious Mr. Simpson. They come from all quarters, including the ACADEMY, which in 1897 published an article on Brown from which we would to-day dissent in a very slight degree. But the author rests his case mainly upon the evidence of two witnesses. W. E. Henley and Mr. Hall Caine surely are an extraordinary pair of names to be coupled together. The junction is purely accidental, due to each having a personal acquaintance with the poet. In his generous way, Henley used to declare that he owed all he was to Brown. The schoolmaster it was who first brushed the clay from his eyes and enabled him to see. And it is altogether to the credit of the pupil's warm heart that in later life he was always the impassioned advocate, never the impartial judge, of his teacher. With Mr. Hall Caine the case is different. The alliance between him and Brown caused many a keenly scrutinising glance to be cast on the work of the latter, on the principle that a man is known by his friends. Brown's love for Manxland blinded him to every failing of an author hailing from that beloved country. Mr. Caine returned the friendship by praise which was never in any true sense critical, but consisted of glowing and rhetorical generalities. "So strong, so powerful a man has this island seldom produced," is language that might be addressed to a dignitary of any sort. That Brown himself was no critic will be apparent to any one who studies the examples given in the book, where the mighty Hardy is cast down from his seat and the unspeakable Caine exalted. Mr. Simpson appears to have adopted this view. Indeed, it is the revelation of his standards that saps his authority. When he ranges himself on the side of Hall Caine and against Burns and Tennyson he renders discussion of his opinions superfluous. What would the poet have thought of such extravagance as this?—

If Brown has not Shakespeare's richness and vast compass, or Milton's sublime and unflagging strength, or Dante's severe, vivid, ardent force of vision, he has a joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, a freedom of eye and heart, or, in a word, a general healthiness that prove him to be amongst the foremost writers of modern literature.

A comparison with William Barnes would have been more appropriate, but with Mr. Simpson's book as a text we must decline to enter upon any discussion of the merits of T. E. Brown.

ECHOES FROM KOTTABOS

Echoes from Kottabos. Edited by R. Y. TYRRELL, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D., and Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart. (E. Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN 1882, it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, a selection of classical exercises was issued under the title of "Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin." The book before us consists for the most part of selections from what may be called the non-classical side of *Kottabos*. The editors have had some fifty numbers of *Kottabos* from which to select, and it would be difficult to praise too highly the rare discrimination and sound literary judgment which have guided their choice. There is only one piece which we would have excluded: Max Cullinan's "Terrier in my Granny's hall." For the rest, the selections bear testimony to a very high standard of literary ability among the students of Trinity College, Dublin; and, taken together, the two volumes form a splendid vindication of the Irish University as the home of scholarship, culture and refined taste.

It is a noticeable feature in *Kottabos* that much of the English verse was of a serious cast. The volume opens with a sad poem by Charles Pelham Mulvany entitled "Scepticism." Perhaps his best poem is "Swift on Stella," but "L'Amour qui Passe," though unequal, has many merits. We shall see, when dealing with the humorous pieces, that he had another side to his genius.

The late Thomas E. Webb contributed some very graceful verses, notably a couple of translations or paraphrases from de Musset. The poem called "Remember" is even finer than the sonnet entitled "Never." We wish we could quote both.

There is a delightful series of "Poems Written in Discipleship," which, we are told, "are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song." In the first of them (of the school of Tennyson) Dr. Dowden has caught the manner of the late Laureate:

The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
Lay on the water, violet dark,
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day: the summer dream'd
In heaven, and on the whispering sea
Within our hearts the summer dream'd;
It was pure bliss to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
A song from Mendelssohn.

O sweet and sad, and wildly clear,
Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Sweet with a measureless desire,
And sad with all farewells.

The poem entitled "Sea-Roses," by J. E. Healy, is so fine that we reproduce it:

Where the sea-roses grow down to the sea,
And where the white ripples laugh up to the roses;
Where the gorse and the heather are nodding together,
And the bud of the pimpernel opens and closes;
Where the curlew dips to the kiss of the wave,
And the grey-green wings of the plover whirr
By the languorous motion and swaying of ocean,
There I am dreaming of her.

Sweet sea-rose, you were always sweet,
Yellow of petal, and greenly glowing
In warm sea-places 'mid soft embraces
And tender touches of night-winds blowing.
The first full ray of the moon on you
Falls in the quiet of night begun;
And lovingly tender, in slanting splendour,
The first red shaft of the sun.

Ah, but now you are queen of the flowers,
Queen of the queens of the summer weather;
For here where the plover were wheeling above her,
Here in your glory we met together.
Rose, you were happy, but happier far
I, as I thrill'd with ecstasy,
When she pluck'd you stooping, her dark eyes drooping,—
Pluck'd you, and gave you to me.

It is with no slight regret that we refrain from quoting Sir Edward Sullivan's "Francesca," but it is too long to reproduce, and extracts would not do justice to it. In addition to many other merits, Sir Edward has followed the *terza rima* of the original, and has thus earned the gratitude of Dante's admirers. One of the best pieces of its kind is this author's translation of Goethe's King of Thule into the Scottish dialect. This dialect has been essayed before in rendering German into English, but seldom more successfully. For downright weirdness, W. G. Wills's "Graf Bröm" could hardly be surpassed. William Wilkins's "In the Engine Shed" is a study in realism of very great merit, and he contributes several other good things, notably his "Study on the River Dodder" and "Actaeon."

By way of transition to the humorous side, we reproduce "A Flattering Illusion," by Geoffrey Clark:

I thank you for the flowers you sent, she said.
And then she pouted, blush'd, and droop'd her head.
Forgive me for the words I spoke last night:
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right.
Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,
Seal'd her forgiveness with the old, old sign;
And as we wander'd through the dim-lit bowers,
I wonder'd who had really sent the flowers.

The greater number of the humorous poems are the work of Mulvany, and most of them are excellent. One of the best of his contributions is "The Examination Hall"—a parody of "Locksley Hall," of course. The "Song of the Lines" is another College reminiscence which will appeal to all Dublin students. Next after Mulvany we place John Martley and Samuel Kennedy Cowan, between whose merits it is difficult to choose. Martley's best are "Our Lady of Gain" and "The Deserted City"; but Cowan's "A Supplemental Examination," "Locksley Hall Hotel, the Morning After," and "After Study," a parody of Swinburne's weird "Four Boards of the Coffin Lid," reach, perhaps, as high a level. Another clever Swinburnean parody is "At Lawn Tennis in College (Atalanta out of Calydon)," by George Wilkins. We like, too, J. S. Drennan's "Epitaph on an Attorney":

Here lies Misther Quirk,—
Still at the ould work!

and we hope that Mr. Francis Thompson read Dr. Tyrrell's recast of Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" in his Latinised style:

A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as asre when but one
Ostends its vult.

Dr. Tyrrell's "Another Way of Art" is a clever parody of Browning, and his "Caliban upon Kottabos" should not be missed. We should like to see a parody of "Mr. Sludge" from the same pen. We hardly know where to class the late Arthur Palmer's "Flight of the Muses." It is humorous in form—but *facit indignatio versus*. Palmer keenly resented the insult and injury with which classical study was threatened, by the proposed exclusion of Greek verse composition from the Scholarship examination; but, happily, the threat was not fulfilled, and the honour belongs largely to him.

The prose in the Echoes is wholly humorous. Almost every one is familiar with Littledale's "Oxford Solar Myth." Dr. Tyrrell has the lion's share of the rest, John Martley coming next. Mr. Newcomen's "Orgulous Artificer" is a clever squib in an archaic setting, and Mr. Pooler's essay "Of Poesie" is a capital parody of Bacon's style. The Latin rhymes are wholly contributed by Dr. Tyrrell. Readers will be glad to have the complete copy of his ingenious version of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." Many will also be well pleased with the rhyme, "In Praepositi Pavonem"—an original composition.

It is difficult to convey in a short review a fair idea of the merit of these Echoes; but on the whole, as we have said, the pieces maintain a remarkably high level. Many of the best poems are too long to quote, and we must leave our readers to make their acquaintance in the volume itself. That there are no less than fifty-three contributors to *Kottabos* represented in this selection says much for the versatility of the scholars of T.C.D.

It is a pity that the editors did not provide the book with an index giving the pieces under their authors' names, as well as an index of first lines.

THE ELEGANT MRS. MONTAGU

Mrs. Montagu and Her Friends. By R. HUCHON. (Murray, 6s. net.)

A LADY who before she was eight years old had copied out the whole of Addison's "Spectator"; who from the age of twelve to the age of seventy-two corresponded regularly with another lady, who was Prior's lovely Peggy, and with her sisters "Fidget"; who entertained royalty at breakfast in a room hung with feathered tapestry of her own making, and regaled the chimney-sweepers of London to beef and plum-pudding on her own lawn; who took up the cudgels for Shakespeare against Voltaire and wielded them with some effect; a lady in whose drawing-

room the word blue-stocking was coined, certainly does not deserve to be forgotten. All this and more gave feature to the life of Mrs. Montagu. And yet the name conjures up the vision of vaccination rather than the vision of the most exquisite leader of fashion who ever preferred literary animadversion to cards and scandal and frivolity. Mr. Huchon blows valourously at the dust of oblivion which has settled upon her. His essay is none the worse for being a little pompous: its austerity forms a proper background to the quoted wit, and throws into agreeable relief the figure of the fragile, spirited lady about whom he is writing. She was, indeed, a typical daughter of that flippant age of decorum which Dr. Johnson ruled with his rod of reason, an age which preferred elegance before beauty and common sense before everything; in which men and women talked literature even more judiciously than they wrote it.

Elizabeth was the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, a rich country gentleman who married at eighteen, had twelve children, and at last, after his wife died, attained to his heart's wish of becoming a man about London town, as, we are told, he had been before his marriage. Elizabeth was born in 1720. She was never troubled by the romantic longings which burdened her indolent father. In 1742 she was wise enough to marry Edward Montagu, a very rich man well past middle age, even in years, with whom she lived in comfort and happiness, or rather—perhaps it would be better to use a more reasonable word—satisfaction. Her eyes were never dimmed by the "purple mist of love": but when he died he left her £7000 a year and estates, which no man of business could manage better than she. His wealth enabled her to achieve the distinction in life which she coveted, but which wealth unallied with her own brilliance could never have given her—the distinction of being a great hostess, whose house was the resort of all that was excellent in the world of fashion, of letters and of politics. For fifty years her position was pre-eminent. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Mrs. Thrale nor Mrs. Boscawen, her rivals, could withstand the combination of wealth and wit that was found in Mrs. Montagu's house. But her parties never reached the intellectual standard of those held in Paris by Madame Geoffrin, or by Madame de Defland or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The assemblies at Hill Street, and at Bolton Row, as Mr. Huchon puts it, were inferior to those at the Convent St. Joseph or the Rues St. Dominique and St. Honoré. Mrs. Montagu had a very English difficulty to cope with, and a very great one, in the fact that the men she wanted in her Pekin room or in her room of Cupidons or withdrawing-room, hankered ungallantly after their own society and their own club-room. Pipes, perhaps, and port, they found more stimulating than the most elegant femininity. Men are like that: coarse creatures at best.

Many distinguished men came, however. Dr. Johnson often visited Hill Street. "Sir," he once said to James Boswell, "conversing with her you may find variety in one." And he must have been entertained in the battle of wit that invariably took place between Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Montagu whenever those ladies met. Dr. Johnson's presence was a feature of the gatherings. The indefatigable Boswell records that he had no opinion of the lady's powers as a critic. "Sir," he said (what pronouncement of his is complete without that arresting monosyllable? He knew its value) "Sir, that Essay contains no single word of criticism." With this remark he finished with the famous discourse on Shakespeare, peremptorily. Whether or not Mrs. Montagu knew of this judgment, friendship prevailed between them until the Doctor published his "Life of Lord Lyttelton," in which he said of the lord's poems: "they have nothing to be despised but little to be admired," and of the "Dialogues of the Dead," the last three of which were written by Mrs. Montagu herself, "they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*"; and poor Lyttelton with humble gratitude returned in a note acknowledgments

which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice." This was more than the sensitive lady could brook, and it occasioned a lasting breach between them.

Burke she knew before he was famous. In 1758 she wrote of him as "a young lawyer by profession tho' an author by practice." She remained on terms of intimacy with him, though she was unable to accede to his request to use her influence with Mr. Secretary Pitt to obtain for him the post of Consul at Madrid, which he wanted. David Garrick came to her drawing-room, and was obliging enough to recite speeches from plays of Shakespeare for the entertainment of her guests. He was not a frequent visitor at the Conversation Parties, but was asked to dinner when distinguished politicians or royalties were to be present. Mrs. Montagu had a genius for tact as a hostess. Beattie, the mildly philosophic poet, Lyttelton, Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Wilberforce, and many other well-known men, figured at her assemblies. Cowper, the gentle-hearted Cowper, was too much occupied with his religious difficulties and his hares to enter society much, but he read her Essay and wrote to Lady Hesketh, "I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is learned and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment." One critic at least cocked up his bonnet at it: but no matter. Cowper was always gently gallant. He heard of the famous feather room and his enthusiasm was roused to the pitch of couplets on the occasion. They are printed in his poetical works, where students of English literature may find and study them.

Literary ladies, too, found their way to Hill Street and Portman Square. Hannah More was a devoted admirer of Mrs. Montagu. Her poem, "Bas Bleu," is a tribute of her esteem, a little monument reared in honour of her friend:

She who Shakespeare's wrongs redrest
Prov'd that the brightest are the best.

Until Mrs. Montagu appeared "Conversation's setting light Lay half obscured in Gothic night," by such trumperies as whist, "that desolating Hun," or as quadrille, "that Vandal of colloquial wit." But to Fanny Burney belongs the distinction of describing her friend and hostess most vividly. "I found her," she writes, "brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment and critical in talk, and deemed her a person to respect rather than to love." That is a description as witty as it is true; though no reference is made to Mrs. Montagu's amazing vitality, which enabled her to live on strenuously almost to the last day of her long life.

SHERIDAN

The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an Introduction by JOSEPH KNIGHT. (Frowde, 2s.)

The Major Dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited with Introduction and Notes by GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON. (Ginn, 4s.)

If there be any one who has never studied Sheridan, we recommend these two books as the best on which to begin the study. An "Oxford text," edited by so ripe a scholar and so profound a critic of the drama as Mr. Joseph Knight, might seem good enough by itself; but Mr. Nettleton's volume, devoting less space to text, devotes much more to biography, introduction and notes, and he succeeds, not only in giving all the information needed by beginners with sterling fulness and accuracy, but in adding a great deal that will interest those who have already a good working knowledge of the plays. The aim of the book is to give a critical study of Sheridan's major dramas (*The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*) based primarily on contemporary evidence. Contemporary evidence, after all, is the best, if not the only evidence worth consulting in the

case of a man who held the mirror up to his own age as Sheridan did; and Mr. Nettleton, following in the footsteps of Sheridan's biographer, Mr. Fraser Rae, has conferred, in this unpretentious little "school-book," a lasting benefit on students of Sheridan by his assiduity in searching newspaperfiles, literature contemporary with Sheridan, and all kinds of sources for facts, and again facts, and facts. Does the reader wish to know more about Lydia Languish's library? Mr. Nettleton throws a bright light on Sheridan's object in putting down this apparently jumbled catalogue, by turning up the books mentioned and giving us, in addition, quotations from the earliest reviews of them. Eighteenth-century Bath is studied, as essential to the understanding of *The Rivals*. Sheridan's debts to his predecessors, French and English, are examined, and every claim receives fair consideration, however lenient is the judgment against the debtor. More important, the text is edited with great care.

These things, however, are matters of which the student will discover the nature for himself on looking into Mr. Nettleton's book. The result of studying it will be to support Sheridan's claim to be considered the greatest writer of post-Shakespearean comedy. That he was a man of genius is recognised by all. If he had never written a play in his life his five-hours "Begum Speech" on Warren Hastings and the Begums of Oude in Parliament in February 1787 and, later, his speeches during the trial in Westminster Hall must send him down to posterity as one of the greatest of English orators. But oratory, like acting, dies. We know Burke (to his advantage, no doubt) as a prose-writer, not as an orator. If Pitt and Fox spoke as they speak in Mr. Hardy's *The Dynasts* they must have been mere Mad Hatters at the art: Sheridan's oratorical genius we know only from the testimony of his friends and enemies and from the garbled versions of his speeches that appear in print. Sheridan the playwright we know not only from the printed book but from the modern stage, and, if we study *The Critic* with Mr. Nettleton's aid and are careful not to judge it by the form in which it appears nowadays at charity *matinées*, we must realise that here is the perfection of burlesque, just as in *The School for Scandal* is the perfection of comedy.

Perfection is a hard word; but its use is very nearly justified. It is, or was, not uncommon to find this desperate young Irishman who had eloped with a reigning beauty, fought two duels, written three plays and become manager of Drury Lane, all before he was twenty-five, regarded as a rank plagiarist, who combined what he stole with unblushing imitation, in the manner of Foote, of living people, and tossed the two on to paper without revision or care. Plays written in that manner do not live for a century and a half. And one of Mr. Nettleton's good services is his insistence on the facts that Sheridan was not a plagiarist, that he did not unduly make game of actual people, and that he worked at and published his plays in a way that even Flaubert would not have disdained. The two versions of *The Rivals* are there to prove the latter point, if, indeed, further proof were needed than, in *The School for Scandal*, such dialogue as that between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in Act II. scene i. That Sheridan owed nothing to former writers is a thesis as impossible to maintain as it would be in the case of any other author in all the history of literature; but it is pretty clear that, besides being all that we have said, Sheridan had found time to be a well-read man, and that like other authors, like Milton in his very different way, for instance, he incorporated his knowledge, half consciously, half unconsciously, in his work, having always made it his own before reproducing it. Mrs. Malaprop may derive from Mrs. Slipslop, from Tabitha Bramble, from Mrs. Heidelberg, from Dogberry, and from Mrs. Tryfort in Sheridan's mother's comedy, *A Journey to Bath*; but she remains Mrs. Malaprop, the *œuvre type*, the consummation of the class. And though Sir Fretful Plagiary was called Richard Cumberland in real life, he is no bald copy of an actual man.

The genius of Sheridan becomes clearer when we contrast his work as playwright with that of his predecessors and successors. We find him gathering up into himself the best of all that had gone before; after him we find no comedy that can compare with his. He is the fair flower of English comedy. From the Elizabethans he takes nothing but a quotation or two; unless the reader likes to follow Mr. Nettleton in deriving from Ben Jonson the characteristic of the comedy of "humours," which regarded each person as the expression of a single quality and gave him a name to correspond. This seems to us to be going needlessly behind Sheridan's great originals, the Restoration comedies. In practice, this is what always happens to the minor characters. There being no room to develop them, they are treated from a single point of view, which, whether a corresponding name be given or not, is all that they are wanted for. We cannot admit that Sheridan is Jonsonian in any of his major characters; or, as it might be better expressed, he is at least not Shadwellian. If Joseph Surface has a leading characteristic, he is a complete being, not an exaggerated expression of a single quality. That matter of nomenclature was a heritage from the Restoration comedies, which, as we have said, were Sheridan's great originals, and which, with Etherege and those who followed him, swept the Jonsonian comedy of "humours" off the stage in favour of a finer type. This realistic comedy Sheridan, living in a chaster age, was able to purify. He caught up the comedy of Steele, and rescued it from decay. Adding his shaft of ridicule to those already sticking in the backs of the sentimentalists, and avoiding the pitfall of farce into which Goldsmith had fallen, he produced the highest type of comedy, which exposes folly and vice without indignation, is polished without artificiality (though the old complaint about the witty servants must be allowed to be deserved), broad-minded without coarseness, and directly aimed at an actual state of society without sacrifice of universality. *The School for Scandal* is the perfect finish of a hundred years of preparation; and, having reached the summit, English comedy declined thenceforward.

YOUNG LONDON

Mediæval London. Vol ii.: *Ecclesiastical*. By Sir WALTER BESANT. (Black, 30s. net.)

VOLUME after volume attests the enthusiasm and industry of the late Sir Walter Besant as an historian of London. It is possible to regret that he attempted to cover so much ground. As each instalment is issued we recognise a well-worked quarry rather than an edifice.

The present volume is the second dealing with Mediæval London. It surveys the ecclesiastical life, institutions, and influences of the Norman and Plantagenet centuries. The first eight chapters, however, are concerned with the rise of London's municipal government. We are reminded that the wish of the merchants and citizens of London to possess a commune was whetted, if not created, by the examples of continental cities with which they traded:

What they desired was a Corporation, a municipality and self-government within their own walls. It is certain that London looked with eyes of envy upon Rouen, a city with which it was closely connected by ties of relationship, as well as those of trade, because Rouen obtained her Commune fifteen years before London obtained the mere shadow of one.

Sir Walter Besant adds that "the connection between London and Rouen was much closer than we are generally willing to recognise." Why should we be unwilling? The assumption enables the author to continue:

Communication was easy, the Channel could be crossed whenever the wind was favourable, the Englishman was on a friendly soil when he landed in Normandy, a country ruled by his own Prince. The Normans found themselves among a friendly people on the soil of England. They came over in great numbers, especially to London. The merchants of Rouen had their port at Dowgate from the age of Edward the Confessor.

The rather dingy and forbidding vista of Dowgate Hill, alongside Cannon Street station, takes on a new interest from this little fact. The Spring of London's self-government came slowly up that way. Never was a city riper for independence, and when at last Henry FitzAlwin took up the office of Mayor the citizens outdid their posterity by declaring: "Come what will, in London we will never have another king except our Mayor, Henry Fitzailwin of London Stone."

The historical and documentary details of this great period are set forth in Sir Walter Besant's ample pages, and the government of the Wards, the duties of Aldermen, the early factions, and the birth of the Guilds, are illustrated by a multitude of facts. When the nature of the material permits the story is unfolded with agreeable literary effect. We notice here and there a lack of references, usually associated with a passage of minor historical importance in which Sir Walter Besant found opportunity to write in his novel-background manner. For example, in the interesting chapters on Trial by Ordeal we have a vivid descriptive report of an actual ordeal by hot water which was conducted in Smithfield at some date unnamed. One would like to know whether Sir Walter Besant worked up the description (in a legitimate way of course) from a meagre record; or whether we are indebted to a reporter born while Carmelite Street was still dominated by Carmelites. There were four men, all belonging to the Ward of Cheap, and their offences were serious: robbery and murder. The men were known "roreres"; in other words, they were wanted by the police. As a desperate hope, these men claimed the right to prove their innocence by ordeal of boiling water.

This sort of thing was not an everyday and tiresome occurrence even in the Middle Ages, and even in Smithfield. An eager crowd assembled, and the authorities did everything decently and in order. The culprits were taken across the road from Newgate to hear mass in St. Sepulchre's Church, where they swore upon saintly relics that they were innocent of the murder in Cheap-side and demanded the right to prove it by ordeal. At once a seemly procession was formed. "The whiffers marched first, followed by the clergy and the singing boys"; then the prisoners, followed by a great mob. One of the prisoners wore a confident look, the other three appeared depressed. At Smithfield a cauldron of boiling water was ready, and when the whiffers had ceased their untimely whiffing, the sheriff, who was attended by the Alderman of Chepe, began his exordium. Probably he was told to speak up. He told the prisoners in his best official manner that at the bottom of the cauldron lay a round white stone. Each would have to dip his arm into the boiling water and bring up that stone without receiving a scald. The painful climax is described by Sir Walter Besant thus:

The first to essay the adventure was the prisoner of the cheerful and the confident countenance; the guards took off his doublet; they rolled a thin piece of linen round his arm and sealed it with lead. They then bade him advance. He stepped forward; he stood beside the cauldron, his arm raised; the Priest and singing men began a Psalm.

The smoke and the steam blew this way and that way; the man could not be seen sometimes for the fumes; when the wind blew aside, the people saw him still, hand upraised, watching the boiling water. Suddenly the smoke and the steam were blown aside; he plunged his arm; the smoke was blown back again; but he stood before the officers, the white stone in his hand.

The crowd shouted. The Lord had proved his innocence.

He was set aside; he would be taken back to Newgate; three days afterwards, the covering would be taken from his arm, and if there were no signs of scalding he would be set free.

The next man stepped forward.

He plunged his hand at once; he groped about for the stone; he drew out his hand; he plunged again; he drew it out with a yell of agony. No need to look at the arm searchingly, it was horribly scalded. They hanged him up at once.

The third man was brought forward.

He looked at his companion hanging; he looked at the caldron and the fire. He fell on his knees confessing the crime

So, likewise, did the fourth man.

So, out of four ropes, three were wanted ; and for four of them who were accused, the Lord Himself had pronounced the guilt of three and established the innocence of one.

When a story, four hundred years old, is told so graphically as this, we would like to know something about the authority for it.

Very few people, when they look at the crowded spires of the City from Waterloo Bridge, realise the extent to which faith, of which these spires are symbols, dominated the life of London in the Middle Ages. But Sir Walter Besant impresses his readers once for all with the omnipotence of the Church. There were one hundred and twenty-six parish churches for one hundred and twenty thousand people. But then all the people went to church, and the church went to all the people. The belief in Purgatory was profound, and caused the poor to haunt the churches and the rich to build them. The monasteries and nunneries, with all their activities, were ever before the eye. Here are some curious calculations :

There were, large and small, about twenty-four Religious Houses in and outside London. If we take an average of seventy people of various trades attached to and living by each House, and an average of thirty brethren and sisters, we have nearly seven thousand people belonging to them. To sum up, therefore, there were nearly twenty thousand people in the City of London and its suburbs engaged in working for, and living by, the Churches and Religious Houses. About one-fifth of the population of London lived by the Church. This is a moderate estimate.

Immersed in religious exercises, spectacles, and fears, the Londoner who had a day to spare could take his way to one of eleven holy wells, nearly all of which were within what is now the cab-radius. A popular place beyond this distance was the chapel at Muswell Hill, where a miraculous figure of the Virgin, of black oak, was preserved in the midst of that portion of the great Middlesex forest :

Outside the chapel there were taverns and merry-making places. First the pilgrim knelt at the shrine ; sometimes he went round it on his knees ; and prayed, with simple belief, if not with fervour ; faith made the sick man whole ; faith absolved the penitent ; faith made the most careless happy in the belief that Our Lady of Muswell had knocked off many—he knew not how many—years of purgatory. The religious act finished, no one objected to pleasure and merriment. There are indications that the merriment was not always seemly, nor was the pleasure always sinless.

Such pictures of the past may be culled in numbers from these pages, which form a good example of tessellated history. The numerous illustrations add to the value of the volume.

THE ALLEGORY OF THE PURGATORIO

Prisoners of Hope. An Exposition of Dante's "Purgatorio." By the Rev. JOHN S. CARROLL. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

"PRISONERS OF HOPE" is the work of a scholar who knows Dante, in all his writings, intimately and accurately. It is by no means a complete commentary on the Purgatorio : it is obviously addressed to those whose sole or chief preoccupation is to know what Dante taught. To quote from the author's Preface, "it is an exposition, canto by canto, with the special purpose of bringing out the ethical significance" of the Cantica. Literary and artistic criticism are left almost entirely on one side. Very little attention is paid to textual difficulties, *variae lectiones*, or conflicting interpretations, except where such issues affect the main purpose of the study—the ethical aspect of the poem. Dante's words are seldom quoted : they are presented, in a careful, though, from a literary point of view, singularly unattractive translation. The author passes lightly and amiably over the astronomical and other technical allusions, about which much has been written.

On the other hand, the historical passages receive adequate explanation and discussion, while Mr. Carroll enters fully and with zest into Dante's theology and

philosophy, with which his political ideas were intimately connected, and into the allegorical meaning of every detail of the narrative. For the performance of this task he is well equipped. Not only has he that acquaintance with the "minor" works which is one of the first requisites for a complete understanding of Dante's thought, but it is evident, from his apposite and illuminating quotations, that he has a good knowledge of the philosophers and theologians whom Dante chiefly followed—Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Gregory and, above all, St. Thomas Aquinas. Beyond this, his knowledge of Dante literature is evidently wide, although, perhaps because it was his intention to write chiefly for English readers, he seldom refers to any except English commentators.

A typical example of Mr. Carroll's method may be found in his treatment of Purg. xv. 16-23 :

Come quando dall' acqua o dallo specchio
Salta lo raggio all' opposita porte,
Salendo su per lo modo parecchio
A quel che scende, e tanto si diparte
Dal cader dalla pietra in egual tratta,
Si come mostra esperienza ed arte ;
Così mi parve da luce, rifratta
Ivi dinanzi a sì, esser percosso.

"As usual," says he, "the commentators spend a great deal of time explaining Dante's harmless little piece of scientific vanity over his knowledge of the law of the angles of incidence and reflection, and leave unexplained what was his chief concern, the ethical law of which all this was the mere symbol." And he passes on without more ado to explain the allegory, which is that the Sun (regarded on this terrace as representing the bountiful love of God—the opposite of Envy) has gained so much additional brilliance owing to the presence of the Angel of Brotherly Love, that the bare livid rock (the arid prospect on which Envy looks out) has become changed into a mirror which reflects the heavenly light. All this, of course, is true. But we fancy most readers will agree with us in seeing in these lines something more than "a harmless little piece of scientific vanity." Surely the accuracy and clarity of the passage—its mere cleverness—make it a delight to read ; and it is characteristic of Dante at his best to bring vividly before us some incident of his journey, following upon a canto devoted to a denunciation of the degeneration of Romagna and Tuscany. Yet, in the main, Mr. Carroll is right in insisting on the primary importance of the moral and allegorical interpretation of Dante, the poet of Righteousness. If we were seriously to doubt this after honest consideration of his writings as a whole, we should still have to reckon with the words in the dedicatory letter to Can Grande : "Dicendum est breviter, quod finis totius et partis est, removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriae, et perducere ad statum felicitatis."

We would also draw special attention to our author's exposition of the intensely allegorical cantos of the Antepurgatorio, and to his remarks on Statius. It is generally taken that Statius, the supposed convert to Christianity, is a bridge between Virgil (Human Reason) and Beatrice (Revelation or Theology). But Mr. Carroll defines his position with greater exactness. If it be remembered, first, that it was Matelda (Active Life) who finally led Dante to Beatrice, and second, that Statius says he owed his conversion to the prophecies contained in Virgil's fourth Eclogue, and that in life he had been but a lukewarm Christian, it will not be hard to see that he is a most appropriate link between Virgil and Matelda. He represents, then, a semi-Christianised Philosophy, "able indeed to expound the mystery of the human soul in relation to the natural body of earth and the aerial body of Purgatory, but not yet capable of the positive obedience and service of the Active Life." Also, in connection with Statius, Mr. Carroll offers an answer to a question which has often been asked, namely, Why is it that, whereas Virgil's guidance was sufficient for Dante through the terraces of Pride, Envy, Anger and Sloth, the more

distinctively Christian power, represented by Statius, should be necessary for overcoming the sins of the flesh—Avarice, Gluttony and Sensuality? The suggested explanation, which commends itself very much to us, is that it is the natural element in these last sins which makes it especially hard for the Reason alone to overcome them. They are all forms of excessive love of things not in themselves wrong, and it is their nature to pass the bounds of reason. "Statius, is therefore joined with Virgil, a more spiritual element with the rational, perhaps in fulfilment of St. Paul's injunction 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.'"

The division and arrangement of the book go a long way towards making the geographical and allegorical scheme of the Mountain of Purgatory easy to grasp. Although the author is occasionally slipshod, he is never ambiguous; and it is impossible to quarrel with a writer in whom learning and soundness are united to an admirable clarity of expression.

PARISH LIFE

Parochial Life in Mediæval England. By Abbot GASQUET. The Antiquary's Books. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

WE must confess to some disappointment after reading this book. Abbot Gasquet's knowledge and his researches into the history of Mediæval England had led us to hope that he would have dealt with the way in which the Church fostered the parochial life as opposed to the manorial. The manor represented the feudal side, the parish the popular, and we regret that while Abbot Gasquet fully recognises this—for he tells us that:

in those far off days the Parish Church was the centre of popular life all the country over and the priest and other parochial officials were the recognised managers of many interests beyond those of a strictly ecclesiastical nature

—his book deals almost wholly with the ecclesiastical side. Important as this was, it was only a part of the parochial life, and it is unfortunate that, popularly, the term parish has always an ecclesiastical ring about it. Yet probably it was the civil rather than the ecclesiastical position of the parish priest that made him a person of importance: the facts that he was a freeholder among the villein tenants of the manor, that while they could be removed "at the will of the lord" he was immovable, and that while others had a variable income his was to a great extent fixed, tended to magnify his office. When to this is added the spiritual power he possessed it is at once obvious that the position of the parish priest was one of great importance in the daily life of the country. Still greater was its importance when it became legally recognised that the vicar and churchwardens were a body that never died, a corporation with a perpetual succession. In the eye of the law the legal power of the lord of the manor did not extend beyond his tenants; on the other hand, the legal power of the Church extended to all the people who dwelt in the parish, without reference to whether they were the lord's tenants or not. They were parishioners, they had a legal right to attend the Church and to partake of its privileges, and in the Church all class differences vanished: the proudest lord and the vilest villain were equally parishioners and nothing more.

Abbot Gasquet rightly dispels the popular idea that one of the abuses of mediæval time was the appropriation of parochial tithe to a religious house, leaving the poor vicar to subsist on such "miserable stipend" as remained after the rich monastery had received all that was worth receiving. This was not the fact. All agreements as to the appropriation of tithe had to be approved by the bishop, and he had a real personal interest which made him take particular care that the sum payable to the vicar was a living wage, for if it were not the bishop had to support him. The state of things with which we

are familiar—of the great tithes being in the hand of some rich layman and the parish priest being left to do the work on a mere pittance—is not a mediæval abuse and could not have occurred in mediæval times, as the agreement of impropriation could be adjusted if the circumstances altered; it is the direct result of the spoliation of Henry VIII. in handing over the property of the monasteries to his courtiers without any provision for revision.

On the position of the clergy Abbot Gasquet has much to say. While we admit that it was one of the glories of the English Church that the clergy were drawn from "all sorts and conditions of men," we are not sure that some of the dispensations referred to as being granted to the sons of villeins to become priests were not for persons of illegitimate birth to do so. In the Middle Ages there were only two professions open—that of arms and that of orders—and it was from the estates of the Church, the great landowner of that time, that these two great professions were recruited.

A very interesting point is raised as to the position and duties of chantry priests. The usual idea is that they said mass in the chantry for the souls of the founder, the persons named in the foundation deed, and all other Christians, but Abbot Gasquet contends that this was only part of their work: that they also had to assist in parochial duties, and were, in fact, curates in the modern use of the term. The question is one of some importance, for if the view here stated be correct it puts an entirely new construction on the legislation of Edward VI. If up to that time the large parishes had what may be called endowed curacies, and these curacies were suddenly swept away, leaving the parish priest single-handed, a blow was struck at the Church which may be said to have been the foundation of dissent. The great cry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was that three ministers were not sufficient to do the work of the Church, so "prophesyings" arose under Elizabeth and "lectureships" under the first two Stuarts. Abbot Gasquet says that this confiscation of the chantries, "the spoliation of the rich and needy," as he calls it, was deliberately done, and that the Crown of England deliberately took away "the pittance of the poor." It may be so, but we want some stronger evidence than is here given to prove that such a deadly blow was aimed at the Church by the Tudor kings and statesmen.

Another point of great interest is how the funds for meeting the expenses of the Church were raised in mediæval times. It is said that "the people voluntarily offered" the necessary funds both by gifts during their lives and by sums left in their wills. There is no doubt that these gifts were numerous and large, but they could never have been enough to meet all the requirements of the Churches. Resort was also had to collections, but the amount of money in circulation was not sufficient to make the collections of great value. Moreover, the Church was overdone with collections—for Papal Envoys, for Peter Pence, for some great public building abroad or at home, or for some bridge or other public work. All these appear over and over again in episcopal registers. There could not have been much left for Church expenses. All sorts of contrivances for raising money were invented, and we who are ignorant of the needs of the Church are content to speak of all these methods as the pious fraud of a corrupt clergy. This is what the Protestant reformers alleged and what we have been taught to believe. If Abbot Gasquet's book does nothing else than help to dispel this fiction it will not have been written in vain.

We have not space to follow the author into that part of his book which treats of the religious services in the parish churches. Many points are raised, and we are not in accord with all that Abbot Gasquet states as to practice. His picture seems to us to be drawn rather from what writers say things ought to have been than from what they actually were. We do not believe that through

England as a whole the influence of the Church was sufficient to enforce such a rule of life as is here sketched out. Neither can we discuss the very important subject of guilds and fraternities—idealised trade unions they might be called, flourishing under the patronage of the most powerful organisation of those days, the Church. Here again we are on several points not wholly in accord with Abbot Gasquet, but whether we agree with him or not we have to thank him for a very interesting book which has put in an accessible and comprehensive form a number of scattered and minute materials which tend to support the views he advocates. Those views are not what we have been taught, but that does not make them erroneous. Abbot Gasquet says he feels sure that the result, as far as it goes, is correct as to the outline of the picture. This may be so, but we are not thoroughly satisfied with the correctness of all its details.

ANCIENT EGYPT

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical Documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest. Collected, edited and translated by JAMES HENRY BREASTED. 4 vols. (Luzac.)

The Egyptian Heaven and Hell. By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. 3 vols. (Kegan Paul.)

THE four volumes of Professor Breasted's translations, taken in conjunction with the careful and exhaustive editions of the historical texts in hieroglyphic now being issued by German scholars in Steindorff's "*Urkunden des Aegyptischen Alterthums*," furnish a very valuable basis for the study of an important branch of Egyptology. They classify the material and focus it beneath the eye, and if such *corpora inscriptionum aegyptiacarum* can be continued and extended to all departments, they will render the student to a great extent independent of the old cumbersome and widely-scattered publications of inscriptions and enabled him to pursue his researches profitably far away from the great public libraries and museums.

Seth's and Schaefer's editions of the inscriptions are admirably careful and at the same time show brilliant insight in the restoration of lacunæ; these seem likely to remain the standard texts for a long time to come. On the other hand all translations and commentaries must be taken as provisional, being dependent on knowledge that is rapidly growing, in the one case of the Egyptian language, in the other of the details of the history and archaeology in the widest sense. Study of the language is now well advanced, but it is obvious that in regard to the rest our knowledge must be far from complete.

If Professor Breasted's collection of historical texts is not exhaustive, it is at least very full, the term historical being generously interpreted. The translations are uniform, being all from his own pen; and they contain a multitude of suggestive renderings with illuminating comments. There is perhaps little here published absolutely for the first time, but, speaking for himself, the present writer, though he may now and then miss some piece that he would wish to have seen included, finds in the work important texts that he has never seen before. In gathering the materials the author has made good use of excellent opportunities; he has studied in Berlin and at most of the European museums, and has travelled in Egypt itself in order to examine the originals again before re-translating. While still in manuscript the whole work was divided into its volumes and numbered paragraphs; thus in his *History of Egypt*, published in the autumn of 1905, the narrative flows uninterrupted by discussions and extracts from authorities, such matter being effectually replaced by occasional references at the foot of the page to volume and paragraph of the Records. Every one interested in ancient Egypt should obtain the *History*, and probably many will desire, further, the documents and discussions in these

Records on which it was founded. The inscriptions of the Old Kingdom (Dynasties I.–VI.) and Middle Kingdom (VII.–XVII.) are contained in the first volume; two great dynasties of the New Empire alone furnish the second and third, and the Twentieth Dynasty fills more than half of the fourth volume, two hundred and thirty pages sufficing for the six later dynasties to the Persian conquest. It is unfortunate that the dynasty of Psammetichus, contemporary with Gyges, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus and a host of others, is miserably represented in the Egyptian documents. The north was then the vital part of Egypt; and the humid climate of the Delta has destroyed the papyri, while the limekiln and stonemason's hammer have made away with the less frail records. Stelae from the Serapeum have indeed fixed the chronology of the kings, and two monuments from Thebes are important for the internal history; but a granite stela which touches the narrative of Herodotus concerning the conflict between Apries and Amasis has come down to us in such worn condition that hardly any of it is intelligible. Our knowledge of the political history of Egypt is and probably will remain exceedingly fragmentary. If we seek to supplement the evidence of the monuments by that of archaeology and of the Hebrew, cuneiform and Greek records, we shall find the latter illuminating, but they cannot fill the gaps. While, however, most of the evidence has been lost or destroyed, that which remains is of the most varied character and for some periods abundant.

The famous Papyrus of Kings in Turin, when complete, recorded the names of all the kings down to Ramesses II. with the length of their reigns. But the most remarkable fragment of Egyptian historical work that remains dates from the Old Kingdom. Under the Fifth Dynasty the annals of Egypt, as far back as knowledge reached, were engraved on front and back of a great slab of hard stone set up in one of the temples. For the earliest periods the information was scanty. Yet the top register, of which a short length remains, was probably filled with the names of the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt before Menes united the two lands. Then followed the First Dynasty, with a brief record of the principal events in each year—the height of the Nile, feasts celebrated, censuses held. Gradually the chronicle expands, with notes of palaces and temples founded. In the portion preserved relating to the Third Dynasty five or six entries occur for each year; notes of an expedition to Nubia and, the amount of spoil brought thence, and of making the cedar-wood doors of the king's palace, show the character of the information. One complete year in the Fifth Dynasty displays no less than seventeen entries: at this time the priests were no longer compiling or copying annals, but recording contemporary events as they occurred, as can be seen by the irregular cutting and spacing. If such chronicles were kept continuously a splendid framework of authentic history may be awaiting us somewhere under the soil of Egypt. But destruction has fallen so impartially on good and bad that it must be extraordinarily good fortune that would preserve the document complete for us. Manetho can hardly have used a full chronicle; his history is probably founded on a mere abstract of names of kings and lengths of reigns (like the Turin papyrus) and embellished by garbled versions of popular tales and traditions. The slab of annals is by no means the only interesting document of the old kingdom. The biographical inscriptions of Una and Herkhuf are as full of information as any that have come down to us from any period.

The Eighteenth Dynasty, the most brilliant period of the Egyptian empire, is represented by a magnificent series of documents—feats of warriors and acts of officials, recorded in their tombs, victorious expeditions of kings (throughout Syria as far as the Euphrates or southward as far as Napata), their buildings, endowments, and ordinances recorded in the temples; and when Akhenaton abolished polytheism and introduced the sole cult of the

sun we have the hymn which he composed to the new deity. The inscriptions of Ramesses II., which occupy the greater part of the third volume, often begin with extraordinary laudations of that hero's might; amongst them is the treaty with the Hittite king of which Winckler has just discovered the cuneiform version at the citadel of Boghaz Keui in Cappadocia. Ramesses's son Mineptah has left some important records; the stela of the victory over the Libyans, in which the Israelites are mentioned, for the first and only time in Egyptian inscriptions, is especially noteworthy. The records of judicial proceedings in connection with a conspiracy in the harim at the end of the reign of Ramesses III. are very curious: so also are those concerning robberies of tombs in the Theban necropolis (including the royal tombs) in the reign of Ramesses IX. Tomb-robbing was a regular trade in Ancient Egypt: the most elaborate artifices in the way of portcullis-stones and false passages did not save a single pyramid from desecration in earlier days. The common graves of the Twentieth Dynasty, with pottery coffins, must generally have been plundered soon after they were closed and before the precise position of the body had been forgotten; for in many cases, to the disgust of modern excavators, the thieves have descended exactly upon the breast (where the ornaments lay) leaving the rest of the grave wholly undisturbed.

To analyse Professor Breasted's volumes would occupy more space than we can spare. The above remarks will indicate to some extent the variety of their contents. In a work of such extent and difficulty there is inevitably much to criticise: and one cannot in reading it avoid the reflection that six months of steady revision of the whole of it are required in order to bring the work up to the high standard at which the author aims and which is to be looked for from one endowed with his comprehensive insight. The English throughout is crude, there are many mistakes in renderings and descriptions, and many hasty judgments. But had the author waited till he could spare six months for this revision, we might have been deprived of his results for many years and that would have been a great misfortune. As each volume appeared it established itself as one of the few indispensable works in the Egyptologist's library. The promised Index volume will add much to the value of the work.

In a new edition the author's excellent device for marking doubtful words should be more freely used. It would probably be better, too, to re-unite fragments of biographical inscriptions that are here parcelled out among the different reigns under which the same subject saw service. The names of foreign peoples should be given under their Egyptian forms rather than translated, e.g., Inu-Mentu would be preferable to Troglodytes, and to fetter the reader by the word "Greeks" when the original has *Haunebu* is hardly fair even in the reign of Apries. Most titles of dignity and office, too, hardly bear translation.

Dr. Budge has provided an inquisitive public with three attractive-looking little books full of hieroglyphic texts and pictures photographed from facsimiles in various publications. (Vol. i. deals with the Book Am-tuat; vol. ii. with the short form of the Book Am-tuat and the Book of Gates; and in vol. iii. the author describes and compares the books of the Other World.) Doubtless many will be glad to have the mysterious scenes of the under-world (which form a considerable part of the decoration on the walls of the royal tombs at Thebes) reproduced in such a convenient size. The accompanying inscriptions are printed in full in hieroglyphic type. The third volume offers a good deal of information about Egyptian ideas relating to life after death, and references to the original authorities.

PICTURES OF LIFE

The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art (1540-1800). By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. (Cassell, 5s. net.)

THIS is a novel, interesting and almost romantic book. It clothes the dry bones of black-and-white prints with human attributes, and makes them live. In a brief compass the author cannot do more than glance at many of the two hundred and more engravers whom he mentions, but his description of the principal characters is adequate, and the whole army is marshalled before the reader in strict relation to the object of the book, and though the canvas is crowded it is not confused.

Mr. Salaman writes *con amore*. He is an enthusiast, who laments the decay of the beautiful art of line engraving, while he writes its history, illustrated by the history of what it illustrates. From William Rogers to William Sharp, from Elstrack and Delaram to Strange and Woollett, all those who live by conferring immortality on others here find a niche in the temple.

"Faber's prints show a wide range of sympathy and a catholicity of interest." We may take them as an example of the effect produced on the author's mind by the study of old pictures:

... The guns of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Sheriffmuir and Preston, Falkirk and Culloden, seem to echo as we look at the Generals, Lord Carpenter, Lord Cathcart, William Blakeney, the Earl of Stair, Wade, Lord Loudoun, in Highland uniform, and the great Duke of Argyll, 'The State's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the field,' as well as the veteran Major Faubert, who made soldiers, and turned out many a general, at his famous Military Academy in Leicester Fields. Here too are the admirals, Boscawen, Cloudesley Shovel, John Leake, and the unfortunate Byng, who when the Government murdered him on the quarter-deck to "encourage the others," would consent to cover his face only lest his fearless eyes might frighten the men appointed to shoot him; also Admiral Sir Thomas Smith, "Tom of Ten Thousand," as the fleet called him, who presided at Byng's trial, and the "aspens" Duke of Newcastle, who must always bear the obloquy of that national disgrace. . . .

It is in this spirit that the book is written, but the engravers themselves are, of course, treated more in detail. Of Hollar, for instance, who might have been a lawyer at Prague, like his father, the description is full and interesting. His chequered career throws light on the condition of London during the civil war, the plague, and the great fire. To few artists is it given to sketch on the spot a sea-fight between a *Mary Rose* and seven Algerian pirate ships, but Hollar saw it, came home with the victorious Kempthorne and died peacefully in his bed at the age of seventy. Loggan's adventures at Oxford and Cambridge, Von Siegen's great invention of the mezzotint ground, and its communication to the impetuous Prince Rupert, the tasteless Courts of George I. and George II., the revival of mezzotint, the brilliant Irish engravers McArdell and Houston, all in order receive their due, and colour-prints and stipple engraving are not neglected. We see Blake refusing, though a mere boy, to become the pupil of Ryland, "Engraver to the King," because "he looks as if he'll live to be hanged," and sure enough the prophecy comes true. We are shown Major, a Londoner, engraving in the Bastille, and Strange, the rebel Jacobite (whose real name was Strang), accepting a knighthood from the "Elector of Hanover." And all the while through the centuries these people were spending the greater part of their lives in scratching and scraping metal plates, and considering and wondering, in moments of danger, of poverty, or of sickness, "which way" they will lay the lines on a coat.

The illustrations, considering the low price of the book, are exceptionally good: in fact, some of them may be said to be remarkably beautiful. We can catch something of the fascination of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings" in the picture (by Finlayson) of Elizabeth, the fortunate young lady who, without any advantage of birth, married two dukes and refused a third; and, to mention another at random, Romney's "Lt.-Col. the Hon. Charles Cathcart," by Sharp, is a delightful example.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

George Crabbe : Poems. Edited by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD.
Vol. iii. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

WITH this third volume Dr. Ward brings his edition of Crabbe to a close; and it is hard to believe that another will be needed for a hundred years. A glance at the preface, at the list of variants, and the bibliography (the last compiled by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew) will show the thoroughness and care with which every edition of Crabbe, every scrap of manuscript in his handwriting and every newspaper in which he might have published poems have been ransacked for unpublished verses, variant readings and displaced fragments. It seems almost safe to say that nothing more is likely to be discovered. This is the way to edit a man's works, with scholarship and exhaustive thoroughness; add a good *apparatus criticus* and a bibliography, and leave the reader to select for himself the passages of poetry or prose that suit his taste and his needs. It is unlikely that any but professed students of literature will read every word of the poems, previously published or unpublished, which Dr. Ward has collected at the end of this volume from all kinds of printed and manuscript sources. Still, there they are if they are wanted; here is the whole of Crabbe, so far as the most erudite of his admirers can discover, and the edition stands foursquare against time. The "Tales of the Hall," which are here completed, all must read; the "Posthumous Tales" and "The Farewell and Return" should not be neglected; the remaining poems—occasional verses, lyrics, addresses and so forth—will yield many delights to those who try them. The Crabbe manuscripts belonging to the Cambridge University Press, to Mr. Buxton Forman, and others, have yielded a few fragments of tales, and though lyrical poetry was not Crabbe's best medium of expression, the sincerity of one or two of the devotional pieces renders them well worth preserving. It is interesting to note that Crabbe, like Milton, is read and admired in Russia; extracts from "The Parish Register" and "The Borough" have been translated into Russian, and in 1857 a Russian man of letters published an essay with selections from Crabbe's poems.

The Old Cornish Drama. By THURSTAN C. PETER. (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. PETER'S volume, which is a reprint of a lecture, is admirably calculated to introduce the student to the very interesting subject of the Cornish mediæval drama. That drama had one or two interesting points of difference from the plays and performance of the four cycles from the north and the midlands—the York, Towneley, Chester and Coventry—which have survived. The most important, perhaps, consists in the scene of production. At Chester, at any rate, the miracles, as is well known, were played on movable "pageants," wooden erections on wheels, which were drawn in succession through the town. In Cornwall, the plays were performed in the "rounds," the open spaces on the moors, more or less circular, and surrounded by rising ground, which was called *plân-an-guare*, and resembled, in some sort, the open-air theatre of the Greeks and Romans. In the centre of this, it seems, was fixed a platform, with or without an upper and a lower storey, and round it tents for the residences of David, Abraham, Pharaoh, or whoever the characters might be. The Cornish plays, again, were acted, not by different bands of players, who divided, according to their trade-gilds, the various plays making up a cycle, but by the same company throughout, and (or so Mr. Peter thinks) without previous study of the "book," a prompter or "ordinary" standing by and telling each man what he had to say as his turn came. Mr. Peter describes the surviving Cornish dramas, the three parts of the "Ordinalia," and the play of Saint Meriasek; and

possibly the side-lights he throws on them from his knowledge of Cornish customs and antiquities form the most valuable part of his book. Every one who has spent a childhood in the West Country will have seen (and far further north than Cornwall) the "mummers," or "guise dancers" as they are called in the duchy, at Christmas time. It is interesting to note that their strange play, which is handed on orally from generation to generation (without the aid of the printed texts compiled by Mrs. Ewing and others from notes) derived straight from the early Cornish drama. On one point we disagree with Mr. Peter. The descent of the modern theatre from the *plân-an-guare* is not so clear as he appears to think. Its shape is quite as likely to be a compound of the town-green with its pageant in the centre, an inn-yard, a large private hall with its dais at one end, and the arena for bull-fights and bear-fights. The point, that is, is not to find an ancestor for the modern theatre, but to decide how it could possibly have been other than it is.

The Log of the Sun. By C. WILLIAM BEEBE. (New York: Holt.)

THIS is one of the best nature-books we have had from America. It is a year-book of nature in which the author, evidently a writer of taste and culture as well as a careful observer, notes the changes that occur with the passing of the seasons. He is interested in all forms of life, and does not confine himself to birds and beasts. One of the most interesting sections is that in which the formation of snow crystals is explained. But chiefly the book is notable for the exact and intelligible manner in which the author describes the habits of wild creatures. The English reader will find himself very quickly on familiar terms with a fauna altogether different from that to which he is accustomed, The chickadee and the bobolink, juncos and tree swallows, the fox sparrow and the hermit thrush, take the place of those that render musical an English spring. Mr. Beebe is excellent also when treating of snakes, fishes and their kind. He is fortunate in having secured a capable illustrator in the person of Mr. Walter King Store, whose pictures not only adorn but illuminate the text. The book, which is handsomely bound and got up, would form a most acceptable present for a boy who loves natural history and who already knows most of the English classics on the subject.

SHELLEY AS A PROOF-READER

LORD BYRON remarked to a friend that few persons could understand Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and that of these few, he was not one. The epic, indeed, cannot be fairly criticised by ordinary canons, for example by those of Aristotle in his "Poetics." Shelley can scarcely be said, like Homer in the *Odyssey*, to "make the impossible seem possible" when he raises, at a moment's notice, an army of millions of Greeks; converts the whole force to vegetarianism and total abstinence; and provides them with plenty of roots and fruits, though they are destitute of a commissariat. There is nothing like this in Homer's account of the supplies of the Achæan host under Ilium.

As Shelley remarked (it is the one humorous thing which he is recorded to have said), we might as well ask him for human nature as try to purchase a leg of mutton at a ginshop. His critics have also hinted that they "could do with" better grammar and better rhymes; and that he is a very careless poet. Mr. Forman, in his laudable edition of 1876, has defended Shelley from the charge of want of care, and adds that the "copy" which he sent to the printers was written in a hand "most careful and beautiful." He gives a photograph of Shelley's corrections on a proof-sheet of "The Revolt of Islam." The writing is excellent, except where the poet has huddled one or two words up, from want of marginal

space, or where the pen has spluttered, as on the paper of proof-sheets pens are apt to do.

These facts being accepted, one is the more puzzled by the following stanza (Canto viii. stanza xi.) of "The Revolt of Islam," written in 1817. In the first edition (1818) the stanza runs thus :

O love ! who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves !
Justice, or truth, or joy ! thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.
To give to all an equal share of good,
To track the steps of freedom tho' thro' graves
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,
To weep for crime, tho' stained
With thy friend's dearest blood.

If Lord Byron read as far as this, he probably read no farther. No mortal could find it lucid; "men" is an ill rhyme for "can"; and "thou can" is impossible grammar. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his edition, punctuates as he pleases; gives "*man*" *periculo suo*, in place of men; and puts "*those*" (namely love, justice, truth, and joy) instead of "*thou*." In a note he states that he corrects "*thou*" into "*those*" "from the first edition." But, as we saw, the first edition reads "*thou*." This is puzzling, and we are "wildered" (a word of Professor Dowden's) when we turn to Shelley's errata. He says that we must "for *these*, read *those*," but there is no "these" in his text; where "*thou*" is given. Moreover he says that for "Justice, *and* truth, *and* joy," in the same line, we must read "Justice, *or* truth, *or* joy." But there are no "ands" in his text! Why are we to make corrections which cannot be made? There are no "ands" to become "ors," no "these" to alter into "those": we have "thou," not "these."

Confronted with such problems, we are inclined to think that Shelley, by a temporary and trivial hallucination, had misread his own printed text. His grammar was in a tangle! If we read "Justice, *and* truth, *and* joy" (plus "love" in the first line), how can four abstractions be addressed as "thou"? If we read "*or*" for "*and*," how can four abstractions (love, justice, truth, joy) "guide us, as *one* clear star the seaman saves"? There would be four stars. If, on the other hand, love, justice, truth and joy are all different names for the same thing (as apparently they are), then that thing may be addressed as "thou," which leaves us with the impossible "thou can." It is clear that Shelley originally printed "Justice, *and* truth, *and* joy," and when he made the errata, saw the difficulty about four abstractions being like one star. But, as the "ors," intended to save the grammatical situation, were already in his text, why, in the errata, did he tell us to place them there, instead of the "ands"? The ordinary brain reels in presence of these mysteries: not so the brain of Mr. Forman. "Wildered" as I was, I accidentally strolled into the light which beacons from his Appendix to "Laon and Cythna" ("Poetical Works of Shelley," vol. i. pp. 385-386, 1876). Shelley's poem was originally styled "Laon and Cythna." He had done all he could with it, down to the page of errata. But Shelley's publisher, Mr. Ollier, happened to look into the book, after he had distributed a few copies, and found Shelley picking a quarrel with exogamy and averring that the best marriages (or rather unions) were those between brothers and sisters. He gave an example, in a luscious scene; "And such is Nature's modesty," said he ("Laon and Cythna," canto vi. stanza xl.). This was "too steep" for Mr. Ollier, and he threatened to withdraw from publication an epic so endogamous. Shelley, therefore, cancelled some leaves, and inserted others with alterations. Among these leaves was that containing canto viii. stanza xi., the puzzling stanza. Says Mr. Forman, "He did not touch stanzas x, xi. which, being on the same leaf, were also to be reprinted, and for which three corrections were provided in the list of errata."

Though he did not touch stanzas x. and xi., while making

alterations in points of what we call morality and religion (better described as "the anarch custom," and "bloody faith"), Shelley, on receiving fresh proofs, *did* touch stanza xi., though he left standing in stanza x. an error corrected in the errata. He put in his "ors" for "ands," and the printers got them right. He put in his "those" for "these," but the ingenious printer took his "those" for "thou," and left it so, standing where it ought not. The errata were also left as they had been. The result was the impenetrable jungle of stanza xi. Shelley, in short, like other people, was passing weary of his proof-sheets; did not read all of them; and had no revise or did not read it if he had. Meanwhile both Mr. Forman and Mr. Rossetti alter the punctuation of this weary stanza à plaisir, and differently.

As for the rhyme, "men" and "can," Mr. Forman thinks Shelley "very capable of having it happen to him," as Marlborough said of the Dutch general who was reported to have incurred a defeat. In stanza xii. Shelley made "none," "down," and "alone" rhyme; he was *capable de tout*, and a rebel at large. Like Lord Peter:

He broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

It is to be feared that he was rather "careless"; was, as Keats said, in too great a hurry. At the bottom of his troubles were "justice, or truth, or joy," which, whether you combine them by "*ands*," or separate them by "*ors*," cause a grammatical difficulty, when spoken of in the plural (*those*), and also likened to a *solitary* "clear star." A constellation of several stars, the Bear, was the guide of Odysseus in Homer, and might have been got into the line, but then the "ors"—disjunctive—put a constellation out of the question; just as the "ands" made a single star impossible, which Shelley perceived. The only safe thing to do was to get rid of justice, and truth, and joy, but Shelley shrank from the sacrifice.

ANDREW LANG.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

A CANON OF STYLE

Is modern art or modern literature superior to ancient? Progress, let it be admitted, has been achieved in scientific knowledge and in mechanical appliances: has any been achieved in art and literature? It is often argued by those who have acquaintance with Greek, that Greek sculpture is still unsurpassed, that Greek poetry and prose present masterpieces yet unrivalled. Those who make these assertions exhibit, indeed, too often in their writing such barbarism of taste as to make those who hear them doubt the reality of the Greek influence, and the power—loudly vaunted—of the Greek spirit to refine and elevate. We need make no attempt here to explain why these damaging advocates of Greek show no better fruit in themselves from the tree of knowledge which they avow that they have delighted to have grafted upon them. It may be that their advocacy is but cant, the professional iteration of platitudes to their own interest, the brainless record of their youthful learning reproduced as by a gramophone. But, however this may be, there are sufficient guarantees of the perfection of Greek art and literature for it to be worth while to regard them as models for our consideration. If Greek literature, and above all Attic literature, supply the forms that our word-artists must study as diligently as sculptors must study Greek statuary, it must be useful now and again to recur to those great originals with new questions in our minds.

Here the labours of great scholars often assist their successors. To mention but one instance, the late Headmaster of Westminster, in an elaborate volume which sums up the reflections of many years, has very justly insisted on one aspect of Greek literature too often

obsured. He points out, and establishes his contention with a wealth of irrefragable illustration, that the first foundation of a true Greek style was the spoken word. The very word for style divides the barbarian and the Greek. The Greek speaks of *λέξις*, the way of speaking: the barbarian must needs think of the pen, the "stilus," used in his cloistered lucubrations. This Attic taste gives the matchless charm of ease to the Dialogues of Plato: he writes as so delightful a gentleman would speak. Three-fourths of the obscurities in Thucydides become relumed when the reader grasps this torch to guide him: the austerity of the grave historian dulled not his Attic ear to the music of the spoken word, and, dark though his meditations might be, he laboured to give them the manner of conversation by copying the flexible, changing, shifting syntax and cast of sentence which men use in conversation. Not less remarkable is the observance of the same canon in oratory. Andocides perhaps might be passed by as an untrained speaker, a gentleman who spoke from the fulness of his heart. But Demosthenes and Lysias and Isaeus aim at this very thing—they seek to catch the tone, the style, the character, of each several client and give to the speech they write for his mouth to utter the manner and the nature of his talk.

It is true that one peculiarity of the Attic civilisation is lost for ever. Athens contained within her walls the entire Attic-speaking world. Those who left her for long, lost like Xenophon something of their native delicacy and precision in dialect. Yet the English world of letters is not so unlike Athens as would at first sight be thought. The provincial idioms of millions mark them off as the analogues of Boeotians, Dorians, and the rest. But those who speak that Mercian dialect which Shakespeare, Milton, and a hundred others have stamped as the English of literature—they all may claim to be Athenians.

The barbarous notion that literature was separate in style and diction from conversation may be traced through Quintilian and Cicero to Isocrates. This writer of political pamphlets was deterred from the normal career of public speakers by a timid bashfulness and hypochondriac nervousness that incapacitated him. Like the incompetent, to-day almost extinct, who "unaccustomed as he was to public speaking," felt that a "speech" was so remote from "talking" that he could say nothing. Isocrates, too shy to speak as others, began to write speeches unlike others. The un-Attic vices to which Gorgias and other professors had for a little time given a vogue, not unnaturally allured Isocrates. He wrote long sentences whose correct syntax and symmetrical balance of sound and syllable, would have been impossible in a speaker. His periods grew stiff with particles, and passed the wit of man to follow except with the eye. Yet he remained Attic in this that he still used the grammatical forms and the vocabulary of those amongst whom he lived, and he was numbered therefore among the Ten Attic Orators.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate. Greeks of Attic culture and taste like Dionysius still taught that Demosthenes, not Isocrates, was the crown of Attic oratory, that Plato was divine, that Thucydides was the greatest of Athenian historians. But the barbarian Romans could not catch the Attic fire: they could not speak with the inspired tongue of a true Athenian. The mannerisms of Isocrates they could copy: where he was not veritably Attic they admired him: what had set him in the Sacred Ten, with the exception of his music, they did not understand. And therefore they distinguished the vocabulary, the syntax, the rhythm, the order of words to be used in speeches from those natural in conversation, and soon went on to write history and philosophy as they would not write a public speech. At last then the ruin is complete: the true instinct of style is lost: the canon forgotten.

It would be a long inquiry to follow the course by which the barbarous tradition of Roman literature filtered down to our time. Suffice it here to indicate

briefly the bearing of this recovered Attic canon of style on some modern discussions. We must, however, first premise that in the degenerate days of Graeco-Roman civilisation armies of critics and professors of literature, to the worse confounding of confusion, fought in their blindness, for the avoidance of phrases, forms, constructions familiar to every one's tongue, because they were un-Attic. They understood not the Attic spirit—that men should write as they talked—they knew not that, Attic being dead, it was for them to create a new and worthy literary tongue.

What, then, of ourselves? If we should at all times write as we speak, may we drop relatives as did our fathers before us, and thereupon end a sentence with a preposition? When Ruskin writes:

[I believe that good men . . . would be grieved to think] that this, with all the record it bore of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away,

is he reproducing the tone of conversation? and is such a turn worthy of commendation, and is it to be adopted also in a history? When every lady freely uses the "split-infinitive," is she not Attic, and is therefore the construction not correct in literature? Even the barbarian Cicero was conscious that a lady's speech was a better model than most men's. The late Queen, no less than millions of others, wrote "very pleased." Does not our Attic canon show that they are pedants of degenerate taste who do not recognise that this general use stamps the phrase as Attic, however the grammarian may explain the fact?

And what shall we say of the bepummelled "like" idiom? It is not the occasional occurrence of its use as a conjunction in books that is the strength of the case for it: it is the indisputable fact that it is regular in the conversation of most men and women, whose employment of the Mercian or literary dialect cannot be questioned. Professor Tyrrell (*quem honoris causa nomino*) denounces the term as a solecism: but the professor himself employs the "split infinitive." *Quis custodes—?*

In his "Correspondence of Cicero," vol. iv. p. 1., he makes Cicero say: "The work that remains for me is not to *foolishly say* any rash word." But if he will permit himself to be justified, he may point out that the contention of the pedants rests upon the assumption that the infinitive is made of the preposition *to* indivisibly joined to the verbal form, and that to the validity of this assumption such a term as "to love, honour and obey" is entirely contrariant. "To love, to honour, and to obey," must be necessary. Yet Milton, who if any one may be put forward as an English scholar with Attic taste, writes "What boots it. . . . To tend the . . . shepherd's trade. And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?"

The plain truth is that, the Attic canon lost, men have erred to the right hand and to the left. Some make no effort to lend clearness, force, restraint, charm to their style: others denounce them not for the neglect of these qualities, but for using "non-literary idioms." The watchword for all should be

exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

T. NICKLIN

FICTION

Harry and Ursula. By W. E. NORRIS. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. NORRIS gains a distinct air of freshness by his method of making each of his lovers recount the story of their love from his or her own point of view. The different aspects of the affair are most entertaining, and are worked out with amusing insight, though without any pretence at going beneath the surface. The lovers are charming and light-hearted; and no one could fail to be pleased that their troubles, which are always interesting and at times pleasantly exciting, end as such troubles should end, in

mutual understanding and happiness. The tragic incident of the letter, forged by Ursula's father, is introduced with great dexterity. Mr. Norris's touch is light, but it is sure.

The Fighting Chance. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

HAPPILY for his admirers, Mr. Chambers has resisted any temptation to settle down to one line of fiction, and stick to it. No two successive stories from his facile pen present the same kind of interest, and "The Reckoning," "Iole," and "The Fighting Chance," show what a many-sided author can do, and do admirably. This story deals with society in New York, or with that circle of it given up to luxury and pleasure, and two of its popular members provide studies in heredity. There is nothing new in that, nor, indeed, in the book as a whole, but out of the inherited forces that influence Stephen Siward and Sylvia Landis the author has built a strong and fascinating story. The hereditary taint in Siward is drink; in Sylvia's case she frankly admits three generations of broken marriage vows—"where women of my race loved they usually found the way—rather unconventionally": afraid of herself she decides to accept the millionaire Quarrier as a sort of barrier against temptation, and holds to the engagement when she falls in love with Siward. She is too ambitious and selfish to give up her brilliant prospects for love, yet Siward resolves to take the fighting chance to overcome his master-vice and win Sylvia. The problem before the reader is whether, and how, Siward will "win out" against overwhelming odds, and whether Sylvia will find love stronger than Quarrier's millions. In spite of her family history and upbringing she is both innocent and ignorant; the author convinces us of it, and that is a triumph in its way. She analyses her feelings minutely, talks far too much, a common fault with all the feminine characters—the author audibly prompting their outbursts of biting comment, and worldly-wise philosophy. Deeply interesting as it is, "The Fighting Chance" is not without flaws and imperfections. It is over-elaborated, confused, crowded with small details; it is also exciting—there is not a restful scene in the whole four hundred and forty-two pages—but the cleverness, vivacity, and insight into human nature will deservedly secure for it as great a success in England as it already enjoys in America.

The Two Forces. By E. WAY ELKINGTON. (Long, 6s.)

IN this novel Mr. Way Elkington seems to have set himself a serious task—to show that evil and good, the two forces, may go hand in hand. We cannot think, however, that Mr. Elkington meant us to take him seriously, and when he invites us, lightheartedly, to believe that a highwayman who "holds up" a coach by night may be a philanthropist, dreaming his dreams, by day, we expect entertainment. As a highwayman Richard Terrill is beyond reproach—is even fascinating; his daring feats fill us with envious admiration, and we feel sure that, did we know how to disguise a greyhound till all the world would swear it were a collie, our fortune would be made. We follow the dashing robber breathlessly, foiling Red Indians and whites in their well-intentioned efforts to secure (according to taste) his scalp or person, till his two "mates" meet their ends in approved violent fashion. Then our hopes are blighted. We thought we had at last found a descendant of "Captain Starlight," and are disappointed to find he is merely a "millionaire philanthropist." A sturdy Irishman called Murphy, with a rooted objection to work, is the only amusing character in the book: except Mr. Elkington when he begins to explain about those two forces—which, we are afraid, cost him sleepless nights. There is some excellent description of wild mountain scenery, and on p. 111 there is a chasm: "a sheer drop of three thousand feet." We should like to have seen that chasm.

DRAMA

COQUELIN AND MOLIERE

THIS week London has been fortunate enough, through the enterprise of M. Gaston Mayer, to have the opportunity of seeing the greatest living actor in some of his greatest parts. M. Coquelin has been appearing at the New Royalty Theatre. M. Coquelin is supreme. Many actors plays certain parts, which have been written to fit their personality or which their personality happens to fit, so that their performance seems to touch perfection by a kind of happy coincidence. The man himself constantly shows in the character he is portraying even as his features peer through his make-up. The art of M. Coquelin, like many great arts, is impersonal. Fully to understand his supremacy it is necessary to see him in two parts so widely different as Jourdain, *le bourgeois gentilhomme*, and Tartufe, *le faux dévot*. In Jourdain Molière shows an amiable fool—a rich middle-class man with a passion for aping the manners of the nobility, a passion which leads him to the heights of absurdity. Save for this weakness M. Jourdain is a good-hearted fellow. He is kept from the meanness of the snob by the childish delight he takes in his own magnificence, by his childish behaviour, and his more than childish simplicity. He is like an overgrown boy with the means and money to enable him to carry out his boy's fancies. You cannot help loving, while you laugh at, this Monsieur Jourdain. That is not the case with Tartufe. Your laughter is hardened by hatred. For Molière is in him exposing hypocrisy, about which he felt as strongly as Milton felt when he called it the blackest sin. Tartufe is that most detestable of scoundrels, the sanctimonious scoundrel. Whereas Molière treats the *bourgeois* in a light-hearted manner, prose-comedy mingled with ballet and farce, he treats Tartufe with all the formal strength of comedy and uses the recognised formal couplet. He leaves nothing unsaid or undone that can make his portrait of the impostor more telling or more hideous.

In representing these characters M. Coquelin has not a free hand. Their portrayal is governed by long-standing tradition. He cannot, as many actors would fain do, manipulate them to suit his own personality. That, even if he desired it, would not be tolerated. The parts exist, made on hard and fast lines, handed down through generations, for him to take or leave. He takes them and triumphs over all difficulties with such perfect ease, his performance is so fresh and so convincing, that it becomes almost impossible not to believe that each part must have been written specially for him, or must at least have been created by him for the first time. One of the most valuable points about the repertory system is that you are able to see an actor in two such parts on two successive nights. There is no better way of gauging his true worth. To see M. Coquelin as Tartufe with the memory of his *bourgeois gentilhomme* vivid in the mind is to obtain what is nothing short of a revelation of the possibilities of the art of acting. It is then possible to feel the full astonishment such genius as that of M. Coquelin should arouse. Moreover, although there is a wide difference between the two characters, the parts have indubitable similarities. Both plays are of the seventeenth century, and contain the same stiffness of construction, the same formality in design. Both characters are in their own way ridiculous: both are types rather than individuals.

But in M. Coquelin's playing of them there was not a movement, not a gesture, hardly an intonation, that was the same: in both his face was clean-shaven, yet the range of his facial expression changed completely, his very features seemed to be different. For he has more control over his mouth than most actors have over their right hands.

In the first two acts of *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* (which are practically played as one) M. Jourdain makes his

famous entrance to the Masters of Music and of Dancing, dressed in the splendid morning-gown, which covers the yellow satin *déshabille*. Delight at his own splendour beamed from him so irresistibly that the whole house was immediately conquered and obliged to share his enjoyment. It is a notable entrance, and all through the act his different demeanour—with the masters of the polite arts, with the ferocious fencing-master, with the austere philosopher: from all of whom he hoped to learn some elements of gentility—was inimitably brought out. He patronised the musician, was terribly afraid of the fencer, was humble to the philosopher, astonished, too, and delighted when that worthy made clear to him the wonderful fact that for forty years he had been talking prose without knowing it. And the patronage, the awe, the humility, the astonishment and delight were each expressed perfectly.

And remembering that most charming of scenes, full as it is of boyish merriment, the great scene in *Tartufe* where he makes sly love to his benefactor's wife, becomes doubly wonderful. It seemed incredible that the man who was now so insinuatingly lecherous, who with that strange blink of the eyes and solemn mouthing of his words became so exactly Tartufe and so odious, could be the person who had the night before been the ingenuous *bourgeois*, at whom every one had laughed.

M. Coquelin is incomparable. The company that supported him reached a high level of excellence, as would be expected from a company containing such members as M. Coste, who played Orgon in *Tartufe*, as M. Monteux, as Mlle. Lynnès, of the Comédie Française. All were accomplished to their finger-tips; every detail of production was carefully studied; nothing was slurred over: hardly a word missed.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

PAINTINGS AND PANSIES

THE sextette of landscape painters who are holding their twelfth annual joint-exhibition at the galleries of the Old Water-Colour Society have a pleasing habit of prefixing to the catalogue of their works some saying about art by a famous artist, some dictum which presumably sets forth the aim of the associated exhibitors. This year they have gone to Jean François Millet, and on the fly-leaf we find:

Every artist ought to have a central thought, *une pensée mère*, which he expresses with all the strength of his soul, and tries to stamp on the hearts of others.

Applying to the exhibits the test which the exhibitors themselves have chosen, we find few works in which the central thought is expressed with sufficient clearness to be easily intelligible. In the case of Mr. A. D. Peppercorn we do find in all his work a salient characteristic, but we hesitate to say whether this should be classified as a central thought or a mannerism. Clearly, Mr. Peppercorn thinks Nature most beautiful in her most sombre moods, her lowest tones, and he expresses his conviction with all the strength which unadulterated black can yield. There is so much vigour in the sweep of Mr. Peppercorn's brush, such skill in his handling of rich pigment, that his rigid convention of colour often mars an otherwise fine performance, and when he extends his range of colour, as in the impressive seascape *The Cliff* (4), with its luminous sky, we receive more than a hint of the heights to which the painter might soar were his sense of colour as keen and true as is his sense of mass. Mr. Peppercorn's landscapes are in the grand style. He views Nature as a whole, each part related, but none so accentuated as to distract attention to itself. In the stricter and older sense of the word he is an impressionist, giving personal renderings of moods of nature and not mere topographical

statements. But he is not a luminist; with truth to Nature's lightning, with the subtle beauties of colour revealed to the searching eye in her lights and in her shadows, he is not concerned. He makes a sort of précis of her chiaroscuro, and simplifies her colouring into a shorthand of his own. These are his limitations; in spite, or because of them, he attains a distinction of style denied to many landscape painters of wider outlook.

Mr. T. Austen Brown has a keener sense of colour, and gilds with sunset hues, reminiscent of the Venetians, his rustic scenes anglicised from Mauve and Millet. His eye for the decorative in composition is effectively displayed in *A Market Cart* (14), picturesquely set in a leafy avenue. The rich colour and creamy surface of this artist's paint endow his works with a quality rarely found in modern pictures, but though these characteristics will of themselves delight the craftsman, his exhibits here are a little disappointing, often lacking other and necessary virtues. Mr. Brown needs to watch his vision rather than his handling, for what doth it profit a painter beautifully to express that which is not beautifully seen?

With paint more liquid than that of Messrs. Brown and Peppercorn, Mr. J. Aumonier delicately chases the fugitive colour of our English downlands. At his best he is unequalled by any living painter in his refined renderings of these typically British landscapes, but with the possible exception of *Evening on the Downs* (16) he is not seen at his best in Pall Mall. Too many of his landscapes are tainted with prettiness, prettiness of vision, prettiness of treatment—and prettiness, philologists say, derives from meretricious trickery. Of the works by the remaining exhibitors, Messrs. R. W. Allan, Leslie Thomson, and James S. Hill, none save the Daubignesque *A Dorset River* (44) of the second, and the *Hope Cove, Devonshire* (46), of the third, approaching the grave austerity of a Cottet, deserve special mention.

The "central thought" so difficult to find in the Pall Mall landscapes may readily be traced in the fifteen oil paintings shown by Mr. Charles H. Shannon at the Leicester Galleries. A passionate sense of beauty informs the idylls of this true pictorial poet, and if his idea of beauty be largely derived from the School of Giorgione *via* Watts, he has succeeded in making the idea his own. "Little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, refined upon or idealised, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar." So Pater summarised the pictures of Giorgione, and the description is not altogether inapplicable to those of Mr. C. H. Shannon. There is, however, more direct reference to life in the old master than in the modern, who compensates his occasional excursions into portraiture by harking back to classical legend when opportunity permits. Yet Pater's words may stand when Mr. Shannon is most himself, when he takes the facts of women at their toilet or bathing in a pool or by the seashore, and then refines upon and idealises these glimpses of life till to a generation deserted by the sense of beauty they seem the fancies of a poet's dream. But for all the skill of a sensitive colourist the fancies are most potent in their appeal when they have a substratum of modern fact. At the New Gallery Mr. C. H. Shannon shows a painting, larger than any in Leicester Square but less successful than most there, and its title is *The Golden Age*. Mr. Shannon would recreate in paint a time when women were naked and unashamed, and the sons of the gods walked on earth, and beasts came to man to receive their titles. But we miss the "morsel of actual life" and seem given a glimpse not so much of the golden age of the world as of the golden age of painting, and overwhelmed by a flood of recollection our thoughts leap from the painting before us to the paintings that were before. Mr. Shannon has received a noble inheritance from the Venetians, but he must not live on his capital: he must invest it in his own way in modern life if he would himself increase its interest.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

LEGENDS of St. Edmund abound, and many attempts have been made to extract from them a history of the East Anglian hero and martyr. But hitherto even the legends themselves have not been adequately examined in the spirit of scientific criticism, nor have the data supplied by the chronicles and poets of the Middle Ages been duly collated with the facts of East Anglian history as revealed in early coins, or with the materials afforded by ancient grants and charters, and by dedication of churches and chapels. In the "Corolla Sancti Eadmundi: The Garland of St. Edmund," which Mr. Murray will publish shortly, the information furnished by the chief literary authorities is marshalled with substantial regard to chronological sequence, so as to exhibit the growth of the legend; and an attempt is made to co-ordinate the narrative thus obtained with the indications derived from the sources above-mentioned. In the result Edmund appears to be of genuine English parentage, and nearly connected on one side with Egbert, the last of the Bretwaldas, and thus with the house of Cerdic; on the other side with the kings of Kent, and so, through St. Sexburt, with the ancient royal line of East Anglia. Much that the volume contains is taken from hitherto unpublished manuscripts.

The magnificent sixteenth-century manuscript of the "Hortulus Animae," which is one of the chief treasures of the Imperial Royal Court Library at Vienna, is about to be reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Oosthoek, of Utrecht. All the miniatures (one hundred and nine in number) are being printed in colours and heightened with gold. The work will be issued in eleven parts, to be completed in the course of three years. Messrs. Ellis, of 29 New Bond Street, are the sole agents for the British Isles and Colonies.

Mr. T. S. Osmond has written a volume which Mr. Henry Frowde will publish this month, sketching the history of prosodical criticism in England and America during the last two hundred years. It is entitled "English Metrists of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The author has endeavoured not merely to enumerate and summarise treatises, but also to trace the gradual development of sounder views about verse-structure. It is claimed that no such report on the progress of metrical science has appeared in any modern European language.

Mr. Francis Gribble's new work, entitled "Madame de Staël and her Lovers," will be published by Mr. Nash next week. The book deals chiefly with the relations which subsisted for many years between Necker's distinguished daughter and Benjamin Constant, the novelist, pamphleteer, and statesman who led the Liberal Opposition in France in the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The episode is one of great interest, though Madame de Staël's previous biographers have passed over it lightly. The intimacy of the lovers was notorious to their contemporaries; and Barras, in his memoirs, even goes so far as to say, *totidem verbis*, that Benjamin Constant was the father of Albertine de Staël. Benjamin Constant's correspondence, which has lately been made available to biographical students, shows clearly that Benjamin Constant was of the same opinion. The story of this memorable love-affair is now fully told for the first time.

Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly a new novel by Mr. Jack London, entitled "White Fang." In it Mr. London shows us the taming of a wolf, from the time when he first hovers round a dog-sledge, through the long months of his gradual adoption of the ways and habits of man-animals.

Mr. George Allen will have ready for publication by the end of February a new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled "Life and Flowers," translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. The book will be uniform with the previous works of M. Maeterlinck issued by the same publisher.

A new book by Dr. Max Nordau entitled "On Art and Artists" will be published on February 4 by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. In it the author gives a comprehensive and unconventional view of the development of modern art as represented by some of the best known painters and sculptors—Whistler, Frank Brangwyn, Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes, Meunier, Bartholomé, Gustave Moreau, Carrière, Zorn, Zuloaga, Bouguereau, and many others.

Messrs. Methuen announce a uniform edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. It will be limited to a thousand copies on hand-made paper, and fifty copies on Japanese vellum. The books are reprinted from the latest editions issued under the superintendence of the author, and in many cases will contain his last corrections.

Among Messrs. Alston Rivers's forthcoming novels are "Extor Moor," by Archibald Marshall, "Privy Seal," by Ford Madox Hueffer, "Kit's Woman," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis,

and "Arminel of the West," by the author of "A Pixy in Petticoats."

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish early this month a novel by the author of "Hazel of Hazeldean," entitled "The House of Rest." The scene of the greater part of the story is laid in the lake district, and it deals with the attempt of a girl who has suddenly become possessed of considerable means to use her wealth for the benefit of those requiring care and rest before resuming their ordinary vocations in life.

Early this month Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will add to the New Knowledge Series "The Nature and Origin of Life," by Felix le Dantec, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne. Professor le Dantec treats of the principles of the continuity in living and dead matter, the dangers of too hasty analysis, the various conditions in which a living body may exist from a chemical point of view, artificial and real functions defined in life, natural selection, equilibrium and order, the phenomena of life compared with the phenomena of non-living matter, the cell in its movements, heredity, appearance of life, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

SHAKESPEARE AND ARISTOPHANES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hoped that some recognised Shakespearean scholar would have shown in your last issue the superfluity and unreasonableness of your correspondent's letter under the above heading (ACADEMY, January 19).

Mr. N. W. Hill, of Philadelphia, compares extracts from the two poets to record triumphantly a discovery he has purported to make, in his own words, "to convince all but the most prejudiced that here, at any rate, there is something very like plagiarism on the part of the English dramatist."

It is true that Pope, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Dyce, Dowden and the other early contemporary commentators, whom he mentions, have missed this discovery. To Porson, indeed, he allows the honour of comparing passages relating to animal-shaped clouds from Aristophanes, Cicero, Swift, *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Hamlet*. But even Porson—poor, dull, dry-as-dust, yet groping and inquiring Porson—failed to perceive that the passage in *Hamlet* was a plagiarism; failed to perceive that it was, in itself, convincing evidence that Shakespeare went to the Greek dramatists for inspiration. How damning!

Now the answer to Mr. Hill is simple and conclusive. I will put it in the form of two questions: (1) Could Dr. Hill name any grown-up man of his acquaintance (sane, or even partially sane) who has not in his childhood looked up hundreds of times into the sky and audibly noted the shapes of animals there? (2) The comparison of clouds to animals being an ever-recurring occupation of millions of people in all ages, how can the mere fact that Hamlet pointed out one such comparison out to Polonius be proof that Shakespeare knew and borrowed from the Greek authors because Aristophanes also once compared clouds to animals?

And the fact that the ideas set forth by Aristophanes and Shakespeare are essentially different has escaped Mr. Hill—surely an unpardonable oversight in so acute a critic. In the one the idea given is of the ever-changing shapes of clouds. But in the other Hamlet chose a particular cloud (as he might have chosen a neighbouring hill), and whilst it retained its shape, he calls it first a camel, then a weasel, and then a whale, to ascertain if Polonius would fool him to the top of his bent.

The words I have first quoted are irritating. Like all Englishmen I am jealous of the reputation of our great dramatist—the glory and wonder of mankind—and such a phrase as that of Mr. Hill's should not be received unless supported by acceptable evidence. We were rendered uneasy by the Americans who "discovered" the cryptogram. But we now find that the Baconians themselves have abandoned it as evidence against Shakespeare, relying upon new proofs, which will no doubt also be given up in their turn as more plausible arguments are thought of.

At any rate, I would urge that all lovers of Shakespeare should submit to very close scrutiny every statement designed, even so slightly as this one of Mr. Hill's, to belittle him. Otherwise this kind of criticism may, even from its mere volume, gradually sap that love and reverence which so many of us still cherish very closely.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

January 30.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Thistleton says that he "inferred" from my letter on this subject that I was "of opinion that in the original of the play which is to be found in the First Folio, it was split up into the extraordinary number of scenes tabulated by him" [*i.e.*, by me]. I made no such inference, as I had a facsimile of the First Folio before me at the time of writing, and there I noticed the play was not divided into two acts and scenes. Am I correct in inferring from Mr. Thistleton's letter that in his opinion the "split" was performed for the first time in the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare?

As Horace says—*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*. So there were many editions published before the "Globe" with the acts and scenes laid down for stage purposes. Nicholas Rowe, in his edition of 1714, was the first to divide and number acts and scenes of the various plays "on rational principles," and to mark the entrances and exits of the characters. He was shortly afterwards followed by Pope and Theobald, who adhered closely to Rowe in the "splits," the latter also making numerous "emendations" in *Antony and Cleopatra*, one of them singularly ingenious. In the Folio we find Cleopatra speaking of Antony in the following terms:

"For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an *Anthony* it was
That grew the more by reaping."

Theobald knew better than the Editors of the Folio, and altered the words italicised into "an Autumn 'twas," thus transforming rank nonsense into plain common sense.

Rowe's division has, with few variations, been accepted ever since—by Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Reed, Dyce, Knight, Staunton, Delius, Halliwell-Phillipps, Cowden Clarke, Furnivall, and Aldis and Wright in the Cambridge edition, the best edition of the complete works as yet published, although for editions of a number of the separate plays nothing can approach the volumes of the Variorum edition, the work of an American commentator, Mr. Harold Howard Furness.

In regard to the splitting up of the plays into acts and scenes, the unanimity of the editors is wonderful, although on other points they go for each other like full-blown Bengal tigers. Witness Theobald and Pope, for example.

With Mr. Thistleton I *might* enjoy a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as originally written (5 acts, 42 scenes), by the Elizabethan Stage Players; but I am afraid it will prove a very "dreich" production, and a few of the audience who witnessed the commencement of the play may not be seen in their seats at its conclusion.

But, as Mr. Tree says, the version we have of *Antony and Cleopatra* was probably only a "first draft." The Quartos, in many cases, may be considered first drafts, and marvellous improvements were made on them—especially on the historical plays—in the First Folio. There was no Quarto of *Antony and Cleopatra*, so Mr. Tree is probably correct in his assumption. It is a pity, however, that the author did not see his way to issue a revised version of this strangely-constructed drama, as he did with *Hamlet* between the Quartos of 1603 and 1604 and the Folio of 1623. We might then have had an equally excellent play fit for stage representation without being submitted to the tender mercies of the scalpel of modern acting-managers.

It is of interest to note that the title of the play in the First Folio is *The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra*, although the heading of the pages runs *The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra*. Who is responsible for the modern transformation into *Antony*?

GEORGE STRONACH.

January 26.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret to have read my ACADEMY rather late this week so that this protest may be out of date. Is not the Editorial summary of the matter a little too sweeping?

"We enclose a complete list of branches. The *ones* that have been underlined are the only *ones* which do not open daily."

I submit that "one" can be not only a numerical adjective but also a relative pronoun. As a pronoun it is capable of having a plural; and "ones" is as true a plural form of "one" as "them" is of "it." In the sentences quoted, "ones" is a pronoun to avoid repetition of the noun "branches." The use is not merely colloquial but perfectly sound and grammatical. But there are faults of syntax in the passage given. "Ones" being a pronoun for "branches"

certainly has not been underlined; the names of the branches may have been. This fault in construction is of frequent occurrence, and betrays the primitive human difficulty in deciding between the thing and its symbol.

"We enclose a complete list of branches. The names underlined are those of the only ones which do not open daily." This is clearly what the notice was intended to say.

S. CUNNINGTON.

January 26.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTINGS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Gallichan's letter of January 21, 1907, I beg leave to remark that, as the authoress of "A Record of Spanish Painting" promised not to reproduce in her book the information which I had given her, and which I believe her to have noted accurately, without sending me a proof of that addition to it, but failed to do so, I had some right to be vexed, for her own sake, as well as my own, at the inaccuracies which her published notes contain. She took my address at Oxford at the same time, as indeed appears in her book. At the beginning of it, moreover, she announces that accuracy had been her aim in writing it. The difference between "translator" and "author of a translation" may be apparent to Mr. Gallichan, but not to me, in spite of the "ability" with which he credits me! The inaccuracy shown in writing "San Teruel" instead of Teruel has not caused me "a bitter sense of injury" for three years: because I first saw the book last December, when I had again met Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan, in the British Museum. I disclaim equally the "great authority upon all Spanish antiquarian subjects," which is so flatteringly attributed to me. There are other inaccuracies in the book, which ought to disappear, if a new edition of it should be published. Such a wish is surely a proof of friendliness.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

LAFCADIO HEARN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Am I right in saying that the last sentence of the finely felt and well written article, headed Lafcadio Hearn, in your present issue (January 26), is clotted nonsense! Are "the places in which most men are born" very much inferior in point of blueness and proximity to the world than the sky, etc.?!! The analysis of the sentence seems to bear out this construction.

GEORGE SMITH.

January 27.

[We do not think that our correspondent is right.—ED.]

"STREW ON HER ROSES, ROSES"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be so much obliged if some one would kindly tell me through the medium of your Correspondence column, in what paper, periodical or Anthology of verse published lately—the poem by Arnold quoted this week in your article "Select Epigrams," and beginning "Strew on her roses, roses," was printed; or, failing that, in what book it is to be found.

A. LA T.

January 23.

[The title of the poem is, of course, "Requiescat." Our correspondent will find it in the shilling editions of the Poems of Matthew Arnold issued by Mr. Henry Frowde in the World's Classics and by Messrs. Routledge in the Muses' Library.—ED.]

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in your paper to correct an error in my book, "Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran;" and which was pointed out to me in your review of the work, viz., That the Flag was hoisted on the Mess House by Captain Wolseley, whereas it should have been "By Lieutenant Roberts," now F.-M. Lord Roberts. I know that the impression we all had at the time, was that the former officer hoisted the Flag, and at the time of writing I suppose that impression was running in my mind and led me to make the mistake.

J. RUGGLES,
Major-General.

FROM THE FOURPENNY BOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the joys of *la chasse au bouquin* not the least may be counted that of dreaming, over a pipe and the latest *trouvaille*, of the erstwhile owner of the new-found treasure. A day to be marked with a white stone was that on which I picked up a pocket volume of Béranger bearing the autograph of Shirley Brooks. These thoughts are stirred anew within me by seeing the name "Miss Susannah Brown" traced in the delicate Italian hand of the period on the fly-leaf of a waif which I lately rescued from the limbo of the Fourpenny Box—a slim duodecimo of some eighty odd pages, entitled "The Basia of Johannes Secundus Nicolaius: and the Pancharis of Johannes Bonnefons. Newly translated from the original Text. (London: 1824)"—surely *not* one of the volumes that one would expect to find on every lady's book-shelf. The date 1824 makes it possible that the fair Susannah may have been educated under the Semiramis of Hammer-smith herself at the selfsame Academy for Young Ladies where Becky Sharp was so unwillingly first pupil then teacher. The reading of the latter included, we know, "The works of the learned Dr. Smollett, of the ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, of the graceful and fantastic Monsieur Crébillon the younger, and of the universal Monsieur de Voltaire": no unworthy company for the glowing imagery and luscious conceits of the "Basia" and the "Pancharis." Perchance 'twas a birthday gift from some undiscerning friend, to whom a book was just a book, and to whose understanding the luxuriant tropes and metaphors of Secundus and Bonnefons were as so much Hebrew. Peace to your ashes, Susannah Brown!

H. L. N.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. E. A. Fisher's crisp letter in the ACADEMY of January 19 very forcibly expresses the ordinary and familiar objections to the improvement of spelling.

Although as the Simplified Spelling Board has afresh pointed out there is a gradual and scarcely perceptible improvement in spelling always taking place, yet it is so infinitesimal that the mass of spelling at an epoch can be claimed to be fixed and free from confusing variableness. But supposing it were conceivable that the reform could be discussed and elaborated to a point when there was a practical unanimity amongst all printing offices, authors, and dictionary makers and a determination that this final and unimprovable innovation was to be legally and in every other conceivable authoritative way adopted on a given day, yet even then it would be inevitable that a very large amount of diversity or anarchy would for a time prevail. Amongst the dignitaries themselves there would be many and perpetual backslidings, while amongst the population at large there would most probably be many cases of reactionary and obstructive clinging to the good old fashions of the past. It must be admitted that reform would necessitate disturbance.

Your correspondent writes as though he could sympathise with any scheme which could secure general acceptance, though he may imply that as this sort of Babel is inseparable from reform it is therefore impossible and undesirable.

But alas the alternatives allowed by Mr. E. A. Fisher are not to be had for wishing or decreeing them.

Spelling Reform by edict is out of the question. A large and rapid movement could doubtless be inaugurated by agreement amongst a majority of literary men, teachers and statesmen. But the laws of evolution would persist. Nature may be accelerated by art but it cannot be suppressed. In the realm of spelling there are multitudes of questions which can only be solved by trial and elimination. If variety be intolerable and uniformity indispensable then no reform can ever take place. Systems must compete; but before this can take place there must be a general recognition of the fact that future generations have a right to demand from the teachers of to-day a declaration of truth and not a perpetually recurring infliction of old falsehood upon each fresh schoolful of children. This, however, will not involve Babel nor division. The language is the speech not its feeble representation on paper. The more faithfully it can be recorded the better for ultimate unity. Phonograph records tend to promote closer assimilation of pronunciation and so would phonetic spelling. The standard dialect is not indigenous anywhere. It is an average and compromise like one of Galton's Composite Photographs. Its territorial expansion is promoted by admitting of the most perfect interaction of all dialects, and this involves allowing and encouraging all speakers to get as near their own pronunciation as ever the art of writing and spelling will allow them.

Simplifications merely irritate adults and do not benefit the children. What is wanted is phonetic teaching as nearly perfect as can be obtained but untrammelled by the paralysing and sterilising demand for absolute unanimity and uniformity. It cannot be obtained any more than any other good thing without a bit of trouble.

When there is still such an approximation to even an incongruous and confused phonetic idea as English spelling actually presents it is not safe to hold that the written word is a symbol of thought independent of the sound. The mind does not reason with written words. It thinks by suppressed utterance, and will be helped rather than hindered when spelling is more completely logical and reasonable.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

January 29.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you or any of your readers be so kind as to inform me who coined the phrase "personal equation," whether it is good English, and, if not, what synonym may take its place? It is certainly a useful expression, but I do not feel sure about its social status so to say,

A WRITER.

A TARDY NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see by the papers that a "National Anti-Lending League" has just been formed. This league, as a contemporary very rightly remarks, is "much-needed." So disastrous have my own experiences been with money-lending, and so miserable has my life been rendered by money-borrowers—these veritable pests of society—that on January 1, 1905, I made the following solemn vow: "I, Algernon Ashton, hereby declare, once and for all, solemnly and on oath, that I shall henceforth never again lend anybody, male or female, any more money, and nothing in the world will induce me to break this resolution." Since then I have already saved close upon £100 by refusing to lend people money! I have come to the conclusion that money-lending is almost, perhaps quite, as reprehensible a practice as money-borrowing, for if there were no money-lenders, there would be no money-borrowers, and one of the most hideous curses in existence would be stamped out. It is devoutly to be hoped that the newly-formed "National Anti-Lending League" will succeed in accomplishing great things, though there is no need for me to join it, in consequence of my having already made that vow which I have quoted.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART

Cust, Lionel. *Van Dyck*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 152. Bell, 5s. net.
[In the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" series. A condensed version of Mr. Cust's larger work on the Life and Works of Van Dyck, published in 1900.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Lady Nugent's Journal. Jamaica One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by Frank Cundall. With illustrations and maps. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 404. Published for the Institute of Jamaica by Black, 5s. net.
["Reprinted from a journal kept by Maria, Lady Nugent, from 1801 to 1815, issued for private circulation in 1839."]

FICTION

Miller, Esther. *Living Lies*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 372. Methuen, 6s.
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. *The Kinsman*. With 8 illustrations by C. E. Brock. 7½ × 5. Pp. 323. Methuen, 6s.
Graham, Winifred. *World Without End*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Maxwell, H. *In Slippery Places*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.
Swan, Edgar. *A Fair Widow*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Digby, Long, 6s.
Chambers, Robert W. *The Fighting Chance*. Illustrated by Fred Pegram. 7½ × 5. Pp. 442. Constable, 6s. (See p. 121.)
Norris, W. E. *Harry and Ursula*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 309. Methuen, 6s.
["A story with two sides to it." See p. 120.]

- Marriott Watson, H. B. *A Midsummer Day's Dream*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 326. Methuen, 6s.
- Bennett, Arnold. *The Ghost*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5. Pp. 302. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- [“A fantasia on modern themes.”]
- Underhill, Evelyn. *The Lost World*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5. Pp. 316. Heinemann, 6s.
- Grant, Sadi. *The Second Evil*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 320. Long, 6s.
- Praed, Mrs. Campbell. *The Luck of the Leura*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 320. Long, 6s.
- Langfield, John. *A Lighthearted Rebellion*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.
- Wyndham, Horace. *The Flare of the Footlights*. 8 × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 328. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Disappearance of the Duke*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 319. White, 6s.
- de la Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 386. Murray, 6s.
- Wales, Hubert. *The Yoke*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.
- Paternoster, G. Sidney. *The Folly of the Wise*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Goron, F. *The World of Crime*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 327. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- [“True detective stories.” M. Goron was Chief of the Paris Detective Police. See column 2.]
- Benham, W. Gurney. *Cassell's Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words*. With full verbal index. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 6. Pp. 1256. Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.
- [“A collection of sayings from British and American authors, with many thousands of proverbs, familiar phrases and sayings, from all sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other languages.”]
- Meakin, Walter. *The Life of an Empire*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 335. Unwin, 6s. net.
- [Deals with the social and other problems of the British Empire.]
- Hershey, Amos S. *The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War*. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 394. The Macmillan Co., \$3.00.
- Johnson, Trench H. *Phrases and Names, their Origins and their Meanings*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 384. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Newlandsmith, Ernest. *The Temple of Love*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 77. Longmans, 1s. net.
- [The author's intention “is to show how souls may enter upon the Path which leads into the Temple of Love; how Love is the one blessing needful; and how Love upon Earth and Love in the Kingdom of Heaven are to be attained.”]
- The Manufacture of Paupers. A Protest and a Policy*. With an introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 140. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Papers by different authors, mainly reprinted from the *Spectator*.]
- Dunphie, Charles J. *Many-Coloured Essays*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 247. Elliot Stock, 5s. net.
- [Papers on such subjects as “The Misery of Being Respectable,” “The Duty and Delight of being in Debt,” “The Advantages of being Disliked,” “The Pleasure of Lying in Bed,” “Kissing,” and “The Advantages of being Ugly”!]]
- Jephson, Henry. *The Sanitary Evolution of London*. 9 × 6. Pp. 440. Unwin, 6s. net.
- Albright, M. Catherine. *The Common Heritage*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 137. Headley, 2s. 6d. net.
- [A series of undistinguished essays.]

POETRY

- Bell, Alfred Henry Haynes. *Child Roland, and other poems*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 239. Elliot Stock, 6s.
- Ross, Ronald. *Fables*. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 51. Liverpool: University Press, 2s. 6d.
- [Fables in verse.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Calvert, Albert F. *The Alhambra*. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 480. Lane, 42s. net.
- [“Being a brief record of the Arabian conquest of the Peninsula, with a particular account of the Mohammedan architecture and decoration.” Second edition, with additional plates.]

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. With introductions by William Archer. Vols. ii, iii, vi, and vii. Each 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Heinemann, 4s. each.

[These four volumes are the first issued of Mr. Heinemann's complete edition in eleven vols. Mr. Archer supplies introductions to all the plays save *Love's Comedy* and *Brand*, and he has revised the translations of all with the exception of these, which are the work of Professor Herford. Vol. ii. contains: *The Vikings* and *The Pretenders*; vol. iii.: *Brand*; vol. vi.: *The League of Youth* and *Pillars of Society*; and vol. vii.: *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts*.]

Poems by George Crabbe. Edited by Adolphus William Ward. Vol. iii. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xx, 568. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.]

[In the “Cambridge English Classics.” Miscellaneous poems. List of variants and bibliography. See p. 118.]

THE BOOKSHELF

The Music of To-morrow and other Studies, by Laurence Gilman (Lane, 4s. 6d.).—In this volume of eight essays Mr. Laurence Gilman exercises, often very happily, his art of discoursing upon the themes of others. He has an inveterate habit of quotation; page after page is bestrewn with inverted commas. This is sometimes annoying to the reader, especially in the first paper, which gives its title to the book. It is difficult to find out what are the author's notions of music's immediate future because of the number of quotations, save that one gains some idea that they are summed up by the music of Claude Debussy. This is made clearer in the second essay, devoted to that composer's work. In “A Discussion with Vincent D'Indy” Mr. Laurence Gilman holds a brief for the theory which would make the chromatic scale rather than the diatonic the basis of modern music; here he does not consider apparently what an important means of contrast is lost by the process, that of transition from key to key. There is no contrast of tonality in music which “moderates at every beat.” In an essay on modern music Mr. Ernest Newman's criticism of Strauss is his text, and in it he develops the idea that love-music is becoming less a dominant feature of art. He says that songs are not generally now “the most representative expression of their composer's art,” but he cites Grieg as an exception. It is noticeable that he leaves Max Reger entirely out of count. Mr. Gilman next hits out vigorously at Strauss's “Salome,” and it is evident that he, like most critics who delight to think themselves “modern,” had already passed from Strauss to “fresh woods and pastures new.” The most suggestive essay is that on “A neglected page of Wagner's,” in which a comparison of the Paris version of the first act of *Tannhäuser* with the original is made. Here we only regret the superficial nature of the work. We would willingly have this interesting subject treated in some detail, and could have dispensed with the unimportant essays on “The Place of Liszt” and “Some Maeterlinck Music” for that purpose. The general impression left by this book is that on the whole the title has been well chosen. Mr. Laurence Gilman gives expression to some interesting ideas about music held by himself in common with enthusiastic modern thinkers, but he deals with phases of art which are peculiarly transient; here to-morrow, they may be gone the next day and leave but small influence upon the general course of musical development.

The World of Crime. By F. Goron [late Chief of the Paris Detective Police]. Edited by Albert Keyzer. (Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.).—Perhaps these real detective stories are not as rounded or as complete as the manufactured ones. M. Goron says on one occasion that if only he had been a detective of fiction he could have told by glancing at a man's left boot his age, the name of his dog, and how much money he had at his banker's. As, however, he was merely the Chief of the Paris Detective Police miracles were not possible. But it will seem to most people who read these stories of crime that M. Goron's feats of ingenuity, pluck and observation were as wonderful as any ever imagined and his adventures as exciting and terrible. He seems to have shown extraordinary acumen in cases where an innocent man was placed in circumstances of grave suspicion: while he had the scent of a sleuth-hound for criminals posing as respectable members of society. When their respectability cloaks their present crimes the reader enjoys the chase, but when their past convicts and destroys them, as in the case of Charles Vernet, it is not so easy to take the great detective's point of view. We can well believe M. Goron when he assures us that the post of Chief of the Paris Detective Police is not a bed of roses.

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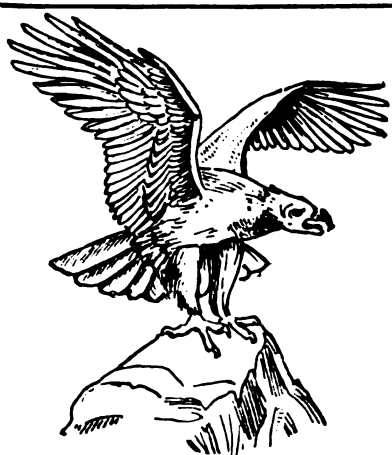
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THE LITERARY WEEK

It was, we think, Ruskin who once recommended that children should be turned out to graze in a library, reading whatever of the classics appealed to them without any regard to the so-called purity or impurity of the works. This does not seem to be the idea of Mrs. R. L. Devonshire, who in the February number of the *National Review* draws up lists of "French Books for our Daughters." She classifies them under three headings :

- (1) Books suitable for children under twelve.
- (2) Books suitable for young people and children over twelve.
- (3) Novels, which grown-up people, as well as young girls, can enjoy.

First, however, she gives a list of the classical works of French literature, many of which were the abomination of our childhood, such as "Corneille" and "Racine." A love of Molière survived even the inclusion in such a list as this. But if all children were to be forced to read Montaigne's essays, and Descartes' "Discours sur la Méthode," and the sentimentalism of Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques" along with a number of more or less elegant extracts, we sincerely pity them. The books for children under twelve form a long list which has a supplement of a few pretty picture-books. For children over twelve we notice that the favourite authors are Mlle. Z. Fleuriot, Jules Verne, and Girardin.

But we assume that the difficulty of Mrs. Devonshire's task was greatest when she began to choose novels. It is a sad fact that the best French novels are those that pay least attention to morality, and yet we do not know that a pure-minded girl would be harmed by them. For purity is more in the eyes of the observer than in the object observed. But if Mrs. Devonshire is serious in her list it seems rather dangerous for her to mention Guy de Maupassant, Emile Zola, and Alphonse Daudet, because it is pretty certain that if any reader felt the attraction of "La Réve" or "Contes Choisis pour la Jeunesse," nothing would hinder her from pursuing her inquiries into that forbidden land where are the books not mentioned here.

A pathetic interest attaches to a little book which Messrs. MacLehose, of Glasgow, have just published. It is called "The Waverley Novels: An Appreciation," and is the work of Charles Alexander Young, whose brief and sad history is known to few. He was born on New Year's Day 1880, and perished in the earthquake of April 1905.

at Dharmasala, India. Thus his span of years amounted only to twenty-five. Writing had been a passion with him since childhood, and the little book which has now received posthumous publication will prove to all what splendid promise has been so rudely stifled.

From another point of view the book is very interesting. It is the fashion among critics of to-day to speak of Sir Walter Scott as though he were obsolete, and not long ago we quoted M. Brunetière to show that the same opinion is current in France. But, as a matter of fact, here we have a young man of the highest promise, educated, too, at such typical seats of learning as Stirling High School and Edinburgh University, whose mind was formed by Scott. The book is that of a writer who can only be described as saturated with Waverley. It would seem therefore to be tolerably near the truth that in spite of what critics may say at their desks Sir Walter Scott still remains as great a favourite with the young of to-day as he was with their elders in the early part of the nineteenth century.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Hullo, Master Robin, and what are you doing,
With your red breast throbbing, your bright eyes sueing,
As you preen and flutter and make display?
Why, Master, the matter is Valentine's Day.

The blackbird there with his beak of gold
Is changed to a birdling of meeker mould.
As mild as a mouse goes brisk Jack Daw.
Alas, we follow St. Valentine's law.

The grave old rook from the elm tree tall
Looks out to utter a Romeo-call.
The hedge-wren creeping through last year's stubble
Is out in the open and looks for trouble.

But all are voluble, timid, wild,
Afraid of a shadow, afraid of a child,
Defiant of dangers as big as ricks;
For that is one of St. Valentine's tricks.

He makes the braggart abashed and shy,
And shakes the wood with the ringdove's cry;
And, as for Robin and Jenny Wren,
They set the fashion for maids and men.

NORA CHESON.

In the *Monthly Review* there is an interesting article on "George Crabbe as a Botanist"—not, be it observed, on the botanical knowledge displayed in his verse, but on his serious work on a branch of science. He studied the flora of the fen very carefully and made many useful contributions to botanical knowledge. During his residence in Suffolk, for instance, he prepared for Loder's "History of Framlingham" and for the "Botanist's Guide" catalogues of local plants which contained many species new to the county. He had also a hobby for cultivating rare English plants. The Rev. John Vaughan has much to say on this account that is very interesting. We select the following passage as an example:

Last summer I visited Aldeburgh for the express purpose of comparing the flora of to-day with what it was when Crabbe described the borough. Most of his species still remained. Docks and worm-woods and mallow and the yellow stonecrop abounded, and if by the "dull nightshade" the poet meant the black nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*) that too was abundant.

Lord Goschen, whose sudden death took place on Thursday morning, was celebrated chiefly as a financier; but he always had a very lively interest in literature and was himself the author of several important works. "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, publisher," is

especially interesting just now because of the allusion that was made to it in the negotiations between the *Times* and the publishers in which Lord Goschen took part some few weeks ago. His other books consist for the most part of reprinted addresses. They are clever and literary in form. Lord Goschen had a great deal of wit, which he employed in the manufacture of phrases such as the celebrated "blank cheque" that epitomised a whole situation in two words. He was also keenly interested in education, a subject on which he held advanced and enlightened views. He was born in 1831; so that he had passed the three score and ten years of the psalmist before he died. In him the House of Lords has lost a most acute and eloquent debater.

Omar Khayyám, closely associated in our minds with fugs of wine and fair women and pleasure generally, is brought out in a new guise, viz., as "a man of lofty yet humble piety" in "The Testament of Omar Khayyám," which Mr. Louis C. Alexander has translated and Mr. John Long has published. Those who know him only in the version—done divinely well—of FitzGerald will make acquaintance with an entirely new individual in this book, one who instead of the quiet fatalism which we know preaches in this wise:

For Good is the end for which the Universe
Travails by Knowledge and Love with Pain entwined;
And Joy is its music, and Death, ah! no curse—
For the enlarged Soul, through it, itself doth find.

He also sings:

The Violet blooms in a modest nest
Of leaves that are low and roots that are wise;
Her fragrance and hues are blessed and best,
Like the souls of God's flow'rs in Paradise.

Later on we shall have something to say about Mr. Haldane Macfall's book on Ibsen (E. Grant Richards). The feature that will strike any one at a first glance is the extraordinary character of the illustrations by Mr. Joseph Simpson. It would be extremely interesting to hear Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comments on the study of his head which adorns the chapter on *Ghosts*. Whether it is an impressionist sketch or a caricature it will be for the individual reader to determine. The intention of the artist, to adopt a well-known phrase, is "lost in the mists of antiquity." The homely features of "Byornsterne Byornsen" at a first glance seem to glow beneath the head-dress of a Red Indian; but closer attention shows that there is a certain artistry of that kind which is not hidden under a bushel.

Mr. Clement Shorter, in his Literary Letter in the *Sphere* of February 2, seems deeply distressed that "Astarte," by Lord Lovelace, should still be obtainable. Whether this be due to the regret of the bibliophile that a rare and expensive work is not so rare and expensive as he thought it would be, or to a serious concern for Byron's reputation is not quite clear. Mr. Clement Shorter is, of course, quite entitled to his belief in Byron's integrity, but he ignores the circumstance that without the evidence published in "Astarte" and by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, there is a strong inherent probability for Lord Lovelace's contention, which explains an otherwise meaningless passage in the *Manfred*, and indeed a good deal of the Byronic pose.

It is difficult to believe (allowing the story to be untrue), that Byron would have been very shocked at the suggestion. Shelley, a much greater puritan than his friend, did not regard what may be called "Theban domesticity," with any particular horror. Laon and Cythna, in the first draft of the "Revolt of Islam," we were reminded the other day by Mr. Andrew Lang, were brother and sister, and this may possibly contain the clue

to the whole mystery. "Surely you were something better than innocent," is the irresistible quotation.

Oxford, following the example of Sherborne and Warwick, is to have her Pageant this summer. The time chosen is Commemoration-week, that June festival which annually drives the shy don to seek his peace elsewhere. Among the promoters and organisers of the Pageant "all the (Oxford) talents" are to be found, both those who linger, like Mr. Godley, in her courts, and those who, like Mr. Anthony Hope, once sojourned there. The Pageant is to represent some of the most stirring scenes in the life of the University and City, from the legend of St. Frideswide to the reception of the Allied Sovereigns at the Commemoration of 1814. St. Frideswide's story will be followed by the burning of her church, which was set on fire to destroy the unfortunate Danes who had incurred the displeasure of Ethelred the Unready.

Other episodes presented will be the incident of Fair Rosamund, the famous riots of St. Scholastica's Day, when the "gown" came off so badly, the reception of various Sovereigns, Amy Robsart's funeral, the surrender of the City to the Parliamentarians, and the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen by James II. As King Charles I. and his Queen are to arrive by water, it is to be presumed that the Pageant will be played in some meadow bordering the Isis. Alfred the Great, it is to be feared, will not put in an appearance. It is, indeed, chastening to be reminded that our oldest University originated from the arrival of a band of foreign scholars.

Sir Charles Holroyd announces that he has in preparation a new edition of the catalogue of the Foreign Schools at the National Gallery, the numerous errors in which have evoked sharp criticism in our own columns and elsewhere. It is to be hoped that in the new catalogue there will be not only a correction of the many false attributions and false descriptions which at present figure in its pages, but also some modification of the plan of the handbook. A sensible article on this subject is published in the current issue of the *Burlington Magazine*, and we note that among the improvements suggested is the condensation of biographical notices recommended in these columns some weeks ago. It is further pointed out that the present diffuse histories and descriptions of individual pictures might with advantage be curtailed, while it is urged that the works of each master should be arranged in chronological order, accompanied by a brief bibliography of the chief authorities, and a note of the various attributions in the case of disputed pictures. These points will doubtless have the earnest consideration of the authorities who are anxious to retrieve their errors and in token thereof request that all who notice mistakes and omissions in the present catalogue will communicate with the Secretary of the National Gallery.

A new series of exhibitions will be inaugurated this month in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, two hundred and fifty collectors having promised to lend one or more of their pictures each year for the months of February and March. The East End is thus provided with an admirable substitute for a permanent art collection, and the first exhibition of this series promises to be of exceptional interest. There will be small collections of works by the old masters and living British painters, but the chief feature will be a representative collection of French Art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Chardin especially is to be strongly represented, and among those lending works will be the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Wemyss, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Edward Tennant and Sir Edgar Vincent.

Like Professor Gollancz, we would like to make the use in schools (except in the higher forms) of any editions of authors, classical or modern, which are either incomplete

in the text or have prefaces or notes, a criminal offence. The notes the master is there to supply; the preface the pupil does not want. Choose a work which can be put whole and undefiled by little printed comments into the boy's hands and let the young mind gather what he can from the great one there revealed. He may not gather much, but what he does gather he will digest. At the worst a boy should gain insensibly from Shakespeare directness and the power of clear-cut expression of thought, Does it matter if he be hazy as to who John o' Gaunt was? In spite of Mr. Archer, we shall always consider the acting of a Shakespearean play one of the finest educative agencies which the schoolmaster has at hand.

In the educational world we have heard a great deal lately of the assistant master—his abilities and his desire that they should be recognised by an increased salary. In all this it is impossible not to agree with him. His education has often been a costly one, and when he is proved to have the power of managing boys, he is doing as good work as any man in the world. But when he begins to talk of fixity of tenure he, if an educated, thoughtful and ambitious man, should be ashamed of himself. For what does the phrase imply? A headmaster is chosen who is responsible for the good teaching and general welfare of his school. To attain this end he is given tools—in the shape of assistant masters—and if he finds that one is not efficient from whatever cause, the quicker that particular tool is discarded and a satisfactory one procured the better for the well-being of the school, to ensure which is, or ought to be, more important than to make smooth a path for incompetency.

Is the assistant master not looking forward to becoming a headmaster one day? If not he is hardly qualified to speak for his profession. He is on his own confession one of those who follow, and cannot lead. If, on the other hand, he intends to lead, he cannot be honest in advocating that his most valuable power of promoting efficiency—namely, the ability to discard the inefficient—shall not be his. And the word "efficient" is a pregnant one. This master can teach but cannot, through perhaps no fault of his own, command the respect of the class of boy at a particular school. That one is admirable in his dealings with the boys, but he or his wife's presence is not acceptable to the families of the rest of the staff. In a public school this would be a grave objection. And unless a headmaster can count on the loyalty of his subordinates, nothing will be likely to go right, and nothing can be devised with a greater tendency towards sapping loyalty than this same idea of fixity of tenure among subordinates. Would any business in the City exist for a week where such a system held good?

An interesting development, and one that may prove of great importance, in public library co-operation, has been introduced at the Gravesend Public Library, in the shape of an exhibition of book-production. When it is open to the public the exhibition will show the materials and processes that go to the making of a book, from the Esparto grass in its first state, together with wood pulp, to the finest art-bookbinding of the day; including printing, processes of illustration, and the preparation of leather. At present, however, the most notable feature of the exhibition is the co-operation of a number of public libraries in the scheme. The exhibition will be open at the Gravesend Public Library for a month; after that it will be on view at the Public Libraries of Eltham, Plumstead, Woolwich Central, and Folkestone.

The Inaugural Lecture to the Courses on Japanese Education to be delivered under the Martin White Benefaction in the University of London, by Baron Dairoku Kikuchi, during the Spring and Summer Terms, will be given at the University, South Kensington, on Thursday, February 14, at 5 P.M.

LITERATURE

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

Lord Melbourne. By H. DUNCKLEY. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net.)

Lord Derby. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net.)

Lord Randolph Churchill. By LORD ROSEBERY. (Humphreys, 3s. 6d.)

"POLITICS," said Lord Salisbury, "are a cursed profession," and a curse they may prove if they turn to tragedy. Disappointed ambition may easily wreck a career, if the victim takes his ambition too seriously. But in the reading of political biography it is not the curse of politics but their cynicism which strikes us most forcibly. Those who have pursued them with the greatest ardour have taken the lightest view of their purpose and effect, and have generally subordinated the welfare of the country to their own advancement or convenience.

The fact that politics are regarded as a merely liberal profession is in itself a condemnation. A man should aspire to statesmanship in humility and upon his knees. To serve one's country is the loftiest of aspirations, and he who dedicates his life to the state should do it, one might think, with fear and trembling. And of the liberal professions there is none in which the means and end are so widely divorced as in politics. The ostensible end of politics is the proper governance of the country. The means, which have been exaggerated until they appear far greater than the end, are the management of the House of Commons. To snatch a furtive advantage, to catch your opponent bathing and steal his clothes—these are the enterprises not beneath the dignity of the politician. In the controlling of six hundred legislators all excuses are permitted. A leader may without shame suppress the convictions of a lifetime. He may advocate with passionate eloquence a scheme which a brief year ago he condemned with an equal eloquence, an equal passion, and nobody thinks the worse of him for his defection. Indeed, the leader, having betrayed his trust, may even look upon his vice as a virtue. He thinks it enough to murmur "the people's will," and prides himself upon an act of self-sacrifice.

It is a lesson of cynicism, then, that political biography always enforces. Take the three statesmen whose "Lives" suggest the present article: Melbourne, Derby, and Randolph Churchill. They were all honest and honourable men. They all followed politics as a craft or profession. They all might boast a higher endowment of courage and talent than their fellows. They attained to the lofty places which were the end of their ambition. In their lifetime they wore the bays, and even now they are not wholly forgotten. Yet not one of them followed his profession with the single-mindedness which we should expect, for instance, from a general or a poet; not one of them is wholly free from the reproach of intrigue or indifference.

Lord Melbourne, the first on the list, was accomplished both as a scholar and as a man of the world. He had few rivals in the knowledge either of books or of human nature. He had taken up politics because they were then thought an occupation fit for a gentleman, and he became a Whig because his earliest associations connected him with that party. But he was an aristocrat by temperament, a Conservative by conviction. Had he understood the logic of his position doubtless he would have thrown in his lot with the Tories; and when reform came upon him, he was not energetic enough to repel its advance. There was, then, nothing left for him but to make the sacrifice, and to advocate a cause to which he was heartily opposed. Greville, who knew him intimately, sketched the misery of his career with a sure hand:

No position [he said] could be more false than the position in which Melbourne was often placed, and no man ever was more perplexed and tormented than he was by it, for he was remarkably sensitive,

and most of the latter years of his administration were passed in a state of dissatisfaction with himself and with all about him. He hated the Reform Bill, which he was obliged to advocate. He saw, indeed, that Reform had become irresistible, and therefore he reconciled it to his conscience to support the Bill.

He reconciled it to his political conscience, no doubt. The conscience of the scholar and gentleman, that he was, must have remained unassuaged, and the one possibility left him of salvation was to preserve an attitude of cynical indifference in the midst of political intrigue.

The temperament of Lord Derby was not wholly unlike Lord Melbourne's. He, too, reconciled himself to the difficulty of politics by declining to take them too seriously. However gravely he considered the translation of Homer, he faced the government of his country with a certain flippancy. He believed, or at least affected to believe, that it was a thing of secondary consideration. "I have had Litchfield with me all the week alone," he once wrote to Lord Malmesbury, "and we have been so busy shooting that I have had no time to give to politics." Even if we allow for the pose, this phrase is succinctly characteristic of English statesmanship. Palmerston confessed that he found horse-racing less exciting than politics. Lord Derby pretended that he willingly surrendered the service of his country to the pleasures of shooting. In either case cynicism may have been a cloak of devotion, but the cynicism was there, and it helps to explain the merely accidental success of English statesmanship.

Neither Melbourne nor Derby, in fact, was of the stuff whereof martyrs are made. Neither would sacrifice the comfort of his daily life to the demands of politics. Both were determined to make the best of both worlds, and they succeeded well enough. If they helped to rule England from hand to mouth, that was all that could be expected of them. They were neither political philosophers, like Bolingbroke, nor the eager slaves of duty like Pitt. They have bequeathed no theories of government, no memories of sacrifice or devotion. They were two gentlemanly cynics, who were driven into statecraft by the convention of their birth and time, and they served their country with all the strength which a sublime indifference could give them.

The cynicism of Lord Randolph was stronger and more dangerous than theirs. He was confronted by a far more formidable adversary—the party machine. Between Lord Derby's retirement and Lord Randolph's accession to the rank of Cabinet Minister English politics had undergone an ominous change. Between a Minister and his office there stood not merely an awakening democracy but a cunning organisation, framed upon the American plan, and the real purpose of politics—the government of the country—was yet more obscurely concealed. The better part of Lord Randolph's career was spent in approaching the inner temple of statecraft. His greatest achievement was to capture the machine. His greatest failure was to lose it again. Lord Rosebery, in his "Lord Randolph Churchill," by far the most lucid contribution to the political literature of the past few years, recognises the difficulty, even the futility, of Lord Randolph's task. Like the realist that he is, Lord Rosebery does not hide from his readers the essential cynicism of politics. He leaves England sternly out of the calculation. "Had Lord Randolph chosen to fight for his hand," he says, "and raise the standard of revolt, it would not have been so easy to suppress him. But he behaved with perfect loyalty and decorum." Loyalty to what? To England? Not a bit of it. Loyalty to the party tie. Again—it is Lord Rosebery who speaks—"we have little more than the Dartford Deliverance to show what he might have done had he remained a Minister, and lived." Yet Lord Randolph yields to few of his contemporaries in the tame which curiosity brings. Books are written concerning his achievements. His sayings are remembered. Anecdote is eloquent to his glory. And he did little or nothing. He trod only the first tottering steps of statesmanship. Surely we might despair of England but for one truth:

it is our habit infinitely to overrate the importance of politics. The citizens of England like to watch the drama of the House of Commons, and they are willing to pay for it. What happens to the chief actors is interesting and not fatal. The government does but spin a Penelope's web, which will presently be undone by an anxious hand. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that Lord Salisbury's epithet of "cursed" is too strong for a profession, which more than any other resembles a serious comedy played upon an ephemeral stage.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH

Historical Study of the Mother Tongue: an Introduction to Philological Method. By H. C. WYLD. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

It seems certain that in the near future our mother tongue will be studied in our secondary schools and in our universities with the same seriousness that has hitherto been given to the acquirement of the classical languages. The English language will have its proper place in the education curriculum and will meet Greek and Latin on equal terms. It will be studied as a subject worthy of scientific treatment in our schools, and will be thought worthy of due recognition in our universities in the allotment of a fair share of entrance scholarships by the colleges and of a fair share of marks of distinction by the universities. The time is near at hand when it will be considered a praiseworthy thing to possess a thorough scientific knowledge of our mother tongue, and when such a knowledge will be encouraged by every possible means.

Should there be any one at this time of day who doubts whether the English language is good enough from an educative point of view to take its place as an alternative for one of the classical languages he could not do better than study carefully the excellent text-book which forms the subject of this review. It will be seen from this book that the study of English, with the modern strict scientific methods, will form an excellent training-ground for the development of the intellectual faculties. To many teachers of the classics it will be a matter of great regret that an introduction as clear, accurate, scientific, and complete as this has not yet been written for the young student of the classical languages. Nearly all philological text-books published in this country are mere cram-books, failing to give any general statement of principles, stating the bare facts dogmatically and categorically, without any suggestion to the student as to the methods of arriving at the results stated. The consequence is that after the student has read the books, he has acquired merely the knowledge of a certain number of isolated facts, out of relation to any general principle.

The subject of Mr. Wyld's book is clearly defined on the title-page: "An Historical Study of the Mother Tongue," together with "An Introduction to Philological Method." We have had many "Historical Studies," but hitherto the English student has never been fortunate enough to find in his own language a sound scientific elementary treatise on "Philological Method." For this Mr. Wyld deserves the hearty thanks of every one who desires that English should be brought within the circle of liberal educative studies. As regards the history of the language, we find in this book an interesting sketch of its development from the Parent Aryan to the present time. The book is mainly a discussion of the history of English sounds, and therefore the author begins by giving us a very useful analysis of the sounds of speech and their mode of production. This account would be more easily apprehended by the student if it had been accompanied by a set of diagrams giving the relative positions of the organs which play a part in the production of sounds. The best diagrams I have met with are to be found in Edmonds's "Introduction to Comparative Philology."

(1906). There is one other omission which may be mentioned. The student must often be at a loss to know what is the precise phonetic value of the symbol used in the phonetic exposition. For instance, when he meets with the symbols *j* and the long *s*, or the symbols *a* and *ai*, he cannot find easily where these symbols are explained. It would be a great boon if there were given after the Table of Contents a Table presenting a synopsis of the phonetic symbols used in the book with their precise value, indicated by examples taken from modern English, or from some other modern language—French or German for example—with which the student would be likely to be acquainted. It is true that these symbols are explained in various parts of the book, but it would be convenient if they could be seen in one view.

What gives an especial value to the book is the clear and accurate statement of philological method, by which Comparative Philology has become one of the exact sciences, instead of being, as formerly, a game of ingenious guess-work. As Mr. Wyld says, most of the text-books teem with references to the Aryan language, and yet he has never found a student who had gathered from their pages the slightest idea how any one had come to know what Aryan was like. The work of Reconstruction is told with admirable clearness in chapter viii. of this book. A great deal of the story is told by means of the history of the little word "tooth." With the help of its Germanic relations the primitive Germanic base is securely established, and then, with the help of its cognates in various families of Aryan speech, one arrives at the primitive Aryan form. In arriving at this result we are made acquainted, step by step, with nine important laws which have held sway for certain periods in certain areas during the long history of the Aryan languages.

Then again, of course, we all know that it is now an accepted fact that the Sanscrit vowel system is not primitive, and that the Greek vowel system is much nearer that of the primitive Aryans. How can this be shown to be true? The existence of an original *e*, where the Sanscrit now has *a*, is shown conclusively (on p. 159) by the study of the little enclitic *ca* (Lat. *que*, Gr. *τε*), the palatalisation in Sanscrit (which for a long time was unaccounted for) having been due to the presence of a front vowel *e*, afterwards levelled under *a*.

We have space only to add that the book is furnished with bibliographies, containing copious lists of the most important books which have appeared on English philology, arranged according to periods, and useful indices, contributed by an expert English philologist. May the book receive the recognition it deserves.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THAT IRISH LITERATURE

Bards of the Gael and Gall. Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin. Done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael. By GEORGE SIGERSON. (Unwin, 6s. net.)

If thou, as I, but knew the tale
It sings to all the Ancient Isle,
Thy tears would rise, and thou wouldst fail
To mind thy God, a while,

quotes Dr. Sigerson on one of many prefatory pages which lead the reader slowly from the title-page to the matter of this new and enlarged edition of his "*Bards of the Gael and Gall*." We sincerely hope that no one, learning, as Dr. Sigerson, the tale "it [the book, we suppose] sings to all the Ancient Isle," will do anything of the sort. If they do they will live to regret it; for, needless to say, they will find no compensation here. We know the tale the pieces translated sing to some inhabitants of the Ancient Isle, and we know that, being unintelligible to the vast majority, they sing to them no tale at all; but our tears do not rise, nor have we, critics

though we be, any intention of proving the truth of Oisín's assertion. In Spenser's "*View of the State of Ireland*," from which there is also a quotation on one of Dr. Sigerson's many prefatory pages, Eudoxus, anxious to know something of Irish poetry, inquired of Irenaeus: "Have they any art in their compositions? or bee they anything wittie or well savoured, as poemes should be?" Irenaeus answered and said:

Yea truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, . . . sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comelinesse unto them.

Now with all due deference to Irenaeus, who knew nothing of the poems that he judged, sweet wit is precisely what they lack; pretty flowers there are, but little good invention. We fail to find a sparkling phrase of wit or humour or deep pathos in any piece translated by Dr. Sigerson and included in this volume, though there are several good poems—poems worthy of a place beside the best of English minor poetry.

It is a strange collection that Dr. Sigerson has put before the English reader; it would have gained by a careful but rigorous application of the blue pencil. It is an anthology of Irish song, translated "after the metres and modes" of the original, intended to give some idea of the history of the poetry of Erin, from the Lays of the Milesian invaders to the songs of the eighteenth century. Taken as a whole, we may say that the pieces have been well translated, for Dr. Sigerson has caught the spirit of the originals as few save Mangan have done, though, owing to the necessity of reproducing their form, he gives us less of the actual matter than Mangan often did. In addition, he is a lover of poetry and a discerning critic—when Irish literature is not before him. Then his enthusiasm vitiates his judgments. Had he omitted two-thirds of the pieces in the present volume, he would have strengthened his case considerably. By winnowing the chaff from the grain he might have convinced the average reader that ancient Ireland had a literature equal to, if not greater, than, that of the Greeks.

Passing over the first two pieces—which are neither remarkable for poetic feeling nor deeply interesting—we may take as an example of the stuff that should find its way into no anthology (not even into an anthology of Irish poetry) what Dr. Sigerson calls "*The First Elegy*." Lugai's wife—who seems to have been an extraordinarily modest lady and a near relation of Mrs. Grundy—is supposed to have seen her husband bathing (*in puris naturalibus*, of course), and, thinking him a stranger, to have succumbed to the shock. Lugai composed her death-song—it was the least he could do—and this is (Dr. Sigerson suggests) what he wrote:

Sate we [*sic*] sole, in cliff-bower—
Chill winds shower—
I tremble yet—shock of dread
Sped death's power.
The tale I tell: fate has felled
Fáil most fine.

She a man, bare, beheld,
In sun shine,
Shock of death, death's dread power,
Lowered fell fate,
Bare I came, hence her shame,
Stilled she sate.

Adherence to the form of the original has handicapped the translator severely, but the poem is "distressful," to say the least; and there are many equally poor and equally bewildering.

Dr. Sigerson's enthusiasm, as we have said, stamps its destructive foot on that fine flower we call discrimination. He seems to imagine that because a thing is old it is therefore beautiful. Thus, in his preface to the present edition of his book, he says:

Ireland is the sole representative in literature of that great world, which lived and thrived outside the classic camp, whose thoughts

have perished with their lives. So far as the native expression and development of the intellect in these subject nations are concerned, Roman rule meant a massacre of mind. Fortunately one country stood unsubdued, though threatened. Agricola, standing on a hill in Britain looking toward the west, planned an expedition against the one surviving Free Nation, with the avowed purpose of extinguishing the last light of Liberty, whose existence troubled the Empire. It made the subject nations restless and dream dreams in their servile sleep. Had his project been successful, the last light of Literature outside the classic world would also have been destroyed, and the once Free Nations left in dumb darkness. For all who are not confined by the golden chains of classic tradition, who can admire alike the stately Parthenon and the picturesque forest, whose intelligence can welcome the novel work of other minds, the Literature of Ancient Erin has thus a deep and enduring charm.

That concluding sentence will suffice to show our meaning. Not "deep and enduring charm," but "interest" is the permissible term. All the earlier poetry given here has an interest for the antiquary and to some extent for the sociologist, as reflecting the thoughts of a nation's youth, but only a very limited number have charm, and these are, for the most part, the later pieces. We cherish the work of Shakespeare not because he wrote at a time when the children of the lower classes were not taught French and botany in school, but because he is the greatest poet that England, if not the world, has ever produced. We cherish it because it has wit and pathos and fine thought—because it deals with life and mirrors life seen through the mind's eye of one of the world's greatest philosophers—not because it has "pretty flowers." The poetry of ancient Ireland will never rank as immortal literature, because, with few exceptions, it bears little relation to life. True, the poets sing of love and war and death, but their work lacks spontaneity: it is a little too like those "sermons on special occasions" which are issued from time to time in ornate bindings. The one redeeming feature of Irish poetry is the intense love of Nature which is found in almost all the bards. But it, alone, is not sufficient to lift their work to the heights of great poetry. Had Wordsworth sung merely of Nature he would never have spoiled "The Golden Treasury," and he would never have minted immortal lines.

Dr. Sigerson, on page 3 of the book before us, makes a strange claim:

In the themes chosen [he says] they [the poets] appeal to the responsive heart of man. There have been love-songs and war-odes in other ancient languages, but the Gael [sic] were the first to recognise the picturesque in scenery and give us nature songs, to tell of sorrow, to depict the exile's pang, and to sing [of] the calm and tumult of ocean.

Enthusiasm, again, has stamped its destructive foot and crushed the flower of learning.

With only one more point have we space to deal. Dr. Sigerson has an irritating habit of trying to find, if not, like the literary busybody of the twentieth century, "proofs positive" of plagiarism, at least "anticipations" of modern poets, and "suggestions" and so on. Thus, after translating the "First Lay of Fionn MacCumal" on the Dawn of Summer:

Soft Summer's first day!
How radiant the sky!
Merles lilt their full lay,—
Would Laiga were nigh!
Clear call the cuckoos . . .

he thinks it would be interesting to compare two poems on the same subject "composed . . . at a distance in time of possibly a thousand years," and he therefore quotes "Sumer is icumen in"—not, he observes, "inquiring whether or not [it was] suggested by the more ancient Irish poem." His version of the English poem is so curious that we are tempted to reproduce it:

Sumer is i-cumen in
Llude sing cuccu:
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wde [sic] nu,
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb
Llouth after calve cu;
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thou nauer nu
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

He thinks that "there is conclusive proof that Tennyson read what had been translated of Irish verse, and derived a few suggestions from it." The conclusive proof is this: in a eulogy of John McDonnell there occur these two lines:

A druid, in whose mind her honey-dew
As in a comb did science richly store;

and Tennyson—gross plagiarist that he was!—wrote:

Was he not
A full-celled honey-comb of eloquence
Stored of all flowers.

Again, of "Eivlin a Rúin":

Fain would I ride with thee,
Eivlin a rúin;
Fain would I ride with thee,
Eivlin a rúin!

Dr. Sigerson says: "The story of this song anticipates and possibly suggested that of the 'Young Lochinvar'; and of 'The Failing Art': 'In this poem Doncad Mor anticipates, by four centuries, the plot of Balzac's novel, 'Le Chef d'Œuvre,' which Mr. Kipling recalls in 'The Light that Failed'—as one who should say: 'Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, anticipated by countless centuries the discovery made in the conservatory a short time since by Mr. Smith and Miss Brown.' Is it necessary to explain to Dr. Sigerson that the poets of ancient Ireland expressed and dealt with thoughts and incidents common to all men in all ages and in all climes, and that they were "anticipated" by the poets and the literature that lie buried beneath the earth and may never be discovered or deciphered by man?

If a third edition of this book be called for, Dr. Sigerson would do well to employ some one to read his proofs.

LITERARY HAGGIS

Phrases and Names, their Origins and Meanings. By TRENCH H. JOHNSON. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THIS is a very curious book that teems with every possible kind of error. Had it been much elaborated and compiled by a man of learning it might have been useful; the hotch-potch before us is almost too bad to serve even as a groundwork for a book of reference. The author does not seem to have read his proofs with any care. Thus on page 8 there is a reference to Aldo Manuzio, "the celebrated printer of Venice in the sixteenth century," and on page 164 this same Aldo Manuzio is called "the celebrated printer of Venice in 1207." Born in 1449, he died in 1515. After this it is not astonishing to learn that Henry Fielding was called "The Addison of the North," and that he wrote "The Man of Feeling"; or that Sir Walter Scott described William Wordsworth as the "Minstrel of the Border"! Another delightful piece of information is that "Blue-stocking" came from the "famous club of literary ladies formed by Mrs. Montague [sic] in 1840"! Absinthe comes from "the Greek *apsmithion*"; agnostic from "the Greek, *a*, without, and *gnomi*, to know"; encyclopædia from "the Greek *enkyllos* . . . and *paideia*"; the Greek word "*monas*" means alone; heliotrope is from "the Greek *helios*, sun, and *tropos*, to turn"; idolater comes from "the Greek *eidolon*, a figure, and *latres*, worshipper"; sarcophagus is "a Greek compound of *sarkos*, flesh, and *phargo*, to eat"; amazon is "Greek, from *a*, without, and *maza*, breast"! Our author, it is evident, is well up in his "lanwiches."

His Latin is as good as his Greek. Caitiff is "an old

term of contempt for a despicable person, derived from the Latin *captivus*"; "*Carollus*" is the Latinised name of Charles; Amiens comes from "the Latin *ambiens*, surrounded by water"; *encore* is derived from "*hauc horam*"; friar is "agreeably to the Latin *fratre*"; "*Girasole*" is the Italian name of the sunflower, "from the Latin *gyara* [!], to turn, and *sol*, the sun"; and so on. "*Waschen*" is a German word meaning "to grow."

A dame's school, our author may be surprised to learn, was not necessarily a girls' school. "*Journal des Débatés*" is not the name of a French paper. Flask Walk is not so called because of "the old hostelry 'The Flash.'" *Cursitor* does not mean chorister; nor were the Lollards "*temp. Elizabeth*." Who was "Edward Burke"? It is news to some of us that the "Safety Cab" was patented in 1883 by Joseph Aloysius Hansom. We remember to have ridden in hansom cabs before that date and, as a matter of fact, Hansom died in 1882. Why the author should speak of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett is a mystery. We did not know that Pindar was a Roman poet, nor that the Liguorians were an Order founded by "St. Francis Liguori." Who was "St. Philip Nero"? And is "The Spaniards" at Highgate Heath? The Great Lexicographer would have been angry with another dictionary maker who changed the fourth letter of his title into "o." Martinmas, or the Feast of St. Martin, we are informed, is the fourth of November. We did not know this.

It is scarcely possible to turn over a page without coming across such stupid misprints as "Ayrrian," "Kahn," "Jacopa," "Amorica," "Hockheim," "othordox," and so on. "Phyrric" we might have considered a misprint were it not that it is placed alphabetically under "Ph." *Adeste fideles* becomes "*adesta fidelis*." Sophia becomes "Sopia." Under the heading, "Writes like an Angel," our author says: "Dr. Johnson said of Oliver Goldsmith, 'He writes like an angel and talks like a fool,'" which Mrs. Malaprop could scarcely better. Xantippe is spelt with a "Z." "Waterloo Park" for Waterlow Park, and "Sir Sidney Waterloo" for Waterlow are minor errors after some of those we have instanced.

It would be a long and arduous task to go through this book and point out its innumerable blunders. As Mr. Johnson says: "If [the book] be found to contain a plethora of good things, the reader will, of course, take them out in small doses," and we will stay our pen. The author can only be recommended to recall the edition with all possible speed. Should he revise and reissue it a welcome will be ensured provided that in the first place the mistakes be corrected and that in the second a great many stupid and trivial phrases and expressions be removed and many lacunæ filled up. A mere compilation of extraordinary omissions would fill several columns of the ACADEMY. The most surprising statement that the book contains occurs in the preface. It is that "the compilation of this volume has been a pleasant recreation in the intervals of more exacting literary labours." It reminds one of a golf caddie, who when a player, having "foozled" every ball, exclaimed: "I never played so badly in my life!" looked up in his face and said: "Ye hae played before then." That Mr. Trench H. Johnson should have performed "exacting literary labours" on a previous occasion is indeed a surprising statement.

INFINITE RICHES

Apollo. An Illustrated Manual of the History of Art throughout the Ages. By S. REINACH. Translated by FLORENCE SIMMONDS. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)

It is fairly certain that M. Reinach is the only writer who would attempt to compress the history of art from the eleventh millenium B.C. to the present day into twenty-five chapters occupying only three hundred and fifty profusely illustrated pages. It seems equally certain that

he alone could hope for even a small degree of success in such a task. But he possesses a natural genius for compression, and this second English edition of his work, which we welcome under its original and more expressive title, is a masterpiece of judicious condensation.

The twenty-five lectures which make up the book have been delivered orally at the École du Louvre, and—with the exception of the final chapter, Art in the Nineteenth Century, which has naturally demanded revision—now appear precisely in the form in which they were delivered in 1902-1903. The primary object of such lectures is, of course, to stimulate and direct further study. M. Reinach's method of achieving this object is to present a rapid sketch of an age, period or school, and to append a brief bibliography at the end of each chapter, consisting of the most modern and accessible authorities upon the subject. The chapter is no more than a bait, the bibliography is the hook to catch the student. A great deal depends upon the nature of the bait, and M. Reinach's is a seductive one. The first chapter, upon the Origin of Art, induces an immediate and living interest in a period so remote that, to many, it has never before had a real existence at all. The art of the cave-dwellers of the glacial period is no longer a museum curiosity. And, in comparing the drawings of reindeer upon a bone from the cave of Lorthet (H. Pyrénées) with an instantaneous photograph of a horse, it is with a feeling of lowered pride that one learns how little modern science has done for human powers of observation. The eye of the cave-dweller was as keen to note the attitude of a galloping animal as is the camera-lens to-day.

There is a continuity in the lectures which is encouraging to the uninformed student. The neolithic and bronze ages, Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia, succeed one another with an appearance of the inevitable which seems to invite the comprehension of the simple, while it offers no challenge to the critic. It may be startling to find the Hittite puzzle dismissed in a single short paragraph; and without notice in the bibliography; but is a relief to see the Phoenicians sternly set in their proper place as hucksters rather than artists or thalassocrats. In the seven pages which he devotes to the "Aegean" art, M. Reinach is skilful in avoiding most points of controversy. His chapter includes the excavations of Mr. Evans at Gnosso and of the Italian School at Phaestos, and he offers a chronology for the Aegean civilisation extending from B.C. 3000 to B.C. 1100. It is matter for doubt, however, whether this or a later civilisation is reflected in the poems of Homer, and whether the processes which brought about the Dark Ages of Greece were precisely those indicated here. We note that Professor Ridgeway's "Early Age of Greece" does not appear in the bibliography of M. Reinach's selection. M. Reinach's suggestion that the Mycenæans were the art descendants of the Reindeer artists opens an alluring vista for research in a new field.

The chapters on Greek Art of the classical periods, while they contain nothing particularly new, are eminently readable and comprehensive. The feature which most arrests attention is a greater appreciation of the sculpture of the Pergamene period than is generally shown to-day. M. Reinach boldly states without argument that the Etruscans were Lydian colonists. His arguments connecting the Roman vault with its Assyrian predecessor are interesting if not conclusive. The chapter on Christian Art in East and West forms a connecting link between the art of an old and a new system, though we think that he is a little harsh in his condemnation of the Byzantine influence as "baleful, bringing the seeds of decay and death with it."

The lover of Gothic sculpture owes M. Reinach a debt of gratitude for his vindication of its freedom and beauty. "Renaissance and Modern Architecture" brings the history of architecture down to our own times, when Ruskin, Morris, Burne-Jones and Crane are credited with originating the movement which has produced the "secessionist"

school of Vienna. "To define this new Anglo-Austro-Belgian style would be almost impossible, for it has no *credo*, and seeks its way in very diverse directions."

A history of European painting occupies the remaining two hundred pages of the book. With extraordinary ease and directness, M. Reinach reviews the renaissance at Siena and Florence, Venetian painting, Lionardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Correggio, French, Flemish, German and Spanish painting. In his sketch of the Renaissance in Germany, he cannot altogether conceal his contempt for the earlier efforts of German painting, and waxes merry over the absurdities of Lucas Cranach. Of the former he says: "It is the art of devout peasants, at once coarse and sentimental, which attracts at first by its artlessness and vigour, and finally wearies by its vulgarity, now clamorous, now insignificant."

Sixteenth-century Netherlands art and seventeenth-century art in France have each a chapter. In the last two chapters only—art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—does English painting find a place, and there only, for the most part, in the brackets which, as the publisher's preface indicates, betoken additions for the English public, made with the author's sanction.

The volume is handy in size, and slips easily into the pocket. The profuse illustrations—there are six hundred—consist, for the most part, of excellent little photographic reproductions. But a few—oddly enough, mostly of works of art in the Louvre—are less satisfactory, and perhaps the worst of all is a wretchedly toneless little block of Millet's *Glaneuses*, while the *Victory of Samothrace* fares but little better. The type is clear and good, with very few misprints, and the paper is admirable as a vehicle for both the style of type and the extraordinary number of illustrations. "Apollo" is a book which reflects great credit on its author and its publisher.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Adrift in New Zealand. By E. WAY ELKINGTON. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. WAY ELKINGTON is a vagabond—incorrigible and perfect—whose account of his aimless driftings will appeal to every kindred spirit: to the potential tramp chained by circumstance to the desk's dead wood no less than to the wanderer on the face of the earth who makes his bed in the shade of the living tree. For Mr. Elkington is as one of Jan Trespise's Geese: never happy unless he be—where he baint. Domesticity does not appeal to him: he is a lover of the "spaces washed by the sun," of the sun itself and the moon and the stars and the wind on the heath, because to him they are Life, and Life is ever calling to him to be up and away. Pessimism has no place in his philosophy: life is sweet, he says, and only the man with an empty pocket tastes its deepest joys. Does any one suggest a doubt, he is another Mr. Petulengro:

"Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a Gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Romany chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed? A Romany chal would wish to live for ever."

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother."

And, metaphorically, Mr. Elkington does put on the gloves and convince us that it is good to be alive. With a sure hand he paints in, with a few rapid strokes of the pen, a living, moving picture of New Zealand as it is today. Each incident he relates, each scene he describes,

is perfect in itself, and it is only when the last page has been turned that the reader discovers that they are component parts of a great canvas, and that each is indispensable to the proper understanding of the whole. It is possible that some may regret that Mr. Elkington's enthusiasm has found vent in dark hints concerning Free Trade and Protection, but these things seldom obtrude themselves. The author landed in New Zealand with threepence in his pocket, and, spending his time alternately working and living on the wages gained by the work that his hands had wrought and the labour that he had laboured to do, he had opportunities to see beneath the surface of things which few travellers in the colony have had. Of New Zealand his book gives the best picture of any we have read before, and the illustrations are excellent. In the text, as in the illustrations, there is always the sun or the moon or the stars or the wind on the heath.

Crome's Etchings. A Catalogue and an Appreciation, with some Account of his Paintings. By HENRY STUDDY THEOBALD. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE etchings described in this book number forty-four, and are of great interest to all lovers of that branch of Art, and to other students of the Norwich School, although they were probably unknown to Ruskin, and certainly to Hamerton. They are still known to comparatively few people, partly because they are not common, but chiefly because they have never been sufficiently well printed to do justice to their merits. In the early part of the nineteenth century the process of printing etchings had not been brought to its present state of perfection, and the best sets of proofs printed from Crome's plates were probably not up to the contemporary standard, and can only be described as cold, dry, harsh and unsympathetic impressions. They are a perpetual disappointment. The sets printed by Mrs. Edwards for Mr. Colman, after the plates came into his possession, show that the lines had then become irretrievably ruined and that great opportunities had been lost, not only because fine impressions might have been taken from the original plates, but also because the original plates had in some cases been altered after the painter's death.

But disappointing as they are, the etchings are so plainly the work of a great artist who was a genuine student of Nature, that they compel admiration somewhat resembling that with which we regard one or two of the earlier proofs of Van Dyck's plates. The deficiency in technique is soon forgiven and the failure forgotten in admiration for the spirit of the attempt.

Mr. Theobald's book is a model of what such work should be, at any rate where illustrations cannot be included. It contains a minute and careful description of all the plates, and an interesting essay written in a style which it is difficult to praise too highly. Its chief distinction is a scholarly simplicity. Its author will always be best known as a lawyer, but he is also a collector with a rare knowledge of prints, and he brings to his taste qualities which are not often united. He seems to have made a special study of the Norwich School, and begins his book with chapters on Crome's life and his pictures and an essay on Crome and Cotman. Not the least noticeable feature in the book is the admirable preface, and throughout the author pays a graceful and modest tribute to the work of his predecessors. He might have noted that the removal of the sky in *Mousehold Heath, Norwich*, which he evidently deplores, gave the third state of the plate a curiously Rembrandtesque appearance; he does not comment upon the novel effect produced in *A Composition—Men and Cows*, by soft ground etching being superimposed on ordinary lines bitten through a hard ground, or upon the amateurish use of the roulette in the *Road by Park Palings*; and he has overlooked the fact that in the second state of the *Road by Blasted Oak* the erasure to which he draws attention is made in the proof and not on the plate.

Sir Walter Raleigh. A Drama in Five Acts. By H. A. A. CRUSO. (Unwin, 5s. net.)

MR. CRUSO's drama is not on the level of his subject. A tragedy could have been made out of the last years of great Raleigh's life. Mr. Cruso has not made it. His work is sound and careful: the historical facts and the historical characters are correct, and whatever atmosphere there is, is Elizabethan. King James, Buckingham, Gondomar (the Spanish ambassador), Sir Walter, his wife and sons, Stucley, Pennington Manourie, the French quack who tricked Raleigh with such deplorable skill—all move on correct lines. He has, moreover, a just opinion of Raleigh's greatness, and his conception is on a properly grand scale. But the play is not dramatic: the verse is thoughtful and at times felicitous, but it never becomes poetry. Mr. Cruso has not condensed his theme; he never culminates. The play wanders on through innumerable scenes, all probable, none actual, none living and convincing. He has been too much fettered, it would seem, by attention to historical accuracy in detail. The only accuracy he need have troubled himself about, as dramatist, was accuracy in broad essentials, in spirit. Everything would have been pardoned to him if he had made the play a convincing tragedy; for poetic truth is more important than scientific truth, when the two are at odds, as occasionally they appear to be. The poet must rise superior to historical fact: it is seldom that life happens quite as the exigencies of dramatic art require. The prestige of a great name is a great gain, as well the Elizabethans knew, who rolled them out magnificently on the least provocation. It is also a great test: for the name cannot lift the subject to its own height: it can grace, like a crown, a subject that has been made great by its treatment. Any failure is, moreover, more apparent to expectation already on the alert.

Moltke in his Home. By F. A. DRESSLER. Translated by Mrs. C. E. BARRETT-LENNARD. (Murray, 6s.)

THE private life of a great soldier is not often so interesting as that which, already well known, is once more described in Herr Dressler's recollections. Lord Methuen, in a brief introduction to the book, remarks on the simplicity and refinement of the Marshal and contrasts him with the other great creator of the German Empire, Bismarck. The comparison is fair and natural enough, but it is more amusing to compare von Moltke, in private life, with Frederick the Great. We have, it is true, no portrait of the former with a phial of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other, and in lesser details the comparison emphasises the fact that Moltke was a gentleman and Frederick was not. The comparison may have been for this reason fanciful but it is inevitably suggested by this book. Herr Dressler tells us nothing very new, and a good deal of what he has to say is very small beer, yet his book is interesting because he had excellent opportunities, as a musician in great favour, of observing Moltke in every aspect of private life. Nor does he spare his patron: for instance, he tells how Moltke disliked losing at cards, so that his family were trained to let him win. But the great man showed to better advantage on his country estate or as a musical critic than as a card-player, and best of all on the battlefield or during those arduous years of preparation for the strife. When there was a torchlight procession in his honour, on his ninetieth birthday, he whispered to his adjutant: "Had I but lost a battle, they would be saying 'There goes the old donkey.'" The remark may be true, but Moltke was spared the ill-usage which has befallen many great and successful generals.

"To soldiers," writes Lord Methuen, "he set the example of how to work through and for others, not to play for our own hand, and not to seek to enhance our own interest by means of self-advertisement." That epitaph rings all the more true for having come from the pen of one of the most modest of our living generals.

SOME DOCTORED DILEMMA

A NEW EPILOGUE FOR THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF MR. SHAW'S PLAY

Though Mr. Bernard Shaw has set the fashion in prologues for modern plays his admirers are not altogether satisfied with the epilogue to *The Doctor's Dilemma*. It is far too short; and leaves us in the dark as to whom "Jennifer Dubedat" married, though we gather that her second husband was rich, as he was able to purchase the entire exhibition of the late Louis Dubedat. Epilogues, as students of English drama will remember, were often composed by other authors. The following experiment ought to have come from the hand of Mr. St. John Hankin, that master of Dramatic Sequels, but his engagement—his "Cassilis Engagement"—at the Stage Society deprived Mr. Shaw of his only possible collaborator.

[SCENE: *A Bond Street Picture Gallery*—MESSRS. GERSAINT AND CO. *The clock strikes ten, and SIR COLENSO RIDGEON is seen going out rather crestfallen by centre door.* MR. GERSAINT, *the manager, is nailing up a notice* ("All works of art for sale, prices on application. Catalogue 1s."). MR. JACK STEPNEY, *the secretary, is receiving the private view cards from the visitors who are trooping in; some sneak catalogues as they enter and on being asked for payment protest, and produce visiting cards and press vouchers instead of shillings.* Artists, Royal Academicians, MR. EDMUND GOSSE, and other members of the House of Lords discovered; Men of Letters, art critics, connoisseurs, journalists, collectors, dealers, private viewers, impostors, dramatic critics, poets, pick-pockets, politicians crowd the stage. From time to time JACK STEPNEY places a red star on the picture frames in the course of the action.]

J. STEPNEY. I thought all the pictures had been bought by Dr. Schutzmacher.

GERSAINT. So they were, my boy, but he has wired saying they are all to be put up for sale at double the price; capital business, you see we shall get two commissions.

J. STEPNEY. Yes sir. It is fortunate Mrs. Dubedat did not have the prices marked in the Catalogue.

GERSAINT. You mean Mrs. Schutzmacher. [*Drives in last nail.*]

J. STEPNEY. Yes sir.

Enter a striking looking man, looking not unlike a Holbein drawing, at a distance: but on nearer inspection, as he comes within range of the foot-lights, he is more like an Isaac Oliver or Nicholas Lucidel. He examines the notice and sniffs.

S. L. M. N. U. H. D. Which are the works of Art?

EDMUND GOSSE. Can you tell me who that is? He is one of the few people I don't know by sight. A celebrity of course; and do point out any obscurities. Every one is so distinguished. It is rather confusing.

GERSAINT. That is the Holland Park Wonder, so called because he lives at the top of a tower in Holland Park—the greatest Art Connoisseur in England. Mr. Charles Ricketts—the greatest—

EDMUND GOSSE. Thank you; thank you.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE [*interrupting*]. Can you tell me whether the frames are included in the prices of the pictures?

J. STEPNEY. No, Sir. They are stock frames, the property of the Gallery, and are only lent for the occasion.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE. Then I fear I cannot buy; a naked picture without a frame is useless to me.

CHARLES RICKETTS. Do you think I could buy a frame without a picture?

JOSEPH PENNELL. I say, Ricketts, it seems a beastly shame we didn't get this show for the International. It would have been a good "ad." What's the use of backers? I see they're selling well.

CHARLES RICKETTS. But my dear Pennell you're doing the *Life*, aren't you?—the real Dubedat.

JOSEPH PENNELL. Oh, yes, but the family have injunctioned Heinemann from publishing the letters: Mr. Justice Kekewich will probably change his opinion when the weather gets warmer. It is only an interim injunction.

CHARLES RICKETTS. A sort of Clapham Injunction.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. If I had known what a stupendous genius Dubedat was I should have given him part of the "New Bailey" to decorate.

D. S. MACCOLL. Let us be thankful he's as dead as Bill Bailey.

SIR CHARLES HOLROYD [*smoothing things over*]. I think we ought to have an example for the Tate. [MACCOLL *winces*.] The Chantrey Bequest [MACCOLL *winces again*] might do something; and I must write to Lord Balcarras. The National Arts Collections Fund may have something over from the subscriptions to the Rokeby Velasquez; but I want to see what Colvin is going to choose for the British Museum.

SIDNEY COLVIN. I think we must have this drawing; it stands on its legs. A most interesting fellow Dubedat. He reminds me of Bea—

GEORGE MOORE. Not Stevenson, though *he* had no talent whatever. My dear Mr. Colvin, have you ever read "Vailima Letters"? I have read parts of them.

SIDNEY COLVIN [*coldly*]. Ah, really! Did you suffer very much?

HUGH P. LANE. Do you think, Mr. Gersaint, the artist's widow would give me one of the pictures for the Dublin Gallery? We have no money at all. *I have no money*, but all the artists are giving pictures: Sargent, Shannon, Lavery, Frank Dicksee; and Rodin is giving a plaster cast.

GERSAINT. How charming and insinuating you are, Mr. Lane. We can make special reductions for the Dublin Gallery, but you can hardly expect charitable bequests from Bond Street.

HUGH P. LANE. Oh, but Dowdeswell, Agnew and Sulley, and Wertheimer, P. and D. Colnaghi and Humphrey Ward are all giving me pictures. Now look here, I'll buy these five drawings and you can give me these two. I'll give you a Gainsborough drawing in exchange for them. It has a very good history. First it belonged to Ricketts, then to Rothenstein, then Wilson Steer, and then to the Carfax Gallery and . . . then it came into my possession, and all that in three months. [*Bargain concluded.*]

MR. PFFUNGST [*aside*]. But is there any evidence that it belonged to Gainsborough?

HUGH P. LANE [*turning to a titled lady*]. Oh, do come to tea next Saturday. I want to show you my new Titian which I have just bought for £2100.

TITLED LADY. Mr. Lane, can you tell me who Mrs. Dubedat is now?

HUGH P. LANE. Oh, yes. She married Dr. Schutzmacher, the specialist on bigamy, only this morning.

TITLED LADY. How interesting. I should like to meet her. Dresses divinely, I'm told.

HUGH P. LANE. She's coming to tea next Saturday; such good tea too!

TITLED LADY. That will be delightful.

ST. JOHN HANKIN [*loftily*]. Can you tell me whether this charman artist is pronounced Dubedat or Dubédât.

W. P. KERR [*in deep Scotch*]. Non Dubitat. [*He does not speak again.*]

P. G. KONODY. Oh, Mr. Phillips, do tell me *exactly* what you think of this artist.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS. I think he wanted a good smacking.

P. G. KONODY. Ah, yes, his art *has* a smack about it. [*Aside.*] Good heading for the *Daily Mail*, "Art with a smack." [*Writes in catalogue.*]

WILL ROTHENSTEIN. When I see pictures of this kind, my dear Gersaint, they seem to me to explain your existence. An artist without a conscience. . . . [*Sees ROGER FRY.*] My dear Fry, what are you doing here? Buying for New York? [*Laughs meaningly.*]

ROGER FRY. Oh, no, but I hear Gersaint has a very fine picture by the Maitresse of the Moulin Rouge. Weale says it is School of Gheel (pronounced Kail).

WILL ROTHENSTEIN. Kail Yard I should think; do look at these things.

ROGER FRY [*vaguely*]. Who are they by? Oh yes, Dubedat of course.

[FRY and ROTHENSTEIN regard picture with disdain; it withers under their glance. Stage illusion by MASKELYNE and THEODORE ANDREAS COOK. STEPNEY places a red star on it.]

GERSAINT. Well, Mr. Bowyer Nicholls, I hope we shall have a good long notice in the *Westminster Gazette*. Now if there is any drawing . . .

BOWYER NICHOLLS [*very stiffly*]. No there isn't. I don't think the Exhibition sufficiently important; everything seems to me cribbed: most of the pictures look like reproductions of John, Orpen and Neville Lytton.

GERSAINT. Ah, no doubt influenced by Neville Lytton. That portrait of Mr. Cutler Walpole has a Neville Lytton feeling. Neville Lytton in his earlier manner.

Enter SIR PATRICK CULLEN, SIR RALPH BLOOMFIELD BONNINGTON and SIR COLENZO RIDGEON.

SIR C. RIDGEON. Ah, Sir Patrick, I have just heard that the pictures are for sale; now I am going to plunge a little. I think they will rise in value; and by the way I want to ask your opinion as a scientific man. If I treat four artists with *virus opscena* for three weeks what will be the condition of the remaining artists in the fourth week.

SIR P. CULLEN. Colenso, Colenso, you ought to have been a senior wrangler and then abolished.

SIR C. RIDGEON. What a cynic you are. All the same I've had great successes, though Dubedat *was* one of our failures. A rather anæmic member of the New English Art Club came to me for treatment, and in less than a year he was an Associate of the Royal Academy; what do you say to that?

SIR P. CULLEN. Out of Phagocyte, out of mind.

SIR R. B. B. My dear Sir Patrick, how prejudiced you are. Take MacColl's case; a typical instance of *morbus ferox ars nova anglicana*; under dear Colenso he became an official at the Tate.

SIR C. RIDGEON. Then there's Sir Charles Holroyd, you remember his high tempera.

SIR P. CULLEN. There has been a relapse I hear from the catalogue.

SIR R. B. B. How grossly unfair; that is a false bulletin issued by the former nurse; "the evil that men do lives after them."

SIR P. CULLEN. My dear B. B. this is not Dubedat's funeral. Do you think Bernard Shaw will like the new epilogue.

BERNARD SHAW. He will; I'm shaw.

L. C. C. INSPECTOR. Excuse me, is Mr. Vedrenne here? Ah! yes, there is Mr. Vedrenne. Will you kindly answer some of my questions? Is that door on the left a real door? in case of fire I cannot allow property doors: the actors might be seized with stage fright and they must have, as Sir B. B. would say, "their exits and their entrances."

VEDRENNE. Everything at the Court Theatre, my dear sir, is real. Ask Mr. Franks, he will tell you the door is not even a jar. The art, the acting, the plays, even the audience is real, except a few dramatic critics whom I cannot exclude. I admit the audience looks improbable at matinées; *out of Court* is a truth in art of which we are only dimly beginning to understand the significance.

Noise outside—enter JENNIFER dressed in deep mourning.

JENNIFER [*with a bright smile*]. Mr. Vedrenne, I have just had a telegram saying that my husband Leo was killed in his motor after leaving me at the Synagogue. His last words were, "Jennifer, promise me that you will wear mourning if I die, merely to mark the difference between

Dubedat and myself." This afternoon I am going to marry Blenkinsop. How are the sales going?

VEDRENNE. Well I think we might have the catechism or the churning of heroines. What is your name?

JENNIFER. Jennifer.

VEDRENNE. Where did you get that name?

JENNIFER. From Bernard Shaw in my baptism.

MR. REDFORD [*Licensor of Plays*]. Mr. Shaw, I really must point out that this passage comes from the Anglican prayer book. Are you aware of that? I have a suggestion of my own for ending the play.

BERNARD SHAW. Oh shut up; let us have my ten commandments.

GRANVILLE BARKER. My dear Shaw you sent them to Wells for revision and he lost them in the Tube. I can remember the first one, "Maude spake these words and said: 'Thou shalt have none other Shaws but me.'"

BERNARD SHAW. How careless of Wells. I remember the second. "Do not indulge in craven imitation."

W. L. COURTNEY. The third commandment runs: "Thou shalt not covet George Alexander."

GRANVILLE BARKER. One of them runs: "Do not commit yourself to Beerbohm Tree, though his is His Majesty's . . ." but we shall never get them right. We must offer a reward for their recovery. I vote that Walkley now says the *credo*. That I think expresses every one's sentiment.

A. B. WALKLEY. I believe in Bernard Shaw, in Granville Barker and in Mr. Vedrenne.

WILLIAM ARCHER. Ite, missa est.

CURTAIN.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDS- WORTH TO SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

A REMARKABLE series of Letters, written by William and Dorothy Wordsworth to Samuel Taylor Coleridge between Christmas 1799 and May 1807, have been recently sent to me for incorporation, if possible, in the "Letters of the Wordsworth Family," now in the American press of Messrs. Ginn and Co., Boston. As the two first volumes of that work are already printed (although not yet issued) while the third is revised in proof for press, these newly-found letters will have unfortunately to be placed out of their chronological order, and put into an appendix to volume three. I was not aware of their existence until the eleventh hour of my labour on this work (or rather on the stroke of twelve): but they are too valuable to be left out of a book, which aims at completeness. There is, of course, no such thing as absolute finality in a literary undertaking of this kind; although the collection to be issued, after many years of research, is now approximately complete.

It is impossible to enter into full explanation in these columns as to the subject-matter of the letters, or to explain how they have reached me. This will be done in the preface to the whole series of which they will form a part. Suffice it now to say that they disclose many interesting things which occurred within the humble cottage at Grasmere—that home of "plain living and high thinking"—they refer to the people of the district, to walks in the valley, and expeditions to more distant places in Westmoreland and Yorkshire, to such incidents as the fatality which befell the family of the Greens, to the work and the travels of Coleridge, to some of the verses written by each of the poets, to the pamphlet on "The Convention of Cintra," etc. They also contain some remarkable revelations of the unique friendship of the poets, and a striking interpretation by its author of

the meaning which underlies "The White Doe of Rylstone." The series concludes with a letter in which Wordsworth explains to Coleridge how he meant to rearrange his poems in their next issue, which must have special interest to all the students and lovers of this poet. A part of it may therefore be published now as a sample of the rest.

All his readers know that Wordsworth adopted an elaborate and subtle classification of his poems. He placed them in groups, suggested by their subject-matter, without regard to chronological order. These corresponded to what he regarded as the faculties or powers of human nature, to the successive periods of human life or incidents in it, to the localities he visited and described, to the tours he made, etc. Thus there were "Poems written in Youth," "Poems referring to the period of Childhood," "Poems founded on the Affections," "Poems on the Naming of Places," "Poems of the Fancy," "Poems of the Imagination," "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," "Sonnets," "Memorials of Tours," "Poems referring to Old Age," "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces," and so on. If the successive editions from 1807 onwards be examined, it will be found that the groups—within which the poems were placed—underwent change from time to time. They were enlarged, or contracted, as new poems were written. Other classes were formed, and the lists enlarged; while many of the verses included in one group or class in an early edition were transferred to another in a later one. The reason of the change is almost always obvious, and it was sometimes explained in the "Notes" on his poems dictated in his old age by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick. But it is especially interesting to find that the leading idea of these consecutive groups—half natural, and half artificial, as they were—occurred to him, and was even elaborated by him, so early as the year 1807; and that it was then unfolded, with curious precision and foresight, in a rapidly-written letter addressed to his lifelong friend and fellow worker, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is remarkable in many ways, and not the least as affording material for a psychological study of the poet's mind.

What is now printed for the first time is only the conclusion of a long epistle written in May 1807, probably on the 5th of that month; the first, and larger, half of which was devoted to a severe condemnation of the Convention of Cintra.

Wordsworth writes:

I am half in mind to scribble another sheet upon another subject; viz., my published Poems, and the arrangement which I mean to place them in, if they are ever republished during my lifetime. I should begin thus: "Poems relating to Childhood," and such feelings as rise in the mind in after-life in direct contemplation of that state. To these I should prefix the motto, "The child is father of the man," etc. The class would begin with the simplest dawn of the affections or faculties, as in "Foresight," or "Children gathering Flowers," the "Pet Lamb," etc.; and would ascend in a gradual scale of imagination to "Hartley" and "There was a Boy." It would conclude with the Ode, "There was a Time, etc.," which might perhaps be preceded by "We are Seven," if it were not advisable to place that earlier. This class would also contain "Alice Fell," "Lucy Gray," "The Anecdote for Fathers," "Rural Architecture," and "Idle Shepherd Boys." There may be others which I forget.

The Second Class would relate to the Fraternal Affections, to Friendship, to Love, and all those Emotions which follow after childhood, in youth, and early manhood. Here might come in "The Sparrows' Nest," "The Butterflies," the poems about "Lucy," "She was a Phantom," "Louisa," "Dear Child of Nature," "There is a change and I am poor."* But this class would ascend in a scale of imagination, or interest through, "Tis said that some have died for love," and "Ellen Irwin"; concluding with "Ruth," or "The Brothers" printed with a separate title as an adjunct; or this last might be placed elsewhere.

The third class, would include poems relating to Natural Objects, and their influence on the human mind—either as growing, or as in an advanced state. It would begin with the simply human, and after having passed through all stages from objects as they affect the mind by properties with which they are endowed, and as they affect it by properties conferred, conclude with the highly imaginative, as

* It is worthy of note that the inclusion of this poem in a letter addressed to Coleridge almost disproves an opinion widely entertained (which I shared till I read the letter) that the lines referred to Coleridge himself.

"Tintern Abbey." This to be immediately preceded by the "Cuckoo" poems, and "Nutting." In this class would come (I place them at random) "The Daisies," "The Celandines," "The Daffodils," "The Nightingale and Stockdove," "The Green Linnet," "Waterfall and Eglantine," "Oak and Broom," "Poor Susan" perhaps, poem on "Rydal Island," on "Grasmere," "I heard a thousand blended notes;" "The whirl blast from behind the hill," "The kitten and the falling Leaves," "Fidelity," those concerning Tom Hutchinson's dog; but, with respect to the two or three last, I am not sure but that they may be arranged better elsewhere. The above class would be numerous, and conclude—in the manner mentioned above—with "Tintern Abbey."

Next might come "Poems on the Naming of Places," as a transition to those relating to Human Life; which might be connected, harmoniously I may say, by "Poor Susan" (mentioned before, but better perhaps placed here), "Beggars," "Simon Lee," "The last of the Flock," "Goody Blake," etc., to ascend, through a regular scale of imagination, to "The Thorn," "The Highland Girl," "The Leech-Gatherer," "Hartleap Well." This class of poems I suppose to refer chiefly to objects most interesting to a meditative or imaginative mind, not by its personal feelings or a strong appeal to the instincts or natural affection; but either from the moral importance of the pictures, or from the employment they give to the understanding affected through the imagination, and the higher faculties.

Then might come, perhaps, those relating to the Social and Civic Duties, chiefly interesting to the Imagination through the Understanding, and not to the Understanding through the Imagination; as the "Political Sonnets," "The Character of the Happy Warrior," "Rob Roy's Grave," "Personal Talk," "Poet's Epitaph," "Ode to Duty," "To Burns's Sons," etc. Then, perhaps, those relating to the maternal feelings, connubial, or parental. The maternal to ascend from "The Sailor's Mother," through "The Emigrant Mother," "Affliction of M. of —," to "The Mad Mother"; and to conclude with "The Idiot Boy."

Finally, the class of poems on Old Age. "Animal tranquillity and decay," "Though narrow be that old man's cares and near," "The Childless Father," "The two Thieves," "The Matron of Jedborough," those relating to "Mathew," "The Cumberland Beggar," to end perhaps with "Michael," which might conclude the whole. "The Blind Highland Boy" ought to take its place among "The Influences of Natural Objects," the sense of sight being wanting to produce an increase of imagination, and to throw the humblest person into sublime situations; feeling consecrating form, and form ennobling feeling.

This may suffice to give you a notion of my views. The principle of the arrangement is that there should be a scale in each class, and in the whole; and that each poem should be so placed as to direct the reader's attention by its position to its *primary* interest. I am writing illegibly. . . .

Most affectionately your friend,
W. WORDSWORTH.

Comment on this letter would be out of place, but information regarding it will be found in the book referred to in the opening sentence of this article. I should add that Wordsworth's punctuation and capital letters are not followed; and that in one or two cases the clauses in his letter are transposed, to try to make his meaning clearer; and that the whole is divided into paragraphs, where these naturally occur.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

BEOWULF, BURNS & CO.

Beowulf mathelode, beotwordum spræc
niehstan siþe: "Ic genethde fela
gutha on geogthe."

I AM quite ready to admit that this is not a cheerful way of beginning an article, and I fear that my readers will not be appeased when they hear that, when the above lines are rendered into modern English, they only amount to this: "Beowulf spake, uttered vaunting words for the last time: 'I ventured many battles in my youth.'" However, everything must have a beginning and this is, according to Miss Kate Warren, the beginning, or nearly the beginning, of English literature; and if any one likes it, all he has to do is to purchase Miss Warren's "Treasury of English Literature" (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), and he will find ten pages of it (the Beowulf variety) besides about another two hundred pages of other varieties both in prose and verse. On page 129 he will

come to Robert Mannyng of Brunne who wrote at the end of the thirteenth century and who, apparently, was the first English writer to give up the use of the little "wiggles" on the top of the vowels (which our printer—in sorrow I relate it—does not possess). I have a dim and uneasy recollection of having heard in my childhood, of Beowulf and Robert Mannyng and William Langland, the author of a depressing work called "Piers the Plowman," and of having felt aggrieved and indignant at being expected to remember their names. I have not changed my opinion. I daresay I am wrong, but all this sort of thing appears to me to have nothing whatever to do with English literature. I do not admit that there *was* any English literature before Chaucer and Gavin Douglas, and I cannot conceive anything more calculated to imbue a young student with a loathing for the real English literature than to have these sort of "scrabblings on the wall" presented to him for his consumption as a preliminary to the enjoyment of our glorious legacy of prose and poetry from Chaucer to Swinburne and George Meredith. The wisest and the wittiest man I ever knew once, in my hearing, in the course of a discussion with a friend who was unduly praising Pope, delivered himself of the following epigram. "There are two ways of disliking poetry. One is to dislike it; the other is to like Pope." Substituting Beowulf for Pope, that saying might serve as a basis for the criticism of Miss Warren's anthology. She evidently likes Beowulf or why should she give us ten pages of him while of Sir Thomas Wyatt she only gives one sonnet? And yet, as she is evidently (too evidently) a "student" of English literature, she must be aware that Wyatt was the first Englishman to use the Italian sonnet form in our language, and that he may therefore claim (quite apart from the great beauty of his work) to be the literary ancestor of all the great English sonneteers from Philip Sidney to Rossetti. She likes Beowulf, therefore she dislikes poetry. It is a hard saying, but all the same I believe it to be true, and any one who dislikes poetry can hardly be expected to make a good anthology of English literature. Of course Miss Warren does not know that she dislikes poetry: she imagines that she is very fond of it, and in proof of this she would point to the fact that she has included in her selection fourteen pages from the poetical works of William Cowper. Exactly so; while to Philip Sidney she gives only four pages, to Ben Jonson only two and a half pages, to Surrey two pages, and to Wyatt, as I have already remarked, only fourteen lines, while the name of Webster is not even mentioned! This is clear proof that Miss Warren likes bad poetry better than good poetry, and that is tantamount to "disliking poetry"; for while in an anthology the test of the compiler's appreciation of the various authors whose work he reproduces is not entirely the actual amount of space he devotes to each, nobody could deny that such a vast disproportion as that which I have noted between the space devoted to Cowper (who was not really a poet at all) and the space allowed to the four poets I have cited, is an indication of a hopelessly uncritical mind, an ignorance of relative values, and a complete unfitness for the self-imposed task of selecting poetry. Again, Burns is given twenty-six pages and Drummond of Hawthornden only two. I daresay that I shall not find many people to agree with me when I say that I think Drummond the greater poet of the two. But allowing that to pass, surely more than two pages might be devoted to Drummond in a book where Akenside is allowed three. I hope that I may live till some compiler of an anthology discovers that Barnefield was the author of poems other than "The Nightingale." This:

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;

has been reproduced as the solitary contribution from

Barnefield in every anthology I ever remember. It is quite the least good of all Barnefield's works. Why, I wonder, does no one ever quote the "Affectionate Shepherd," or the very exquisite sonnets, or the extraordinarily brilliant and beautiful "Rape of Helen," written in English hexameters, the only successful hexameters ever made in this language? Even Mrs. Meynell, has condemned poor Barnefield to the eternal "Nightingale" which, I am convinced, if he had any voice in the matter, he would gladly surrender to Shakespeare, to whom it was so long erroneously attributed. And here he is again with his "Nightingale" in Miss Warren's "Treasury," which, comprising, as I have said, nearly two hundred pages of selections from writers of the pre-literary period, stops abruptly with Burns. If any doubts had remained in one's mind as to the fitness or unfitness of Miss Warren to perform that which she has attempted they would surely be dispelled by this fact. I do not wish to be rude, but I must say what I think, and really the extraordinary stupidity (there is no other word) of making a "Treasury of English Literature" and bringing it to an end just before that great period of its splendour which follows immediately after Burns and continues in an unbroken chain of glorious names (Shelley, Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne) right down to the present day, is almost incredible, and it effectually destroys any practical value that the anthology might have. But to return to what is in the book: Of Andrew Marvell we are given the beautiful "Emigrant's Song":

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,

but the other selections are not happy, and I miss the great Cromwellian ode with the superb and soul-moving lines on Charles the First which are Marvell's greatest glory:

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands. . . .

Crashaw is meagrely represented by one poem; and while I have no fault to find with the selections from Shakespeare, it is hard to see why ten more pages should be allotted to Spenser than to England's greatest poet.

I have purposely confined myself so far in this article to the poetry in Miss Warren's collection because, having to speak strongly, I wish to stand on what I consider to be my strongest ground. All fault-finding criticism is necessarily an invidious thing, and when it is made over one's own signature, one cannot but feel diffident about what is after all only the expression of a personal opinion. But having said that much in deference to my own modesty, I must go on to say that to go critically through the prose portion of Miss Warren's selection would merely involve a repetition of the same criticism in another sphere. Miss Warren in selecting the prose pieces for her anthology shows the same lack of sense of proportion and knowledge of relative values as she displays in the poetical portion of her book. Thus we have seventeen pages of "Ælfred" (*Anglicè*, Alfred the Great) in this style "Eala, hu gesæglic seo forme eld" etc., and only two pages of Sterne; while from Fielding we have three pages of "Tom Jones" containing the episode of the liberation by Master Blifil of Sophia's bird and its consequent destruction by the hawk, followed by about three quarters of a page on "good and bad characters"—also from "Tom Jones"! Surely this is grotesquely inadequate and misrepresentative of the greatest novelist we ever had in England before the period of the nineteenth century which, as before stated, is altogether omitted in this fantastic collection.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

FICTION

The Kinsman. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS book is a new proof of the minor importance of novelty in plot compared with thoroughness and individuality in workmanship. The idea of two men so alike as to be easily mistaken for each other has been the theme of countless novels and plays, and is highly improbable to start with; and yet Mrs. Sidgwick makes it fresh and convincing. For one thing, she begins by explaining why it is that the two young men, the city clerk and the rich Australian, are so much alike that even the women in love with them could not distinguish one from the other; she goes on to construct a plot that never outsteps the bounds of probability and never degenerates into mere plot; and further, she differentiates the characters of the two men with such subtle analysis that the story moves out of the region of concocted fiction, where most of such stories linger, into that of the novel of character. Mrs. Sidgwick is never so good as when depicting people she does not like. Her study of the poor little clerk who tried to wear the Australian's shoes and found them a world too big for him is a typical piece of work; and yet, despite the sharpness of the reading of him, we find no trace of the bitterness which has made some of this author's studies of mean characters too relentless to be acceptable. We find, indeed a delightful stream of keen but pleasant humour, the humour of true comedy; and dialogue in which every word is natural and every word forcible. "The Kinsman" is an entertaining book, one of the best Mrs. Sidgwick has written.

A Midsummer Day's Dream. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is nothing so desperate as forced cheerfulness nothing so alluring as natural gaiety: and with natural gaiety Mr. Marriott Watson writes. Philip Bannatyne comes to Temple Park at the invitation of Lady Coombe to play Lysander in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Lady Coombe has recklessly filled her house with charming girls and beautiful women. The rehearsals take place by moonlight, the park is perplexingly wooded, the weather warm and beautiful as are the women, and Philip Bannatyne is imaginative and impressionable. There is the framework of Mr. Watson's very graceful and very light comedy. Something of the spirit of the great dream has passed into these amateur presenters of it, and their doings are graced by a fantastic charm which is pleasantly akin to a gentle attack of midsummer madness. For Mr. Marriott Watson enters into the spirit of the thing so valiantly that he takes his readers with him: and they will easily forgive him for prolonging his day-dream a little beyond the actual demands of the story. He has done so from sheer delight in his theme. It is not often that a story which is written with such buoyancy is also written with such care as Mr. Marriott Watson invariably bestows upon his work. It is a consummate *jeu d'esprit*. In his dedicatory preface to his wife (a most attractive piece of writing) he boasts with proper pride: "we are both incurably romantic" and—he goes on—"even at the end of a long day . . . shall still have faith and see beauty in the disposition of the world. For to be a heretic of romance is to be old indeed. . . ." That is the secret; he has kept the wisdom of youth, and with youth's wisdom, its vitality. *Sic itur ad astra.*

The Ghost. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of Mr. Bennett's Fantasias on Modern Themes, as he calls such works of his as "Teresa of Watling Street" and "Hugo," and does not belong to his Novels, as he calls "Leonora" and "Whom God hath joined." Whether his mood be fantastic or serious, his work is always first-class, and though his output is enormous, signs of haste are never apparent in the

writing or construction. It would seem impertinent to wish that he would think a little more and write a little less. Everything he sets his hand to shows that he knows his business and himself more thoroughly than most men, and yet . . . However, "The Ghost" is an exciting story of opera singers and railway accidents and channel-boat disasters and trapdoors and revenge and jealousy that is strong enough to be carried beyond death, and of love that triumphs even over such fatal jealousy. And it is all done with amazing cleverness and astonishing verisimilitude.

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. (Murray, 6s.)

THE enthusiasms, sorrows and crudities of youth appeal strongly to Mrs. de la Pasture; she understands them, is graciously tolerant of them, always with an amused twinkle in the eyes that smile in sympathy and encouragement. She delights in delicately ironical contrasts between the stormy passions and aspirations of youth, and the sober griefs and disillusion of middle age, claiming our interest for each in swift alternation. Her lonely lady is a girl, reared in the narrow circle of a life on a Welsh farm, who finds herself mistress of a house in Grosvenor Square, which, with a fortune, has been bequeathed to a beloved brother, Louis, absent in Somaliland. Jeanne de Courset is at first quite friendless in London except for a lame duke who claims kinship; but for Louis everything may be endured, and everything forgiven. The gallant soldier-brother—who remains personally unknown to the reader—puts the loyal Jeanne's love and faith to a severe test with the arrival of the stately Anne-Marie, Marquise de Courset, upon the scene. The author writes as gracefully and as easily as ever—almost too easily—and her touch both in humour and pathos is light and sure. The story itself presents no striking feature; the tragedy of it, softened by distance and circumstance, does not affect us deeply. The scenes of Jeanne's social blunders and successes, of Anne-Marie's imposing presence in Grosvenor Square, are as natural, touching, or amusing as the author designed them to be: the characters say and do the right things well, and we smile with them over the foolish ones.

Kit's Woman: A Cornish Idyll. By MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

IN 1898, under the title "Seaweed," "Kit's Woman" was published in a limited edition. "Considerably revised and in parts rewritten," Mrs. Havelock Ellis reissues what purports to be a Cornish idyll, and dedicates it to all her "Loyal Friends." As the result of her labours we have before us a small volume containing sufficient matter for a short story, or the germ of a long one. "Kit's Woman" is neither one nor the other: it is over-weighted with dull and disagreeable gossip, and it stops far short of its true conclusion. Loose threads are woven in and never "finished off." Choosing a large canvas, Mrs. Ellis has, as it were, daubed over a few inches in the centre, and left the rest untouched. Of the story we are given neither the beginning nor the end; and, while there are some radically good things within its covers, there are many more that are radically bad. She has chosen a subject with which a woman is not competent to deal, and which a man would not handle. Such a story as hers requires an intimate knowledge of the workings of mind in man and woman to which few attain, and a wide understanding of and deep insight into human nature "in the rough." These qualities Mrs. Ellis does not possess. The principal characters are unconvincing, and not, in our judgment, true to the facts of life. "Kit's Woman" could have had no real conception of "soul," and she would not have used the term to illustrate a physical desire. Nor do we find in Mrs. Ellis's pages any justification of the sub-title, "a Cornish Idyll"; and where we looked for beauty there came forth coarseness. It is regrettable that the modern craving for moral dissection

should have led a promising writer away from the portrayal of scenes of quiet simplicity. There is good work in this book, even a little that is excellent; but the greater part bears no relation to life. In the mind of the reader there remains the impression that he has been brought into touch with the "realism" of a morbid-minded district visitor.

The Lost Word. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. (Heinemann, 6s.)

"BLANK misgivings of a Creature moving about in Worlds not realised" might well be the motto of this book; and those who are, to use the author's expression, "unconscious of supersensual æsthetics," will have little sympathy with the mystical meanderings of Paul Vickery. This irritating person is charmingly introduced to us as a freckled boy washing the face of a broken angel on a Cathedral roof, but his future career is disappointing. He goes to Oxford and develops materialistic views, but, on being initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry he sees visions and dreams dreams and resolves to be an architect and devote himself to the quest of the "Lost Word" by means of which Solomon built the Temple at Jerusalem. It seems a pity to found a plot on the influence of a secret society, the author's knowledge of which is admittedly—and evidently—limited to the unimportant details which are published to the outside world. Members of the Craft will smile at the account of Paul's initiation, and the uninitiated will find it bewilderingly vague. How a convenient friend gives Paul *carte blanche* to build a magnificent Church at his expense; how Paul collects a band of visionary artists inspired by the same mediæval yearnings as himself—how he falls in love, indulges in self-torture to preserve his "spiritual chastity," and finally sinks to the commonplace of matrimony, is told with a great deal of mystery and metaphor. But the book is interesting, and, though the men are unconvincing, some of the minor feminine characters are admirably drawn, and whenever the writer ceases to commune with the angels and descends to earth, she writes with epigrammatic vigour and shows originality and insight.

A Blind Bird's Nest. By MARY FINDLATER. (Methuen, 6s.)

MISS FINDLATER's new story fully comes up to our expectation; it is an advance upon her former work. It is a quiet story of country life and country people with a tragedy in the background. Agnes Sorel's childhood is darkened by the knowledge that her father is in prison for a crime committed upon impulse, in defence of the honour of his sister, a worthless creature whose little vanities are not even amusing. The reader's sympathy is entirely with the convict, and horror follows close upon it as the author skilfully suggests rather than describes the demoralising effect of prison life upon a man of impetuous and generous temper. Here the touch is firmer than elsewhere in the book, and more might have been made of the situations arising from his release. But the main interest is intended to lie in the development of Agnes's character, and in her rival lovers, a middle-aged friend of her father's, and a pleasant American boy. The story is sympathetically told and wins the reader by its truth and simplicity, and the style is admirable.

DRAMA

"THE PHILANDERER" AT THE COURT THEATRE

LAST Tuesday afternoon Mr. Bernard Shaw's topical comedy of the eighteen-nineties, *The Philanderer*, was performed at the Court Theatre before a crowded and bewildered house. It was interesting to have the opportunity of seeing Mr. Shaw's play soon after seeing M. Lavedan's *Marquis de Priola*. There is a strange similarity

between the two pieces, which brings into prominence the contrast between French and English methods of treatment. In both plays the protagonist is a man who has great power over women and whose powers are seen in action. The Marquis de Priola knows exactly what he wants from women; he is in search of sensation, and takes pleasure in his sense of power. What Leonard Charteris, the Philanderer, wants remains a mystery, hidden away in the ill-sounding word "philandering." M. Lavedan is able to use greater freedom of speech, and he makes full use of the privilege. He makes his meaning quite obvious. He has no purpose in writing the play except to amuse and to excite: the Marquis's slow death, on which the curtain falls, raises much the same emotions as the mother's warning to the small boy of pains if he ate too much cake, and the small boy's answer "It's worth it"; only for the small boy it is impossible to feel any disgust, and for the Marquis de Priola it is possible to feel little else. But though the play is ignoble and at times disgusting it is never vulgar. And it is saved from vulgarity by its perfect frankness, its sincerity in viciousness. Some people are so well-bred that they are able to swear in the drawing-room or commit what would be an unpardonable offence in a less well-bred person. The exact reason why this should be so is as subtle a mystery as the thing itself is indisputable fact. In matters of art, too, there is a parallel: there is a kind of breeding in art: something which is akin to breeding in actual life. And that subtle something is lacking in *The Philanderer*. The Marquis de Priola is a vicious play, as has been said, at times a disgusting play; but it is not vulgar. *The Philanderer* is not vicious: but it is vulgar, irredeemably vulgar; and not in the least because it deals with vulgar people. But the effect of it is nauseating, so that even the cleverness of the dialogue becomes exasperating.

The Philanderer shows Mr. Shaw at his cleverest and at his worst. It is typical of his earlier manner. Whenever he feels his grip on the subject-matter loosening he indulges in some intellectual caper which is all the more distressing because it is almost invariably laughable. He deems anything preferable to being thought dull. So the play becomes a muddle of farce and tragedy. The result of this lack of all balance is that though each character is true to life and alive, the play as a whole is false, and its falseness reflects an air of unreality upon the characters. Leonard Charteris is a selfish, clever man who attracts the love of women—in which he is interested and for which he has no particular use. He is the Ibsen philosopher, and a prominent member of the Ibsen Club. He wants to marry Grace Tranfield in order that he may escape from the attentions of Julia Craven, of whom he is tired. It seems a singularly poor device for a clever, imaginative man, as he is described in the stage directions, but a credible one. Grace Tranfield is a widow, strong-minded enough to be able to live up to the ideas which pass as Ibsenism in the Ibsen Club, and an excellent foil to Julia Craven, who is a weak and womanly woman: that is to say, a woman who has no control over her emotion and whose emotion in consequence becomes offensive. They are the advanced people of the eighteen-nineties. Colonel Craven and Mr. Cuthbertson, the fathers of the two women, represent the old school. There is a scientist, Dr. Paramore, and a clever little girl, Sylvia, Julia's sister.

The idea that sets the characters in motion, as it were, is the conflict that takes place between thought and feeling when the two are not reconcilable, as is generally the case when an intellectual person first begins to feel, or an emotional person to think. Leonard Charteris has brains but no feeling; his counterpart is Sylvia, who, however, being still a young girl, is attractive. Julia Craven has no brains in comparison with her capacity for emotion. Mrs. Tranfield has both qualities; they are under her control.

Here is an excellent subject for comedy, but one

which calls for the utmost delicacy of treatment. And what is Mr. Shaw's method? He borrows with one hand from that kind of broad farce in which one of the stock jokes is to pour ribald fun on the woman or man (but generally the woman: it is considered funnier) whose love is unreturned. All unrequited passion is, from one point of view, ridiculous. The farce, however, keeps to that point of view, for whatever it may be worth. Mr. Shaw does not. He borrows with the other hand from psychology. He holds the woman's very soul out quivering before you, and then twirls her off again to the stock business of the farce. In order to get a pretty position and to raise a laugh, he makes Leonard Charteris read aloud love-letters of Julia and Grace in a club-room to their respective fathers, who stand on either side of him.

"Have you any proper sense of the fact that you're standing between two fathers?"

"Well I'm a little dazed still by standing so long between two daughters; but I think I grasp the situation," says Charteris, and the smartness of the rejoinder does not atone for the bad taste of the whole scene, incredible almost even in the unspeakable cad that Charteris is shown to be.

And so the characters gradually lose their vitality: they come to resemble antic figures in a brilliant masque, symbolising the folly of thought, the folly of emotion, the futility of anything that approaches to beauty.

□ The performance on Tuesday afternoon was in many ways an excellent one. Unfortunately Miss Lillah McCarthy was indisposed, and Miss Mary Barton was obliged to undertake the part of Julia Craven at less than twenty-four hours' notice. Her playing of the part (an extraordinarily difficult one) was in the circumstances nothing less than a *tour de force*. She took full advantage of the opportunity: and in the last act she was very good. Miss Barton by her personality laid more emphasis on the pathetic side of Julia's character than is probably the case in Miss McCarthy's rendering, but that is no fault. Mr. Ben Webster was far too slow for the nimble-witted Charteris; he spoke his lines without any ease, as though he were puzzled at their dexterity. Though he is admirable in certain parts, he has not the quickness of gesture or the mobility of feature—has not the nervous restless energy—of which it is absolutely necessary for an actor who wishes to impersonate such a type as Charteris to be master. Miss Wynne Matthison played Mrs. Tranfield with dignity and force. Her performance could not have been better. Miss Dorothy Minto was impishly charming as Sylvia, whose rational dress became her, and Mr. Eric Lewis was a perfect Colonel Craven.

H. DE S.

M. GEORGES BERR AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

THIS week M. Georges Berr has been visiting the New Royalty Theatre, and his visit has been of special interest for the reason that, though he is well known in Paris, this is his first appearance on a London stage. His reception was cordial and it is much to be hoped that his return will not be long postponed. An actor of his calibre, with his gifts and his charm, cannot be seen too often. On Monday and Tuesday he appeared in Regnard's amusing old-world comedy, *Le Légataire Universel*, in the part of Crispin, the proper all-manceuvring valet. Everything in the play is conventional, from the character of the rich old man Geronte, whose whims as to will-making cause all the trouble, to the rhyming verse in which the play is written. It is a sound stock comedy, which is freshened by the shrewdness of the ingenious Crispin. He dresses up, first as a cousin from the country, then as another cousin, a mother of nine children, and finally as the old man himself, so that the money may not be diverted into any wrong channels. For the old miser is unprincipled enough to think seriously of leaving twenty

thousand useful pounds to these distant cousins, and is inconsiderate enough to be so upset by the impersonated visits that he is deemed dead, with the will still unmade. Those are the moments of the play. And well did M. Georges Berr avail himself of them. With his loud voice and his brusque heartiness he jarred on the old invalid's weak nerves, now shaking his head with such fervour that his teeth would have rattled had he possessed any, now slamming his tough big stick on tables and chairs, and on his exit giving the old fellow six days to die decently, so that it is small wonder that he effectually settled the prospects of the cousin he pretended to be. And then he enters in a little while as the dolorous insinuating mother of nine children, left a widow, who is so determined to rescue Geronte from the snare of his servant-girl Lisette, that she will even marry him herself. Both situations are really amusing and M. Georges Berr was admirable in them both. But perhaps he was best when he impersonated the old man himself and dictated a just will to the notary. His method is remarkable chiefly for its quickness. In some ways he reminds one of Mr. James Welch. He is amazingly deft in his gesture, and gives the impression of an intense eagerness, which is infectious, and holds the attention irresistibly. His versatility was partially shown by his playing of Boismartin in Meilhac and Halévy's ridiculous farce, *Le petit Hôtel*; as the absurd and misjudged lover who is obliged to listen to his lady love's calumnies without a word, without a gesture of dissent, and is at last allowed to write down comments, he was as ludicrous and amusing as it was possible to be, and that is saying much, for the situation is ingeniously ridiculous. It will be interesting to see further proof of his versatility in Théodore de Banville's exquisite poetic fancy, *Le Baiser*, which is to be performed on Wednesday evening and in which he plays the part of the Pierrot. I am writing on Tuesday, and exigencies of time and printing-press forbid its mention.

M. Georges Berr is supported by an excellent company, which includes Mlle. Bertiny and Mlle. Marie Kolb. M. Dutertre gave a remarkable character-study of Geronte, the old man. The perfect skill with which he broke his speeches by a senile cough and spoke with a broadly opened mouth heightened the effect of his rendering.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

ROMANCE AND SYMBOLISM

It may be laid down as an axiom that it is the duty of a painter to express his ideas by his pictures and not by their titles or the title of his exhibition. To the apt phrases, therefore, which decorate the heading of a catalogue it is seldom necessary to pay attention, yet there is food for thought in the title which that serious and advanced artist, Mr. Fred F. Foottet, has chosen for his exhibition of twenty pictures at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street). For these paintings are very different from what the title of the exhibition, "Romance and Symbolism," would lead many to suppose. The word romance conjures up a vision of gallant knights and maidens in distress: symbolism suggests some such anthropomorphic presentation of the abstract as is identified with the name of the late G. F. Watts. Mr. Foottet's imagination, however, is of a more modern order. He finds his romance not in the affairs of men but in the pageant of nature, and his mystic thoughts find utterance in landscapes in which figures are either wholly absent or entirely subordinate.

In the memorable second chapter of his "Nineteenth Century Art" Mr. D. S. MacColl laid stress on the irresistible attraction of landscape to the nineteenth-century painter, whose characteristic attitude is summed up as that of "wistful, brooding reverie, not certain of any divine vision, seeking an escape for thought." This atti-

tude is essentially that of Mr. Foottet, who tells of "things distant, misty and obscure," whose renderings of English river-scenes and countrysides wear an air of mystery and remoteness with their "screen of vapour, secret of shadow, alembic of light." There are landscapes of which we ask no more than "What place is that?" But to inquire too closely about the topography of Mr. Foottet's landscapes would be as absurd as to inquire the whereabouts of Xanadu and the source of Alph. Unfortunately there are many people who "read their Coleridge with delight, but have a suspicion of the painter when he works in the same vein of poetry, when he gives them the romance and mystery of vision, of things half discovered, half engaged in mist, shadow, or light." And since this is precisely what Mr. Foottet offers us, his beautiful pictures are in danger of being condemned by the unjust and thoughtless criticism which judges paintings not according to what they are but by what the critic conceives that they ought to have been.

Rightly to appreciate them, then, we must regard Mr. Foottet's paintings in a spirit akin to that in which the painter himself regards nature, a spirit of brooding reverie. Broadly executed as befits their breadth of conception, they should not be viewed at too near a distance. With the foreground, the near at hand, Mr. Foottet—like Corot and many another modern—is not concerned, and his pictures begin at what would be the middle distance of an older landscape painter. Romanticist though he be, however, Mr. Foottet is not one of the innumerable imitators of the Barbizon School. The minor key, which these painters delighted to use, is rarely touched upon by Mr. Foottet. His romances are in the major, and while the men of 1830 edged towards the bass, our English painter runs up into the treble. A typical example of his art at its best is the fancifully named *Song of Sunrise* (No. 3), in which a stone bridge over a river, viewed at early morn, gives the painter a theme for an exquisite harmony in Cambridge blue and white. Although his exhibits at Suffolk Street through ensuing seasons have proved the painter to be limited neither in his choice of subject nor his range of colour, the collection at the Baillie Gallery suggests that his compositions are happiest when a bridge forms the leading motive, and his colour most enchanting when the scheme is light blue and white. In support of this statement we may instance the lovely little *Study for "May's Herald"*; *The Bridge, Paris*; and *The White Wave*.

This preference for the lighter and more delicate hues of Nature, together with an easily perceived preoccupation with problems of light, has led to the inclusion of Mr. Foottet among the luminists of modern art. But though Mr. Foottet has, perhaps, more in common with Monet, and especially Segantini, than any other painter, his art is emphatically personal and individual. He has a keener sense of the decorative than Monet, and his landscapes reveal a search for balance and deliberate design; but, like Monet, he prefers the more joyous and lyrical aspects of Nature to the more epic and tragic moods favoured by Segantini. Influenced by the decorative composition and semi-mystical attitude towards Nature of Corot, by the researches into light and fidelity to Nature's colouring of Monet, Mr. Foottet is an imitator of neither painter, but a sincere and original artist who has profited by the lessons of his predecessors in seeking out his own subjects and in expressing these in his own way.

A strong contrast to these loftily conceived canvases is afforded by the collection of caricatures by Messrs. Max Beerbohm, Joseph Simpson, Sime, "Sem," and others at the same gallery. Mr. Beerbohm is triumphantly whimsical in his vision of *Mr. Henry James Revisiting America*, and the clever work by other well-known humorous artists should make this exhibition extremely popular. Perhaps the promoter of the two exhibitions has a worthy educational purpose, and the populace attracted to the Gallery by caricature will stay to admire Romance and Symbolism.

MUSIC

THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

It is as difficult to formulate general principles for the construction of a good concert programme as it is easy to complain of either incongruity or sameness in any one attempt. Sometimes, however, one is conscious that the numbers follow one another particularly well, and so it was at the Symphony Concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra last Saturday afternoon. The only thing which might have been bettered was the selection from the third act of *Die Meistersinger* at the beginning, which, though naturally popular in the programmes of the Promenade Concerts, is, after all, only a very effective piece of stage music, and is hardly stalwart enough to begin a serious concert. The prelude would have been more suitable for a modern concert-overture. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a Concertstück for violoncello and orchestra by Ernst von Dohnanyi, heard for the first time in England and given with all the authority that Professor Hugo Becker's playing imparts, and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" followed.

A symphony by Beethoven, far from being prejudicial to it, is the best possible preparation for listening to new music. To a superficial listener everything may sound poor after Beethoven, because he only makes rough measurements and compares the bigness of the first with the smallness of what follows. One who really listens closely to the A major symphony gains therefrom a sense of security, of firmly rooted foundation, which prepares him well for what is new. It clears his outlook and helps him to penetrate obscurity, to distinguish the true from the false. Dohnanyi's work, therefore, was placed in the most favourable position that the work of so honest a composer could occupy; coming where it did it was impossible not to realise it as a very sincere piece of expression, moulded in a form sufficiently coherent to make its impression permanent. It is not a concerto, but a single movement bearing the general outlines of "first movement" form, though it contains an *adagio* as a central episode, returning to the subject-matter of the first part after it. In spite of the unconventional shape, however, it is difficult to escape the sensation that the composer is doing what has been done before, that there is a lack of vitality in the work as a whole. This may be partly due to the fact that the greater part is in a suave 3-4 measure, unrelieved by themes of any very forcible rhythm, and that the interpolation of the *adagio* lowers its vitality still further, at the point at which the pulse should quicken and the blood stir. The melodies of which it is built are beautiful, but not strikingly original, in fact they show very strongly the influence of Brahms and might almost have been by him. This is of course to praise and to condemn in one breath. The resemblance is strong enough to tempt comparison with the first movements of the second symphony and the violin concerto; both in the same key of D major and beginning with the same gentle mood and time. If in the symphony Brahms had stopped after the appearance of the second subject and not followed it with those vigorous episodes and that commanding development section, or if in the concerto he had rejected the imperious interruption of the episode which the solo violin plays upon three strings, we should have had something of similar temper to this. As such vivid contrasts as those of Brahms are lacking here, not even the virile playing of Professor Becker could relieve it of a certain weakness. Just before the *coda*, however, is one passage of remarkable force and originality, in which the solo player calls out, as it were, all the violoncelli of the orchestra to follow him. They are divided into four and five parts, and while at first the solo violoncello recalls the themes of the *adagio*, they accompany *piano* and then play more important imitative phrases till, led by the soloist, they gather in volume and rise to an exciting climax of tone, which culminates in the principal theme, played by the violoncelli of

the orchestra against a long shake on a high note by the solo player. It subsides into the *coda*, which is made impressive by the reiteration of the first two bars of the principal theme, a waving figure of quavers upon the strings, accompanied by a solemn rhythm upon the drums, gradually dying away to a *pianissimo* ending. It is a case which proves what dignity is gained by repetition; its place in the *coda* gives to that little two-bar fragment an importance and a permanence in the memory which no other theme in the work has.

After this graceful but slender work the "pranks" of "Till Eulenspiegel" were very welcome, because, whatever else he has or has not, Strauss possesses an exuberant vitality which cannot help being invigorating. However his later works can be adduced in support of the theory that music in the future will substitute the chromatic for the diatonic scale it is difficult to imagine, though there is some excuse for the misapprehension in view of their difficulties; but "Till Eulenspiegel" certainly knows nothing of such an evolution, in fact it would be pointless but for the tonality of F major which pervades it. Its writhings and twistings are only forcible or quaint, as the case may be, in connection with its diatonic foundation. Other tendencies in Strauss's compositions are more easily understandable in this than in later works, his polyphonic methods and so forth, but besides such things the work is a splendid piece of whimsical writing and it was delightful, at the end of a rather serious concert, to watch Strauss or "Till Eulenspiegel"—it does not much matter which—cutting a caper. Of course writers of analytical notes tell us that we are to take it seriously, and perhaps Strauss means us to, but if he does, he should not choose cap and bells as his preaching garb, and while he does so he must forgive us if we mistake his sermon for a joke. Listened to by the same ears which heard the Seventh Symphony it certainly has something of the humour of the scherzo broadened into grotesque comedy. The twist by which Beethoven within the first twenty bars gains the key of A major and the violent juxtapositions of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* are surely prototypes of the kind of humour which is one of, if not the most conspicuous characteristic of Strauss. Perhaps the difference is that Beethoven had so much to say that was serious that he did not fear the charge of buffoonery in his lighter moments. Strauss is not alone among modern composers who are afraid of allowing themselves to be lighthearted, and are anxious to insist in words upon a deeper meaning than the music implies. Be that as it may, there was no doubt about the merriment of the "pranks" as Mr. Wood and his orchestra interpreted them, and a very fine performance finished a concert in which all the orchestral playing was of a high order.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE scene of Mr. Bagot's forthcoming novel, "Temptation," is again laid in Italy. In his new work the author shifts his canvas from Rome and the intricacies of Roman society, and draws his characters from the ranks of the Italian provincial *noblesse*. The action of the story takes place in a well-known mediæval city in the Roman province, and is more poignant in its development than is the case in Mr. Bagot's preceding Italian studies. Messrs. Methuen will publish the book on St. Valentine's Day.

Mr. Edward Arnold announces a new novel by George A. Birmingham entitled "Benedict Kavanagh." It is to be published on February 12. Miss Edith Rickert's new novel "The Golden Hawk," of which the scene is laid in Provence, is announced for the 15th. Other books to come from the same house in the next few days are a volume of essays entitled "Six Radical Thinkers," by Professor John MacCunn, of the University of Liverpool, and Sir Rennell Rodd's two volumes on Greece in the Middle Ages, "The Princes of Achaia" and "The Chronicles of Morea."

The first number of the new "Social Problems Series" which Messrs. Jack announce will be a volume by Professor

the men who lend." With what a kindly pen does he touch on the peculiarities of the borrower? What a strange quartet does he form of the greatest borrowers of all ages! Alcibiades would have been shrewdly surprised to find himself classed with Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele and the incomparable Brinsley. But there is one class of borrowers that he cannot away with, to wit "your borrowers of books"—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes." Though to be sure he makes one exception even here: "I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C." Coleridge returned his books with usury; it is sad that the annotations of one's friends so seldom enhance the value of one's books. But people are not so lavish now with their "good things," and are far more likely to put them in their own note-books than in the margins of the books of their friends. Indeed if we are to judge at all by the samples found at random in books that pass through the hands of many readers, the standard of marginal annotation to-day is deplorable.

Many people would echo to-day the sentiment expressed by Lamb in one of his letters to Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "I am out of the world of readers. I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up unto the old things." For we are all "hustled" nowadays by the daily output of half a column of new books. Those of us who would keep at all *au courant* with the books of to-day have not time to read the old books; and yet, like the old wine, the old books are best.

And best also are the books that each one collects for himself, especially if their purchase entails a sacrifice. How often the pleasure that a man gets out of his books varies inversely with his power of acquiring them! None knew better than Charles Lamb the triumph of bringing home a coveted prize, a joy unshared by the outside world, a private joy if there ever is one. Many who have thus collected a small library, book by book, reading each book before they bought another, will recollect the feeling of being amongst strangers when a sudden accession of books comes to them from a relation's legacy or the bequest of a friend. They set to work to make acquaintance with them, as in duty bound: but they are not of their choosing; the process is to a great extent perfunctory, and they never really catch up. For in the library as in the world a reader makes many acquaintances but few friends, and these few will be of his own choosing.

P. M. W.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. E. A. Fisher was, I consider, right in saying that the written word is not essentially a symbol of sound but rather a symbol of thought. In a derivative language such as ours, which borrows and adopts words from every tongue under the sun, I take it perfect uniformity between the pronunciation and the writing is neither possible nor desirable. Another correspondent argues that *the language is the speech, not its feeble representation*.

Unfortunately, however, the written language becomes enriched by the adoption of foreign-grown words, where often a change of spelling by us would render them meaningless! In nine cases out of ten, too, the written word is a better vehicle of thought than mere speech, and we are dependent for the greater part of our knowledge on the written language. Too great latitude in spelling would certainly never do, as, in my opinion, ignorance of meaning by many would frequently strike at the very root of a word's *raison d'être*.

F. D. T. LANGE,

February 2.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Nordau, Max. *On Art and Artists*. Translated by W. F. Harvey. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 351. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.

Coenen, Frans. *Essays on Glass, China, Silver, etc.*, in connection with the Willet-Holthuysen Museum Collection, Amsterdam. With 32 illustrations. 10½ × 7½. Pp. 62. Werner Laurie, 6s.

[Essays published at long intervals in *Onze Kunst*.]

Hutton, Edward. *Perugino*. 6 × 4. Pp. 200. Duckworth, 2s. net.

[In the "Popular Library of Art."]

Addison, Julia de Wolf. *The Art of the Dresden Gallery*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 455. Bell, 6s. net.

["A critical survey of the schools and painters as represented in the Royal Collection." Short bibliography and index.]

ETHNOLOGY

Werner, A. *The Natives of British Central Africa*. With 32 full-page illustrations. 9 × 5½. Pp. 303. Constable, 6s. net. [In the "Native Races of the British Empire" series.]

FICTION

Baynton, Barbara. *Human Toll*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 344. Duckworth, 6s.

Marchmont, A. W. *In the Cause of Freedom*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Ellis, Mrs. Havelock. *Kit's Woman*. A Cornish Idyll. 7½ × 5. Pp. 163. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d. (See p. 144.)

Lysaght, Sidney Royse. *Her Majesty's Rebels*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 488. Macmillan, 6s.

Macnaughton, S. *The Expensive Miss du Cane*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 302. Heinemann, 6s.

"Rita." *The Pointing Finger*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 306. Nash, 6s.

Dawe, Carlton. *Her Highness's Secretary*. A Romance. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 341. Nash, 6s.

Watson, E. H. Lacon. *The Barony of Brendon*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Brown, Langham, 6s.

Dill, Bessie. *My Lady Nan*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 393. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Hope, Graham. *Amalia*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 316. Smith, Elder, 6s.

Summers, Dorothy. *A Man's Love*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 314. Unwin, 6s.

Meade, L. T. *The Girl and her Fortune*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 288. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[Lovers of the works of Mrs. Meade—though it is unlikely that they read the ACADEMY—will be enraptured on finding, opposite the title-page of this the latest expression of her genius, a portrait of the author.]

Marshall, Archibald. *Exton Manor*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 406. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Emerson, Willis George. *The Builders*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 361. Brown Langham, 6s.

HISTORY

Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 310. Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d. net.

["Being the notes of an eye-witness, which set forth in some detail, from day to day, the real story of the siege and sack of a distressed capital in 1900—the year of great tribulation."]

LITERATURE

Young, Charles Alexander. *The Waverley Novels*. An appreciation. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 136. MacLehose, 3s. net.

Huchon, R. *Un poète réaliste anglais: George Crabbe, 1754-1832*. 10 × 6½. Paris: Librairie Hachette, n.p.

MISCELLANEOUS

James, Henry. *The American Scene*. 8½ × 6. Pp. 465. Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.

The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. Newly translated and edited, together with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 141. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, \$1.00.

Schooling, John Holt. *London County Council Finance* from the beginning down to March 31, 1907, made clear to ratepayers. With 57 tables and 21 diagrams. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 168. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Deane, Anthony. *Friends and Fellow-Labourers of St. Paul*. Some character-studies. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 107. Wells Gardner, 1s. 6d.

[Gamaliel; Apollos; Barnabas; Philemon; Priscilla and Aquila; Timothy.]

Sutherland, William. *The Colonisation of Scotland*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 94. Rider, 1s. net.

[Articles which have appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*.]

Curtis, Adela. *The New Mysticism*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 196. Curtis & Dawson, n.p.

[Six lectures given in Kensington and at Cobham, Surrey, in November 1906.]

Hyatt, Alfred H. *The Pocket George Eliot*. 5½ × 3½. Pp. 203. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.

["Being passages chosen from the works of George Eliot."]

Dacey, Edward. *The Egypt of the Future*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 216. Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.

The Public Schools Year Book 1907. 7½ × 5. Pp. 668. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Shepherd, Frederick B. *Bernardine*. A dramatic poem. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 134. Clifton: Baker; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. net.

Scott, Frederick George. *A Hymn of Empire, and other poems.* 8×5½. Pp. 55. Toronto: Briggs, n.p.

Hall, H. R. *Rondeaux and Songs.* 6¼×4. Pp. 31. Parker, 1s. net.

[Some of these pieces have previously appeared in the ACADEMY and some in *Country Life*.]

Hills, Malcolm H. *The Cavaliers.* A story in rhyme. 7½×5. Pp. 166. Birmingham: Cornish, 2s. 6d. net.

PSYCHOLOGY

Mitchell, W. *Structure and Growth of the Mind.* 9×6. Pp. 512. Macmillan, 10s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Poems by Robert Burns. With an introduction by Neil Munro. Pp. 245. *Poems by Matthew Arnold.* With an introduction by Alice Meynell. Pp. 300. *Essays by William Hazlitt.* With an introduction by Charles Whibley. Pp. 451. Each 6×4¼. Blackie, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net each.

Poems of Herrick. Selected and edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. Canon Beeching. 7×5. Pp. 258. Jack, 2s. 6d. net. [In the "Golden Poets" series.]

Lodge, Thomas. *Rosalynde.* A novel. With 8 photogravures and several line illustrations by Thomas Maybank. Pp. 150. 8½×6. Pp. 150. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net. [In the "Photogravure and Colour" series.]

Dampier's Voyages. Edited by John Masefield. In 2 volumes—vol. ii. 9×6. Pp. 624. E. Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net.

["Consisting of a New Voyage Round the World, a Supplement to the Voyage Round the World, Two Voyages to Campeachy, a Discourse of Winds, a Voyage to New Holland, and a Vindication, in answer to the Chimerical Relation of William Funnell."]

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With many hundred illustrations and notes and introduction to each play by various writers. Vols. ix. and x. Each 9×6½. Pp. 264 and 276. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[New volumes in the "Henry Irving Shakespeare." Vol. ix. contains: *Othello* and *Hamlet*; Vol. x.: *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear*, and *Pericles*.]

Eliot, George. *Felix Holt the Radical.* 8½×5½. Pp. 487. With photogravure frontispiece by Edgar Bundy. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.

[Addition to the new "Popular Edition" of the works of George Eliot.]

Grote, George. *A History of Greece from the time of Solon to 403 B.C.* Condensed and edited, with notes and appendices, by J. M. Mitchell and M. O. B. Caspari. 9×6. Pp. 812. Routledge, 5s. net.

[A summary of omissions is given in the Editors' preface. They have "embodied a great deal of valuable and, to the best of their knowledge, unpublished material from the lecture notes and private instruction of their former tutor, the Rev. E. M. Walker." A short bibliography, covering the whole of Greek history down to the Roman Conquest, has been appended.]

Macnamara, T. J. *School-Room Humour.* 6¼×4¼. Pp. 157. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 1s.

Albanesi, E. Maria. *Simple Simon.* Illustrated by Reginald Savage. 8½×5½. Pp. 114. Newnes, 6d.

Haggard, H. Rider. *The Witch's Head.* Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. 8½×6. Pp. 216. Newnes, 6d.

Schnabel, Dr. Carl. *Handbook of Metallurgy.* Translated by Henry Louis. Second edition. Vol. ii. 8¼×6¼. Pp. 867. Macmillan, 21s. net.

[Deals with Zinc, Cadmium, Mercury, Bismuth, Tin, Antimony, Arsenic, Nickel, Cobalt, Platinum, and Aluminium.]

THEOLOGY

Masterman, J. Howard B. *"I Believe in the Holy Ghost."* 6¼×4¼. Pp. 106. Wells Gardner, 2s.

["A study of the doctrine of the holy spirit in the light of modern thought."]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

Ewing, William. *Arab and Druze at Home.* 31 illustrations and map. 8½×5½. Pp. 180. Jack, 5s. net.

[A record of travel and intercourse with the peoples east of the Jordan.]

Mallik, M. C. *Impressions of a Wanderer.* 7½×5. Pp. 232. Unwin, 5s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Religion and Experience, by J. Brierley (Clarke, 6s.), helps to confirm the good impression we had formed of this writer from reading his "Eternal Religion." It is not that the thought is, strictly speaking, original, except in its expression and illustration. The chief value of the book consists in the facts that the writer combines a truly liberal with a deeply religious spirit; that he is steeped in the thoughts of the world's highest thinkers, ancient and modern, and that he is able to place their ideas before his readers in such telling fashion that they may be "understood of the people." We do not mean to suggest that he contributes nothing which is really his own. The book abounds in suggestive sayings and illuminating touches which throw new light upon old ideas, giving them life and reality. As an instance of this may be cited his striking treatment of "A Question of Age," wherein he takes a line which, though running counter to conventional notions, gives at once an impression of truth. One of the most characteristic features of this, as of the other work, is the way in which he seems to pierce to the essence of the religious idea beneath its outward and changing expressions, and, while showing himself no slave to the past, reinterprets it in the light of the present. This writer does not shirk difficulties, but faces them, not with the easy optimism which is only too common and which only explains them away, but with a healthy, virile and practical idealism, as in the excellent chapters on "The Religion of Calamity," "Of Self-creation," and "The Farther Side."

The Blessed John Vianney, Curé D'Ars. By Joseph Vianney. Translated by C. W. W. (Duckworth, 3s. net.)—In this little volume of two hundred pages we have a well-written and interesting sketch of the life of this remarkable "soldier of the cross." The saint's early piety, his struggles and difficulties owing to imperfect education, the action of his victorious will, supported by the sense of mission, in overcoming them; his wonderful devotion, zeal and self-renunciation, and its still more wonderful fruits, are described, on the whole, with calmness and moderation. The "miraculous" element is not unduly exalted, though the saint is asserted to have had that gift of healing which is claimed by the adherents of so many present-day cults. One cannot help feeling that, if the account here given of his austerities, combined with overwhelming labours, is literally true, he must not only have possessed an iron will but have inherited an extraordinarily vigorous constitution from his peasant ancestors, in order to have been able, as he did, to live and work up to old age. And in any case the most probable theory to account for the remarkable series of hallucinations from which he is said to have suffered for many years, is that they were due to such pious excesses, rather than to the malice of the devil to which he ascribed them. It is clear, however, that the narrative is not free from exaggeration.

Life and Evolution. By F. W. Headley. (Duckworth, 8s. net.)—When it was proposed that Goldsmith should write a history of animated nature, Johnson declared that it would read like a fairy-tale. Mr. Headley's book is like Goldsmith's in that it is vastly entertaining, but whereas Goldsmith's book is notoriously incorrect, Mr. Headley's is a mass of facts placed before the reader in a pleasantly familiar style. It is indeed, in Tennyson's phrase, a series of "the fairy-tales of science," in which we are shown the slow steps by which life crept into higher forms from moneron to man, the text being largely supplemented by excellent illustrations from drawings and photographs. The value of the book lies in the strong impulse it is sure to raise in many readers to verify the statements for themselves, and thereby enlarge the circle of students of science. The author has ranged his facts admirably and the book, being written in very simple and almost non-scientific language, should be very widely read. The illustration facing p. 51 has been inserted upside down in our copy and "head" should be substituted for "leg" in the sentence "The horse, with his leg tied to his fore-feet, looked as if he were eating" (p. 116, l. 12 from top).

The Science Year Book and Diary for 1907. Edited by Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell (King, 5s. net.)—This is the third year of issue of this excellent diary which contains astronomical, physical and chemical tables, a summary of progress in science, and biographies of eminent scientists. This last should be either completed or be omitted; such names for instance, as Hartog, Shipley, I. B. J. Sollas, and E. W. MacBride, and McWeeny are not in the list.

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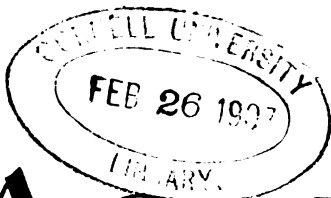
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February 13, 1907.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It may be centuries have been somewhat overdone in Great Britain during the last few years, and that the public has become a little weary of them. We trust, however, that the two hundredth centenary of the birth of Henry Fielding will not be allowed to pass without suitable attention. Henry Fielding, who was born at Glastonbury, Somerset, on April 22, 1707, and died at Lisbon, in the forty-seventh year of his age, remains still the greatest of our English novelists. If he has a rival it is Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Walter, with characteristic modesty, ever looked upon him as a master. It has been the fashion in puritanical times to look upon Fielding as deficient in morality, but this, we think, is a mistaken view. It is the narrow-minded man who exaggerates human peccadilloes and offences. It was a deadly sin in the eye of an old parish minister of Scotland to shave on Sunday. It is a deadly sin on the part of some martinets of to-day to play a game at cards, to bet on a horse-race, or to indulge in what is called a little flutter on the Stock Exchange. But a mind raised above these trivial issues, although it may not defend offences against the manners of the time, is able to look on them with a wide and sunny toleration.

Fielding had "gone through the mill" himself. Brought up with extravagant ideas, untrained to the economy and prudence that abject poverty teaches, and of a very generous and open nature, he had been something of a spendthrift. We can fancy him in merry mood at a play or at a tavern, even at resorts of a more questionable nature. His was certainly no cloistered virtue. But he came out of those experiences imbued with a wide understanding. He could reveal the follies and even the sins of youth, though nowhere is he found to commend them. But he who takes the whole universe for his province cannot feel or even simulate the indignation of the man who concentrates his gaze upon one putrid spot.

Again, Fielding lived in the gay, clever, material eighteenth century at a time when the squires whom he knew best drank hard, and hunted hard, and swore and lived self-contained, almost brutish lives, while in town the note was one of happy, clever, unconcerned materialism. Fielding looked out on this lively, and, as some

thought, wicked world with eyes that had a good deal of laughter and often of mockery in them. He appraised at their true worth the aims and ambitions of his contemporaries, but he also knew the value of a man like Mr. Allworthy, whose goodness he is never tired of praising. He himself belonged to the tribe of Cervantes and Molière and Le Sage. He was no stern moralist, and yet it will be found that the rule of right is seldom transgressed in his works. No writer is worthier of a memorial celebration.

France at this moment is much more classical than we; for Paris has on the boards of the Comédie Française and des Arts respectively the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. (The Barcelona theatres have had an *Electra* which is by neither Sophocles nor Euripides, but by Perez Galdos, a political anti-Jesuit writer.) Even such a good *Parnassien* and old friend of Leconte de Lisle as Catulle Mendès protests against the plethora of classicism in the capital. It is only a year and a half since Greek tragedy was last on these French boards at the Nouveau. English subjects, especially Shakespeare, vary Hellenism in Paris. At the Odéon is de Vigny's *Chatterton*, in whose text figure such words as *emburled*, *deslavatic*, *acool*, vocables unknown to the Neglected English Dictionary, and the Chattertonian orthography *mysterk*, for *mystic* (*Stello*, p. 61); but then "in London one does not know one's Chatterton"! The *Electra* is translated fairly literally by M. A. Poizat, but the *Clouds* cannot compare (at least to a modern Greek) with Soures's edition, which "did" the provinces, and Egypt, a few years ago, to the delight of the sea-divided Hellene. Soures is as "Athenian" to-day as was Socrates, travestied by, and present at, the *Clouds* representation. Surely this renaissance in the metropolis of fashion and taste is an earnest of new interest in old Greek, and is especially natural, as regards tragedy, in a country which has been faithful, through good and evil report, to the Three Unities.

Two *Electras* ("sad *Electra's* poet" does not figure here, as lending himself but little to the *claque*!), one in Paris and one in Spain, and an Old Attic comedy in Lutetia—are facts to give us pause. But did this comedy kill Saint Socrates? and did we kill Thomas Chatterton? and starve Milton? and deny bread to Spencer (so De Vigny's *Stello* justly spells the begetter of *The Faery Queen*, p. 238)? Galdos now triumphs in the land that sent Camoëns to the hospital and Cervantes to final destitution. To our account stand Dryden's death and non-burial; S. Butler, Sydenham, Rushworth, and their dreary ends. Each country has its quota of neglected talent.

A modern French writer wrote this week that, after all, Chatterton was a feeble forger and given to mean envy. He was, also, too inartistically old-fashioned, with his "cloudes" (not of the *prægrandis senex*):

hiltring atteness the sunnis fefive face,
and the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

The pretended Rowley du Mouline could hardly, had he existed, have written these lines in or about 1449. And my Lord Mayor, the author of "Vathek," had done well had he, as M. le comte de Vigny makes him in his imagination, cured the Bristol boy of poetry; and Horace Walpole better, had he not refused his manuscript.

But what are our forgers, Chatterton and Macpherson, to Galileo Galilei, Blaise Pascal, G. W. Leibnitz? The Italian is accused of borrowing the telescope (*perspicillum*) invention from a Middelbourg spectacle-maker, with which to see his Jupiter's satellites on January 7, 1610. The

Frenchman, as one of his own countrymen also has written lately, in the *Revue de Paris*, borrowed from Descartes the idea of quicksilver's sensibility to rarefied air. And the German-Slav philosopher even changed the dates of documents after copying Newton's Calculus discoveries. Again, Robert Estienne robbed Meigret, as the parallel quotations of Professor F. Brunot, in his lately-published book, fully and unhappily prove. If things go on at this rate, now that Moses has been shown to have assimilated the Babylonian Code, we shall soon be asking from whom the Mathematics of the Rhind papyrus (*circa* ix. cent. B.C.) were silently annexed.

We have protested several times in these columns against what we regard as a pernicious habit: the insertion of snippet introductions at the beginning of reprints of the classics. The writers of many—we might almost say the majority—of them are incompetent, and the result of their criticism (for they are seldom content with the statement of facts) is that the reader who is unacquainted with the work reprinted goes to it with a prejudiced and often narrow-minded opinion of its merits or defects. If these "appreciators" must soothe the *cacoethes scribendi*, their lucubrations should be placed at the end, not the beginning of the book. Then the reader could—possibly with profit to himself—compare his judgment with theirs. Occasionally, as in Dr. Ward's edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, and in Canon Beeching's selection of Herrick's poems, which we notice in another column, we would not willingly have missed the introductions, but these are isolated instances and do not affect the principle involved. Three little books—"Essays by William Hazlitt," "Poems by Robert Burns," and "Poems by Matthew Arnold"—very tastefully printed and bound, and issued in Messrs. Blackie's "Red Letter Library," serve to illustrate the merits and the defects of the fashion against which we raise our voice in vain.

Of the introductions, the first is good, the second indifferent, the third bad. For Mr. Charles Whibley's sympathetic essay on Hazlitt we have nothing but praise. It is sound and scholarly, and enthusiasm never gets the better of the critical faculty. Mr. Whibley does not "gush." He shows us, in a few excellently worded sentences, Hazlitt as he was; he never attempts to intrude his own views about the work itself; knowing the man, we may love his writing or despise it. That is as it should be. Mr. Whibley, we feel, will regret, with us, that the publishers have seen fit to spoil his work by appending a multitude of notes, many of which would be regarded as an insult by a man with the intelligence of a fifth-form schoolboy. We may take as a characteristic example:

Rembrandt (1607-1669), Dutch painter, famous for his treatment of biblical subjects, etchings, portraits, and pictorial studies of old age . . .

Is it not illuminating?

Mr. Neil Munro's "introduction" to Burns is unremarkable and contains nothing that has not been better said many times before. We are grateful for the glossary. Not every one knows that "leal" means "loyal." Mrs. Meynell has been chosen to "introduce" Matthew Arnold, and this is how she sets to work:

Rare is the surprise of Matthew Arnold's poetry. But we may recognise it in that most beautiful line, at once cold and moving,

The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea;

and in the unusual depth, calm, and gravity of the tragic line in "Sohrab and Rustum"—

Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea.

Matthew Arnold's thought is reputed to be more trivial and querulous than in truth it is . . . His poetry belongs to his youth, and even to an imitative stage of youth, which in his case must have lasted long. Much of it has the little scholarly strut of a lad conscious of an uncommon interest in the classics. We shall perhaps do his talent,

his intellect, and his distinction the best justice if we read much of his verse, lofty though it is, as the work of a young man—a lad much belated—and then we admire him as a wonderful boy indeed,

We wish that Matthew Arnold could have read this.

We have received an amusing letter from a correspondent, from which the following is an extract. It ought to be added that he was good enough to send with it the bill referred to:

It is said that ignorance, by unknown twists and turns, frequently transforms itself into delightful and unconscious humour. Here are a few apt illustrations from my bookseller's bill lately received. First offence: "Tom Jones" is put down as "Fielding's Poems." Secondly, Mr. A. O. Prichard's translation of "Longinus on the Sublime" is spoken of as "1 Sublime Transaltion"; truly a sublime translation of ignorance into wit! But thirdly, the greatest offence of all, and terribly shocking to the gentle spirits of those who see "God in Everything and Everything in God," a book on Pantheism is written down as "Pantherism"—something evidently aggressively savage and certainly not consonant with the ending words of Mr. J. Allanson Picton's little book, *i.e.*, "For we [Pantheists] have passed 'To where beyond these voices there is peace.'"

From Messrs. Sisley, who, for some reason which we are unable to fathom, label themselves "Makers of Beautiful Books," comes a volume which they are pleased to call "Ovid's Art of Love." Their claim might have been justified had as much care been bestowed upon the inside as upon the outward adornment. The binding is excellent and the endpapers of no particular demerit; the type and paper are poor, and in the copy sent to us, the sheets have been so badly folded that many pages are askew, and on some the print is down in the "gutter" on one side, leaving a vast margin on the other. The book opens up questions of the ethics of editing with which we have no space to deal. The reader should have been told definitely, for instance, that the translation of Book I. is by Dryden, that of Book II. by the Rev. Dr. Yalden, and that of Book III. by Congreve.

In his Introduction, Mr. C. W. Ryle says that "coarseness and indelicacy of expression," which too often mar seventeenth- and eighteenth-century versions of the classics, "have been carefully expunged." When we find by comparing editions—for Mr. Ryle does not indicate where his blue pencil has been at work—that this bowdlerising means not merely the toning down of a phrase and the excision of a couplet here and there, but the omission of passages of considerable length—in the episode of Pasiphaë, upwards of sixty lines—we wonder why the Makers of Beautiful Books thought it worth while to print so wicked a work as this at all. Having decided that it was worth while, they might have reflected that the author's name and the title of the poem suffice to warn off the puritanical. Those who would be shocked by what has been expunged will be equally shocked by the mangled remains. The non-classical reader who wishes to know what Ovid had to say will not thank Mr. Ryle for looking carefully after his morals, and will turn to the complete work—not very difficult to come by. Thrice happy is he who can bid meticulous editors go hang, and with his feet on the fender enjoy Ovid entire.

For, after all, "Glorious John" has given us an adaptation of the poem to the manners of his own day rather than a translation. How little care has been taken to preserve the "local colour" is shown by the insertion of such a couplet as (p. 20):

Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch;

by the rendering of *gausapa* by *crape* (p. 40), and by the mention of *Ruelles* (p. 64). Here and there we have the Dryden touch, *e.g.* (p. 17):

With daily lies she *dribs* thee into cost;

and (p. 23):

Clip every word, and if by chance you speak
Too home . . .

We have noted a few misprints: *dove* for *drove* (p. 8), *head* for *hand* (p. 22), *Pæan* for *Pæan* (p. 30), *their* for *your* (p. 56, last line but three), *best* for *bets* (p. 65, last line), *Danæ* for *Danaë* (p. 67); and *an* is omitted before *Umbrian* on p. 64, line 7.

English journalism has lost one of her greatest sons in Sir William Howard Russell, who died last Sunday at the age of eighty-six. He was the first of war-correspondents in the sense that he revived what had never been a very serious profession, and brought it up to a point of excellence, which will probably never be reached again. His predecessors were few in number and never realised what power lay within the reach of the special correspondent: the best known of them were Crabbe Robinson and G. L. Gruneisen, who are remembered now as literary men and the friends of literary celebrities, rather than as war-correspondents. It is remarkable that the lead given by the *Times* during the Crimea was followed by almost every paper, and it was during that campaign that the artist-correspondent first appeared in the shape of Mr. William Simpson.

Many novelists have been war-correspondents, though the imagination that is indispensable to the writer of fiction is not wholly desirable in the correspondent. Russell's novel was not a success, partly because the qualities indispensable in a great journalist are not those which make a great novelist. We find, indeed, that the merit of the correspondent and of the novelist vary inversely. There were, for example, William Black, Frederick Boyle, and G. A. Henty, all of whom made their reputations on fields other than that of war, though all were at some time special correspondents. The last two accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867, when the journalistic honours of the day fell to the lot of H. M. Stanley, who, with characteristic energy and enterprise, rode to the coast with the earliest news of the fall of Magdala.

The Corporation Art Gallery of Birmingham has received from a body of subscribers three tapestries designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, a native of Birmingham, and woven by Messrs. Morris and Co. The works, which are reproductions in method of mediæval arras tapestry, are part of the series illustrating the quest of the Holy Grail and were till recently in Compton Hall, Wolverhampton. The gift was made as a token of appreciation of the work done by the Art Gallery Committee, and especially by Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the Director, who has done much to make the Birmingham collection one of the best in the provinces.

The library of Mr. R. Kirkham Hodgson, of Ashgrove, Sevenoaks, will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, on Wednesday the 20th inst. The collection is notable for topographical and historical books. Amongst them are Chauncey's *Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, 1700; Clutterbuck's *Hertfordshire*; Hasted's *History of Kent*, 4 vols., 1778-99; and Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, 2 vols., large paper, 1823. There is a fine large paper copy of the 1788 (Paris) edition of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, with beautiful plates after Cipriani, etc., and engraved by Bartolozzi and others. There is also Dibdin's *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* and some of his other bibliographical works, the original issue of the 1817-30 edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, a first edition of Scrope's *Art of Deer-Stalking*, and a second folio *Shakespeare*.

LITERATURE

A NEW CRITICISM OF HERRICK

Poems of Herrick. Selected, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Canon BEECHING. (Jack, 2s. 6d. net.)

IN these pages we have often protested against the habit of prefixing an appreciation to a new edition of one of the poets. The critical essay with which Canon Beeching introduces the poems of Herrick is, however, justified by its own success. He himself is a poet, and—what is more to the purpose—he belongs to the tribe of Herrick. Long before reading this preface we noticed in Canon Beeching's work evidence of the same spirit, the same artistic aim, that we find in the "*Hesperides*," and no one but a lifelong and intelligent admirer could have written the critical essay that we now have under consideration. It begins with a simple and unbiassed little biography in which the most interesting point is that Herrick in London was a friend and disciple of Ben Jonson. "At the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun," it was "we" who became "nobly wild, not mad." Herrick certainly belonged to the tribe of Ben:

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

And undoubtedly he liked meeting congenial spirits at inns better than the idea of becoming a country parson.

Canon Beeching takes the charitable and kindly view that Perilla, Perenna, Julia, Anthea, Electra and Bianca are but "airy nothings," creatures of the imagination. He sees no reason to doubt that the poet was perfectly sincere and truthful when he wrote:

Go I must; when I am gone
Write but this upon my stone:
Chaste I lived, without a wife,
That's the story of my life.
Strewings need none, every flower
Is in this world, bachelor.

We are glad that Canon Beeching discredits the suggestion of Mr. Gosse that Julia bore Herrick a daughter. The evidence on this point is very vague.

To turn from the man's life to his work, our critic puts his finger with great precision upon the qualities of the poetry. He gives the first place to "concreteness." Herrick cared very little for the abstract:

His loves are all substantial ladies in heavy silks; his pastures are full of fat cattle; even the dew-drops on his flowers are full-bodied.

Herrick, too, was an artist to his finger-tips. We see it from his experiments and successes. When a good thought struck him he tried it in various metres, as is shown in his two epigrams upon love:

Love is a circle and an endless sphere,
From good to good revolving here and there.

and:

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

As an example of the originality with which he used words the following is quoted:

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast my eyes and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O! how that glittering taketh me.

"Liquefaction," "vibration," "glittering"—how exquisitely these words are used! In such a masterpiece in miniature as the following, words are applied with an art that is delightfully delicate:

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

Other peculiarities, as Canon Beeching remarks, are his Latinisms—his “candour” and “pullulate” and the extraordinary compounds he creates with the prepositions *inter-* and *circum-*. The soul is the “circummortal part” and “daisy rings” are “interplaced with ribbonings.” For diminutives he had a passion not unlike that of the present day:

One poem is called “A Ternary of Littles”; many are written in diminutive lines like Swift’s *Liliputian Ode*, and the poet coins at will forms like *quarulet*, *zonulet*, *pipkinet*, *shepherdling*, *disposeress*.

In the use of metre he was a pupil of Ben Jonson, but Canon Beeching says—and we agree with him:

It must be admitted that in the variety and success of his experiments he left Jonson far behind. It is interesting, for the sake of observing his rhythmical skill, to compare two poems that he wrote upon the immortality of his verses. The metres are not so very different, but in effect they are poles apart; the one being as brisk and lively as the spring, the other slow and meditative and melancholy.

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For with the flowery earth
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now
Th’ Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow
And my retorted hairs.

Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire
When pyramids as men
Are lost i’ th’ funeral fire.

As a contrast to this, observe the infinite skill with which the pace is slackened in the following—

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I’ll give o’er,
And bid the world good-night.

’Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O Time, thou cut’st down all!
And scarce leav’st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.

His country poems are those of an artistic observer. Such phrases as “lily-wristed morn” and “wicker arks” are as fine as the epithets of Homer:

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

To Nature he applies the same art that he does to the fair ladies of his imagination.

We have said enough to show how carefully and lovingly Canon Beeching has analysed and described his favourite poet. His estimate is both high and kindly and cannot but help those who wish to be discerning in their love of good verses.

EURIPIDES THE HUMAN

The Medea of Euripides. Translated into English rhyming Verse, with explanatory Notes, by GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D. (Allen, 2s. net.)

DR. MURRAY has not mentioned on his title-page a short introduction full of insight and new and original points of view; but it is not the least pleasing part of a very pleasing book. We are startled when we read that the real love of Jason’s life was his love for the ship *Argo*; but when we come to read the play carefully again we observe that the primeval ship had really touched the imagination of the romantic adventurer who was mystically consigned in his childhood to the wise centaur Chiron, to charter in his manhood the first of ships and fulfil the hard tasks imposed by the usurper Pelias—in which he famously succeeds, through the aid of the enchantress Medea, daring as potent, who sacrifices her brother’s life to bring her hero back to Greece, where by craft she compasses the death of Jason’s supplanter, Pelias. Her love for Jason and for her children is animal, brute-like: and this is brought out by the poet with amazing skill. She is a female Othello. Dr. Murray says that Jason “probably rather loved her.” But we see no trace of this in the play, while he boasts cynically of the wild passion with which he inspired her. His marriage with Creusa he frankly describes as a *mariage de convenance*, into which feeling did not enter at all. Jason accepts the hand of the princess, and, when Creon, the father of Creusa, resolves to banish Medea, he thinks there is a good deal to be said for Creon’s point of view. There begins the tragedy. Whatever may be said for the Jason of the beautiful poem of Apollonius Rhodius (and even there he pales before the heroine Medea), the Jason of the Euripidean play is a very sorry hero indeed.

The *Medea*, which was brought out in 432 B.C.—the first year of the Peloponnesian War—is a very great play with the defects which mar the early efforts of a great genius, which must be condemned from the region of high art, but which would have been an irreparable loss if they had been suppressed. Romeo ought not to have given his brilliant picture of the Apothecary’s shop, distracted as he was by the doubts and fears inspired by the crisis; Mercutio could never have woven the delicate fancy about Queen Mab; Medea should not have wept in the second scene with Jason, and the scene with Aegeus is out of place; but who would wish any of these scenes away? And we see how the maturer art of the Greek as well as the English poet rejected digressions, if they may be so called, however finely executed. We are altogether in accord with Dr. Murray when he writes:

For concentrated dramatic quality and sheer intensity of passion few plays ever written can vie with the *Medea*.

The metrification is beautiful. It is free from that tendency to resolve long syllables which makes the later plays of Euripides far less pleasing to the ear.

Dr. Murray still adheres to rhymed couplets, and certainly his success in achieving an easy flow of verse is amazing; but we should be glad to see it transferred to a more suitable arena. Let him put into verse Mr. Mackail’s selections from the Greek Anthology, which crave the art of a deft versifier, while the senarius actually loses weight by being rendered in rhyme. Though Dr. Murray should surpass even Medea in the arts of conjuring, he could not avoid omissions and interpolations in the interests of the rhyme. To go no farther than vv. 30–33, the words in italics are not in the Greek:

Only the white throat *in a sudden shame*
May writhe, and all alone she moans the name
Of father, and land, and home, forsook that day
For this man’s sake, who casteth her away.

Again, in v. 720 when Aegeus in the Greek says only

that his whole hope of progeny is gone, in the English he declares :

'Tis this bath made mine whole
Life as a shadow, and starved out my soul.

Many cases like this could be adduced, but there are passages in which even in the shackles of rhyme the poet (for Dr. Murray is a poet) moves easily and renders faithfully, e.g., in Medea's soliloquy about her children (1028-1044):

Oh, cursèd be mine own hard heart ! 'Twas all
In vain, then, that I reared you up, so tall
And fair ; in vain I bore you, and was torn
With those long pitiless pains, when you were born.
Ah, wondrous hopes my poor heart had in you,
How you would tend me in mine age, and do
The shroud about me with your own dear hands,
When I lay cold, blessed in all the lands
That knew us. And that gentle thought is dead !
You go, and I live on, to eat the bread
Of long years, to myself most full of pain.
And never your dear eyes, never again,
Shall see your mother, far away being thrown
To other shapes of life. . . . My babes, my own,
Why gaze ye so ?—What is it that ye see ?—
And laugh with that last laughter ? . . . Woe is me,
What shall I do ?

Women, my strength is gone,
Gone like a dream, since once I looked upon
Those shining faces. . . . I can do it not.

And we must quote in justification of our view the death of Creusa (1186-1203):

The carcanet of gold
That gripped her brow was molten in a dire
And wondrous river of devouring fire.
And those fine robes, the gift thy children gave—
God's mercy !—everywhere did lap and lave
The delicate flesh ; till up she sprang, and fled,
A fiery pillar, shaking locks and head
This way and that, seeking to cast the crown
Somewhere away. But like a thing nailed down
The burning gold held fast the anadem,
And through her locks, the more she scattered them,
Came fire the fiercer, till to earth she fell,
A thing—save to her sire—scarce nameable,
And strove no more. That cheek of royal mien,
Where was it—or the place where eyes had been ?
Only from crown and temples came faint blood
Shot through with fire. The very flesh, it stood
Out from the bones, as from a wounded pine
The gum starts, where those gnawing poisons fine
Bit in the dark—a ghastly sight ! And touch
The dead we durst not. We had seen too much . . .

But the last words hardly convey the Greek, and are due only to the rhyme.

More pleasing still are the lyrical parts, where the very form of the metre seems to permit a less close adherence to the words of the text, for instance in the Nurse's appeal to the children (98-110):

Ah, children, hark ! She moves again
Her frozen heart, her sleeping wrath,
In, quick ! And never cross her path,
Nor rouse that dark eye in its pain ;
That fell sea-spirit, and the dire
Spring of a will untaught, unbowed.
Quick, now !—Methinks this weeping cloud
Hath in its heart some thunder-fire,
Slow gathering, that must flash ere long.
I know not how, for ill or well,
It turns, this uncontrollable
Tempestuous spirit, blind with wrong.

The glorification of Athens, which Dr. Murray compares with the famous speech of Pericles in Thucydides, Book ii., is also a fine piece of metrification. We give the first strophe (824-834):

The sons of Erechtheus, the olden,
Whom high gods planted of yore
In an old land of heaven upholden,
A proud land untrodden of war ;
They are hungered, and lo, their desire
With wisdom is fed as with meat :
In their skies is a shining of fire,
A joy in the fall of their feet :

And thither, with manifold dowers,
From the North, from the hills, from the morn,
The Muses did gather their powers,
That a child of the Nine should be born ;
And Harmony, sown as the flowers,
Grew gold in the acres of corn.

We will conclude with the celebrated *crux* beginning at v. 214. We find it difficult to reconcile with either the Greek text or Dr. Murray's Latin version of it in his Clarendon Press edition, the verses 214-226 ; but the whole passage is finely done, though in the last words there is a fierce sneer at men (due to the need for rhyme) which the Greek does not countenance :

Women of Corinth, I am come to show
My face, lest ye despise me. For I know
Some heads stand high and fail not, even at night
Alone—far less like this, in all men's sight ;
And we, who study not our wayfarings
But feel and cry—Oh we are drifting things,
And evil ! For what truth is in men's eyes,
Which search no heart, but in a flash despise
A strange face, shuddering back from one that ne'er
Hath wronged them ? . . . Sure, far-comers anywhere,
I know, must bow them and be gentle. Nay,
A Greek himself men praise not, who alway
Should seek his own will recking not . . . But I—
This thing undreamed of, sudden from on high,
Hath sapped my soul : I dazzle where I stand,
The cup of all life shattered in my hand,
Longing to die—O friends ! He, even he,
Whom to know well was all the world to me,
The man I loved, hath proved most evil.—Oh,
Of all things upon earth that bleed and grow,
A herb most bruised is woman. We must pay
Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day,
To buy us some man's love ; and lo, they bring
A master of our flesh ! There comes the sting
Of the whole shame. And then the jeopardy,
For good or ill, what shall that master be ;
Reject she cannot : and if he but stays
His suit, 'tis shame on all that woman's days.
So thrown amid new laws, new places, why,
'Tis magic she must have, or prophecy—
Home never taught her that—how best to guide
Toward peace this thing that sleepeth at her side.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE FIRST TUDORS

The History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Henry VIII., 1485-1547. By H. A. L. FISHER.
(Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

CO-OPERATIVE history is now the fashion. We are disposed to think that the Political History of England, of which Mr. Fisher's book is the fifth volume, is in some respects an improvement on the Cambridge method ; for while in the Cambridge work the writers in one volume do not always regard matters from a common standpoint, here we have a complete volume, covering a defined period, from one author. This is in many respects a great advantage. It would have been a misfortune if the Lives of the first two Tudors had been written by men who took opposite views of the Tudor policy. We are sorry, however, that the period covered by this volume was not extended for another eleven years. The book would then have given us a complete view of the Tudor ideas of Government, shown the length to which the Protestant party pushed the Reform under Edward and the reactionary party their policy under Mary, and from the failure of both have shown Elizabeth's true greatness in building up the *via media anglicana* in Church and State. It may, however, be said that the method adopted is the best to bring out the real character and ability of Henry VIII., for as soon as his hand was withdrawn his system broke down, driven first to the one extreme and then to the other.

We must confess that Mr. Fisher's portrait of Henry VII. is not satisfactory. It is strange that the Life of the English king whose history is more romantic than that of any of our sovereigns should never have been written from the king's point of view. From Mr. Fisher's opening

remarks we hoped that at last Henry had found an historian who would put his case fairly before the country. For a young man of twenty-eight who had no real title to the crown, who was surrounded by men who had brought treachery to a fine art, who had no standing army, whose kingdom was over-run by armed robbers who like their masters would take any side for a gold noble, not merely to lead a successful invasion but to hold the crown against all comers and to transmit it fairly safe to his son was an achievement of some magnitude. The only historian who has grasped the position is Bacon, and it is this that even now makes his history valuable. It is the fashion to describe Henry as a tyrant, self-seeking, self-serving, self-interested, a sort of English Louis XI. as Louis used to be depicted. Modern French writers recognise that Louis was something more than this. It is to be hoped that English writers will some day do justice to the first of the Tudors.

One advantage Henry gained from his exile: the ability to look at foreign questions as inextricably mixed up with English questions. As Mr. Fisher points out, his triumph meant the enmity of Burgundy and loss of income to the Dowager Duchess; she at once began to rally the Yorkists, and this, driving Henry into the arms of France, was the beginning of that tangled web of foreign policy that forms the clue to so much of Tudor history. Another thing which Henry had learnt was not to trust his nobles. It was vital for him to be in his dominion over all persons supreme, and to do this he made a bid for the support of the bourgeois. This, as Mr. Fisher points out, accounts for Morton and Fox, Bray and Poynings becoming Henry's trusted servants. That the king required these precautions was obvious. Lambert Simnel and the Poles showed that the danger was real. We do not think that Henry's diplomatic skill receives its due. It was something for a usurper, whose throne was far from secure, to gain for his son the hand of the princess who was then the best match in Europe and with it the pledge that the aid of the first military power was at the call of the Red Rose. It is true that the marriage was a failure, but its importance was recognised by English statesmen and for the next half-century the policy it indicated was one of the courses that English statesmen had to bear in mind.

Mr. Fisher brings out well the extraordinary ideas of the first two Tudor princes on marriage. Henry's idea of marrying his daughter-in-law Catharine on Arthur's death has always been mentioned as showing that Henry's love of Catharine's dowry exceeded his love of decency, and his resignation of his claim in favour of his son Henry on condition that the dowry remained in England and that Suffolk, the most important of the Yorkish exiles, was surrendered to him, shows how little religion had to do with this celebrated marriage. If any one desire to read what Bacon calls "curious and exquisite" instruction, he should read Henry's instructions to the Envoy he sent to Valencia to inspect the Queen of Naples and see whether she would make a desirable wife. They are given in full in the facsimiles of Historical Documents published by the Ordnance Survey Office. This proposal fell through. Henry then tried to arrange a marriage with Joanna of Castile. She was mad, but it was said that the English would not object to this as it did not prevent her bearing children. With such a father, it seems hardly surprising that the son's ideas on the marriage contract were not those usually held by Englishmen. It would be waste of space to touch on the inconsistency of Henry in matrimonial affairs, except to call attention to a point which Mr. Fisher is one of the few writers to bring out: that while Anne Boleyn was found guilty of adultery, and for that among other things was executed, Henry—according to the decision of Parliament and the Universities in Catharine's case—was, from his previous connection with Anne's elder sister Mary, not married to Anne, who could not, therefore, be guilty of adultery. If it were against the divine law to marry two brothers, as Catharine did, it was equally so to live with two sisters as Henry did.

Mr. Fisher fails to do justice to Wolsey and Cromwell. Both of them are judged too much from the point of view of merely English ministers. It is probable that no two men will agree on the character of either, and the number of historians who have sufficiently studied the inner history of the time to give an opinion worth having is very few. That Wolsey was the only man capable of carrying on the foreign policy of the Tudors is clear; the point of dispute is whether he desired the papacy as the crown of his career, or the means to enable him to carry English policy to a triumphant conclusion. We believe the latter. Of Cromwell, Mr. Fisher's portrait is not flattering. Cromwell, he says:

pushed his way to fortune by a combination of courage, skill, assiduity, and a convenient absence of scruple. He was a money-lender on a large scale and even when transacting the affairs of State he continued to transact legal business and to relieve the pecuniary necessities of a wide and extending circle of clients.

This representation of the man who carried through Parliament the most wide-reaching change in our history as a low pettifogging attorney is as misleading as Froude's eulogy. We may consider Cromwell's policy mistaken and the means he adopted to carry it out objectionable, but a man who could conduct the domestic and foreign policy of the Crown in the face of the opposition of the English nobility and people and bring it to a triumphant end must have had other gifts besides being "sly, cruel, and greedy."

"LITERARY HISTORY"

Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von den Anfängen bis in die Gegenwart. Von EDUARD ENGEL. 2 vols. (Leipzig: Freytag, 12m.)

It is difficult to say much that is favourable of this latest "History of German Literature," in spite of the enormous and painstaking labour that has evidently been bestowed upon it. Professor Engel is careful to define in his preface the peculiar niche which he believes his book will fill: it is to be a book for "Nichtwissende," a book that presupposes on the part of the reader an acquaintance with only the most familiar masterpieces of German literature; it is to be a book of "facts," not opinions, a history in which the poets are to be allowed to speak for themselves, not to be judged. This sounds attractive, especially to the non-German reader, who often finds himself at a disadvantage because he does not possess sufficient knowledge to appreciate German histories of the class to which, for instance, Wilhelm Scherer's admirable work belongs. But the method Professor Engel follows can only be successful in the hands of a scholar who himself has fulness of knowledge and ripeness of judgment; who is able, silently and unostentatiously, to order and arrange the facts, and to help, as it were, the poets to say just those things about themselves which are best adapted to take the place of independent commentary and criticism. Without such qualities in the author, the method is apt to be merely a cloak to hide their absence. Professor Engel's work is an industrious compilation, not far short of one thousand two hundred pages, for which the works of previous investigators and literary historians have been ransacked with the systematic thoroughness that characterises German method in such matters. It is also, we ought to add, illustrated with a number of well-chosen and well-reproduced portraits of leading German men of letters. But the materials are thrown together with journalistic haste, and the style is, to say the least of it, rough and ready; many of the two hundred odd chapters, into which the work is divided, degenerate into mere collections of "snippets" in loose and broken paragraphs. This is not literary history; it is only the rough sketch which an author makes of the materials out of which a history may ultimately be constructed. But even had Professor Engel given himself time to convert his compilation into a

genuine historical survey of German literature, we doubt whether the results would have been satisfactory; for he seems to us to be strangely deficient in the literary sense, the feeling for poetry. Even the driest of academic authorities on the subject—a race, we imagine, Dr. Engel does not love—has more insight into the nature of literary genius, is more sensitive to the finer vibrations of the German soul in poetry, than he is. The limitations he has imposed upon himself in writing only for “Nichtwissende” and avoiding personal judgments on men and books, also perhaps explain why he has thrown the centre of gravity of his book so far forward: the first volume covers the history of the literature from the earliest times to the birth of Goethe; the second volume extends from Goethe to the present day. This arrangement naturally implies disproportionate treatment and a corresponding over-emphasis on nineteenth-century literature: it is justified only by the fact that the author seems more at home with the subject of his second volume. Indeed, his book would have made a better impression had he restricted himself entirely to modern German literature. We doubt whether he has much first-hand knowledge of mediæval literature. If he has, he has failed to convince us of it, and his early chapters leave the impression of having been hastily “got up” for the occasion. Of Middle High German he seems to have only a smattering, and the glamour of “the glorious Middle Age” has never, to judge from his discussion of the “höfische Dichtung,” been felt by him at all. A writer who—to quote only one of many passages which reveal an extraordinary lack of discernment—can accuse Wolfram von Eschenbach of having “no background,” of having “nothing universally human” or even “truly German” to say, would obviously do better to leave German mediæval poetry alone.

Dr. Engel's unimaginative, matter-of-fact—the Germans would say “nüchtern”—way of looking at literature distorts his whole outlook, even in the later periods, where he is on familiar ground. He has little understanding of what we non-Germans, at least, treasure in the literature as its finest and most distinctively German elements. The delicate spirituality of German lyric poetry, be it in the Minnesänger, in Goethe, or in the poets of more recent times, does not appeal to him; he has never, it would seem, penetrated beneath the surface of that wonderland of Romanticism at the beginning of last century, the movement associated with the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, Tieck and Wackenroder. So deficient, indeed, is he in sympathy for the “Romantik” that his criticism might have been written by the champion of Berjin rationalism at the end of the eighteenth century: by Nicolai himself! The delicate psychological filigree of Friedrich Hebbel, most original and stimulating of all the dramatists of the nineteenth century, does not interest Dr. Engel, and he is without sympathy for the most interesting contemporary man of letters, Gerhart Hauptmann. In other words, for what seems to us the quintessence of the German spirit as it is expressed in literature, this book has only the cold shrug or, at best, words of indifferent praise. Even of writers like Keller and Heine, whom Professor Engel admires unconditionally, his account seems to miss the point; he fails to show us how they deserve the superlatives he scatters with a liberal hand.

It is needless to add, after what we have said, that he who looks to this work for information about literary movements in Germany, about the relationships between authors and books which form the organic life of a national literature, he who seeks to understand the fundamental ideas on which, say, the classical literature of the eighteenth century was built up, will find no guidance and no help. Facts—dry, often unenlightening and merely trivial facts—are all Dr. Engel has to offer. Perhaps the reader will turn with most interest to the last section, which is tacked on more or less independently, as “Die Gegenwart: 1885 bis heute.” There have been many

such surveys of late, and Dr. Engel has felt the need of commenting on contemporary literature, and, at the same time, of making clear to the world his particular share in its development. We are inclined to think that the less freely a literary historian attempts to judge his contemporaries, the more chance his book will have of commending itself to next year's public; but for those who care for such disquisitions on the living, we can recommend the last hundred and twenty pages of this book as presenting a point of view worthy of consideration.

There are plenty of readers in Germany who like literary history of this amorphous kind, like, too, the beating of the tam-tam of patriotism and nationalism, and who are willing to overlook superficiality in an author if he insists sufficiently on the “allgemein Menschliche” and the “wahrhaft Deutsche”; but we should be sorry to invite the tiro, either in Germany or in England, to make his first acquaintance with German poetry through this work. Professor Engel is also the author of a “History of French Literature” and a “History of English Literature.” Reviewing an English translation of the latter, which appeared in 1902, the ACADEMY arrived at the following conclusion: “Dr. Engel's manner is pretentious, and his assertions are positive. But we do not discover that he has any sense of literary proportion, or any literary insight into the genius of the literature which he professes to teach.” These words seem to us equally applicable to the present work.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

From East to West. By Sir HUBERT JERNINGHAM. (Murray, 15s. net.)

A CERTAIN sadness is noticeable in Lafcadio Hearn's last writing on Japan. He felt that the simple beauty of the old order was changing and that the new order which was taking its place with amazing swiftness contained elements of vulgarity which are inevitably attendant on rapid progress, whether it be the progress of an individual or of a nation. Whatever development may be the eventual result, the actual phase of change is apparently deplorable. Sir Hubert felt this. He wanted to see the remnant of the old order of things, so he set out with his nephew and the Earl of Leitrim to visit Japan; and on his return he wrote the account of his journey, hoping partly that his observations might be of value, but chiefly (as he puts it in his attractive preface) to give himself “the pleasure of renewing a delightful excursion in the effort, however ineffective, to describe it.”

And very agreeable reading does this account of an interesting journey make. Sir Hubert writes pleasantly always, if without great literary distinction: he has observed sensibly, and all men of intelligence must be interested in the chatty record of his observations. Just as an expert writes for experts, so a sensible man writes for sensible men. His ideas do not penetrate deeply beneath the surface, and for that reason they are easily comprehended and have their own value. Sir Hubert starts off from Paris and writes his impressions of Paris, then of Marseilles, his next halting-place, and gradually makes his amiable way *via* Aden and Bombay until he eventually reaches Nagasaki. In Japan he naturally is anxious to visit the battlefields and Port Arthur, and he does visit them, with his note-book in his hand and smile of interest on his face. And he tells you how fast the trains under military direction went, and how slowly; he tells you how comfortable he was at different inns on the road or how uncomfortable, as the case may be; how in Manchuria his party were shown into a bare room for the night, and how the cold prevented him from sleeping very well; but how the keen morning air of the mountains quickly invigorated him and made him forget the discomfort of the night. His book reads as pleasantly as a long evening passes, after a good dinner, in listening to the exploits and

adventures of a friend who has just returned from his travels. And in this case the travels have been to places which command interest, and the teller is a man of sound intelligence and wide experience.

Van Dyck. By LIONEL CUST. (Bell, 5s. net.)

THIS addition to the well-known "Great Masters" series is an abridged and revised version of the exhaustive volume on the life and work of Van Dyck published six years ago by Mr. Lionel Cust, whose erudition is now placed within the reach of a wider public. As an authoritative account of a painter whose work is richly represented in this country Mr. Cust's condensed volume should find a place in the library of every connoisseur. The illustrations are well-chosen and adequately reproduced, and though we could wish the list of paintings included those in private as well as those in public collections, the book must be pronounced in every way a worthy addition to a series remarkable for its convenience and authority.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"

II. i. 39. [Folio, p. 65.]

Some run from brakes of Ice.

THIS most intractable of the *crucis* of Shakespeare's text has resisted adequate solution for close on three hundred years. The notes of the Cambridge editors show that the "brakes" of the Folio has been perpetuated by the subsequent folios, and by Rowe, Malone, Capell, Knight, Dyce and other editors. Keightley suggested "wrecks o' vice"; Bulloch the extraordinary "pranks of Iceland" (whatever that may mean); and Thiselton considers "Ice" a misprint for "iron." Shakespeare's meaning has nothing whatever to do with "running"—quite the contrary in fact—and still less with "ice" or with "brakes," whether meaning thickets, instruments of torture, or anything of that kind.

(1) Even if the fact were not patent on the surface, Dyce has shown very clearly that the *Ice* of the Folio is a misprint for *vice*. In his note on the *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 148, quoting this passage amongst six or seven others, chiefly from Beaumont and Fletcher, he remarks that "the proneness of printers to blunder on words beginning with 'v' is very remarkable." And the preceding "f" in "of," identical as it is in pronunciation with "v," strengthens this view.

(2) The key to this corruption is to be found in the following passages of this play:

III. ii. 6. *sqq.*:

'Twas never merry world since of two *usuries*, the merriest was *put down*, and the worser allowed by order of law a *furred* gown to keep him warm, and *furred* with fox and lambskins too;

III. ii. 22;

Do thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw or *clothe a back*,
From such a filthy *vice*;

and *King Lear*, IV. vi. 167-169:

The *usurer* hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes small *vices* do appear
Robes and *furr'd gowns* hide all.

What Pompey meant by the "two usuries" was the two "vices" of money-lending and fornication. The stews of Southwark in Tudor times were farmed out to foreign women by the Mayors of London; and Stow refers to this practice when he says: "In the year of Christ 1546 the 37th of Henry VIII., this row of stews in Southwarke was *put down* by the King's commandment." Hence Shakespeare makes Pompey speak of the "merriest" vice as a "usury." The "worsen," in Pompey's view, was money-lending, which continued to flourish; and brown fox-fur was the recognised everyday dress of a

usurer or money scrivener. There are many references to this in the writers of Shakespeare's time, e.g., Greene in his "Groatsworth of Wit, etc.," has "Gorinius . . . sat as formally in his fox-furd gown"; and in his "Discouery of Coosnage" and "Conny-catching" (1591-1592): "Those fox-furd Gentlemen that hyde under their gownes faced with foynes [*i.e.*, skins of the beech-marten or polecat] more falshood than all the Conny-catchers in England . . . those miserable Usurers I meane that like Vultures pray uppon the spoyle of the poore," and Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomew Fair*, V. iii., has "In a *scrivener's furr'd gown*." The New English Dictionary refers to Vicary's "Anat." 1561: "My gowne . . . fac'd with foyne *backes*."

The particular "vice" of this play is to be found mentioned in at least a dozen passages, viz., II. i. 39; II. ii. 5, 29, 136; II. iv. 42, 116; III. i. 138; III. ii. 24, 106, 108, 284, 291; IV. ii. 115, etc.

(3) What did Escalus mean by his apophthegm in II. i. 38-40?

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run from *brakes of Ice*, and answer none [*sic* Folio
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Exactly what Isabella meant in II. ii. 127, when she says to Lucio:

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation . . .
That in the captain's but a cholerick word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy;

or what Lear says in IV. vi. 168, above quoted; or, as we say, "One man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge." It is significant that the above-quoted passage from *King Lear*, written, it will be remembered, not long after *Measure for Measure*—and probably not more than a year or so after—refers to the "vice" of lust as well as to usury or money-lending; and the moralising of Escalus would be equally general in its application to the "two usuries."

(4) We are now in a position to remove the corruption of the Folio, and to supply what, it is submitted, Shakespeare actually wrote, viz.:

Some *furr'd on backes of vice*, and answer none;

i.e., some are furred, or, wear furred gowns, on their vicious backs, and are not called to account. In other words, they line their pockets or make their fortunes out of vice, whether of money-lending or lust. This will appear more clearly from a collocation of the corruption with the above emendation:

Some | run from brakes of Ice, | and answer none
furr'd on backes of Vice,

where absolutely every letter of the Folio is repeated or accounted for with startling exactness. The misprint of the letter "r" for "c" in "backes" is one of the commonest in the Folio owing to the great similarity of those letters in point of form.

Measure for Measure first appeared in print, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623; and the compositor's eye, if he printed from a manuscript, or his ear, if he printed from dictation, a practice then common enough, might readily fall into the error above shown. In the latter case, it must be pointed out that the word "brake," meaning a thicket of fern, etc., was not pronounced as we now pronounce it, viz., with the long *a*, but as if spelt "brack," and sounded exactly like its congener "bracken," which was in fact the same word. Hence the corruption of the true word *backe* into *brake*. Shakespeare's omission of the substantive verb need cause no concern, owing to the close compression of language necessary in such an apophthegmatic sentence; and besides, it is omitted in the succeeding line, "and some condemned for a fault alone."

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

THE ACADEMY

FEBRUARY 16, 1907

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

HENRY FIELDING

EVERY novelist looks at life from his own standpoint, whether consciously or not. He may turn away from it in disgust and become a romanticist, or life by its syren fascination may drag him down to its low places and he may become what is known as a realist. Half-way between these two extremities comes Henry Fielding. He is life's perfect story-teller. He had no message burning within him which he must deliver to the world or die; he had no wish to reform the world or inform the ignorant. He had no theories which he wanted to exemplify. He simply looked at life from the standpoint of an ordinary man and found it excellent. He differed from the ordinary man only in the tremendous exuberance of his vitality and in his ability to express himself. He relished life, and everything that came into life received a grace from his buoyant touch. He was a simple and sane man. The deadening common sense, which was creeping slowly upon his age and slowly stifling with long tentacles its spirit, could not rob him of his buoyancy. It came to him indeed, and his being assimilated it without receiving hurt. Rather, his obstreperous nature gained good from its influence, so malign to a low-strung man. Reason gave him balance and sanity, but its touch never chilled his heart.

There was nothing exalted in his outlook upon life. He accepted life as his keen eyes saw it, without passionate struggle toward an ideal. Life was as simple to him as it is to a boy who quietly takes his master's word for what is right and for what is wrong, without bothering his head over the problems of why and wherefore. And he took a boy's delight in breaking rules. "Be human and alive," he cries, and *humanum est errare*, he adds, without ever putting his tongue in his cheek.

And indeed such were the charms now displayed by Amelia . . . that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away is all that is in our power, and in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also that it

requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All paradise is opened in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

He has the Puritan view that all women are a temptation, but unlike the Puritan he does not repine against

the divine order of things. He never tries to make the worse appear the better reason, or to twist the established ideas of right and wrong to suit his own ends or to palliate his own actions. Quite cheerfully he owns that he has done wrong, and does not ever pretend that his wrong-doing has been less pleasant for being so. The unbending morality of the time met him. Reverence forbade him to try and alter its rigid form. And since one or other at such a meeting must give way, with all the good grace of a gentleman, he did so himself, with a sort of half-reproachful smile.

Listen to the moralist advising (but always with the grace of a gentleman) his young readers, after declaring the danger of beauty and the necessity of "running away," with more than a hint of cowardice contained and intended in the word:

And yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too . . . The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent, but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind we may most properly apply the well-known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

It is as if you saw him with his great arm round some young

friend, expounding the dictates of morality in duty bound, sincere absolutely in his belief in morality's rightness, sincere too in his hatred of any self-deception. "This is what happens, my dear boy: has happened, alas! to me," you hear him add. And you know as well as the boy would know that he would be much readier to sympathise with the disastrous effects of not running away, than with anguish that obedience to his sermon might entail. Now morality has changed: it is gradually becoming a living rather than a conventional thing. What is right and what is wrong is a matter of fierce debate, and it is gradually coming about that each individual is called upon to make his own answer. Even the laws have

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

In SIX VOLUMES.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit.*—

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against
Catharine-street in the Strand.

MDCCLXIX.

changed. Then accepted morality was the final arbiter: only madmen questioned its authority. But to return to that typical chapter which illustrates in two pages Fielding's whole attitude towards life. He has described the temptation, he has given his kindly warning, and he proceeds to an apology for doing so (that too with the courtesy of a gentleman):

This digression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love; for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong and almost irresistible temptations; none hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best minds are so liable.

He goes on to show how other passions, such as ambition and avarice, grow to greatest force in the most evil minds, but how Love alone flourishes in the most noble—to their destruction he does not hesitate to add. Nowadays such a theme would spread into another channel: granted that the noblest minds are most liable to Love, perhaps Love is not necessarily the all-subduing tyrant of the old morality, perhaps Love is the grand impulsion, the very pulse of life. The problem now is on a higher setting, than Fielding's staunch adherence (the loyalty of a gentleman) to his Morality allowed him to realise.

And he was sincere in his adherence. Sincerity was the dominant feature of his personality, which lent grace to his exuberance, charm to his discourses and value to his work. Thackeray, in that exquisitely written essay of his upon Fielding, seems to be a little wrong in the nature of some of his strictures, in spite of the fact that he puts them forward with all the delicacy of expression of which he was consummate master. It would seem that disapproval is always wrong, even when expressed by a Thackeray, because it inevitably holds up the standard of one age in comparison with the standard of another, and the two things are never comparable.

I can't say I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable.

It is as though, like some Daniel Deronda, he must needs pull himself up by the coat collar. Of course any remark of Thackeray, passed upon his acknowledged master, is pleasant to know. But this remark is not criticism. He seems even to lay a condemning finger on what is really one of his beloved master's most admirable qualities. For Fielding's genius enabled him to arouse for Tom Jones something far more essential than admiration, and that is interest, keen interest and even, so strong is his magic, affection. Conscience seems to be working its clammy will with Thackeray for a moment, but only for a moment; his better nature soon asserts itself and like another Balaam his curses are turned to blessings.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults and their excellencies . . .

Fielding, like most great men, had a boy's heart with a man's wisdom. The experience of years did not taint him with the lethargy of age. He remained warm and young and growing. He kept moderation and restraint and all the accompaniments of maturity for his work: he did not let them creep into his soul. He controlled their power, and as much strength is needed to do so as is needed to control the tumultuous passions of youth—strength of another kind of course it is, but a strength far worthier to possess. He lived and loved life: and it is pleasant to think that, unable to live again through the great days of joy and sorrow and struggle, he wrote. He wrote as he lived—sincerely. He wrote as he lived, hating hypocrisy and

meanness, and using all his humour to condone with every other fault or foible that mortal flesh is heir to. And over all the spirits and buoyancy which breathe from all his books with the freshness of a spring morning, and which are as invigorating and as captivating and as inimitable, rests a strange calm, an arresting suavity. He expressed himself naturally without fear, without reticence, with quiet sincerity, and that expression of himself was so perfect that he is a master of English prose. The writing of this great-hearted gentleman will be read as long as the English language exists.

H. DE S.

HENRY FIELDING'S LIBRARY

THE "little parlour" ("Tom Jones," Book xiii., ch. 1) in which Henry Fielding looks up from his "History of a Foundling" to dream for a moment of posthumous renown cannot hold a large collection of books. Rather, we may fancy, it accommodates upon a single shelf some score or so of volumes. Mr. Fielding is a man of many expenses and uncertain revenue. He has not yet received even that office of Justice of the Peace for Westminster and the County of Middlesex which will later give him a scanty income and a great deal of work. If he ever owned any valuable books, it is not likely they remained in his possession long. But in the truest sense a man's library consists rather in the books which he has mastered than in those which he owns; and by this reckoning Mr. Fielding's library is a large one.

He has told us of the extent of his proficiency in the tongues:

Tuscan and French are in my head;
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.

But when and where did he read it? Where, we wonder, did he read not only Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Lucian, Theocritus, and Longinus, but also Arrian, Aeschines, Phocylides, and other lesser luminaries? "Of Greek," said Dr. Johnson, "every one gets as much as he can"; we are driven to suppose that his contemporary acted on this principle, and varied his writing for the stage by reading in the classics. Though far from endorsing (of course) Parson Adams's remark that "knowledge of men is only to be learnt from books—Plato and Seneca for that," he has yet a very great respect for learning. He refuses to believe, for instance:

that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt could have produced the orations that have made the Senate of England in these our times a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and with their spirit their knowledge too.

He laughs at a rising school of critics who hold that any kind of learning is entirely useless to a writer:

Nature [says he] can only provide us with capacity, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it, and must contribute part, at least, of the materials.

The rhapsody on Homer with which Parson Adams favoured Mr. Wilson ("Joseph Andrews," Book iii, ch. 2) is too long to quote; but in the "Voyage to Lisbon" we have a final reflection on that author which is a curious illustration of Fielding's preference of reality to fiction:

I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems which have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

It was a case, in short, of "not loving Cæsar less, but Rome more." So also was it with Aeschylus, the loved companion of Parson Adams, and with Longinus—"the excellent Longinus"—to whose precepts Fielding so often and so respectfully refers.

In Latin his tastes are equally Catholic. He is familiar with Virgil, the elder Pliny, Plautus, Terence, Juvenal, Suetonius,

True THE *Bertie*
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS,

And of his FRIEND

Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

Written in Imitation of
The Manner of CERVANTES
Author of *Don Quixote*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against
St. Clement's Church, in the Strand.
M.DCC.XLII.

Claudian and Martial. Captain Booth poses the hackney author with a couplet from Lucan, and Booth's own mental state is illustrated by half a dozen lines from Claudian. Virgil, too, is often put under contribution, and Fielding's obvious enjoyment of quotation shows that he had read the classics for his pleasure. Of French writers he mentions incidentally Montesquieu, "the inimitable biographer of Gil Blas," Scarron, the author of the *Paysan Parvenu*, Voltaire and others. But his familiarity with the ancients and with continental moderns does not detract from his love of masterpieces of his own language. When Joseph Andrews (who had seen *Macbeth* acted) breaks out into a variant of Macduff's remonstrance:

But I must also feel it as a man,

Parson Adams assures him that there is nothing but heathenism to be learnt from plays. But Fielding, English to the core, and with a robust delight in his country's pre-eminence, calls Shakespeare "the greatest genius the world hath ever produced."

That Shakespeare [says Bath, the fire-eating colonel in "Amelia"] was a fine fellow. He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shakespeare that wrote the play about Hotspur? I never missed that play when it was acted, if I was in town.

Milton, also, Fielding admires, and Addison, and Butler, and Swift—but not Richardson! Pope he appreciates, although justly offended by the epithets bestowed on Allen. Passing to divinity, he has read (beside the Bible) the discourses of South and Barrow. The study of Barrow's sermons converts Captain Booth from deism to Christianity.

Of native historians our author mentions Clarendon

and Whitelocke, while for Burnet, whose Whig opinions he shared, he had a great regard. "Amelia," we are told, "had conversed with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent Bishop Burnet." (Also, Amelia read English plays and poetry.) Anson's "Voyage" is mentioned with approval, and Shaftesbury's critical works: but the name of Defoe—and this is curious—nowhere occurs! Who the "young lady of fashion" was, who wrote the romance *Sophia* was reading when interrupted by Miss Western, is matter for conjecture; but an attempt to discover her might (to borrow Miss Western's remark) "as the great Milton said, almost subdue one's patience." As to plays, no doubt he read all he could lay hands on, especially Shakespeare's, Otway's, Vanburgh's, Congreve's and Farquhar's. It was with one of "the excellent Farquhar's comedies" (*The Constant Couple*, we surmise), that Amelia tried to deaden her anxiety, while her absent husband was losing his last guinea to Captain Trent.

Such, then, was Henry Fielding's library. And what books from it shall we imagine in occupation of the narrow shelf in that little parlour? Let us hazard a conjecture. "The History of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams," in two small volumes (a spur to fresh endeavour): "Don Quixote"; the "Iliad"; "Hudibras"; "Gulliver's Travels"; and half a score of plays.

H. C. M.

(7)

A

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The Author dies, meets with Mercury,
and is by him conducted to the
Stage which sets out for the other
World.*

ON the first of December 1741*, I departed this Life, at my Lodgings in *Cheapside*. My Body had been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, left it should by any accident return to

B 4

Life:

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a Date more agreeable to the Account given of it in the Introduction: but then there are some Passages which seem to relate to Transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two.—To say the truth, there are Difficulties attend either Conjecture; so the Reader may take which he pleases.

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BIOGRAPHIES AND CRITICISM

1751. "An Essay on the new species of Writing founded by Mr. Fielding, with a word or two upon the Modern State of Criticism."—1807. "Life of Fielding, with observations on his Character and Writings," by William Watson.—1855. "Life of Henry Fielding, with notices of his Writings his Times, and his Contemporaries," by F. Lawrence.—1883. "Fielding," by Austin Dobson (in the "English Men of Letters Series").

Magazine articles and reviews and special book chapters are too numerous to be brought within the scope of this short bibliography.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

AIR AND SPACE IN LITERATURE

A THOUGHTFUL boy who was greatly puzzled by the moral behaviour of Homer's heroes, asked his father one day whether "these were all the gods the Greeks had." The father answered that he believed they had a vague idea of a great overruling Deity. It is to be feared that he invented that belief on the spot out of solicitude for his son's moral principles. The son in due time attained to a fellowship at Oxford by way of the Thirty-nine Articles, but he also arrived at a conviction that in estimating the conduct of persons in story or real life, it is necessary to take account of the "gods" of their age. For whatever the ideas of such persons might have been regarding "a great overruling Deity," it is safe to assume that they obeyed the little "gods" and prospered, or disobeyed them and came to grief. Propriety and Respectability, we may suppose, are goddesses in England. Learned inquiry might show them to be one and the same, but in any case they must never be forgotten.

In the case of Fielding it is particularly necessary that we should be clear as to what the gods of this our own day are, and to remember that they did not necessarily prevail in his. Thereafter you may walk boldly into that eighteenth-century England which he portrayed, in a proper frame of mind to enjoy and appreciate its characteristics. If Fielding's England does not please you, do not despair of the eighteenth century, but turn to Richardson's "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" and read the long tale of how that exemplary serving-maid preserved her chastity against the most dire and determined assaults and yielded herself to the assailant only in holy wedlock. If still (as may well happen) you remain dissatisfied, if the love-making seems wanting in rapture and passion and "soulfulness," if the men appear coarse and the women formal, then return to the twentieth century and resolutely determine to be a person of your own time. It is a good thing to be a person of your own time and to worship the prevalent gods. But it is a better thing to be able to appreciate Homer in spite of the ridiculous deities; and Fielding, who had no foreknowledge of the powers who were to come after his days. And certain it is that the men and women he created from observation of the life of his time represent more truly the real men and women of to-day than do the fantastic beings that stand for English men and English women in present-day fiction. Alter here and there in his novels an incident which changed codes of manners have now made impossible, add to the relations of the sexes more tenderness and ideality than Fielding ever allows to them, and what is left represents to-day as true and profound a presentation of the springs of human action as it was when he wrote. Why? Because his eye was ever on the truth of the matter. He set out with no predilections for heroes or heroines; he bound himself to no pattern or convention of literature; he did not make fools of the fates, or a plaything of destiny. He described men and women as he saw them, veritably as only minds like his and Chaucer's and Shakespeare's can see them, and as they will remain for many ages still in spite of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and as yet unguessed radio-activities.

Three men in especial stand out in English literature for combined keenness and spaciousness of view: Chaucer, Fielding and Scott. By spaciousness is meant the reverse of that quality which selects a man or woman for magnification, dissects his every thought, intensifies his minutest sensation, inflates his purposes, and alchemises him generally into such portentous volumes of elemental gas that the great free universe is blotted out and the reader is forced by literary art to dwell with a monster. Shakespeare has much to answer for in creating Hamlet. To believe the bulk of modern fiction we are all Hamlets now, little Hamlets perhaps, male and

female Hamlets, but certainly Hamlets. What ails us—according to modern fiction—is a wailing heart-ache about something: about a woman, or a creed, or the mystery of creation. To Fielding, as to Chaucer, the heartache was a mental toothache. All around the sufferer from this or any other malady or misfortune, or even good fortune, was the great world of life, full of paths of health. Life, say Chaucer, and Scott and Fielding, is a condition of action, the world is its scene, and now the time. When Amelia's lover leaves her asleep, "tired out with so long a struggle between variety of passions," he tells us that "having drest myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse . . . and galloped away," to the wars. The world is a constant war in which no good is to be done by lying down and lamenting. Self-analysis is the very devil. Be up and doing: your Amelia will love you all the more for it, and the world will in most cases smile on you. If it does not, down you go bravely with head erect. Such is the philosophy that Fielding has to teach.

Fielding, however, set out to teach no philosophy. He discourses frequently, and at such length as to be tedious to most readers, on any occasion that takes his fancy. To tell truth, however, in these somewhat irritating confidences from author to reader he is not often either witty or illuminating. There is, indeed, an air of mockery about them. But in his descriptions of persons and events he is unsurpassable. Only one other writer had an eye like his for effect. But Dickens, with all his marvellous faculty of observation, does not penetrate to the essential humour of life as does Fielding. "Tom Jones" is a succession of astoundingly natural pictures, drawn with the zest of one who loves life in action almost to reckless idolatry. The action of the story often carries the reader hastily over minor episodes which, more closely examined, are finished gems. Of such, for example, is the description of Mrs. Partridge's assault upon her husband. When Partridge claims that the blood on his wife's face, to which she appeals as evidence of his barbarity, is really *his* blood, drawn by her nails from *his* face, the neighbour wives merely remark that it is a pity it had not come from his heart. This is the true inconsequential humour of life. Such things cannot be invented by taking thought. They flow from the artist's delight in his work, and Fielding in this true sense was a great artist, loving life with a great love.

Fielding loved life in all its manifestations so well that we have to stretch terms to call him a moralist in the narrow sense. Probably he had no intention at any time of pointing a moral. Tom Jones's progress through the world from his unpremeditated and altogether charming confession of love, a love which consumes his vitals, for the fair Sophia, reads in the present day like a satire of love and life alike. It is, however, the truest picture of an ordinary man ever put on paper. In so far as it is meant to teach anything it teaches that a healthy mind carries in itself the antidote of follies. A world of Tom Joneses would be a pleasanter place than a world of great poets. Some might even prefer it to a world of eminent divines. For Tom was a healthy young rascal. We have acquired a number of new gods since his time, some of whom by anticipation he offended to a dreadful degree. But the human heart is much what it was, a bundle of apparent contradictions, now good, now bad, reaching the moderate degree of happiness permitted to mankind only when it is healthy. Herein lies the pre-eminent virtue of Fielding. He showed life as it really is in an astonishing variety of circumstances and conditions, demonstrating it to be not a simple but a most complex thing. And he seems to say in many a passage of poignant wit and biting irony: "By all means proceed with your plans for improving mankind, but at least comprehend what life really is. This is it."

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

Amalia. By GRAHAM HOPE. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MISS HOPE has discovered in Montarvia yet another little Balkan State in trouble about its king, and after two attempts against his life inclined to tolerate the rule of Prince Karl-Friedrich. Karl-Friedrich rightly concludes that a wife ready to face assassination, and minor annoyances, would prove a valuable ally; he therefore sends his prime-minister to report upon the four daughters of the august house of Salzheim-Schlüsselberg. The story opens engagingly with the discussion of Karl-Friedrich's proffered honour by the girls and their parents. Amalia, the youngest, is chosen, submits to maternal pressure, and reluctantly sets out for the wedding at Nischigrade. Thereafter the story concerns Amalia's life in Montarvia, and her relations with Karl-Friedrich. Politics are not obtruded, the environment is picturesque, the characters clear and well drawn. The first pages arrest attention, and expectations raised are more than fulfilled; the ability, freshness, and honesty of this captivating story should commend it to all lovers of a good novel.

Living Lies. By ESTHER MILLER. (Methuen, 6s.)

WHEN people tell us that what they like is a good story they usually mean a story with nothing good about it except the situation. As long as the hero and heroine are placed in difficulties it does not matter how they got there, or why they stay there, or, if the end be cheerful, in what manner they extricate themselves. The weak point of these stories, in the opinion of readers less easily pleased, is that the men and women concerned are never for a moment shaken by the storms of sorrow, joy and terror that would ravage the most callous of us if we committed their crimes or suffered their misfortunes. To be sure, the author says they are, but we are not convinced of it. In "Living Lies" Stephen Garth lets his friend, the cousin of the girl he loves, go to penal servitude in his stead and refuses to free him although his wife and his sister know the truth. The situation is full of splendid possibilities, for the two women love both men and are torn between them. The sister cannot betray her brother nor the wife her husband. The story hardly flutters the fringe of such a tragedy; but it is told in a breezy entertaining way. The descriptions of Cornish scenery will bring pleasant pictures to any reader who knows the Delectable Duchy.

Clairice: the Story of a Crystal Heart. By NARCISSE LUCIEN DE POLEN. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

A PICTURESQUE tale of two hundred years ago, in England and in Spain: a romance of love, hate and jealousy with a touch of originality about it, successfully conveying the impression of other times and manners. Clairice, in whom all the strife and passion centre, is a dainty maiden of high degree who takes upon herself the burthen of a family compact, and gives her hand to Antoine of the gleaming eyes, not without regret for the tarrying of the dream-knight. He comes too late and meets with strange adventures that justify the fortune-teller's warning to "beware of the green"—of the house of Antoine. It is an attractive little story told with simple directness and considerable charm of style. The author has an eye for effect, and a pretty taste in matters of decoration and costume.

The Dust of Conflict. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Long, 6s.)

A STORY by Mr. Harold Bindloss is as easy to recognise as a Kidderminster carpet or a Cheshire cheese. Some years ago Mr. Bindloss thought of a stern, spare, sinewy, reticent, and grimly tenacious young Englishman, temporarily deprived by malicious fate of the inheritance—or was it the heiress, or both?—which should by right

have been his, and set him struggling gamely in strange and distant lands against his adverse destiny; and we should be afraid to say how many times he has reproduced him since. Under many different names, in slightly varied circumstances, now in hot countries and now in cold, we have watched, with increasing wonder and admiration, that same young Englishman, winning through his troubles to a well-deserved success. And here he appears once more in the person of Bernard Appleby, who takes the blame of a kinman's indiscretion and the consequences of his weakness of character upon his own shoulders, and finds himself a leader of insurrectionists in Cuba with a rapidity which will be welcome to those who like Mr. Bindloss's heroes best when they are fighting fate, and least when they are in the company of the grave, beautiful and invariably imperious young ladies who capture their hearts. These valuable but somewhat stereotyped attributes are this time bestowed upon a Miss Violet Wayne (*fiancée* to the weak kinsman, Tony Palliser), while the grateful rôle of staunch girlfriend to the hero is sustained with spirit by a vivacious little American whose presence in the country-society scenes does something to mitigate the occasional impression that we are in the company of talking dolls. The background is, as usual, broadly and effectively painted, and the Cuban chapters make capital reading.

The Opened Shutters. By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. (Constable, 6s.)

THE threadbare situation of the advent of an unwelcome orphaned relation—a young and beautiful girl of course—with which this book opens, does not encourage the reader to continue the story. But although she starts in so hackneyed a manner this heroine does not follow quite the usual course. It is a simple story that Miss Burnham has to tell, and is concerned with unexciting people. It could with advantage have been told in a page or two, and even these would hardly have constituted more than a sketch. It can no more be called a novel than a plate of bread and butter can be called a meal—even though the bread and butter be good of its kind.

A Man's Love. By DOROTHY SUMMERS. (Unwin, 6s.)

IT is impossible to believe that any one who has passed the age of seventeen could take this story seriously, and it is not easy to believe that any one who has passed the age of seventeen wrote it. At that early age girls inclined to perfervid sentiment might be thrilled by the woes of the saint-like Laurel, the brutality of her stupid husband, the baseness of Lilia, and the cloak and rapier villainy of the American Selden Marshall. We hold no brief against brutes and villains. We like them—on paper: they are nearly always more entertaining than saints. But we like them to hang together just for the brief hour of rapturous perusal, and we have more faith in them when the woman for whose sake they are respectively brutal and villainous is not as patently innocent as Laurel Barrington. She is the kind of heroine that allows her male acquaintances to address her as "little lady," and who is so dense that when one of them makes advances to her she thinks he is speaking of another woman and gives him warm encouragement. That kind of woman is bound to be treated cruelly until she has nearly died of brain-fever, a disease that invariably precedes complete reconciliation in such cases. We leave Laurel and her husband "lip to lip and heart to heart," and we hope that she had learnt enough to avoid Americans with sweet voices and suave manners for the rest of her unnatural life.

My Lady Nan. By BESSIE DILL. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IT is as refreshing to turn from the pages of the modern psychological novel to this simple little romance of a past generation, as it is to spend an evening with *Robin Hood* after *The Doctor's Dilemma*. But when we have said

that "My Lady Nan" is a thoroughly wholesome story, we have said everything there is to be said—except that it is "eminently suitable for the young person," and that she will probably enjoy it provided that she be young enough and not too *blasée*. The lovely heroine, the gallant hero, the inevitable mystification, the pump-room at Bath, are all *en règle*, and the dénouement is fairly obvious from the beginning. An attempt is made in the conversation to reproduce the style of the Regency, but there are many lapses of which the most flagrant is an allusion to the heroine as "no great catch."

Charles Edward. By HARRISON G. RHODES. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN is a modern young American, endowed with plenty of cash and an unfailing supply of high spirits—a combination which enables him to undertake some surprising adventures. The first of his escapades provides him with an eligible wife—eligible in the sense that she proves an ideal coadjutor in his subsequent freaks. Their pranks, which Mr. Rhodes recounts with easy gaiety and fluent humour, take many different forms. While Charles Edward advertises for an heirship, and succeeds in getting one, his wife, while feigning to elope with her own husband, ingeniously prevents the more serious elopement of another lady. One of the most diverting of the adventures is Charles Edward's experiment in publishing. He purchases the manuscripts of four different authors, and issues them simultaneously as the works of one man. The books are so widely dissimilar in character that their putative creator becomes at once the problem and the rage of that literary season. In the last episode we discover young Charles Edward, *à la* two, following worthily in the wake of his volatile parents. We like this best of all; it has a note of pathos to mellow its exuberant humour. The book is not one to read at a sitting: an overdose of practical joking is apt to pall.

DRAMA

MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S COMEDY AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

Awake my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.

So begins, with a strange prophetic touch, the famous Essay on Man. If Alexander Pope were to be reincarnated he would not write any more perfect couplets, he would write perfectly constructed plays: no doubt is left in the mind as to that after seeing Mr. Hankin's work. He has many of Pope's qualities and many of his defects. Both worship at the cold shrine of Reason, and Reason is an inconsiderate deity with an unkind trick of covering her devotees with an elegant polish which prevents them from seeing into human nature, crane their necks though they may. Reason keeps them safe and keeps them artificial. Cleverness becomes their stumbling-block. And yet you must read the Essay on Man more than once before you discover that the whole argument is based upon a fallacy; and even when the discovery is made, you are consoled amply by the dexterity of the phrasing, the happy neatness of certain remarks.

Say first of God above, or Man below
What can we reason, but from what we know?

Mr. St. John Hankin might have written this, though Alexander Pope actually did.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man,

Pope said, without a blush, in the end of the previous

paragraph, though, as some one has curtly said, "you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as go to Pope for this," and his remark is borne out by this odd juxtaposition. For God, or Beauty, or whatever name be preferable, is just that element in life which can never be known, but can only be felt. It is that Colour,

whose touch is infinite and lends
A yonder to all ends,

which gives life to a work of art, and which Reason knows not. There is something divine in the mere fact of life . . . But to the play.

Geoffrey Cassilis has met a girl, as pretty as she is naughty, in an omnibus accident. He is very much his mother's only son, but he has had the gumption to make her acquaintance, the ardour to fall in love with her, and the folly to engage himself to marry her. Mrs. Cassilis is a devoted mother, a lady of wealth and position; and resolves to ask her son's *fiancée* and prospective mother-in-law to pay her a long visit at Deynham Abbey. The play opens with the arrival of Mrs. Borridge and her daughter Ethel. Mrs. Cassilis tells her friend Lady Marchmont (very well played by Miss Gertrude Burnett) her scheme of attack. It is to weary Geoffrey with the vulgarity of his future relations, and to weary Ethel Borridge with the boredom of country-life. She is successful, and the engagement is broken off. The situation lends itself to comedy, and Mr. Hankin has devised extraordinarily amusing moments, notably when Ethel, fiercely bored with everything and enraged at the superiority and disdain with which she is treated, sings a music-hall song with great dash to the astonished guests at a typical country-house dinner-party. Mrs. Borridge's immense vulgarity, too, in contrast to the high respectability of county families, is continually entertaining. In detail the play is excellent, and it is written with the finish which Mr. Hankin knows well how to impart to his work. But as a whole the play is disappointing—partly no doubt because the pace at which it was taken on Monday was altogether too slow, but not entirely. The character of Geoffrey Cassilis is not convincing. A boy who would follow up a chance acquaintance so effectually, even though he had been sheltered in a comfortable house in the country, would hardly give up the girl with a tear and a few priggish remarks. This was made more apparent by Miss Maudi Darrell, who took the part of Ethel Borridge. Her appearance has the peculiar exotic beauty of a Beardsley drawing: if she appealed to a boy at all, she would appeal with great force. She had none of the frank, easy-going prettiness which a boy would find pleasantly attractive. This is Miss Darrell's first appearance in comedy, and her performance showed undoubted proof that she has the makings of a comedy actress, though it showed also her uneasiness and a lack of power to express what she desired to express.

Mr. Langhorne Burton is not as well known as he should be. He played the part of the boy Geoffrey as well as it could be played. But the part is exceedingly difficult and withal thankless. The Mrs. Cassilis of Miss Evelyn Weeden (another unreal character) was not very good, though she looked the part to perfection: she was too slow, and gave to the character an intensesness which it is far too light to bear. She overplayed the woman's motherly softness, just as Miss Clare Greet overdid Mrs. Borridge's vulgarity. Her playing was loudly applauded and there was certainly much cleverness in it, but it was too heavy for the balance of the play, which from its nature is easily put wrong. Miss Florence Haydon and Mr. Sam Sothern gave the best display of acting in the small but important parts of Lady Remenham and Major Warrington.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE LATE JAMES CHARLES

As so often happens in the history of art, the gifts of a painter neglected in his lifetime are meeting with increasing recognition now that he is dead. For thirty years or more the work of the late Mr. James Charles has been before the public, first at the Royal Academy and latterly at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club, but though his pictures were from time to time awarded an encouraging epithet or word of praise, the real importance of the man and his work remained unknown, save to a few intimates, till the death of the painter last August. The appreciative notices which then appeared in obituary columns were followed by his representation at Burlington House this winter among the British painters recently deceased, and this public acknowledgment of his worth has been supplemented and emphasised by the opening at the Leicester Galleries this week of an exhibition of his remaining works.

From this collection, which includes a good deal of the earlier as well as the later work of the painter, it is clear that James Charles was limited neither in his choice of subject nor in his method of treatment, and those who know him only by his more recent exhibits at the New English Art Club will be impressed and perhaps a little surprised by the diversity here displayed. But if his sincerity and honesty are equally revealed by his portraits, rustic scenes, marines and landscapes, it is on the latter that the hopes of his enduring fame must be grounded. For Charles was essentially a painter of nature rather than of man, and his attitude toward nature was not one of brooding reverie like that of Mr. Foottet, whose landscapes we discussed last week, but a joyous acceptance of her actualities untroubled by metaphysical thought. In the landscapes of Charles there is no yearning interrogation of nature's mysteries, only an expression of intense joy of life, and a sense of deep satisfaction and thankfulness in the mere breathing of pure air and the vision of warm sunlight. The simple-mindedness of this mental attitude is fitly expressed by a direct, straightforward technique, which without elaborating detail seeks to set down swiftly and surely the salient characteristics of a landscape—and especially its colour and atmosphere—by means of separate touches and strokes of pure pigment. This use of broken colour, which gives so much vivacity and spontaneity to the best work of the painter, is most openly revealed in the marine studies painted at Capri, where in order to give full force to the light and colour of the water it is employed on a more extended scale than is the case with the later landscapes.

The many phases through which Charles passed before he attained this freedom of touch and subtle eye for the true hues of sunlight are indicated at the Leicester Galleries by *Moonrise on the Ramparts* (60), where he is seen under the spell of Corot's silvery tones; the Sussex landscape, *A Well-known "Trio" in Lickfold* (69), in richer golden tones more reminiscent of Diaz and Troyon; and by *A Stream by the Roadside—Montreuil* (19), challenging Thaulow in its vivid rendering of running water; while in the very title of his beautiful *Reminiscence of Watteau* at Burlington House the painter gracefully acknowledges his debt to the French seventeenth-century painter. A student and an admirer of French landscape painting from Watteau to Claude Monet, Charles throughout his development practises an art that is national and not derivative. Those landscapes which, like *Early Spring in La Madeleine* (18) at the Leicester Galleries and *The Chaik Pit* at Burlington House, may be considered his most characteristic productions, suggest that the abiding influence on his painting was Constable rather than any French master. If he took hints from the palette of Monet, he adapted that palette in his own way to record his own observations of nature, and as a pioneer of *plein-air* painting in England he opened up a new field which,

largely owing to his influence and example, has been cultivated with a marked success by Mr. Clausen, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Wilson Steer and others.

This influence on his contemporaries, which gives Charles an importance to the historian of modern art apart from the intrinsic merits of his work, is gracefully acknowledged by Mr. George Clausen in the preface he has written for the catalogue of this exhibition:

Some of us [he writes], who have gained wider recognition than was ever his, feel gratefully how much we owe to his influence and example. Perhaps—and I think it likely—the comparative neglect which was his lot, was consequent on his exclusive devotion to his main ideal—of colour and atmosphere; although, as may be seen from his fine and sensitive drawings, he was a beautiful draughtsman . . . His pictures never "made a mark" in exhibitions, and he seemed very careless whether they did or not; but he never varied his course, or allowed anything to divert him from the one aim of perfecting his work, painting, as truly as it was given him to see, the things which he felt to be beautiful . . . He was gifted with a fine sense of colour, and his main effort was always in this direction; the aim was to communicate the emotion received by giving the harmony and envelopment of a scene. Yet his work is not monotonous, the method varies with the mood or the subject; and the thing he most loved to express—the beauty of sunlight—he has painted better, I think, than any other of our time.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish on February 18 a book by Professor J. H. Gardiner on "The Bible as English Literature." Its object is to throw light on the literary form of the Bible by bringing together facts from the history of its sources and from the history of the authorised version. The author has drawn freely on the larger results of the great school of learning commonly known as the Higher Criticism.

As a protest against the cumbersome guide-book Mr. Werner Laurie is issuing a series of "Leather Booklets." The first volume, which he will publish immediately, is "The Cathedrals of England," by W. J. Roberts, to which Mr. S. James Brown contributes thirty original illustrations. Volumes on Old English Inns, Abbeys of England, Castles of England, Old London Companies, etc., are in preparation.

A new book on "Work among the Poor of London," by the Rev. Isaac Hartill, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will deal in a practical manner with the relief of the poor both in the West and East ends of London, in workhouse infirmaries and by institutions, a special chapter being devoted to the children of the poor.

Mr. Unwin will publish on February 18 a book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald entitled "Josephine's Troubles." It is a story of the Franco-German War, and is based on incidents which Mr. Fitzgerald himself witnessed in France during that great struggle. The house at Versailles in which he lodged was the scene of its episodes; from the windows he saw the soldiers going out to or returning from the fight, and the rural crowd firing after them not balls but scowls and maledictions; while within he every day saw and talked with the chief actors.

A valuable addition to the popular series of "Guild Text Books" will be published by Messrs A. and C. Black in a few weeks under the title of "Between the Testaments." It treats of the history and literature of the period between the Old and the New Testament and is from the pen of Dr. C. M. Grant.

"Indian Pictures and Problems" is the title of Mr. Ian Malcolm's new book of travel which will be published shortly by E. Grant Richards. The author's intention is to provide for the average Englishman about to travel in India and Burma a rapid and readable survey of the conditions which he may expect to find. This idea is carried out in a series of travel sketches dealing with various aspects of Indian life. The book contains pen-portraits of the leading Maharajahs as well as essays on such subjects as Famine Administration, the North-West Frontier, and Public School Education. The second part of the book is devoted to Burma, and includes an interesting account of a viceregal tour through that province of Further India during the time that the author was attached to Lord Curzon's staff. The book will be very fully illustrated.

Mr. Arthur Machen has written his first long novel, and it will be published shortly by E. Grant Richards under the title of "The Hill of Dreams." Those experiments in the horrible, "The Great God Pan" and "The Three Impostors," which appear in Mr. Machen's collection of stories, "The House of

Souls," will have prepared readers for the character and atmosphere of this book—a study of the temperament of a young literary man whose dreams lead him into strange places and bring him to a strange end.

"The Censorship of Church and its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature" is the title of a book by Mr. George Haven Putnam, which is announced by the firm of which he is the head. This book is the result of long study and original research. It covers the history of the Prohibitory and Expurgatory Indexes, and also considers the results of state censorship and of censorship by Protestants. The widest influence has been exerted by the Church of Rome, and Mr. Putnam indicates its effects on the undertakings of authors, professors, publishers, and booksellers in each one of the European states in which the regulations of the Index have come into force. The final chapter presents a summary of the conclusions reached by representative Roman Catholics in regard to the modern literary policy of their Church.

The latest author to set forth the attractions of the camera over the rifle is Mr. W. S. Thomas, whose illustrated book, "Hunting Big Game with Gun and Kodak," is on Messrs Putnam's Spring List. Mr. Thomas is an expert shot and his book shows many trophies of the old style of hunting. He appreciates, however, the sport to be got from the camera, finding that it provides more difficulties and dangers, and gives greater rewards than hunting to kill. The author describes his experiences in pursuit of big game chiefly in Canada.

In a forthcoming work on the China and Japan of to-day and to-morrow, entitled "Signs and Portents in the Far East," Mr. Everard Cotes has brought together the sum of his observations of men and things during a prolonged tour in Manchuria and the East. He examines the capabilities of the new Chinese army and the limits imposed by race characteristics upon the situation which has arisen since the Russo-Japanese War, and handles his subjects with a pleasant simplicity and pictorial directness which carry the reader with entertainment over Hapeh iron-foundries and Manchurian battlefields and leave him at the end possessed without effort of the essential features of one of the most important problems of the time. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

Miss Mary Dean's novel, "The Other Pawn," will be published by Messrs. Methuen on February 21. The story deals with Bath as it was when it seized upon Mr. Swinburne's imagination. An Indian widow's child plays her wilful game of life watched somewhat mysteriously by a wealthy elderly man of the world who lives in the house once occupied by Beckford, and the shade of that gitted and eccentric millionaire is not without its part in the story. The same publishers have in the press Mrs. M. E. Mann's new novel "The Memories of Ronald Love."

Messrs. Methuen announce for publication on February 21 a book entitled "The Brasses of England," by the Rev. Herbert W. Macklin, M.A., President of the Monumental Brass Society. He treats of Brasses from the historic as well as the technical point of view. His twelve chapters trace the rise and decline of the art of brass-engraving from the reign of Edward I. to the Caroline Decadence. Architectural Ornament and Foreign Workmanship occupy separate chapters, and another is devoted to the Mediæval Clergy of England, with appendices on the Religious Orders and the Universities. Numerous lists of examples are a prominent feature of the book, and every period is illustrated from tracings, rubbings, and photographs.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. announce for early publication a new story by S. R. Crockett entitled "Little Esson." It is, they tell us, "a story of the sorrows and smiles of which domestic comedy is made up in this modern life of ours. It is touched with the sentiment and half-whimsical humour which have characterised some of Mr. Crockett's best work."

CORRESPONDENCE

A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the first paragraph on p. 28 of your issue for January 12 "slaughter" and "laughter" are mentioned. I believe that the old *lawter* pronunciation of "laughter" solves the riddle of a misprint in *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 72—"Were I a common laughter"—which has caused some discussion.

Under "laughter," New English Dictionary gives the variant "*lawter*." The compositor, who set up the passage (presumably from dictation) supposed he heard the word

"*lawter*," and accordingly set up "laughter." Cassius is trying to prove his sincerity in praising Brutus; as Wright says, "he appeals here to what Brutus knows of his habits of speech"—he is not a common praiser. I believe that for "laughter" (*lawter*) we should read *lauder*.

EDWARD MERTON DEY.

St. Louis.

SIR WALTER RALEGH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a comment on one sentence in your critic's review of my play, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, viz., "he has been too much fettered by attention to historical accuracy in detail."

My play condenses the events of two years into five acts, but that is not the special feature to which I wish to draw attention. For your critic has said that I have *not* condensed my theme.

What I observed on study of the period, and what I think must strike any student, is the natural progression of historical events in the order of dramatic development.

There is firstly in the spring of 1617 the statement of the main events of the problem, viz., the Spanish marriage and its enveloping atmosphere of anti-English diplomacy; the final release of Raleigh; James's reluctance and final consent to his departure.

Follows the *complot* of the plot, viz., the disaffection of his crews, his shortage of provisions and the recorded attempts of Gondomar to hinder his sailing. These events, I submit, naturally culminate in the effecting of that sailing, which is my play to the end of Act II.

Act III. shows the action at a momentary pause, because the crisis was at hand. But I think it is historically undoubted that the failure of the expedition and Raleigh's decision to return—after much heartburning—really was the turning-point of the drama of his latter years. In Act IV. it seems to me that history again shows the resolution of the elements of the tragedy into comparatively simple elements, viz., the faithfulness of Lady Raleigh and Arundel, the increasing pressure of Spain and the vacillation of James. "Which will win?" is the question asked—the answer points all one way.

The trial and execution naturally close the tragedy.

I submit that in this peculiar instance life did "happen as the exigencies of dramatic art require."

Whether my interpretation of life is or is not open to the severe castigation which your critic has administered, is another question.

H. A. A. CRUSO.

February 11.

"THE SPHINX"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the numerous notices of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* no reference has been made, so far as I am aware, to Oscar Wilde's poem, "The Sphinx," though that mythical and mystical beast figures—too prominently, some critics hold—in the play as staged at His Majesty's. The poem, it may be remembered, was known in manuscript form to a limited circle for some time before its publication in 1894, the reason assigned by the author for the delay in its appearance being that "it would destroy domesticity in England." Certainly nothing more insolently esoteric, more likely to arouse the wrath of the Philistine had it met his view, issued even from the Bodley Head than this *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Ricketts's art, which was limited to twenty-five copies, and dedicated to Marcel Schwob.

The metre of this weird poem, whose haunting cadences it is well-nigh impossible to forget, is that of "In Memoriam," though this fact is to some extent disguised by the stanzas being arranged in two long lines, in place of the four short ones of Tennyson.

The poet sitting in his study at dead of night, like Poe in "The Raven," questions a sphinx, which, "with eyes of satin rimmed with gold," "lies couching on the Chinese mat," on the "far-off things" of long ago that it has witnessed:

"O tell me were you standing by when Isis to Osiris knelt,
And did you watch the Egyptian melt her union for Antony,
And drink the jewel-drunken wine and bend her head in mimic
awe
To see the huge proconsul draw the salted tunny from the
brine?"

And did you mark the Cyprian kiss white Adon on his catal-falque?
 And did you follow Amenalk, the god of Heliopolis?
 And did you talk with Thoth, and did you hear the moon-horned lo weep?
 And know the painted kings who sleep beneath the wedge-shaped pyramid?"

At length, grown "weary of himself and sick of asking," he bids the "loathsome mystery" begone:

"Why are you tarrying? Get hence, I weary of your sullen ways,
 I weary of your steadfast gaze, your somnolent magnificence.

False Sphinx! False Sphinx! by reedy Styx old Charon,
 leaning on his oar,
 Waits for my coin: go thou before, and leave me to my Crucifix,
 Whose pallid burden, sick with pain, watches the world with wearied eyes,
 And weeps for every soul that dies, and weeps for every soul in vain."

I presume that "the Sphinx" will be reprinted in the forthcoming complete edition of Wilde's works which Messrs. Methuen promise; but though the poem may thus become more widely known, it will ever remain "caviare to the general."

H. L. N.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am at one with Professor Tyrrell in condemning and eschewing the split infinitive. At the same time it must, I think, be admitted that the force of a sentence is often weakened by its avoidance. Take, for example, the sentence at the close of the third chapter of Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Future in America": "and indeed, the large quiet of Beacon Street, in the early morning sunshine, seemed to more than justify that expectation." The strengthening of the verb could not be displaced without damage to the effect intended to be produced.

I have just been reading Mr. Thomas Hardy's early novels over again and find him a very dreadful offender in the unnecessary use of this ugly locution.

G. S. LAYARD.

ATTIC USAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A writer in the ACADEMY for February 2, p. 120, col 2, in discussing "Attic" phrases, makes assumptions that surely should not pass unchallenged. He tells us that the occurrence of the use of *like* as a conjunction is regular in the conversation of most men and women, and, further, that these (his punctuation admits of no other rendering) employ the literary dialect. Next we have the implication that because on a solitary occasion a given author has split an infinitive, the correctness of his denunciation of the employment of *like* as a conjunction=*as* is open to question.

Now the evidence of a late discussion in the columns of the ACADEMY and of the language employed by most persons accustomed to consider the construction of English sentences seems to be quite the other way. Mr. C. T. Onions, in his invaluable little book, "An Advanced English Syntax," p. 66, remarks, indeed, that "the use of *like* as a conjunction=*as*, e.g., '*like I do*' . . . is frequent as a loose colloquialism, but is avoided by careful speakers and writers." Were *like* capable of appropriate use in place of *as*, the saying of a ship, "She walks the water like a thing of life," might not unreasonably be interpreted as referring to a known property in common of ships and living things—that they walk the water. Again, if *like* may serve as a conjunction, we are at liberty to conclude from the aphorism that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," that its originator had observed something specially characteristic in the ingress of lions and in the mode of departure of lambs. The actual meaning might, however, be otherwise adequately expressed by the statement that "March, when it comes in, is lion-like, when it departs, lamb-like." In such sentences *like* merely qualifies the object with which comparison is made, but not specifically its actions.

Even were it perfectly patent that all the members of a multitude had acquired a certain trick of speech, the adoption of the same might be quite indefensible. Rather one might

have to say, with Coriolanus: "The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them, For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance."

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

February 12.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall take no further part in the quite unexpected controversy which Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan (instead of frankly withdrawing the inaccuracies which had been published under my name, and as an expression of my judgment, in which the authoress of "A Record" expresses her confidence) have imposed upon me. But, if Mrs. Gallichan's memory does not extend to our first meeting, in May 1902, at Avila, and at Zamora the next day, when I gave her the notes about the Cathedral of Teruel, and was told that they would be utilised in a book which she projected, I think her husband will at least not deny that, when we met in London, in July 1903, I was told distinctly that she was about to publish a book, and meant to put into it my information about that church. I am certain that I then and there asked for the opportunity of correcting a proof of that item in her book, and that I was promised a proof. I do not recollect having received the letter to which she now refers, or any notice, addressed to myself, of the publication of the volume. I believe, however, that I saw a mention of it in a newspaper. I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan will go to see the architectural wonders of Albarracin (depicted so often by the Irish artist, Mr. Gibson, of Madrid) and Teruel, and enjoy some fishing in "the white river," *Turia* (Old Baskish for *Zuria*=the white), which runs down from the former, and gives its name to the latter, city.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

February 8.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

FREDERIC SHIELDS EXHIBITION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation propose to hold an exhibition of this artist's collected works in the City Art Gallery during the coming months of March and April, and I shall be obliged if owners of such works, who are willing to lend the same for this exhibition, will communicate with me.

The exhibition will not be a profit-bearing one, and the committee are anxious to make it as complete and as widely known as possible.

WILLIAM STANFIELD (Curator).

February 12.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Raymond, George Lansing. *The Essentials of Aesthetics in Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 404. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Elliot, the Rev. W. Hume. *The Story of the "Cheeryble" Grants.* From the Spey to the Irwell. 7½ x 5. Pp. 247. Sherratt & Hughes, 4s. net.

Macfall, Haldane. *Ibsen: the Man, his Art and his Significance.* Illustrated by Joseph Simpson. 7 x 5½. Pp. 327. E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.

CLASSICS

Campbell, Lewis. *Paralipomena Sophoclea.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 287. Rivingtons, 6s. net.

[Supplementary notes on the text and interpretation of Sophocles]

ECONOMICS

Chorlton, J. D. *The Rating of Land Values.* 9½ x 6. Pp. 177. Manchester: University Press, 3s. 6d. net. [Vol v. of the "Economic Series."]]

FICTION

Birmingham, George A. *Benedict Cavanagh.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. Arnold, 6s.

Bagot, Richard. *Temptation.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 374. Methuen, 6s.

- Mann, Mary E. *The Memories of Ronald Love*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.
- Gates, Eleanor. *The Plow-Woman*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 364. Methuen, 6s.
- Hueffer, Ford Madox. *Privy Seal: his Last Venture*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 324. Alston Rivers, 6s.
- Croker, B. M. *The Spanish Necklace*. With 8 illustrations by F. Pegram. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- Tynan, Katharine. *For Maisie*. A Love Story. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Blyth, James. *A Hazardous Wooing*. Illustrated. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 319. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *The House of Rest*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 325. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- Farrer, Reginald. *The Sundered Streams*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 399. Arnold, 6s.
[“The history of a memory that had no full stops.”]
- Flowerdew, Herbert. *Maynard's Wives*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 416. Nash, 6s.
[“The story of a man with a conscience.”]
- Old Hampshire Vignettes*. By the Author of “Mademoiselle Ixe.” 7½ × 4½. Pp. 116. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE

- Farrer, J. A. *Literary Forgeries*. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 282. Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.
- Smith, Francis A. *The Critics versus Shakespeare*. A Brief for the Defendant. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 128. New York: The Knickerbocker Press, n.p.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Picton, J. Allanson. *Spinoza: a Handbook to the Ethics*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 264. Constable, 5s. net.
- “Civis.” *The State of the Navy in 1907: a Plea for Inquiry*. With an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 173. Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d.
[Letters originally published in the *Spectator*.]
- Thomson, William Hanna. *Brain and Personality; or the Physical Relations of the Brain to the Mind*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Godlee, Rickman John. *The Past, Present and Future of the School for Advanced Medical Studies of University College, London*. 10 × 6½. Pp. 46. Bale, 2s. 6d. net.
[“Being the introductory address at the opening of the Winter Sessions 1906.”]
- Fox-Davies, A. C. *The House of Lords as a Part of the British Constitution*. A Political Tract. 7½ × 5. Pp. 71. Lane, 1s. net.
- Donaldson, James. *Woman; her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and among the early Christians*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 178. Longmans, 5s. net.
[Partly reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*.]
- Laughlin, J. Laurence. *Industrial America*. With maps and diagrams. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 261. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.
[Lectures delivered in the spring of 1906 before the Vereinigung für Staatswissenschaftliche Fortbildung, in Berlin.]
- Pierce, Franklin. *The Tariff and the Trusts*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 387. Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net.
- Debreff's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1907*. Illustrated with 500 Armorial Engravings. Revised by Members of Parliament, and by Judges of the United Kingdom and the Colonies, etc. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 468. Dean, 7s. 6d. net.
[Forty-first annual issue.]
- The Proofs of Life after Death*. Compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 365. Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net.
[“A collection of opinions as to a future life by some of the world's most eminent scientific men and thinkers.”]

PHILOSOPHY

- Schiller, F. C. S. *Studies in Humanism*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 492. Macmillan, 10s. net.
[About half these studies have appeared at different times in the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals.]

POETRY

- Lingston, Rowe. *The Coming of Spring, and other poems*. 6½ × 5. Pp. 92. Long, 3s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Thomas Stanley: his Original Lyrics*, complete, in their collated readings of 1647, 1651, 1657. Edited by L. T. Guiney. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 110. Hull: Tutin, 2s. 6d. net.
[With an introduction, textual notes, a list of editions, an appendix of translations and a portrait. The first complete reprint of Stanley. The text is new in that it represents the editor's choice of readings among many variants.]
- Selected Essays of Addison*. With an introduction by Austin Dobson, and a portrait of Addison. 6 × 4. Pp. 102. *The Poems of Emily Brontë*. With an introduction by Arthur Symonds. 6 × 4. Pp. 70. Heinemann, 6d. net. each.
[In the “Favourite Classics.”]
- Innes-Browne, Mrs. *Honour without Renown*. With a frontispiece by L. D. Symington. 7½ × 5. Pp. 368. Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.
- Cook's Handbook for Palestine and Syria*. New edition, thoroughly revised by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer and Dr. E. G. Masterman. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 417. Cook, 7s. 6d. net.
- Grote, George. *A History of Greece*. Part i: Legendary Greece; Part ii: Grecian History to the Reign of Peisistratus at Athens. 12 vols. Finlay, George. *Greece under the Romans*. Dennis, George. *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*. 2 vols. Lockhart, J. G. *The Life of Robert Burns*. Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Essays and Lectures on Shakespeare and some other old Poets and Dramatists*. Balzac, Honoré de. *Old Goriot*. Dickens, Charles. *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Each 7 × 4½. Dent, 1s. net per vol.
[Additions to “Everyman's Library.”]

THEOLOGY

- Dale, R. W. *History of English Congregationalism*. Completed and edited by A. W. W. Dale. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 787. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. net.
- Mayor, Joseph B. *The Epistle of St. Jude and the Second Epistle of St. Peter*. 9 × 6. Pp. 239. Macmillan, 14s. net.
[Greek text, with introduction, notes and comments.]
- The Expositor*. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. Seventh series. Vol. ii. 9 × 6. Pp. 572. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- De Windt, Harry. *Through Savage Europe*. With 100 illustrations. 9 × 6. Pp. 300. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
[“Being the narrative of a journey (undertaken as special correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*) throughout the Balkan States and European Russia.” The portrait of the author, which faces the title-page, does not add value or interest to the narrative.]
- Switzerland: the Country and its People*. Written by Clarence Rook; painted by Effie Jardine. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 270. Chatto & Windus, 20s. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Plymouth in History. By Roger Barnicott. (The Cornubian Press, 1s.)—This is a scholarly work, worthy of its subject. In every age, the Devon mariners have been valiant in arms, intrepid in exploration, and true rulers of the deep; while, as the author says, throughout the story of our Island Home, the Civic Governors of Plymouth have ever espoused the cause of freedom and progress. Mr. Barnicott writes as a staunch son of Plymouth, and if he has not anything particularly new to add to our information about the “Three Towns,” at least he has put together in an entertaining form what he has to tell. From prehistoric times up to the thirteenth century, Plymouth was in the making, and onwards from that time, when it obtained its Charter of Incorporation, it sent representatives to Parliament and supplied ships to the King's Fleet until the accession of William and Mary, which the author has chosen as a period for determining his history. He carries on his narrative with apt allusion, well-chosen poetry, and telling anecdotes, graphically descriptive of the development of the great commercial centre of the West country. Like all the publications of the Cornubian Press “Plymouth in History”, although merely a paper-covered pamphlet, is attractively turned out.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

As we look round on the field of literature to-day it is remarkable and somewhat disappointing to find how few of those who have benefited by the Elementary Education Acts have risen to fame. There seem to have been far more who rose when schooling was more difficult to obtain. John Clare, nourished on water, porridge and potatoes, who was sent out to tend sheep and geese at the age of seven, nevertheless attained sufficient importance to be the subject of a *Quarterly Review* article and was a popular poet in his day. Gerald Massey began work in a silk mill at eight years of age and yet before he had reached much more than his majority was famous. Cobbett is another case in point. He tells us that he went out to scare birds at the early age of six and had to work his way point by point up the social ladder. The number of those who achieved this kind of success does not seem to increase with the facilities offered by the modern elementary school. We may be wrong, but at the moment we cannot recall a single poet of the day who has risen from the lowest rung of the ladder.

The exception perhaps to the general rule is offered by John Gregory who was born on July 14, 1831, at Bideford in Devon. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to a shoe-maker for seven years, and he was self-educated, though his biographer, Mr. E. J. Watson, tells us that "he regarded all books as foot-notes to the book of Nature." Through the kindness of the Rev. J. M. Wilson, always a generous patron of letters, and now Canon of Worcester, he was appointed boot-repairer to Clifton College and this post he still retains. These facts ought to warrant a certain amount of attention being given to the book he has just published under the title of "My Garden and other poems." It is a very creditable little book, of which we may have something to say hereafter.

One of the most entertaining books of the week is that of Mr. P. H. Ditchfield on "The Parish Clerk," a character who has been dear to the writer of fiction since the time of Charles Dickens. Even before that he had attracted the attention of poets, as witness the celebrated epigram of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester:

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart more glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have drove him mad.

In books of this kind it is inevitable that there should be a lament over things that have passed away, and Mr. Ditchfield waxes quite eloquent over the ancient pew, especially that of the Squire. In many country places it was very comfortable, furnished with a fire that the Squire vigorously poked when he thought that the parson was becoming too long-winded. We have even seen arrangements for playing a game at whist to pass the time while the sermon was proceeding. Mr. Ditchfield very properly quotes Swift's description of one of these old pews:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The Auld Brig of Ayr, which to Robert Burns more than a century ago:

seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,

is happily not going to give up the struggle, but will continue to hold out against the wintry spate, when:

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea,

The Preservation Committee, with whose efforts sympathy has been more than once expressed in these columns, are able to assure the Town Council of Ayr that of the £10,000 required £9500 is now raised, and guarantee that the full sum will be forthcoming by the end of March. The Council has accordingly consented to hand over the Auld Brig to the Committee, by whom the needed preservative work will be undertaken. The fund for some time languished; but Lord Rosebery's stirring appeal to his countrymen to save this monument of bygone ages was not made in vain.

It is surprising that some of the best bibliographies which are being issued to-day should be produced in the University of California. The latest to come before our notice is a "Survey of Scottish Literature in the Nineteenth Century (with some reference to the Eighteenth)." The author is Mr. James Main Dixon who, we notice, is a graduate of St. Andrews University and also holds an Edinburgh degree. His bibliography is full of interest. From it we learn that there have been about nine hundred separate editions of the poems of Robert Burns, complete or selected. Scott is the next author in point of popularity. Bibliographies are given of, among other authors, James Hogg, Robert Tannahill, John Leyden, whose works would surely be worth republishing, Thomas Campbell, John Galt, the literary progenitor of J. M. Barrie, Lockhart, Motherwell, Hugh Miller, Henry Glassford Bell—of whom it is remarked that his "Memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots" has had no little effect in forming popular opinion on the subject—John Stuart Blackie, who was sinking into undeserved oblivion, John Brown, and George Gilfillan. The document will be found useful far outside the University of California.

In his suggestive article on the *Eumenides* in the present number of the *Classical Review* Professor Verrall draws attention to the fact that one of the arguments used by Apollo is identified with that offered by Boswell to his father, Lord Auchinleck, when he proposed to settle the family estate, in a certain event, upon heirs general, and not, as James desired, upon heirs male. "I," writes Boswell, "had a zealous partiality for heirs male, which I maintained by arguments which appeared to me to have considerable weight." His line of argument was that "our species is transmitted through males only, the female being all along no more than a *nidus*, or nurse, as Mother Earth is to plants of every sort." Lord Hailes, however, had a firm opinion contrary to his, and finally

"I was freed by Dr. Johnson from scruples of conscientious obligation, and could, therefore, gratify my father," which was wise of Boswell, notwithstanding the old law which says *Mulier finis familiae*.

Seneca was supposed to have given an idea of America's existence. Bacon's Essays quote the "Medea," 378-382:

venient annis sæcula seris
quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
laxet et ingens pateat tellus
Tethysque novos detegat orbes
nec sit terris ultima Thule.

But Herr Düring, of Göttingen, now flutters the dovescotes of our secular security with his "Ueberlieferung des interpolierten Textes von Senecas Tragödien." What will the Germans leave to us? Happily Nietzsche denies actuality to his countrymen: "They are of the day before yesterday and of the day after to-morrow, not yet of to-day." At any rate, Averroes, the Spanish Musulman, if not the pagan Spaniard, helped Columbus, who "dans une lettre datée d'Haiti (Octobre 1498) nomme Avenruyz—d'après une citation de Pierre d'Ailly, comme un des auteurs qui lui ont fait deviner l'existence du Nouveau Monde."

Sir Oliver Lodge is one of the ablest and most interesting of those engaged in scientific research, and his book on "Electrons, or the Nature and Properties of Negative Electricity" (Bell) has been eagerly awaited. In due time we hope to have it reviewed by a competent hand, but the general reader may like to read the following extract from the chapter called "Conclusion":

The most exciting part of the whole is the explanation of matter in terms of electricity, the view that electricity is, after all, the fundamental substance, and that what we have been accustomed to regard as an indivisible atom of matter is built up out of it; that all atoms—atoms of all sorts of substances—are built up of the same thing. In fact the theoretical and proximate achievements of what philosophers have always sought after, viz., a *unification of matter*, is offering itself to physical enquiry. But it must be remembered that although this solution is strongly suggested it is not yet a completed proof.

"Bow-wow! Feel chippy? Then champ Chip-Chunks." This delightful sentence occurs in a novel called "What Might Have Been," published anonymously through Mr. Murray. As may be guessed, it is directed against the advertisements of the hour, "Chip-Chunks" being described as food "fully cooked and already quite digested." The idea of the author is original, and differs entirely from that of Mr. Wells and others who cast a prophetic eye into the future. This author deals with the present time; but it is the present time that is not the present present time. We hope this cryptic phrase will convey some meaning to our readers. Supposing that things had not happened as they did happen, history would have taken a different turn. Had Cleopatra, for instance, married her youthful poet before the appearance of Cæsar and Mark Antony on the scene the stream of history would have turned round a different bend, and when 1907 arrived it would have brought with it a time differing from that with which we are familiar. What unrivalled scope for ingenuity this suggests! Life has been likened to a game of chess. We have the records of the particular game, for instance, played by Lasker and Marshall in the match now going on, but the variation of a single move would have changed the whole of those that followed. The author of "What Might Have Been" has altered the early moves and tries to imagine the result.

Wednesday next will be the centenary of Longfellow's birth. His merits as a poet, which it is easy to exaggerate, will be widely acclaimed by admirers on both sides of the Atlantic who are said to be increasing in number every year. Whatever view we may take on that score, Longfellow's limitations in another direction are indisputable. None of his poems has been read with keener and more abiding interest, none has affected the point of view of

the sentimental more surely, than "Evangeline." It purports to describe the conditions in which the French were expelled from their beloved Acadie; the woes and wrongs of the unhappy settlers after they passed under the British flag have drawn tears from many, and the school-children of the United States and Canada have been encouraged to read the tale as though it cast some valuable light on history.

As a matter of sober fact, "Evangeline" is wanting in truth alike to local colour and history. Mr. Archibald MacMechan—who has lived long in Nova Scotia, has edited and is editing the papers in the local archives, and has made a complete study of the whole subject—indicates in the *Atlantic Monthly* some of the points on which Longfellow went astray. The Acadians were entitled to little sympathy. They fared better under their British rulers than under France, and their gratitude took the form of disloyalty and intrigue which compelled the British Government to act in self-defence. "Evangeline" has fed the flame of controversy as to their treatment; Mr. MacMechan shows with how little reason.

THE ACADEMY of October 29, 1887, and July 1888, had a notice of Giosué Carducci, who died on the 16th inst., in his seventy-first year. A native of the Pisa province, he was anti-German with all the fervour of a good poet and a good hater. Romanticism was another red rag. A professor of the Bologna University, he was the poet pre-eminently of the "classes," and the "masses" heard of his death with none of the keen regret that affected King and both Chambers in his native country. Among his chief representative works are: his Hymn to Satan, 1863; his "Odes" 1871, done into German by Mommsen, with the "Decennalia," of the same year. His "Rime" go back to 1857 and his "Levia Gravia" to 1868, but we have his "Poesie" of 1880. A poet, he dealt with poets: Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, with statesmen or warriors, such as Garibaldi; with Politian, Lucretius, G. Rossetti, and the "eterno femminino regale."

A French writer has been compiling an anthology of famous cats, or rather the cats of famous authors, which may serve as a companion to that quaint little volume, "L'Histoire des chiens célèbres," in whose pages our grandfathers made their first acquaintance with the French tongue. It appears that quite a number of eminent French writers have been conspicuously addicted to feline society, not to mention Tasso and Petrarch among the Italians. Solange Clésinger, the erratic daughter of George Sand, records that on a visit to Sainte-Beuve she found a cat and kittens in occupation of one corner of his room. Is there some subtle affinity between French literary greatness and grimalkin? Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Johnson are among the few English writers whose cats have for a moment detained the pens of their biographers. And now the correspondent of a contemporary has been attributing the old story about the large and small holes cut in the door, which used to be told of Newton, to Ampère, the great electrician—and Frenchman.

Shakespeare, without being Bacon (Francis), is Roger, Earl of Rutland, according to Karl Bleibtreu, his latest biographer. We knew that the Earl (1576-1612) was a learned barrister and a soldier in Holland, besides being in Essex's plot and highly placed under James I. It is only now that our German tells us that the knowledge shown by Shakespeare of Italy, especially the north, is explained by the travels of the Earl, who really left for that country in 1596, the date of Shakespeare's supposed Italian visit. Of course he broke his journey at Verona, Mantua and Venice; later, in 1603, he was in Denmark, and called at the castle of Elsinore (Elseneur). *Argal*, Shakespeare-Rutland!

Meanwhile, and awaiting his next avatar, Shakespeare seems, for an ignoramus, to have had a fair vocabulary—sixteen thousand out of the three hundred and fifty thousand of the "Standard Dictionary," as against Milton's eight thousand. The average educated Englishman has at his command from three to four thousand, but practically one thousand are enough. Among Italian poets we know Dante in England, and, less well, Petrarch. Of Dante the first lines were done into English by Chaucer in 1386, and the same inspired (through the translation?) Richardson's 1719 painting of the Inferno. The author of "Drawings and Pictures in Italy" knew Italian, but it is a curious coincidence that he chose to paint from the very passage that Chaucer Englished.

A collection of twenty-seven paintings by Venetian and Florentine masters, bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. John Samuel, has been temporarily hung on screens in the octagonal central hall of the National Gallery, where, crowded together in conflicting lights, the legacy accentuates the urgent need of extending the existing premises. The attribution of a number of Mr. Samuel's pictures will be gravely questioned, and the reputed Botticelli and Paris Bordone cannot be accepted as authentic works. There are, however, at least a dozen pictures whose unquestioned merits justify the acceptance of the collection as a whole.

Moroni's *Portrait of a Man* is a distinguished example of the master, slightly marred by the over-cleaning of the face, and Lorenzo Costa's portrait of *Dor Bablistry Fiera of Mantua* is a welcome acquisition. The Bronzino portrait, though badly scraped by restorers, retains a beautiful passage of the master's painting in the bodice, while a Luini, two splendid Venetian scenes by Guardi, two full length saints by Il Moretto, Tiepolo's *Marriage of Barbarossa*, and the interesting *Italian Landscape* by Marieschi may be mentioned among the more important of the remaining works.

The absence of uniformity in classification and in catalogues, and the need for improvement in both, was the subject of the last meeting of the Library Association. Standardisation and a co-ordination of practice are necessary. The first step towards these is the formation of an advisory board, which would give advice on all matters of classification and cataloguing, and would undertake the compilation and publication of a catalogue of the eight thousand books most suitable for a public library. Occasionally a book appears which may be classified in many different ways, and it would be a great advantage to the public to have one uniform place throughout all libraries, as well as an exact terminology (Mr. Aldred, Hackney).

There is great fear, however, that uniformity in this respect would destroy the personal equation (Mr. Kettle, Guildhall); and standardisation would stultify progress in this country as it has done in America. Except in the treatment of children the public libraries of this country are far ahead of those in America. These questions of practice will settle themselves by degrees (Mr. Brown, Islington). At the same time; it is possible that the public library might be made too scientific for the general public (Mr. Quinn). The appointment of a single expert might do much towards removing the difficulties sometimes experienced (Mr. Newcombe, Camberwell). And the compilation by the Association of a list of the best books in all subjects would also contribute to a more general uniformity (Mr. Wyndham Hulme, Patent Office). The matter was referred to the Council for consideration and report.

LITERATURE

REVOLT OR GROWTH

The Romantic Revolt. By CHARLES EDWYN VAUGHAN. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)

IN one of his early pages Mr. Vaughan makes an apology for the use of his title. He tells us that no such phrases as the Romantic Revival, or the Romantic Revolt serve as more than a rough index. It is very difficult after reading his book to agree that they do as much as that. His definition of romanticism is extremely vague. "Romantic" and "Romanticism," he tells us, "cover two completely different meanings." In a narrow sense they point to a "love of vivid colouring and strongly marked contrasts," a "craving for the unfamiliar, the marvellous, the supernatural";

In the wider and less definite sense, they may be used to signify that revolt from the purely intellectual view of man's nature, that recognition of the rights of the emotions, the instincts and the passions, that vague intimation of sympathy between man and the world around him—in one word, that sense of mystery which, with more or less clearness of utterance, inspires all that is best, all that is most characteristic, in the literature of the last half of the eighteenth century; whether, in the stricter and more familiar sense of the term, it is to be called "romantic" or no.

Even this crude attempt at definition can scarcely escape criticism. In literature vivid colouring and strong contrasts have been employed as freely by the realistic as by the romantic school; and the search for the supernatural invites another question. Supposing, for the sake of argument and without endorsing any particular view, that by the force of logic and common sense the materialistic theory of the universe came to be universally accepted, would romance be at an end? We do not think so, because its essence lies in adventure, and adventure does not depend upon a theory of the universe. The untried youth who fares forth into the world, greedy of experience and full of hope that great things will befall him, is surely a Romantic in the truest sense. Romance, in fact, must depend greatly upon imagination, and the man of science who in dream or vision sees great and unbounded possibilities in the line of research in which he is engaged, is in his own way as truly romantic as was the young knight riding forth in search of adventure. In other words, there must be some essence in Romanticism that is permanent and independent of changing conditions. In the rude days of chivalry when esteem and riches were won by the strength of a man's right hand, romance—properly enough—attached to the soldier. In our own time the struggle is as keen, but it is intellectual and invisible. The strong man of today is not necessarily he of the iron heart and the muscles of steel, but the intellectual being who forces his way to the front not by dint of physical strength but by mental energy. This statement may seem to be trite and commonplace, but its importance becomes evident when we consider how commonly the word romance is used to designate the historical novel in contrast with the study of contemporaneous society. We can make no advance in critical method until it is understood that we use words to designate the attitude of mind in external conditions only.

Again, exception must be taken to the use of the word "Revolt." The study of the individual writer shows us that nothing can bear less resemblance to rebellion than mental progress. We might take Robert Burns as a good example. He did not, like a critic of the twentieth century, sit down in his arm-chair and consider that the direction in which literature was trending was a wrong direction, but when he began to rhyme he followed the morals current in his country and in his time. He took up the folk-songs of his people, he coned the work of Robert Ferguson and Allan Ramsey and he began by a close imitation of his models. This

was discipleship and not revolt. If we take Sir Walter Scott, the central figure of what is called the Romantic Movement, we find that something very similar occurred. His lameness prevented him from engaging in many of the boisterous sports of childhood, and he sought for amusements in reading old border stories and in fashioning as well as he could the life of the past until, as he tells us:

Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars.

This naturally led him to collect the minstrelsy of the Scottish border. When he started to write a novel it was not in order to break away from the tradition of the hour; he had read his Fielding to a purpose, and "Waverley" was professedly composed in the style of that great master. Again we find not revolt but discipleship; although if public opinion had not been prepared for the romance of "Ivanhoe" and its followers their success would not have been so immediate or so great as it was. Thus we cannot find fault with the width of the survey which Mr. Vaughan has undertaken, although at a first glance it scarcely seems natural and reasonable that poets like Cowper and Crabbe should be drawn into a study of Romanticism, or that a survey of the great political speakers of the time, even of the philosophers such as Burke, Mackintosh, Paine, Godwin and Bentham, should be necessary to an understanding of the movement.

Mr. Vaughan's justification lies in this, that all of them took a share in ripening and directing public opinion. They must have created such appetite as there was. Yet in dissecting the argument laid before us it becomes very clear that the movement was not a sweeping rush. Writers whom it is impossible with any regard to the right use of terms to call romantic, went on with their work simultaneously with the others. If we had Coleridge and Scott, we also had Crabbe trying with might and main to be real or nothing. It is doubtful whether even Blake ought to be classed among the Romantics. He was not conscious of participating in the movement. His poems and his pictures alike were the outcome of a peculiar individuality that might as easily have come into being in the fourteenth century as in the eighteenth century. There is every reason to believe that, far from consciously trying to chime in with the views of his period, he struggled to give a most realistic picture of the visions that crossed his peculiar mind. To place Wordsworth among the Romantics appears to us absurd. Mr. John Morley, in a well-known saying, has pointed out that the weakness of Wordsworth lay in his continuous expression of a creed that could not be substantiated by argument. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her" is not true. Nature is as careful of the heart that does not love her as of any other. She is indifferent, and that a writer held what Ruskin called "the pathetic fallacy" is no proof of his being a Romantic. In his methods and in his theory Wordsworth was a Realist of the Realists. Perhaps the most absolute example of Romantic verse is that divine vision of Coleridge:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A spacious pleasure-dome decree.

To be told that "Cowper restored to English poetry the power of expressing the religious instincts of man" is by no means a proof of his romanticism. If his religious beliefs were true he was a Realist. If they were not, his religious expression of them goes for naught.

On some future occasion we hope to treat the book in more detail. Mr. Vaughan has properly devoted a great deal of attention to the Romantic movement in Germany and in France. These three great literatures of modern days, French, German and English, must be studied in relation to one another in order to gain a true appreciation of them; but we do not believe that it is to be gained by placing upon them literary labels. In France

we have had Realists and Romantics working together; the kailyard school with the cloak and rapier school were publishing their books at the same moment. It is more profitable to study the individual than the mass.

"BRONZE-THROAT EAGLE-BARK"

Aeschylus in English Verse. Part ii.—Prometheus Bound and The Suppliant Maidens. By ARTHUR S. WAY. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

WE reviewed Mr. Way's Aeschylus, Part I., containing the *Septem* and *Persae*, and recommended his work emphatically for vigour and ease combined with faithful adherence to the meaning and the manner of the original. He has succeeded wonderfully with Homer and Euripides and now he has given us all the plays of Aeschylus except the *Oresteia*, which is interesting as being the only extant specimen of an ancient tragic trilogy. If only the Fayoum, or some other part of bounteous Mother-Earth, would now yield up to us the *Proteus*, which, as the Satyric drama, completed the tetralogy, a great accession would be made to our knowledge of the Attic stage.

We have very little certain information about the dates of the tragedies of Aeschylus, save that the *Oresteia* came last, about B.C. 458, three years before the death of Aeschylus at Gela in Sicily. The two plays contained in this part were probably the earliest, though attempts have been made to show that the *Suppliants* was brought out only a few years before the *Oresteia*. The arguments of Müller and Boeckh, drawn from internal evidence, are far from convincing, and an early date for the play is strongly suggested by the epic tinge in the style, the great predominance of lyric measures and the extreme simplicity of the plot.

In the volume before us Mr. Way has to deal with the least corrupt and the most corrupt of the Aeschylean dramas, with the easiest and the most difficult, with the best and the worst. For great as are the *Agamemnon*, the *Eumenides*, and the *Persae*, none of them approaches the sheer sublimity of the *Prometheus*. It walks among the stars. It soars with the sublime spirit of the indomitable Friend of Man who defies Zeus in his torture. We find ourselves in the company of demons like Kratos and Bia, monsters like the cow-headed Io, and airy spirits like the Oceanides who form the chorus. The play has fired the imagination of some of the world's greatest poets, and forms the supreme standard for the sublime in poetry. The metre is beautiful and the diction is superbly gorgeous, yet austere and chaste. The Greekless reader has now a version by which he can get nearer than ever he could before to this immortal work. We will present our readers first with the soliloquy of Prometheus after he has been pinned and clamped to the Caucasian rock by Kratos and Bia under the direction of Hephaestus. It contains the exquisite phrase which for many represents their whole knowledge of Aeschylus.

Æther divine, and breezes swift of wing,
Fountains of rivers, myriad-dimpling laugh
Of billows of the sea, All-mother Earth!—
Yea, on the sun's all-seeing orb I call:—
Look on me, what a God endures of Gods!
Behold, in what torment of outrage, behold,
I must agonise on through years untold!
For me doth the Blessed Ones' new lord frame
Such bonds of shame!
Woe's me for the anguish that is, that shall be!
Ah, where shall the dawning arise on me
Of the end of mine agony?
Yet what say I? All things that shall betide
Full well I know: no anguish unforeseen
Shall light on me. Lo, I must bear the doom
Of destiny as I may, as who doth know
That none may battle with the might of Fate. . . .
I, hunter of the fount of fire that lurked
Reed-hidden, which to mortals shone revealed
Their teacher of all arts, invention's crown,
For that transgression pay such penalty
Under the naked sky in fetters nailed,

The record, too, of the blessings which he bestowed on man is rendered in language which is almost completely literal, unshackled as it is by the trammels of rhyme :

The tale of mortals' miseries
Hear ye—how erstwhile witless as they were,
I gave them reason, dowered them with souls.
And I will tell—in no wise blaming men,
But setting forth the love my bounty proved :—
First, having eyesight, all in vain they saw,
And hearing heard not : impotent as shapes
Of dreams, their weary days through, they discerned
The several use of nought, conceived not dwellings
Brick-fashioned, sunlit, nor the wood-wright's craft,
But in earth-burrows like to tiny ants
Dwelt in the sunless lurking-ribs of caves.
Of winter certain token had they none,
None of spring flower-bestarred, nor harvest-crowned
Summer, but undiscerning, all their toil
They wrought, until the risings of the stars
I taught them, and their dubious setting-times.
Number withal, of shrewd inventions chief,
Devised I, and the letters' marshalling,
And Memory all-creating, mother of song.

We do not apologise for copious extracts. We repeat what we said about Part I. :

Mr. Way has so clearly achieved his place in the first rank of translators in verse of the ancient classical poets that in quoting specimens of his work we are rather catering for the pleasure of our readers than affording evidence of a proposition already proved.

To show how faithful he is to the original even in the lyrical portions of the drama, where he introduces rhyme, we will quote two passages. The first gives the "wild and whirling words" of Io when she is driven to further wanderings by the gadfly's sting, which is described in characteristic Aeschylean fashion as "the arrow-point forged in no furnace." The beautiful metre is taken from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" :

Woe's me and alas !
The convulsions again
Through my racked limbs pass,
And with madness my brain
Is fevered : the arrow-point forged in no furnace envenoms each vein.
Knocks my heart at my side
In fierce frenzied appeal ;
And mine eyes, they roll wide
Dizzy-swift as a wheel.
Wild-raving I drift before madness's blast like a storm-driven keel !

And wild and whirling
Words bursting from me,
A torrent on-hurling,
Beat impotently
On the surge of the inrolling horror, the tide of calamity's sea.

The next extract is the last appeal of Prometheus, perhaps the most sublime passage in Greek poetry :

Ha ! not in promise at last, but in deed, swayeth earth to and fro !
Thunders roll by me with crashings that burst from abysses below !
Out of a fiery furnace the flickering lightnings glow !

Whirlwinds in spires are uptossing the dust : in tumultuous array
Blasts of all winds are onleaping to grapple and pant in the fray :
Blent with the sea is the welkin, a turmoil of vapour and spray !

With such swoop upon me comes the stroke that the terrors of Zeus
doth reveal.

Earth-mother's majesty ! Æther, wherethrough doth the world's
light wheel !

See me, what outrage of wrong I endure !—unto you I appeal !

[The earth is rent asunder, and the rock to
which Prometheus is chained descends into
the chasm.]

The argument of the *Supplices* is very simple and it has a link with the *Prometheus* :

Herein is told how one of the prophecies of Prometheus came to pass. For Danaus and Ægyptus, descendants of Io, were brothers, and the fifty sons of Ægyptus were fain to wed by force the fifty daughters of Danaus. But to these that marriage seemed unholy and hateful, and they fled from Egypt across the sea to the land of Argos, whence Io, the mother of their race, had come ; and thither the sons of Ægyptus pursued them.

In translating the *Supplices* Mr. Way follows the revised text of Professor Tucker, formerly of Cambridge, now of Melbourne, to whose fruitful labours on the text of

Aeschylus he pays a well-deserved tribute. Professor Tucker's *Supplices* is indeed a splendid piece of work. Two conjectures of his, λωσύνει for λίνουσιν η or θ (104) and τὸν τι for παρόντι (219) are worthy of a Bentley or a Porson—as convincing as they are brilliant. But while the *Prometheus* is a perfect chrysolite, only approached by the Oedipodean plays of Sophocles and the *Lear* of Shakespeare, the *Supplices* lacks interest, though it is not devoid of that dignity which seems inseparable from Aeschylus. To illustrate this we will give samples of Mr. Way's work both in the iambic and the lyrical parts of the play. Of the first a good specimen is the first speech of Danaus :

Daughters, be wary. Hither have ye won
Through trusty pilotage of your wary sire.
Now, being on land, take forethought as I bid,
And grave my words on tablets of the mind.
I see dust, voiceless herald of a host. . . .
Now, now their shrieking axle-naves I hear. . . .
I see a shielded host and flickering spears,
With war-steeds and with arched battle-cars.
Haply the rulers of the land draw nigh
Themselves to see things told of messengers.

Mr. Way's skill in the lyrical parts will be illustrated by a strophe of a choral ode (347-352) containing a very epic simile :

O son of Palaichthon, incline thine ear unto me !
Gracious, O King of Pelasgians, let thine heart be.
Behold now, a suppliant panic-struck exile, I flee
Like a heifer that wolves have chased to a precipice-height,
Where she runs to and fro, and, setting her hope in his might,
Lows to the herdman, as telling her grievous plight.

But we must add two more lyrical passages, the first containing that thoroughly characteristic Aeschylean epithet of a lonely cliff, οἰόρρων "brooding," only to be paralleled for poetic word-painting by the "myriad-dimpling smile of the waves" in the *Prometheus*, and "the wrinkled sea" in the *Agamemnon*—a beautiful expression which Tennyson has immortalised, though the critics have robbed Aeschylus of it by changing the exquisite *ρυσῶς* to the colourless *ρυσῆς* as an epithet of *ἄλως* :

Oh for a throne in the firmanent clear
Where to snow the cloud turneth !
Oh for the brink of a precipice sheer,
Smooth, beetling, whose lone pride none draweth near,
Whose peak no man discerneth,
Haunted of vultures—sole witness, I wis,
Of the deathward rushing
Plunge that should hurl me far down the abyss,
Or ever I light on such bridal as this—
This horror heart-crushing !

Then unto dogs if a banquet I fall,
Or to vulture and raven,
I reck not ; for death shall have saved me from all,
Shall have saved from the shame and the tears of the thrall,
My refuge, my haven !
Yea, or ever such bride-bed of horror I know,
Like a shaft from a quiver
Strike, doom, to mine heart ! Whitherward shall I go
In this land to escape the embrace of a foe ?
Who, who shall deliver ?

Our last extract will be in more cheerful vein—the blessings invoked on Argos by the Danaids, now safe under the protection of the King :

Set forward, and raise the chant of praise to the Gods ever-blessed
who ward this town,
And to them which beside Erasinus abide, the Argive river of old
renown.
O handmaid-train, take up the strain : be the city Pelasgian our praise's
theme :
Let our lips no more in hymns adore the godhead of Nile's broad-
flowing stream ;

But the rivers we sing that to this land bring their still sweet draughts
that have multiplied
Her offspring, and rolled o'er her deep soft mould the joy of fertility
far and wide.
Chaste Artemis stoop to behold our troop with compassion ; in wed-
lock-thralldom chained
By Cythera's Queen may we ne'er be seen—by them that hate us be
this prize gained !

R. Y. TYRRELL.

AMERICA IN THE MAKING

The Middle Colonies; and The Colonies under the House of Hanover. By J. A. DOYLE. 2 vols. (Longmans, 14s. net each.)

In three previous volumes dealing with "The English in America" Mr. Doyle told the story of the Northern and Southern Colonies from their beginnings to the accession of the House of Hanover. He now describes in similar manner the Middle Colonies to the same date, and in a fifth volume treats the Colonies collectively down to the Conquest of Canada. He has thus exhaustively explained the development of the American settlements through the seventeenth and more than half the eighteenth century—to the eve, in fact, of their conflict with England, which ended in separation. If the way of the historian has been cleared in recent years by the publication of invaluable documents bearing on the hundred and fifty-two years which divide the founding of Jamestown from Wolfe's capture of Quebec, the number of the Colonies, their extent and their variety, make the task of presenting a definite and connected picture extremely complicated and confusing. It is almost as though in writing the history of England the historian had to take separate cognisance of each county. "The Middle Colonies" comprise New Netherlands—which became New York when it passed into English hands—New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is in "The Colonies Under the House of Hanover" that the historian seeks to gather up the threads and carry forward a joint narrative. His work would have been simplified if there had been any sense of unity among the Colonies themselves. Differences in origin, differences in aspiration, differences in constitution and character, often left them as distant from each other as, both physically and morally, they were from the Mother Country.

Mr. Doyle's account of Colonial dissensions, which fears of French aggression or Indian outrage could not eliminate, makes it appear remarkable that they found a common policy possible even against England in 1775. It can only be that they hated not each other less but England more. In many cases their very existence was a protest against English government, and the spacious conditions and free air of the new world were not conducive to a loyalty dissociated from self-interest. The student who patiently studies Mr. Doyle's volumes will find it easy to seize the true cause of the American rebellion: it was not particularly the Stamp Act and the Tea Duty and the policy of Grenville and North and George III.—it was in the nature of things. The rupture was certain to come sooner or later, not because one side was wicked and the other intolerant but because of sheer incompatibility. The Colonies could sink their differences to become the United States of America, but they were not prepared to give way on any point to maintain connection with the country from which they sprang. We hope Mr. Doyle purposes carrying his work as far at least as the treaty of Paris of 1783. He has the qualities, judicial and literary, which eminently fit him to describe and pass judgment on this momentous chapter in British-American annals.

Interest in the Middle Colonies in the seventeenth century turns to a large extent on the doings of the Dutch and the manner in which the English insinuated themselves into possession of New Netherlands. Mr. Doyle shows why Holland was not well fitted to undertake colonial enterprises on the other side of the Atlantic and to utilise the advantage she derived from the discovery and exploration on her behalf by Hudson of the river which bears his name. It is a noteworthy fact in the history of discovery and colonisation that the initial steps have often been taken by adventurous spirits who were not natives of the benefiting country. Usselinx, the Dutch Gilbert with a difference as Mr. Doyle suggests, worked for every country except his own. Columbus was a Genoese in the service of Spain, as was John Cabot in the service of England. What an Englishman discovered for Holland

was destined to become English, and the appropriation of New Netherlands gave England a continuous seaboard in America, and secured to her colonists the friendship of the Five Nations. England's pretexts for the annexation of the Dutch possessions were not as conclusive as her obvious intention to drive the Dutch out. The story is in some of its particulars a sort of seventeenth-century precursor of the nineteenth-century struggle between Dutch and British in South Africa. The English dispossessed the Dutch by methods which the Dutch themselves had adopted towards the Swedes, and the Dutch of course objected; just as they objected in South Africa to the application by England to themselves of the laws as to language, which they had rigorously enforced when they had Huguenot settlers at their mercy. Mr. Doyle's survey of Colonial history during the seventeenth century impresses him in a manner somewhat novel. He is struck by a certain lack of biographical interest; commanding figures are absent; few men stand out above their fellows and stamp their individuality on the community. No Clive or Warren Hastings is the pivot of Colonial affairs; men like Winthrop and Endicott, even Penn, are absorbed in the collective growth:

Everywhere among the Colonies the life of the community is far more interesting than the life of any men in it. There is no disparagement in this. It is rather praise to say that a community is better and stronger than its best and strongest man. For this means that the community has in its institutions, its faith and its corporate morality guarantees for its well-being of which it cannot be robbed by chance.

That is a new note in the philosophy of history and it is a condition of things likely, we agree, to mislead the historian, as it may mislead contemporary and partial chroniclers, who are apt to manufacture heroes either because they lack a sense of proportion or because they believe that communities cannot get on without great men and dominating personalities.

With the accession of George I. we reach a convenient landmark in American Colonial history. "The end of the seventeenth century was the point at which the era of formation ended and the era of fruition and repose began." Not altogether repose, because the second part is summed up in the sentence "External pressure exercised by the Mother Country, became the new factor in Colonial history, and is met in some cases by persistent and unintelligent resistance, in other cases by co-operation, occasionally strenuous, more often carefully qualified and fenced in by conditions." It was also the era of anxiety as to the efforts of France to secure what to-day we should call the Hinterland. The one thing the Colonies never thought of seriously was union; they were particularist in all their actions, and says Mr. Doyle: "No intermediate conception of a corporate American nationality ever, so far as we can judge, presented itself" to the mind of the New Englander or Virginian who was at once a citizen of his province and of the Empire. The only people to whom the idea of Colonial Union was constantly present apparently were British officials who were not Colonists:

There is hardly a single British official of any intelligence or independence of view from the Revolution of 1688 till the Conquest of Canada who does not see the necessity for some measure not it may be of complete union but of consolidation.

It was not until Union presented itself in a form "which made it the enemy, instead of the ally, of British supremacy" that it became acceptable to the Colonists. None of Mr. Doyle's chapters on the Hanover section is more illuminating than that on the literary and intellectual life of the Colonies. Almost in their earliest days they made education a first charge on their resources. A common education no doubt accounts for their real democratisation, and made the Colonial spirit incomprehensible to public men at home. Harvard and Yale enabled New England citizens to become educated men without ceasing to be New Englanders. It was failure or

inability to grasp such essential characteristics that induced the mistaken action of the Home Government in later years. Mr. Doyle is not prepared to condemn Grenville and those associated with him. "More justly should we blame those who for at least two generations had never once looked the facts of Colonial administration plainly in the face."

THE EGOIST

Memories. By Major-General Sir OWEN TUDOR BURNE.
(Arnold, 15s. net.)

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR OWEN TUDOR BURNE is an egoist; which is not to say that he is self-conscious. How many times in these "memories" the first personal pronoun occurs we should not like to conjecture; but the book was written in the first instance for family reading, and it would have lost in interest by the elimination of the pronoun that lends a sense of intimacy to Sir Owen's pages. That loss would have been fatal to our enjoyment of what is, in many respects, a delightful autobiography; for it is Sir Owen Tudor Burne, rather than his memories as memories, that interests us. True, we could wish that several testimonials to his ability had been allowed to remain in his scrap-book, but the judicious reader will "skip" them and the continuity of the narrative will not be lost.

Sir Owen was born at Plymouth on April 12, 1837, and was the eleventh of nineteen children. Of his father, who left the Church of England to join the Catholic Apostolic Church, he gives some interesting recollections, and *à propos* of these quotes an amusing anecdote of a Scottish minister who arrived at the kirk without the manuscript of his sermon:

He could not preach without it, but it lay in his manse a mile away when the time had come for him to mount into the pulpit. Here was a poser only to be solved by giving out the 119th Psalm. . . . While the congregation were singing it, off to his manse for the sermon galloped the minister, and with equal celerity galloped back. When he returned the congregation were still at it, and he asked the clerk, with some trepidation, how they were getting on. "Oh, sir," was the answer, "they've got to the end of the 84th verse, an' they're just cheepin' like wee mice."

A prayer, supposed to have been offered up by a pious man who had become prosperous, is interesting as showing the simplicity of the unlettered:

"O Lord, enable the bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the *Mermaid* sloop which I have insured. Thou hast said that the days of the wicked are short, and I trust thou wilt not forget thy promises, having purchased an estate in reversion of Sir J. P., a profligate young man. Lord, keep our funds from seeking; and, if it be Thy will, let there be no sinking fund."

Mr. Burne obtained a commission in 1855 from the Duke of Cambridge, passed his examination, was gazetted to the 20th Regiment (now Lancashire Fusiliers), and after a few months at Parkhurst started for the Crimea in charge of a draft of about two hundred recruits. He arrived too late to take part in any serious engagement, but soon after his return home the Mutiny broke out and he was ordered to India and after several encounters with the rebels was recommended for the V.C. He gives an interesting account of the operations, though we do not think that he does justice to Sir Colin Campbell. A year or so after the termination of the Mutiny our hero was appointed military secretary to Sir Hugh Rose, whose praises he never tires of singing. He was present at Lord Canning's first Durbar, and he gives an amusing account of the Viceroy's long and dignified address to the chiefs:

He spoke of the great Queen who had desired him to decorate them; he thanked all present for their services in the Mutiny; he particularly impressed upon the Chiefs and Princes their duty in the future of abolishing infanticide, of making roads and railways in their territories, and of moving on in the paths of virtue and civilisation, and so on—a

fine address, unfortunately translated, according to custom, by the then Foreign Secretary, who was an indifferent Hindustani scholar. He bluntly said, so far as I can remember, to the horror of those who knew the language, and to the visible astonishment of the Chiefs: "Lord Sahib fermata hai, Salaam. Tum log badzat hai. Chokri mat maro. Rasta banao. Chalo. Bas. Salaam." Which meant, literally translated: "The Viceroy commands me to say, 'How d'ye do? You are a set of — rascals. Reform! Don't kill your female children. Make roads and move on. Enough! You may go.'"

We can understand Lord Canning's conviction that Hindustani was a very comprehensive language.

In 1864 our author returned to England with Sir Hugh Rose, and accompanied him as A.D.C. on his appointment as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He was in the Emerald Isle at the time the Fenian disturbances broke out, but he does not seem to have attained a real grasp of Irish affairs. When Lord Mayo succeeded Lawrence in 1868, he accepted the office of private secretary to the new Viceroy and returned to India. Lord Mayo was a man after our hero's own heart, and he appreciates him at his true worth. He was a man of wide understanding and knowledge and grim determination, and in the few short years that elapsed before the assassin's knife put an end to a career of great promise, he fully vindicated Lord Beaconsfield's choice of him in the face of considerable opposition. Major Burne was summoned to Osborne to give an account of the murder, and, owing to the similarity of the doorways, on retiring to bed:

I got into a difficulty [he says], into the details of which I will not enter. It was something after the nature of the ghost story told by Admiral Kennedy:

"I was staying in an old country house in the Midlands some years ago. The place was, as usual, said to be haunted. A large party was staying in the house for the shooting, among them several ladies. One morning a young lady of the party came down to breakfast looking pale and agitated. On being questioned by our hostess, she said she had passed a miserable night and had received a great shock. Her story was as follows: Soon after she had retired to rest and got comfortably asleep, a ghost came into her room, and, having dragged all the clothes off her bed, silently retired, leaving her shivering with cold and fright, in which condition she remained till morning. Of course, she received the greatest sympathy from all present, coupled with indignation at the outrage. Presently in came a jovial, rubicund Major, who in answer to inquiries as to how he had slept, and if he had seen the ghost, replied: 'Oh, I slept first-rate. I was rather cold the first part of the night, but I went into the spare room and took the clothes off the bed, after which I was as warm as a toast!'"

A short time after Major Burne arrived in London (none the worse, we trust, for his experience at Osborne) he was made Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India. One of his duties was to take charge of native Embassies and Chiefs visiting England. He assisted Sir Henry Rawlinson in his reception of the Shah of Persia in 1873, and reproduces extracts from the Eastern autocrat's diary, which he supplements by an account of a difficulty into which his Majesty's slothfulness brought him. The Shah had insisted on seeing a prize-fight. "You people have shown me everything under the sun except what I most want to see—a prize-fight in which plenty of blood can be drawn," he said; and an innocent prize-fight was arranged, to take place in the Buckingham Palace stables, half an hour before a reception of Archbishops and Bishops, who were to present a memorial asking for protection of the Christians in Persia:

To our dismay the Shah had had a bad night, and we could not get him down in time. In the meantime our Prelates had assembled in the ground-floor reception-room at Buckingham Palace, which led out into the grounds. The Shah said: "I don't care; I won't see the Bishops till I have seen the fight." The Equerry said: "This is maddening. There is no time now to walk down to the stables. Get the men up quietly behind the corner wall here, and we can show our Eastern Cyrus a few exchanges of fists, and get him back sharp to the reception-room for the deputation." Unluckily, the Shah, eluding our vigilance, came right into the room with a gold epauletted footman, who threw open the window-sash and ushered His Majesty out into the garden (while we were waiting for him to come, as arranged, out of a side door), followed in a trice by Lord Shaftesbury and the whole of the reverend gentlemen in their lawn sleeves. Like sheep without a shepherd, curious to know what was going on, they followed the Shah, and so in a moment found themselves more or less in a ring round the two prize-fighters.

The dénouement our readers will find in Sir Owen Burne's pages.

When Lord Lytton succeeded Lord Northbrook as Viceroy, Major Burne again went to India as Private Secretary for two years, but with this part of his career we have not space to deal.) He was present at a dinner given to Lord Roberts at the United Service Club in November 1880, when the Duke of Cambridge, as Chairman, rose to propose the health of the guest:

He spoke, as usual, very well and eloquently till he came to the capture of the Peiwar Pass in Afghanistan, which was regarded as a great feather in Roberts's cap. The Duke said: "And now I come to the Pass—the great Pass—the well-known Pass—" ("Where the — was the Pass?" he whispered to those near at hand) "the wonderful operations at the Pass—the Pass—" ("Where the — was the Pass?" whispered the Duke again, getting very hot and angry) "where our friend covered himself with glory—I mean the Pass—. What is the name of that — Pass?" at last he roared, till some one near at hand whispered "Peiwar," and we all cried with laughter, while the Duke shook himself together, became as gentle as a dove, and went on with a very good speech.

We are inclined to think that Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burde over-estimates his own importance in the universe, but there are two classes of egoists, and our author belongs in the first. He has written a delightful volume of reminiscences which every one who has the good sense to skip the tedious parts will feel the better for reading. We have not culled all the gems from his book of memory.

EASTERN ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE

The Shores of the Adriatic: the Italian Side. By F. HAMILTON JACKSON, R.B.A. (Murray, 21s. net.)

THE author of this book is fully justified in claiming that it deals with Italian towns which are full of architectural and artistic interest and of which many are very little known even to the more enterprising English travellers. Rimini is familiar enough in name: Ravenna—celebrated by Dante, Dryden, and Byron—is at least a goal of desire to every student of Italian art and history: but how many people have heard of Terlizzi or Pomposa? How many of the thousands who pass through Brindisi give a thought to the early churches and other monuments which it contains? Of the other towns treated in this volume most are mere names to the ordinary tourist, though no one who has seen Ancona either from the seaward or from the landward side is likely to forget it. But from Brindisi up to Caorle near Venice our author leads his readers on what he calls "an architectural and archæological pilgrimage," and discovers to them an extraordinary variety of interesting things.

His descriptions of architecture are exceedingly close and careful, though at times rather too technical for the layman to follow quite clearly: and the historical matter which he gives suffers from a compression which perhaps was unavoidable. Of course the local history of each town is useful in relation to its architecture and art: but it might have been even more useful if the author had been able to give a general historical and a general artistic sketch, showing for example the rise and wane of Byzantine, of Saracenic, and of Norman influence and the way in which they shaded off, one into the other, and were merged into the Renaissance. But Mr. Hamilton Jackson deserves high praise for the amount of solid work put into his book, and the reader will find that the occasional severity of his technical description is relieved by pleasant personal anecdotes, by notes on manners and customs, and by appreciations of natural as well as architectural beauty. Above all the book abounds in admirable illustrations, mostly from the author's own pencil. The firmness, the delicacy, and the exquisite finish in detail of these drawings, their extraordinary relief and refinement, convey to the eye just what is wanted. Look, for example, at the gallery and the ambo of S. Valentino in Bitonto; the door of the cathedral at Ruvo; the panels from the west door of the cathedral at Troja; or the west end of S. Clemente in

Casauria. Work of the kind could not be better done: it is not merely faithful, it is full of the beauty of the architecture which it renders.

To follow the writer at all closely in a review is impossible: it must suffice to indicate some points of dominating interest. One may remark first how soon these eastern Italian towns fell under the powerful influence of Byzantine artists. The most striking examples are, of course, to be seen at Ravenna with its world-famous mosaics. It has, indeed, been suggested that mosaic work had an independent origin in Italy, and in support of this view is cited the fact that we find at Ravenna mosaics dating from the fifth century, or one hundred and fifty years before Justinian's artists carried this form of decoration far and wide, over the east and over the west. But Mr. Hamilton Jackson quotes St. Jerome as saying that even in the fourth century the Syrians pushed their trade everywhere and carried with them Syrian arts and crafts, including mosaic and sculpture. Juvenal complains of the flood of Syrian influence in his day: but by the sixth century it had at least become a healthy and an artistic influence, so blending with the fading spirit of classic art as to produce a style of decorative architecture which possesses, as some think, a deeper and more enduring charm than any other in the world. It would be easy to show how the conquests of the Arabs in the seventh century spread Byzantine forms and ideals, first by driving monks and other artists from east to west, and next by recalling and employing the most accomplished artists in building the splendid mosques of Syria, Egypt, North Africa and Spain. And the close connection of the Byzantine and the so-called Norman style cannot be questioned by any student of the subject. One may here call attention to the magnificent examples of bronze work described by our author, such as the bronze doors at Monte Sant' Angelo and those of the cathedral at Troja, both of the eleventh century, and those of San Clemente in Casauria, dated 1191, the latest of the sort in Italy. Nothing could more clearly show the relation of the two styles, and it would be hard to exaggerate the richness and splendour of these works. The doors at Monte Sant' Angelo came direct from Constantinople.

The Saracens, however, from Byzantine beginnings soon developed a style of their own, and traces of it are common in these Italian towns, which were often raided and sometimes occupied by Saracen invaders. Thus they held Bari for eighty years ending 1004 A.D.; they were at Trani in 840; at Troja there still remains ivory work with Cufic inscriptions; Lucera was called *Lucera Saracenorum*; and from a document of 1301 it is clear that Saracen artists and artificers were highly valued at that period. For about five centuries, then, a strain of direct Saracen influence may be traced—an element which adds to the variety and picturesqueness of the monuments recorded in this volume. And these monuments include, not only buildings but objects of art of many kinds, jewellers' and silversmiths' work, ivories, wood-carvings, embroideries, and paintings, for all of which the author shows a just appreciation.

Taken altogether Mr. Hamilton Jackson's book is one of great merit and great charm: it opens new fields of delight to every lover of art. Such faults as it has may be lightly touched upon. First the style in places is crabbed, and a peculiarly loose use of pronouns often tends to obscurity or bad grammar. Thus:

Of the columns, which are antique, six have three rows of leaves and lions' heads at the corners to which two bodies belong, the rest being based on Corinthian. It has been beautified in the seventeenth century. (p. 35.)

In a little recess on the way to the sacristy water, which is believed to be medicinal, is stored beneath a little Romanesque statuette of an armed S. Michael standing on the dragon, which may perhaps be the remains of a pagan healing spring. (p. 186.)

The ends of the seat which runs round the apse are formed by the episcopal throne of S. Damazus which has been sawn through. (p. 286.)

The library was the largest in Italy save for that of the mother establishment at Monte Cassino, and it ruled over a wide territory. (p. 289.)

In such passages the sense is nearly lost. Moreover, the author's Latin quotations require revision: "Docta manus me fecit ad hoc ut lectio vite hic recitata ferat fructum mentes A;" "Absit quod Fredericus sit tui numeris iners," "Torre dei passi, Turrus passum," "oc opus fieri fecit;" "fontes aquarium;" "Via Emilia;" "Salve nos, Domine." Here are many blunders, which can hardly be in the originals: and though S. Pier Crisologo is correct, it is not correct to write Pier Crisologus, which should be either Petrus or Peter Chrysologus.

One more general criticism. Restraint in writing is an excellent thing: but we cannot help wishing at times that the author wrote less coldly where there is good cause for enthusiasm. Compare for instance his description of Ravenna with the stirring and brilliant description given by Dr. Hodgkin in "Italy and Her Invaders," and our meaning will be clear. Yet no one could draw as Mr. Hamilton Jackson does without feeling intensely the beauty and the historic interest of his subjects. Indeed the whole volume bears evidence of his love for the things which he writes about. He has spared neither time nor labour in his work, and has produced a valuable and delightful book.

THE PRINCE OF NAVIGATORS

Dampier's Voyages. Edited by JOHN MASEFIELD. 2 vols. (E. Grant Richards, 25s. net.)

A NEW edition of "Dampier's Voyages" appears appropriately at a moment when, after a couple of centuries of neglect, an effort is being made to raise a memorial to the great seaman whom Captain Basil Hall has called the "Prince of Navigators." Those who read the concise but very interesting Life which Mr. Masefield contributes to this new issue of the Voyages may readily learn the respect in which Dampier's work has been held by many of our greatest naval commanders, as well as "by the French, the Dutch and even the Spaniards." Byron, Cook, Broughton, Flinders, Philip Carteret and Erasmus Gower have all borne testimony to his accuracy. Nelson and Howe gave his Voyages as a text-book to their midshipmen, and Lord Exmouth "read them over several times." His professional excellence is therefore above question. That his books are full of interest the general reader may feel assured.

The birthplace of Dampier is but three miles from Yeovil, and Mr. Masefield suggests that the Latin school at which he was placed may have been in that town. Yeovil, however, could boast of no such seat of learning. There is a tradition, but no record, that he was educated at the ancient school at Bruton. As he was left fatherless at the age of ten, and the name of Dampier was then associated with Bruton, it is probable that he lived with relatives in order to avail himself of free education. Of the claim of Bruton to be called a "Latin School" let the following quaint extract from its foundation-deed bear testimony:

And the sd. maister shall not teche his scolers song nor other petite lernynge as the Crosse Rewe, Redyng of the mateyns or of the psalter or such other small things, nother redyng of Englyssh butt such as shall concerne lernynge of gramer. Ffor the foundours of the said scole intend wt: our lordes mercy oonly to have the gramer of latyn tongue so sufficiently taught that the scolers of the same profityng and provyng shall in tymes to come forever be after their capacities perflight latyn men.

There is, however, little Latinity in Dampier's style. What he learnt and what he saw were set down in a plain and simple English, free from affectation and exaggeration. He was imbued throughout with the desire to record facts that might be of use to others. Winds, currents, havens, soundings and anchorage he noted with a pilot's

diligence and care. The growth of plants and the habits of animals he observed with the eye of one whom Nature intended to be a naturalist. But in his writings there is no trace of vanity or self-consciousness. After the publication of his first volume, which met with great success and ran rapidly through four editions, at the table of Samuel Pepys he met John Evelyn, who speaks of him as "a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with."

Dampier first went to sea in 1669 at the age of seventeen. His first volume, published in 1697, contains the narrative of his life in the West Indies with the buccaneers between 1679 and 1688, his voyage to the East Indies and return home in 1691. We have not space to follow his wanderings, but the record of a few days' buccaneering will suffice to show something of the life and the man.

On February 20, 1685, they anchored awaiting an answer from the President of Panama respecting an exchange of prisoners:

The 21st day we took another Bark laden with Hogs, Fowl, Salt Beef and Molossoes. In the afternoon we sent another letter.

This letter Mr. Masefield gives from the original manuscript:

If you refuse this last demand and thinke that the imprisonment of three or foure Englishmen is more advantageous to you than the lives of soe many of your Countrymen as are already and what else shall fall into our hands, then you may keep them and we will send you the heads of these for a beginning; and then do our Countrymen the least hurt in their lives or bodies and by the help of God wee will colour your Land Rivers and sea with Spanish blood of men, women and children the whole time that we remain in these seas, turning our former Mercy into cruelty, showing mercy nor giving quarter to any.

Wee will bring our ships near your walls that you may have the pleasure of seeing them [the Spanish prisoners] hanged at your yard armes.

Wee will make you know that wee are the Commanders of the whole South Seas, so consider what to choose for we waite your sentence of life or death with impatience, if death you shall certainly have the heads by Monday morning, etc.

This letter "wrought so powerfully" that on the next day prisoners were exchanged. On the 24th Dampier is describing the scenery and flora of Tabago, an island six leagues south of Panama:

The Land by the Sea is of a black Mold and deep; but towards the top of the Mountain it is strong and dry. The North side of this Island makes a very pleasant shew, it seems to be a Garden of Fruit inclosed with many high trees, the chiefest Fruits are Plantains and Bonano's.

There are also Coco-nut Trees close to the sea and within grow many Mammet Trees. The Mammet, identified in a note as the Mamme Apple, he describes in detail—its height of "60 or 70 foot" without knots or limbs, its head with many small limbs, its bark and colour:

The fruit is bigger than Quince, it is round, and covered with a thick Rind of a grey colour: when the Fruit is ripe, the Rind is yellow and tough; and it will then peel off like Leather; but before it is ripe it is brittle: the juice is then white and clammy; but when ripe not so. The ripe Fruit under the Rind is yellow as a Carrot, and in the middle are two large rough stones, flat, and each of them much bigger than an Almond. The Fruit smells very well, and the taste is answerable to the smell.

There must have been small leisure for these observations:

While we lay at Tabago we had like to have had a scurvy trick plaid us by a pretended Merchant from Panama, who came, as by stealth, to traffick with us privately.

He came by night "with a fireship instead of a Bark"; but they cut their cables and got off in safety, although the ship blew up quite close to them. However, at daylight next morning they were back picking up their anchors, when the approach of many canoes filled with men put them into "a new Consternation." Happily these proved to be privateers to the number of two hundred and eighty, to whom they gave "our Flower Prize to carry them." By which he means a vessel laden with

flour recently captured. These were busy days, yet Dampier found time to notice many things; and as Mr. Masefield reminds his readers, "Humboldt expressly says that the illustrious *savans* Condamine, Juan, and Ulloa added little to his observations."

Mr. Masefield's edition is excellent. It contains a good portrait of Dampier from the picture by Thomas Murray in the National Portrait Gallery, and copious notes from manuscripts, from the writings of other mariners, and in identification of living things and places often obscured by Dampier's quaint spelling of names.

SPIRITS AND SMALL BEER

Her Majesty's Rebels. By SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT. (Macmillan, 6s.)

Benedict Kavanagh. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Arnold, 6s.)

BACK in the days of tumult and shouting, of bitter strife and fostered crime, of no-rent manifestoes and coercion bills, *Her Majesty's rebels*, led by one of the greatest political leaders of the century, had Ireland in a ferment. The leader—the "uncrowned king" and hero of the Irish race—stood head and shoulders above the clamouring multitude of politicians, and, in Ireland, every man is a politician, the wandering tinker under the hedge holding his opinions no less stoutly than the Parliamentary candidate on the hustings. Wild, stormy days they were, when the hand of the predominant partner was forced by widespread lawlessness; when freedom of action and speech was an article of belief without foundation in fact; when the hope of "national" Ireland and the balance of power lay, alike, in the hands of one man—Parnell.

Taking such a time of unrest for the action of his narrative, and a "national" leader for his principal figure, in a prefatory note Mr. Lysaght calls the reader's attention to the points of resemblance between his hero and Parnell, and expresses a hope that it will be clear to every one that he has not attempted to portray the character of the great Home Ruler. Remembering the time and the man we accept Mr. Lysaght's assurance without reservation. Michael Desmond is a notable hero, compounded of giant strength and strange weakness—a man, in fact, and a man full of magnetic force to draw men and women to him, now the victim of a passion he would not stop to control, now cold, reserved, and unscrupulous. Ambitious for his country he was more ambitious for himself. Hating England yet not loving Ireland—for no man who loved her could rend her internally for a political aim—concentrating his energies on the upheaval of the State, his devotion to the goddess Fame broken strangely by interludes of spasmodic devotion to the fair sex, Desmond commands our admiration without commanding our respect or our love. He is a fine figure for a fine novel, but he is by no means the finest character in a book one of the chief merits of which is its characterisation. It is seldom that we are given a picture of the Ireland of the early eighties half so finished, so true, or so just as Mr. Lysaght's. He handles his men and women with the quiet sympathy of one who knows and understands them. To him they are living men and women and he makes them live for us. He has written with care and never in haste, concerning himself with the scenery of his stage and the development of his players, and we have to thank him for the most delightful glimpses of Irish peasants, their wit and drollery which we have had for many years. More than all, he has caught and reproduced for us the rich tones of the brogue till in fancy we hear the music of the blind fiddler-poet, and the inimitable tongue of Coneen Cal sets the imagination dancing with delight. To find fault with "*Her Majesty's Rebels*" is difficult and to praise it worthily is not easy; few Irish books of such good parts have come into our hands since Carleton's days, for few authors hold the

balance so accurately or write so restrainedly and so simply as Mr. Lysaght, content to fill their pages with the moving figures of men, animated by the spirit of life itself.

In "*Benedict Kavanagh*," it need hardly be said, the atmosphere is meant to be Irish. Mr. George Birmingham's book reminds us of the study table and some sermons; and we have seldom listened to a worse sermon or read a duller book. From Ireland we expect the flash of wit—to be moved to laughter though it be through our tears. But neither the spark of wit nor the sadness of tears nor the joy of laughter is here. Mr. Birmingham has no tale to unfold. Having read his three hundred and twenty-four pages, we are entirely ignorant of the purpose for which the book was written. An attempt is made to extol the work of the Gaelic League, and the best that one of its bright ornaments can say of its aim is: "I doubt if any one at present can explain what we are doing, or why it is good." Exactly. This has always been our view. Mr. George Birmingham is fond of cheap sneers; perhaps he believes that they atone for dullness. He holds nothing sacred—not even the poverty of hard-worked women. He sneers at everybody from the Provost of Trinity down to poor Dublin landladies; his book, indeed, is full of cheap thrills, cheap enthusiasm, cheap pathos, cheap eulogy, cheap emotion. "*Benedict*," for instance, once listened to a Gaelic song of which he did not understand a word; by the time the third verse was reached, we are told:

eyes in his soul had been opened and he saw. He stood on high ground and there was beneath him barren land and up against it broke the salt sea. Lean beasts went to and fro picking scanty grass. Men and women, toiling endlessly, gathered meagre harvests; piled dripping wrack on stone altars to burn as sacrifice to the spirit of desolation, and the salt breath of their deity blew green smoke, pungent, sour blankets of it flat across the fields.

We do not care to waste space in discussing so dull a book as Mr. Birmingham's. He is an egoist of the worst description, and, as we have said before, he knows less of Ireland than the intelligent tourist.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Life in Ancient Athens. By T. G. TUCKER. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

THE numerous attempts that have been made, from time to time, to present a picture of the daily life of the ancient Greek, have not been of a kind to arouse enthusiasm, or even interest. The reason has always been that they have attempted too much, with the inevitable result that they have become mere dictionaries of antiquities. In Professor Tucker's book there is no minute and dreary exposition of details. The Attic day does not drag its weary length through piles of musty manuscript, nor is the dust of excavation on our boots as we plod across a ghostly agora, peopled with unsubstantial shadows. Instead, the real Athens of Pericles rises around us, with its glittering acropolis and its squalid and unsavoury streets. Bareheaded, lightly sandalled, and with our cloak slung about our shoulders, we greet friend Pasicles, our author's typical citizen, a solid, respectable man—*καλὸς κάγαθός*, a fine type of manhood—and in his company we live the life of Athens as to the manner born. Whether chatting by the tables of the stout and prosperous alien banker with whom we deal, discreetly stopping our ears to the "Billingsgate" of the bread-women, dropping into the barber's to hear the latest news, or partaking of our kindly friend's hospitality, we are Athenians of Athens for the delightful hour that we spend in reading this unpretentious little book.

We have indicated that Professor Tucker takes a typical citizen as the medium of his exposition. We should rather say, two typical citizens. Pasicles is

presented to us as a man of thirty or more. His childhood does not concern us. But we are present at his wedding, we are even presented to his wife, and with him we rejoice over the birth of his son Lysimachus, following with interest the child's progress from playtime to school, from school to manhood; for these are, as our author would say, "breathing Athenians." In a book so uniformly pleasant and sound as this it is difficult to indicate the best points. Perhaps the chapter on slavery and that upon Council and Assembly, may be found the most informative. Professor Tucker has been wise to confine his attention to a single century of Athenian life, and that the most brilliant (440-330 B.C.). It has given him room for broad strokes of the brush, and his sketch is vivid, certain and strong.

If we must criticise, we would cast a doubt upon the statement that the Athenians were a mixed race. We can find no evidence of an Achæan strain in their ancestry. Nor do we hold that the Greek tongue was a Homeric importation. And to speak of the Propylæa as a "triumphal arch" is surely misleading to the novice in these matters. Apart from these points, our only quarrel with Professor Tucker is the complete absence of all references. Surely a few of these might have been included for the benefit of more advanced readers than the "young person" for whom this discreet yet delightful account of Attic life was primarily designed.

Perugino. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Duckworth, 2s.)

As an introduction to the work of the master of Raphael this little monograph by Mr. Edward Hutton admirably fulfils its purpose, and will be welcomed by all who appreciated the graceful prose of the same author's "Cities of Umbria." With a modesty which might be imitated by writers less well qualified than himself Mr. Hutton declines to pose as an authority, and wisely refrains from plunging into controversial attributions in a book admittedly intended for a popular audience. Where such vexed questions cannot fairly be avoided Mr. Hutton, in the main, follows Mr. Berenson, and in explicit foot-notes puts his reader on the track of more detailed information. His own aim is to disentangle the peculiar charm of Perugino's paintings, and to expound with sympathetic insight the characteristics which endear his work to its students. How this charm is to be found in the background rather than the foreground of Perugino's work is best explained in the author's own words:

His figures, always a little aloof from life, more or less dream people, often beautiful, but always a little fantastic, a little sentimental, as we might say, become less real, less actual as he grows older; he seems continually to have repeated himself, to have been content to care little about them, but his landscapes are always full of the eagerness and peace which he has found in that world of valley and mountain and lake which surrounds his home and his birthplace: in it he seems to have found everything that might satisfy him, and to it he returns again and again as though, as indeed it was, it were something divine, something that in a world that was continually passing away remained always, in its profound and living beauty, the one thing that could never fail him, and in which he finds, as both before and after him so many poets and painters, philosophers and children, the simplest too among men and women have found, the very garments as it were of God, whose voice as of old we may hear still walking in the Garden.

The size of the book renders it practically impossible to reproduce the larger paintings of Perugino with any clearness, and the most satisfactory reproductions are those of sections and heads; but this is one of the few of the plethora of art books which will be bought not for its illustrations but for its text.

The Roman Capitol in Ancient and Modern Times. By E. RODOCANACHI. Translated from the French by FREDERICK LAWTON. (Heinemann, 4s. net.)

THE author and translator of this work are mutually unfortunate in their association. For the book, uninteresting when translated, must have been very uninteresting to the translator; written in jerky and jumbled style, it has been translated into still more jerky and

jumbled English. Apart from the personal weariness induced by the attempt to read this small book on a great subject, an indelible impression is created on the reader's mind that both author and translator were weary of their work before it was half done. M. Rodocanachi has plainly spent an immense amount of laborious study on the preparation of his material. But one feels that, having collected this mass of material, he was oppressed by the magnitude of his task, and set to work without heart. The result is that, though the synoptical table of contents reads well and the arrangement of the book is good in theory, the matter consists of a disconnected series of observations, marred by useless repetition and trivial detail. The notes, which frequently occupy more than half the page, contain much that might have been incorporated in the text, and thus bear witness to hasty and impatient book-making. Whole passages of mediæval Latin are given with all their contractions, and, where recognised contractions might have been used, the words are given at length. However, in spite of these serious blemishes, the book contains a great deal of out-of-the-way information, which will repay the trouble of the seeking. The accounts of poetical coronations are interesting, and occasionally lightened by humour which we cannot help thinking is unconscious, while the notes form a valuable guide to that further study which is suggested by the very full bibliography at the end of the book.

Upon the shoulders of the translator must rest much of the responsibility for the uninviting character of the volume in its English dress; for the trail of translation is over it all; it is redolent of the dictionary, we had almost said of the fifth form. Mr. Lawton's knowledge of French must be of the respectable and laborious order which alone can produce a totally inelastic version. He renders the Gallic idiom with pathetic fidelity. Nor is his knowledge of the niceties of English over-wide. The abominable word "bass"-relief is no more English than it is French or Italian. Sentences such as "the repairs . . . which were the first that we have any certain knowledge of," and "The Conservators . . . were forced to hastily retire" assail the patient reader from time to time. It must be admitted that the task of translating the mass of ill-digested material of which the book consists cannot have been otherwise than tiresome, but the shortcomings of the translation make the work in its present form still more tiresome to read.

The Egypt of the Future. By EDWARD DICEY, C.B. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.)

As Mr. Dicey was for many years the only publicist of any importance who advocated the expediency of England's assuming an avowed and permanent Protectorate over Egypt it may be imagined that his latest book, which is a sequel to his story of the Khedivate, is of a highly controversial character. It is suited for review in a political rather than a literary journal. He thinks, for example, that no honest critic can dispute the zeal, the absolute integrity, and the ability with which Lord Cromer rules Egypt, but he adds that "Egypt—under autocratic, though genuinely benevolent rule—has made enormous material progress, but her moral progress has been of a retrograde description." He would have Egyptian officials in place of English, leaving internal administration in native hands while maintaining British supremacy as a matter of vital importance to England as the mistress of India. Lord St. Aldwyn once said that England had been established as a trustee for civilisation in Egypt with the assent of other powers, and it is really to combat this view, not destructively only but with constructive proposals, that Mr. Dicey has written his book. When the Eastern question once more comes up for settlement our position in Egypt will certainly have to be decided, and for this reason Mr. Dicey's book will be read with great interest even by those who find themselves unable to agree with his conclusions.

SOME PROTESTS AND AN APPRECIATION

It is time that some one made a protest against the habit, which is apparently growing among our poets, of issuing "new" volumes of poetry which contain a large proportion of poems that have been previously published. I do not refer to poems which have appeared in newspapers and magazines. To collect these into a volume is, of course, perfectly legitimate. But, to take a definite example, here is a volume published by the Dun Emer Press at 7s. 6d. It is called "By Still Waters, Lyrical Poems Old and New"; and it is by "A. E.," and the manager of the Dun Emer Press informs us that he "has to thank Mr. John Lane for permission to reprint ten poems from 'Homeward Songs' and nine poems from the 'Earth Breath,' also Messrs. Macmillan for permission to reprint seven poems from 'The Divine Vision.'" That is to say, twenty-six poems out of thirty-two that the volume contains are old, and only six are new. I know that one has to be very careful about what one says nowadays touching the "Celtic movement," but I must say that this sort of literary re-hashing may be, and probably is, exceedingly Celtic, but that there does not appear to be much "movement" about it. Perhaps the "movement" is marking time. It must, I suppose, be allowed to behave occasionally in a Hibernian manner.

Mr. Maurice Baring is not Irish, nor is he, as far as I know, connected with any "movement," but he too has issued a volume of "Sonnets and Short Poems" (Oxford: Blackwell, 2s. net), the greater part of which, as he informs us in an author's note, have appeared before, in a volume called "The Black Prince," and elsewhere. Then why issue them again? I hasten to add that they are quite good and well worth reading more than once; but as the greater part of them have probably been already reviewed in these columns, there can be no object in my attempting to repeat the task.

The anonymously published "Songs of Lucilla" (Elkin Mathews) is a curiously uneven book. The author occasionally lapses unaccountably into slipshod diction and commonplace expression. That she is not, however, dependent on inspiration alone when she writes is proved by the artistic finish and the mastery of technique which she displays when she is at her best. The first poem in the book, a sonnet, has such fine lines and images in it as these:

Fretting the mortal garment of the mind
With passionate heat and cold perplexity,

which are almost worthy of Rossetti, and the whole sonnet is what a sonnet should be: the image of a mood caught and seized and moulded into a beautiful form, written with fire in the soul and ice in the brain. Another splendid sonnet is "In Chrysalis Months." Certainly if a poet is, as I hold, to be judged ultimately by his or her best work, the author of "Songs of Lucilla" must be accorded a high place among contemporary poets. I quote two exquisite stanzas from the "Moated House":

And ever in the limpid glass
I pore, and through its faery world
I watch the phantom clouds unfurled,
In printless pageants as they pass.

And swift-winged swallows shrilling skim,
Like plaintive words, its pensive deep,
And silver dace, like dreams in sleep,
Flash through its twilight dense and dim. . . .

I should now like to make another protest, this time against translations of foreign contemporary minor poets into English verse. On our table is "Poems by Arthur Pfungst," translated from the German by E. F. L. Gauss, "first assistant librarian of the Chicago Public Library," with a preface by T. W. Rhys Davids (Kegan Paul 5s. net).

I feel it a great honour [says Mr. Rhys Davids in his preface] to have been asked to say a few words as introduction to this translation

of Dr. Pfungst's beautiful verses; all the more so, indeed, as it is difficult for me to see what I have done to deserve it.

This exactly expresses what I feel myself about being asked to review Dr. Pfungst's "beautiful verses." What have I done to deserve this honour? I have—I say it with shame—little knowledge of the German language, and, I blush to relate it, I have never heard of Dr. Pfungst. I have, however, read a great many pages of Dr. Pfungst's book in the English (or should I say American?) translation, and I can lay my hand on my heart and say that if they possessed any beauty in their original language it has entirely vanished in the translation:

Let but once the hours pass
With their fleeting pain and glee;
Do not look upon the mass,
Dare with thee (*sic*) alone to be. . . .

Ah, it is so easy floating
On the stream that round us swells,
But 'tis hard one's life devoting
When one with his "ego" dwells.

"Which," to vary the Bab Ballads, "is ugly but I don't know what it means."

Once I would be like other people are,
Who look on medley (*sic*) life intoxicated.

But my brain reels, I feel that I am realising Dr. Pfungst's former aspirations in my own person. I feel as if I were looking "on medley life intoxicated." I must give up reading Dr. Pfungst before it becomes a habit.

"The Triumph of Man" by Percy Schofield (Elliot Stock) is the noisiest poem for its size I have ever read. The amount of "crashing" and "riving" and "roaring" and "groaning" and "bursting" and "thundering" which takes place in the seventy-four pages of the book must, I am sure, constitute a record which has never been equalled. To quote "The Volcanoes" on page 63:

Our roarings are grander
Than voices awakened
By scourges of lightnings
That leap from the clouds;
Our million-ton'd murmurs
Escape from crag-prisons
Wherein thro' dumb aeons
Their powers had been baffled
By granite-hewn fetters.
Our offspring, foul glories
Of lyrical lava,
Red ravell'd-wing'd lightnings,
Mad clouds and loud ashes,
Eclipse the pure day-beams
And drown the mild music
Of bird, breeze, and river,
Of fountain and ocean.
One sound in all nature—
The tramp of our travail.

Mr. Schofield is a purist, and I am sorry to say that his line "our million-ton'd murmurs" is not what I had first thought it to be. It is only "million-toned" with the "E" eliminated in the same way as it is eliminated in "Red ravell'd-wing'd lightnings." When I first read these inspired lines I thought the murmurs were "million-tonned murmurs." Is it too late to suggest this as an emendation? It seems to me to produce a more deafening effect. But perhaps I am merely trying to "paint the lily and gild refined gold." In any case the triumph of Mr. Schofield is assured. "The tramp of [his] travail" will, if it is heard, completely silence any other conceivable sounds. The only drawback is that, *faute de mieux*, he will probably have to blow it himself.

Concerning "His Kingly word and other original poems" by Major F. M. Wenborn, V. D. (Love and Malcomson Limited), we are informed that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the book. I can only say (with heart and voice) God Save the King.

A. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

GARDEN MEMORIES

ABOUT February 14—St. Valentine's Day—when the chaffinch, now gaudily equipped in his sporting plumage, begins first to sing his brief sweet song, one's thoughts turn naturally to the poetry of the open air. During the hard months of winter it has been read and perhaps studied, but now that the days are lengthening the most prosaic of us begins to thrill to the coming spring. He would indeed be hardened in his mind whose feelings were not touched by the opening of the first snow-drop or daffodil. It is the purest of all sensuous poetry, yet it is curious that, in the garden, decay is more productive of good verses than living and absolute beauty. No one has ever yet written a poem of the highest water after passing to and fro through the noblest and best-ordered garden, but the mere thought expressed by Goldsmith—"Here where once a garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild"—seems to call up those old associations that are the very stuff of which poetry is made. So I was thinking when traversing the gravel-path one chilly night not long ago, when the moon was young, and I bethought me of many such places; with most tenderness perhaps, since we are all egoists more or less, of the garden where my childish feet first trod. The ploughshare now passes over it annually and the house to which it belonged has disappeared, but still here and there a lily or a crocus will come up to tell the stranger that once this was the treasured garden of a family, and to awaken in the few who remember it a thousand sad and tender reminiscences. Perhaps it is this which enables one to enter more fully into the desolation that now lies in places where once fair gardens smiled. For example there is the beautiful little garden at Bemerton near Salisbury, where often the saintly George Herbert paced to and fro, composing those ingenious verses descriptive of the fine church that stands just on the other side of the road, or celebrating the beauty of those modest virtues that he prized. Here perhaps it was that a living rose suggested the most charming of all his poems:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

The permanent element of the situation is the river Arun that flows past with the softest of murmurs yet with that same voice that Herbert must have listened to. Looking at it, I cannot help fancying for the moment that the river has a personality of its own, a consciousness that must be passionless. The same feeling has come to me sometimes when looking down on the Tweed from Dryborough singing the same song that it crooned to Sir Walter, that greeted the ears of the rude forayers, or that mail-clad soldiers heard when they stopped their horses, to refresh beast and man in the coolwater. Herbert's medlar tree too, old, decrepit and helped by crutches and ligatures, still makes a show of life, as if to remind us of the time when it claimed the attention of a poet, just as the dear dark little study in his house suggests the volumes he has thumbed and pored over.

I remember too the first time that I went to Somersby in Lincolnshire and saw that garden where a "happy sister came and flung a ballad to the brightening moon." In the dell, where Tennyson used to spend much of his time, the snowdrops in February came up like a white cloud as prodigally and beautifully as they did in the day of the "owd Doctor." But what a wild tangle the garden is, untended, overgrown, the lawn where Hallam and his country friends used to sit gone to waste and neglect.

"Time passes" is the solemn phrase on the sun-dial in the churchyard, and in the change and decay seen all around the rectory its message is writ plainer than any print. Indeed the vicarage garden or the rectory garden is usually the saddest of all. The incumbent generally goes to it when he is young, so that the associations of his children are bound up with it, but at his death it passes into other hands, and as the mosses of new years gather on the trunks of the trees, so the associations of new families are formed and grow old as the generations pass away.

Not very long after the death of Richard Jefferies, I remember, I visited the old garden at Coate. It was hard to picture from it the life led by him and his brothers in those days when he was unconsciously garnering the material that was to form "The Gamekeeper at Home" and "Wild Life in a Southern County." Before that, the thatch which, untended and full of holes though it was in the time of his father, formed a characteristic feature of the house, had been taken off and replaced by slates. The little half-attic room upstairs, which he made into a kind of study, had been tidied up into a model of neatness. The trees against the wall, which his father had allowed to go unpruned, were cut back and reduced to seemliness and order. The edgings whose unbridled growth was noticeable in the old days were now either rooted up or reduced to shape and form. The yellow musk still makes its appearance among the cobble-stones of the house. The small summer-house where Jefferies and his brother played at castles still carries the idly-scribbled name; the trees that his father had planted and allowed to grow in a wild desire for privacy still remain. In the case of Jefferies imagination had plenty of scope, for the family had been yeomen there from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Generation after generation had been reared in the old house. Successive children had played in the garden paths and reddened their lips with fruit gathered in the little orchard. The barred perch and pike that Jefferies described in the neighbouring brook, they, or their successors, are still to be seen. And how pleasant it is to picture this quiet fruitful English life in the days long past, when there were no stage-coaches, much less trains and motors, to destroy the quiet and seclusion of the place, when no trippers came to roam over the Downs on which still can be traced the tracks made by early Briton or ancient Roman. The place is one where the sun delights to linger and where any one who likes to dream dreams may pass his time away with a succession of beautiful and enchanting visions. Yet for suggestion he has only here and there a survival from the past; dark oblivious dust has eaten up or covered over all the rest.

With such thoughts as these did the hours pass under the half-grown moon in the dark February evening. To the outward eye the figure walking to and fro might have appeared a solitary one. Yet it was accompanied by an interesting and happy crowd of people—interesting because thought alone was the reason of their appearance, and happy because with the creatures of imagination one has at least power to blot out all that belongs to the region of despair and unhappiness.

P.

FICTION

The Memories of Ronald Love. By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

MRS. MANN tells the story of a child's life some sixty years ago. She brings passionate sympathy, bitter indignation and an unforgiving attitude to the narrative of the unhappy far-off things of Ronald's childhood, and stimulates the reader to fresh interest in a rather threadbare subject. There is skill and tenderness, too, in the handling

of delicate scenes, and at least one subtly drawn character in Eleanor, Ronald's unexpected friend. Before Ronald is plunged into the horrors of Mrs. Priestley's "Academy for Young Gentlemen," he recalls the first delightful days in the little cottage with his lovely laughing mother—a mother who takes life as it comes without troubling her pretty head about morals or manners—and "Doctor" who is her constant visitor. Then suddenly the tempest of "Doctor's" wrath sweeps the irresponsible Nancie into an undesired marriage, and Ronald into the genteel boarding-school about which the author has much to say. She grows eloquent over the miseries, petty tyranny, and cruel discipline of Miss Pergaman, the undermistress, a terrible Christian person, of vicious instincts. All this is in accordance with tradition, and is convincing enough; but Mrs. Mann must not ask us to believe that her Miss Pergaman possessed one single charm that could beguile Mr. Priestly or any other old gentleman, into the path of dalliance.

Human Toll. By BARBARA BAYNTON. (Duckworth, 6s.)

COURAGE and perseverance are demanded of those who would read this tale of Australian bush life to the end. The dialects of blacks, half-castes, bushmen and German settlers constantly baffle and irritate the reader: only the closest attention makes it possible to keep in touch with the drift of the story, or to understand what many of the characters say and do. The plot is ill constructed, there is no charm of style to compensate for the want of restraint in the description of ugly scenes. Boshy's love and care of Lovey, the orphan daughter of his "boss", are the only pleasant episodes in a narrative dealing with a degenerate and uncivilised class of people whose manners, language, and ideas, are invariably unattractive, and often repugnant.

The Spanish Necklace. B. M. CROKER. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise in giving us three hundred and forty-eight pages of fiction illustrated, neatly bound and well printed for the modest price of half a crown and we have little doubt that the book will be as popular as is the price. When we get so much for our money it is perhaps hypercritical to cavil at the quality of the tale before us. Still, we must confess to a certain weariness in toiling through chapter after chapter unlit by a flash of humour, originality or insight, where the characters appear to have walked out of a Drury Lane melodrama, and the local colour smacks of Baedeker. The plot is, however, sufficiently well worked out, there is plenty of incident, and the fortunes of the miser's daughter and the handsome Spanish marquis will no doubt be followed with zest by innumerable readers in second-class suburban railway carriages and in the servants' hall.

The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. By JOHN REED SCOTT. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

Two fictitious kingdoms on the Continent, an American soldier who is the descendant and image of a king of one of them, a present king who adopts him as heir as soon as he sees him, and gives him his daughter with almost hysterical willingness; a villain who is naturally annoyed by the American, since he was on his way to the throne and the heroine until the interloper arrived; a masquerade; a secret gallery; a knife; a coat of mail; a duel between the two best fencers in Europe; and so forth—the ingredients are not new. Criticism is silenced by the fact that we do not know how things are done in Valeria. The story is impossible but more readable than most, and it is well printed and illustrated, full of bright dialogue, and has for heroine the most outrageous flirt since Rosalind.

The Duchess of Pontifex Square. By G.W. APPLETON. (Long, 6s.)

THE lady thus oddly named resided in a southern suburb of London, in which district also was placed the dispensary of Dr. Perigord. The physician is called upon to attend the noble duchess, and the startling and mysterious circumstances which arise from his visit make up a tale which Mr. Appleton tells with imagination, vivacity, and not a little insight into human nature. His book is a very good example of the sensational novel, and the author may be commended for his delineations of the minor characters, particularly the various members of the family which let lodgings in Pontifex Square.

The Penniless Millionaire. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Long, 6s.)

SENSATIONAL melodrama of the recognised type, written with the facility we expect in this author, from whom we hoped for something more novel in plot and characterisation and less conventional in the dénouement. "The Penniless Millionaire" is far from being the worst of Mr. Murray's books that we have read, and it will please readers who like this class of fiction.

DRAMA

"ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

MADAME JANE HADING has been paying a visit to the New Royalty Theatre this week, appearing in various parts from her repertory. None of these is more famous than that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, which she played on Monday evening. The play has a history of great interest. MM. Scribe and Legouvé wrote it specially for Rachel in 1849; but so great was her predilection for the classical drama that it was some time before she would undertake the part. Finally, however, she consented; it became a favourite in her repertory; and in it she made her last appearance on the stage. The actress was herself a death-stricken woman when she played the great death-scene of Adrienne at the end of the fifth act. This was at Charlottown on December 17, 1856. There have been two English adaptations; one—*The Reigning Favourite*—made by Mr. Oxenford soon after the success of the original; the other made for a famous Polish actress, Madame Modjeska. She appeared in the part at the Court Theatre in 1880, supported by an English company, amongst whom was Mr. Forbes Robertson in the part of Maurice, Comte de Saxe.

The play is old-fashioned romantic melodrama: that is to say, it is a play of situations, up to which the authors work through acts of intrigue and improbability, regardless of everything so long as the essential moment is sufficiently intense. To modern ideas the technique is elaborately cumbersome. The main issue of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, setting aside the innumerable plots and counterplots, which lend piquancy to the situation, is simple enough. Maurice, Comte de Saxe, is loved by two women, the Princesse de Bouillon and the great actress, Adrienne. He rejects the Princess whom he has once loved; that was a mistake. He really loves Adrienne. The Princess discovers this and, though Adrienne has rescued her from a terrible exposure, she kills Adrienne by sending her a bouquet of poisoned flowers. The great moments, to which all else is sacrificed, are three in number: the scene in the dark room where the Princess is rescued and recognises her rescuer by the sound of her voice; the scene in the fourth act where Adrienne, thinking that Maurice has played her false, conveys insult to the Princess by her recitation of Phèdre in the Princess's own drawing-room; and the final scene in which, just as she is dying from the effects of the poisoned bouquet, she discovers that Maurice is true to her and dies in his arms. It is a part written for a great emotional actress, who must by the sheer force of

her personality drive away that imp of incredulity and create the conviction that the unreal, impossible situations are both natural and possible.

And this Madame Jane Hading is still able to do. Time throws no darts at her. Her voice on Monday sounded as fresh and as haunting in its beauty as ever. She did not seem to tire. Her gestures were always expressive and finished: at the beginning of a scene they are slow, and impressive by their slowness, and gradually they become swift and impassioned. Always she holds you by the magnetism of her voice and personality. M. Arnaud played Maurice, Comte de Saxe, with magnificent spirit. He looked pre-eminently the hero; not a trace of vulgarity appeared in his performance, and vulgarity easily creeps into the portrayal of the irresistible cavalier. He was always finely distinguished. Mlle. Marcille again showed her great skill in her playing of the Princess; and M. Dutertre put the right touch of pathos and charm into the character of the old *régisseur* Michonet, Adrienne's staunch admirer. The whole performance went with the dash which is proper to such a play, in spite of the fact that there were one or two hitches in the stage-management. They were noticeable because hitches at these French plays occur seldom considering the number and variety produced.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

FRENCH DRAWINGS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE carefully selected series of drawings by modern French masters on exhibition at Messrs. Obach's galleries in New Bond Street affords a welcome opportunity to study the different methods of approaching nature employed by that famous group of landscape painters loosely classified as the Barbizon School. To frequenters of Bond Street exhibitions no works are more familiar than the pictures of these masters, but with their drawings the London public is less well acquainted; and since the individuality of a painter stands more clearly revealed in his sketches and studies than in his "finished" works, the present collection has a real educational value, emphasising those differences of outlook and technique between the Barbizon painters which are often obscured in their oil paintings. No great insight is needed to draw a distinction between the three great masters of the group, Corot the mystic, Rousseau the realist, and Millet the humanist, even in the oil paintings, but the personalities of the lesser luminaries are not so sharply defined, and a superficial resemblance in subject, colour or tone may blind the unwary student to the fundamental divergence between the art, for example, of Troyon and Jacques, of Harpignies and Daubigny.

In many respects Daubigny is the best represented of all at Messrs. Obach's, and his drawings show a width of range and catholicity of interests hardly to be inferred from his better known pictures. Few, we imagine, would at first sight identify with Daubigny the masterly *Construction of the Victoria Embankment, 1866*, in which the painter has anticipated Mr. Muirhead Bone's gift of snatching a beautiful design from the temporary chaos of the contractor; or the minutely drawn *Interior*, worthy of a little master of the Netherlands. More characteristic of the Daubigny we know in paint are *The Bend of the River* and *Landscape with Trees, St. Denis*, the last a pen-and-ink-drawing, heightened by a few touches of red chalk, and remarkable for the detailed and intensely sought-out drawing of the trees. The eight drawings by Rousseau are less sensational than the Daubignys, if no whit less instructive, and surprise by their very quietness, a quality rarely associated with this tempestuous wooer of nature. Yet how eloquent they are of the grim,

determined manner in which the man went about his work, patiently surveying the battle-ground before bringing on the main engagement! Scarcely more than skirmishes with nature, these preliminary studies might be called, and if they seem to lack the passion and dramatic intensity of his more abandoned brush-work, the explanation must be that the crisis has not yet been reached. He is working up to it, either by an attack in outline, as in *In Auvergne*, the pictorial shorthand of which must not be regarded as a sign of haste but of purposeful economy, or by a closer engagement, as in *The Oak Tree near the High Road*, perhaps the most important, as it is the most characteristic, of the series, where a fragment of nature has been captured and imprisoned by the painter in his carefully and beautifully balanced design.

The exhibition of the Staats Forbes Collection has familiarised us with the drawings of Jean François Millet and two of the drawings at Obach's, *Reaping* and *Sheep-shearing*, are tolerably well known. If these impressive designs reveal the classicism which underlay the realism of Millet, his romanticism and intense feeling for the poetry of nature is equally well represented by his more exquisite, more moving, landscape study, *The Copse, Evening*. Of the Corots the *Landscape with overhanging Tree* is a beautiful variation of a favourite theme, which, though often repeated, never wearies, while the earlier *View of an Italian Town* has the schoolgirlish charm of the master in his most demure moments. Of the two cattle painters, Jacques is decidedly the better represented, his *Shepherd and Flock on a Hill* being a rhythmical composition of great tenderness, while his *Fowls* is a *tour de force* in its masterly and spontaneous interpretation of light and colour in black and white. The Troyons are far from insignificant; but the beach scenes, *On the Coast* and *On the Dunes*, are chiefly interesting as excursions into a field which was subsequently to be more fully reaped by Boudin, whose mastery of sea and sky is also foreshadowed by Isabey's *On the Coast*. Less famous than these, Antoine Vollon (1833-1900) deserves fully his representation here, and while his *Poplars* shows him treading humbly but honestly in the footsteps of Corot, in the tender interpretation of a *Dutch Landscape with Windmill* at twilight he leads the way for J. Maris.

If the Barbizon group preponderate in this exhibition, it is not confined to their work but includes some notable drawings by Decamps, Delacroix, Fantin, Fromentin and Herbert. The *Hamlet and Polonius* of Delacroix is well known by the reversed lithograph, and if not quite satisfactory as a Shakespearean illustration is, nevertheless, master's work in its tremendous power. This forcefulness of draughtsmanship, a draughtsmanship masterly but the reverse of academic, is again displayed in the wonderful pen-and-ink sketch of an *Arabian Cavalier*, the life and movement of the horse and the modelling of its rounded flanks being vigorously expressed by a summary and seemingly slapdash notation of lights and shadows. It is interesting and instructive to compare with this the exquisitely refined *Study of a Horse* by Eugène Fromentin, the peerless painter of Algeria and father of modern art criticism. Perfect in its own way as a rendering of form by delicate line, it cannot compare with the Delacroix as an interpretation of life revealed by light.

MUSIC

Musical Genius and Religion. By ROBERT TURNBULL. (Wellwood, 3s. 6d.)

The Ethics of Wagner's The Ring of the Nibelungen. By MARY E. LEWIS. (Putnam, 6s.)

THESE two short books touch on the fringe of a great subject, and one which has been a problem ever since music under the captaincy of Monteverde and his companions revolted from the rule of the Church and ceased

to be "the handmaid of religion." It is perhaps characteristic of modern literature that the smaller volume of the two, that which is placed first above, attempts to deal with a wider view of the subject than does the larger volume by Mary E. Lewis. Yet it is comforting to find upon further perusal that Mr. Turnbull makes no attempt to settle in his one hundred odd duodecimo pages the true relation between music and religion; instead, he takes seven among the great composers and examines in a short essay devoted to each their attitude towards the religious aspect of one masterpiece. He chooses Bach and his "St. Matthew Passion," Handel and his "Messiah," Haydn and his "Creation," Mozart and his "Requiem," Beethoven and his "Messe Solennelle," Mendelssohn and his "Elijah," and lastly, in two chapters rather longer than the former ones, Wagner and his Music-dramas. Although these sketches are slender, and one scarcely needs to be told that they were originally a series of magazine articles, on the whole they are not insignificant. They succeed in giving a suggestive picture of the simple, unquestioning piety of Bach, of the religion of Handel bound up with a strong and perfectly genuine sense of effect, of the childlike minds of Mozart and Haydn, of the fierce strivings for truth which possessed Beethoven. Mendelssohn is shown as the perfect gentleman, using the word honestly not sarcastically, and Wagner as the conscious, perhaps self-conscious, preacher of a personally devised creed.

It is with this last, and with only a portion of his work, that the author of "The Ethics of Wagner's 'The Ring of the Nibelungen'" deals. Her method is to recount every detail of the legend from which the Trilogy is compiled and to assign to each one a definite place in an ethical system, which she conceives to have been in Wagner's mind. It is identical with the methods of those interpreters of the Bible who have for every circumstance of a parable a spiritual significance; but it has more justification as applied to Wagner's work, since the evidence of his prose writings shows that he himself worked largely on this system of literal rather than poetic or parabolic interpretation. The writer recapitulates a great deal which Wagner stated to belong to his philosophy, adds a good deal more which may be safely deduced from Wagner's written statement and the subject-matter of *The Ring*, and still more which he might have thought and which makes the allegory more complete. Of course there are certain difficulties to be met before the story can be made to fit perfectly to the ethical system in every detail. Such a one appears when we are told that "Fasolt and Fafnir embody respectively two evil qualities—desire and greed—but they are represented as honest, and willing to give honest service, expecting . . . a just reward." This may be true, but why are these poor giants then represented as on an infinitely lower plane than Wotan, who in the same act of the *Rheingold* exemplifies desire and greed coupled with flagrant dishonesty? Fortunately, it is as impossible as it would be inadvisable to open here a discussion of the truth or falsity of Wagner's ethical position in *The Ring*, as expounded by either himself or his sympathetic critics; we can only note that the author of this book has done her work carefully, so carefully indeed that every detail is weighed and appraised at a certain value, while in order to facilitate the analytical process the story of the drama is told in short, bald sentences, often resembling a newspaper report of a parliamentary debate or proceedings in the law courts. In short the ancient Saga is robbed of the last shreds of mystery which still hung about it, robbed of its new heritage of musical illustration, which Wagner bestowed upon it as compensation for the violence that he did to it in bringing it to the garish glitter of the footlights, robbed of all poetry and beauty, until it becomes just a string of foolish fancies which symbolise certain facts.

Casting a glance back upon the subject-matter of these two volumes, apart from their actual contents, it is impos-

sible to pass over the fact that of the seven composers whom Mr. Turnbull cites, the attitude of the first six towards their art and religion has something in common which is opposed to that of Wagner, and which is quite independent of the fact that their religion differed from his. In Wagner we see the preacher of verbal and literal inspiration; every feature of his drama, every note of his music, ministers to his system of life, call it ethical or religious as you will. He insisted that that system interpreted by himself must be accepted as implicitly by those who would accept his art, as the Catholic Church demands conformity from her children. The earlier composers, by taking the shell of religion as commonly accepted for granted, could pass by that hard, unpliant material of ethical precept or religious dogma, which obstinately refuses to coalesce with an artistic structure, and could live in that realm of spirit of which art and religion are twin expressions. Even Beethoven, no orthodox Churchman, but an acute and revolutionary thinker, had no need to tell us by footnotes or written explanations how he accepted "Credo" and "Agnus Dei." He, with all the great artists of the world, recognised that the highest and best can only be spoken in parables; that words which for over a thousand years had been the expression of the highest aspirations of countless thousands of human beings must, in spite of all ecclesiastical appropriation of them, be well nigh universal in their application, and so a symbol with which his music could be linked without hampering it with fetters and chains. The problems of the relation of art and religion, with the battle-cries of both sides, sink into insignificance before such achievements as the "St. Matthew Passion," the Requiem of Mozart, and the Mass in D, while they leap up and are argued with strident voices over the works of Wagner and his followers, amongst whom, in this respect, must be named almost every modern composer. Who dare speak in parables to-day, but he hastens to explain himself overleaf, fearful lest he has laid himself open to misrepresentation? On every side composers insist upon a narrow and definitive interpretation of their works, enclosing the limitless language of music while they think to expand its power. Music based upon such principles cannot long outlive the age which thinks and feels alike with the composer who produced it; while that music which transcends words, or is joined only to such words as in lofty poetry or by long association with the best thoughts of men themselves, speak in parable of things which cannot be uttered, lives ever as a witness to the common aspirations of mankind, and is unshaken by changes of manner and of thought.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE first volume in Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Company's Pocket Library (R. L. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") has been so popular that other volumes will be issued shortly. This month an edition will be published in this form of Richard Jefferies's "Story of My Heart," and in March R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," and the text of Mr. Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," will be issued. These will be followed in April by Mr. Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors." Other volumes will be added to the Pocket Library in due course.

Messrs. Duckworth's list of new books includes "Roman Art, from Augustus to Constantine," by Mrs. Arthur Strong; "Rembrandt," by Professor Baldwin Brown, and "Sir William Beechey," by W. Roberts (all in the well-known "Red" series); "The Interpretation of Nature in Earlier Greek Art," by Emanuel Löwy, translated by John Fothergill; "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," by Ford Madox Hueffer (in the Popular Library of Art); and "The Pilgrim's Staff," an Anthology, by Fitzroy Carrington.

The next volume of the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry will be "Selections from Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler,'" edited, with preface and notes, by W. Hale White. It is explained that the object is not so much to give specimens of felicitous expression as to show what Johnson thought. The editor

says that there is much in Johnson which is not revealed in his conversation, and that he is but partially understood by those who know him only through Boswell.

Another volume of Jowett's Essays—dissertations turning principally on his method of interpreting Scripture—with an introduction by Professor Lewis Campbell, is also about to be issued in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry. The essays selected include those on the interpretation of Scripture (published in "Essays and Reviews"), the abstract ideas of the New Testament, the Old Testament, and contrasts of prophecy, and the sermon on Richard Baxter is appended.

Mr. Edward Arnold expects to have ready on February 25, a noteworthy contribution to the study of Thucydides in the shape of "Thucydides Mythistoricus," by F. M. Cornford, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Murray will publish next week a new novel by Mr. J. S. Fletcher entitled "Daniel Quayue." It is a tale of country life "charged with passion and tragedy," and "gives opportunity for some clever sketches of character."

The ecclesiastical changes of late years have brought about the gradual extinction of the Parish Clerk. The memories of his quaintness, his humour, his originality and strange manners, are fast passing away. The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield has written a book entitled "The Old Parish Clerk" (Methuen), and in it there are numerous stories concerning a race of men who did good service in their generation and had a high estimation of the dignity of their office. Descriptions of old-time services and of the eccentricities of both clergy and clerks, the biographies of worthies of the profession, and chapters on the history of the office, their guilds and miracle plays, will appeal to all lovers of old English country life, and render the book valuable as a permanent record of a phase of ecclesiastical manners which has passed away.

Mr. John Lane will publish on February 26, "Women of the Second Empire" Chronicles of the Court of Napoleon III., by Frédéric Loliée, translated by Alice Ivimy. "Beautiful women are necessary to a Court," writes the author of this book in his preface. If this be so, never was a Court so well supplied with necessities as that of Napoleon III. In the drama of the Second Empire women played a prominent part, and what they lacked in native worth and morals was made up for by imposing titles, personal beauty, and gorgeous draperies. There was no monotony where these brilliant stars were collected, and a chronicler of the period has ample material at his disposal. A feature of this volume is the illustrations, of which there are no less than fifty-one.

Mr. Edward Stanford announces for early publication a new work on Australia and New Zealand, forming vol. i. of "Australasia" in Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel." The volume is by Dr. J. W. Gregory, of Glasgow University, whose work in connection with our Australasian colonies is well known. It will be provided with numerous illustrations, diagrams, and maps.

"The Women Artists of Bologna," by Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg, deals with the four chief women artists of that city of famous women. The author has been able, by patient research, to utter occasionally a fresh word on the artistic productions of these ladies, but more valuable still is the light thrown on the environment in which they moved. The book will contain twenty illustrations. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce the immediate publication of a work on Arctic exploration entitled, "Fighting the Polar Ice" by Anthony Fiala. It is the record of two years spent above the eighty-first parallel by the second Ziegler Polar Expedition, and gives (the publishers inform us) the reader a real conception of what an Arctic explorer's life means and what the conditions are which he has to overcome.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have in the press for issue this month a new Anglo-American and Russian romance entitled "A Rock in the Baltic," by Mr. Robert Barr. The same publishers will shortly issue a new book by Philip L. Stevenson entitled "A Gallant of Gascony," in which the romantic life of Marguerite de Valois is believed to be dealt with for the first time in a novel.

CORRESPONDENCE

HENRY FIELDING'S LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the suggestive article in your last issue on "Henry Fielding's Library," the writer says: "If he [Fielding] ever owned any valuable books it is not likely they remained in his possession long." This is no doubt in accordance with

the traditional estimate of Fielding's character: but, as I discovered when editing "The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon" in 1892 for the Chiswick Press, it is not in accordance with fact. Fielding died possessed of a considerable collection of books. It numbered six hundred and fifty three lots; and was sold by auction in February 1755, "for the benefit of his wife and family," by Samuel Baker, of York Street, Covent Garden, realising three hundred and sixty-four pounds odd, or about one hundred pounds more than the public were willing to give in 1785 for the books of Johnson. I wrote an account of it in "Bibliographica," vol. i, 1895, which is reprinted in the Third Series of my "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," 1896, pp. 164-178.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

February 18.

SHELLEY AS A PROOF READER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Haswell's remedy for the passage in Shelley to which Mr. Andrew Lang has directed notice is at any rate bold. But I am not sure that he can claim to have removed all defects of syntax. How does "O love" come into the construction? His parallel for the use of "one clear star" is interesting, but not surely quite in point: Shelley must intend the "one" to emphasise the idea of "only" two lines before. This is borne out by the fact that in "Adonais" liv. a thought occurs that is very similar to that in our passage. The lines are:

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction . . . that sustaining Love . . .
now beams on me.

This parallel, and the fact that Mr. Haswell's suggestion would logically mean that all the other errata in Shelley's list ought to be read in the same reverse way (a view it is safe to say that can hardly be upheld), lead me to an alternative remedy. Mr. Haswell seems to have taken Mr. Lang's word for it that "then only can" is impossible. If we alight on the other side of the brink, and say that it is possible, there is absolutely no perplexity. That this is right is easy to show. It can be left to philologists to state the historical justification for the fact (the second person ending, I understand, ought not to be -st but -t): but Shelley's own practice is past question.

In the Dedication to this very "Revolt of Islam," stanza vii., we have:

Thou Friend . . .
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked . . .

and in Canto v. stanza xi.:

And thou, dread Nature, which to every deed
And all that lives, or is, to be hath given . . .

T. NICKLIN.

February 13.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is a real pleasure to read anything from the pen of Mr. Lang, but in this instance I am at variance with him. I refrained from writing, as I felt sure some one abler than myself would write on the subject, but as Mr. Haswell has gone much on the same lines as Mr. Lang, I venture to send you my opinion, and will be as brief as possible.

I emphatically doubt and mistrust the authenticity of the errata. I think the stanza as given by Mr. Lang and from the first edition is what Shelley wrote and intended to stand. Accepting the word "can" not only as a bad rhyme for men (Mr. Rossetti's "man" is intolerable), but as the best he could use in place of the correct "canst" (Shelley was a poet first and a grammarian afterwards), I ask, "What is there to cavil at?" and myself answer, "Nothing."

"Art as the calm," etc. (and also Art, the essence or embodiment of) "Justice, or Truth, or Joy." The word "or" being used—as all true poets would use it—in place of "and." Thus preserving the singular, which I am firmly convinced Shelley intended, we are correctly led on to that grand line:

"Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves."

The faults of the last line are too obvious to need attention being drawn to them.

FRANK RHODES.

February 16.

INSCRIPTIONS IN OLD BISCAYAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for July 18, 1896, No. 1263, there appeared my copy of the oldest inscription in the dialect of the *Provincia* (formerly *Señorio*) de Biscaya. It may be interesting to some readers of this review to see the second and third in date among the hitherto discovered inscriptions in the *Heuskara*, or Baskish, of that region of *Heuskal-herria* or Baskland.

On October 11, 1905, I received a letter from Don Juan Carlos de Guerra, a Bask author and antiquary of Mondragón in Guipúscoa (formerly Ipúscoa), the smallest and most north-eastern of the Spanish provinces, telling me that he had discovered a never-published inscription at Amoroto, a small village on the top of a hill in the north-east of Biscaya, five kilometres from the sea-port of Lekeitio (which derives its name from the snow-fed river *Lé*, which means *ice*. Whether *Lé* in the Himalayas has the same meaning I know not). It exists on the front of the house numbered 3 in the Plaza de la Constitución, which belongs to Señor Ramón Urrutibeaskoa, and bears the name of Iturraran Bekoa. I read it thus on August 11, 1906:

eguiten badoc biara
jango doc oguia
esta obra hicieron
Santiago Ytura^a
beiti y su hijo Juan
de Bengo Olabar^a
AÑO 1784

The six Heuskarian words mean:

If thou (*man*) doest the duty (*i.e.*, *thy work*)
thou shalt eat the (*wheaten*) bread.

It is to be observed that the *r* in the words *biara*, *Yturraran*, and *Olabarria* would be doubled in the modern orthography. On the contrary, in old Castilian the *rr* is common where a single *r* would be used now.

On the same day I discovered, about a mile from the village, on the picturesque vine-clad *façade* of an isolated farm-house (the name of which is now uncertain, as in the course of two hours I heard it variously pronounced Ibarreta, Idarreta, Igarreta, Irarreta), an inscription which Señor de Guerra well describes as the *madre* of the other. It runs as follows:

obra hav eguin eban Juane
Coscarraza eta Yrarretacoc
egviten
badoc bierra [*sic*]
jango doc
ogia
año 1754

that is to say: Juan de Coscarraza é Yrarreta made this work (construction). If thou (*man*) doest the duty (*i.e.*, *thy work*) thou shalt eat the (*wheaten*) bread. The inscription favours the name Yrarreta, and it will be observed that *v* is twice used instead of *u*, and that the latter letter is, correctly, not used in *ogia*, the *g* having the Latin value, the *u* in *gui* being silent. The *dueño*, or master, of this house is Señor Pedro Ikarran.

Don J. C. de Guerra remarks that wheaten bread was a great luxury in Biscaya in the eighteenth century, when the peasants lived on *maiz*, the Baskish name of which, *arto*, is one of a good many of their words (for instance, *okella*, the green wood-pecker, *ὁ κελός*, or *bela*, *bele* = black, *μελαν* and *πελιών*, and perhaps *πελασγοί*) which resemble Greek. In writing *Baskish* instead of Basque I am imitating Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, who was interested in that language.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

THE SPHINX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent is not quite accurate in stating that Oscar Wilde's poem, "The Sphinx," was limited to twenty-five copies. An edition of two hundred copies was issued at 42s., with twenty-five on larger paper at 105s.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable poem (apart from its remarkable price) is the fact that it was written when the author was still a young man. The date usually assigned to it is about 1883, but I am inclined to think that portions of it, at least, were composed as early as 1878. The lines:

Some twenty summers cast their green for Autumn's gaudy liveries,

while I have hardly seen

are probably strictly autobiographical, and are repeated in "Ravenna," the Newdigate Prize Poem for 1878:

one who scarce has seen
Some twenty summers cast their doublets green,
For Autumn's livery.

I have recently been collating all Wilde's poems for a bibliography, and I find nearly a dozen passages in "Ravenna," taken from sonnets and other poems published before 1878, and not one instance of lines from "Ravenna" being used in poems admittedly of later date.

STUART MASON.

February 19.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the Split Infinitive is at present being discussed in your columns allow me to draw attention to a short article on the subject contained in No. 9 (May 1882) of *The American Journal of Philology*, a periodical, I suspect, not too well known in this country. The author was the late Mr. Fitzedward Hall, whose knowledge of English idioms was probably unique, and who was a valued contributor to the N.E.D. The article is headed: "On the Separation, by a word or words, of *To* and the Infinitive Mood." Probably the term "split infinitive" was not invented when Mr. Hall wrote. He shows that the idiom is by means modern as is commonly supposed. He traces it back "as far as to Wyclif's coadjutors and first disciples, if not to Wyclif himself"; and among the names of authors who have made use of it he gives the following (besides others): Lord Berners, Tyndale, Dr. John Donne, Dr. Henry More, Sir Thomas Browne, Pepys, Richard Bentley, Defoe, Burke, Wilkes, Samuel Foote, Charles Dibdin, Madame D'Arblay ("no writer that I know of is so fond as Madame D'Arblay of the sort of disjunction for which she is here adduced"), Dr. Johnson, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Charles Reade, Leslie Stephen.

"The preceding array of citations and references," says Mr. Hall, "might be augmented by recourse to almost any chance number of almost any first-class English journal of the last fifteen or twenty years."

I myself have never seen good reason why a law, as of the Medes and Persians, should be laid down against the use of the split infinitive. Some of these infinitives may be uncalled for, clumsy, ugly, and so on, others need not be so. If the idiom tends to greater clearness and precision—as certainly it often does—why not make use of it? Each case should surely be considered on its merits—or demerits.

C. ANNANDALE.

February 19.

"A CORNISH IDYLL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is time that a protest was made against the use of misleading titles to novels. I procured a copy of "Kit's Woman: A Cornish Idyll" to present to a young friend with a taste for literature. Fortunately, before parting with the book I saw your review and at once read the story—to find that, instead of a quiet, simple narrative, set in language chosen for its charm and beauty, this so-called idyll was merely another phase of the "sex problem," not merely unsuitable to place in a girl's hands, but to my thinking positively pernicious. It is more than likely that others, like myself, may be entirely misled by the title, "A Cornish Idyll," and buy the book on the strength of the wrong impression produced by it. Is it not strange that so many women writers of the present day cannot refrain from dipping their pens in muddy ink, when so large a public awaits the publication of unaffected and pure writing?

Outside the annual crop of "girls' books" there are hardly any novels fit to be put in our daughters' hands, simply because a certain vogue for the "sex" novel has gained a footing, and our writers, like a flock of sheep, are rushing helter-skelter, one after the other, through the gap through which the leader scrambled. Like sheep, too, they leave a good deal of their clothing and decency behind them.

W. B. T.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE MILLION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In fairness to the author of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times" I should like to ask the critic who reviewed

this book in the ACADEMY for January 12 why he *suppressed the quotation marks* in which the author has, in her book, included the passage, on page 34, beginning; "How is it that thou considerest not thy duty?"

C. E. HUTCHINSON.

February 13.

[Our critic *suppresses* nothing. Mr. Hutchinson does not appear to understand that the small type in which the passages were printed render inverted commas superfluous.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Allow me to say I find your critic mistaken in saying that "Via Infangato" cannot be translated "Muddy street." An Italian, which I am, and I imagine your critic is not, would know that the translation is correct. I should like to say this because the review of "St. Catherine of Siena" in a late number of your paper seems to me written with less courtesy and justice than we expect of English critics.

I hope you will in justice publish this letter.

V. P.

Rome, February 11.

[We are pleased, "in justice," to print our correspondent's letter. The fact that "V. P." is an Italian does not alter our contention.—Ed.]

AS CRITIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your current issue you have a great deal to say about Henry Fielding, the bicentenary of whose birth will occur on April 22 next. But do you not go a little too far when you state that Fielding "remains still the greatest of our English novelists?" He may have been, and undoubtedly was, the greatest English writer of fiction of the eighteenth century, but since then Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens have lived and died, all three of whom can lay claim to be considered quite as great in their particular line as Henry Fielding, if not even greater, especially the immortal Charles Dickens, to whom Fielding cannot, in my opinion, hold the candle.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

February 18.

FIXITY OF TENURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is another side as to fixity of tenure which might be considered before it is finally decided that an assistant-master demanding it "should be ashamed of himself." First, the assistant-master is not merely a tool in the hands of the head-master. Next, if he were, it should be shown that the head-master is a sufficiently good workman to be able to judge of the efficiency of his "tools." "A bad workman blames his tools."

So many influences enter into the appointing of a man "who is responsible for the good teaching and general welfare of his school" that it must not be assumed that he himself is invariably competent and efficient. And, certainly, owing to the complex nature of the instruction given in schools, a man may be a capable scholar in one department and entirely unenlightened in another. Perhaps (it has been known) he is even proud of this. Is he still able to judge as to the value and efficiency of the work of his colleague in the field of which he is ignorant? It may be urged that he is; that he can tell by the results, the appreciation of his pupils, the popularity of his subject, or the atmosphere of his class-room; and tradition has it that head-masters have not infrequently shared this conviction. It is not, however, one to be acted upon in a profession.

Further, it is the case that the efficiency of his subordinates is sometimes impaired through the fault of the head-master. His arrangement of the curriculum, or of the time-table, or of promotions, or of classification, or of the various tests of progress—their name is Legion and they are called Examinations—may so work together for ill that the labours of an archangel would be stultified. It is often in this part of his responsibility that the competent head-master is to seek. Then, again, the methods of appointing a man "who is responsible for the good teaching and general welfare of his school," do not invariably ensure that the one selected is in any sense competent. Yet are we to understand that it is for the highest good of the community of which he is head that he shall be able to dismiss, without question, any of the assistant-masters or all

of them? and that without any demur on the part of the colleague so dismissed?

The parallel of the house of business no more holds than does that of the military discipline of the Services in connection with the Church. The head of a business house is not appointed by a body of governors none of whom has any direct or personal share in the organisation which they control. In the case of a great firm we should never experience the ludicrous incongruity of a youth fresh from college put at the head of a body of highly specialised and in many cases experienced workers, with power given him to interfere with, and control in detail, the province of each. Nor is the "fixity of tenure" claimed anything so unreasonable as the right to retain a post in spite of any degree of unfitness. On the contrary: the teaching profession, as gladly as any other, would welcome a system which promised to "fire out the fools." But as members of a profession they rightly claim to be heard in their own defence when, through caprice or the mere exercise of "new-broom" energy, there is cast upon them the slur of dismissal. When a newly appointed head-master, before assuming his office, dismisses the whole or the major part of the staff of the school, it is time to reflect that no military or naval system, no sacerdotal system, no political system is, or could be, worked thus; and that the "usher" traditions of the school-master's profession should be banished in the interest, not only of himself, but of those whom he serves.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Ségur, Marquis de. *Julie de Lespinesse*. Translated [from the French. 9x6. Pp. 403. Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.
Davis, J. R. Ainsworth. *Thomas H. Huxley*. 7½x5. Pp. 288. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
[In the "English Men of Science" series.]

CLASSICS

- Way, Arthur S. *Æschylus in English Verse*. Part ii.—*Pro-metheus Bound* and *The Suppliant Maidens*. 7½x5½. Pp. 105. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 182.)

DRAMA

- Nicholson, Watson. *The Struggle for a Free Stage in London*. 7½x5½. Pp. 475. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Thurston, E. Temple. *The Evolution of Katherine*. 7½x5. Pp. 352. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Rickert, Edith. *The Golden Hawk*. 7½x5½. Pp. 307. Arnold, 6s.
Irving, George. *For this Cause*. 7½x5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.
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Penrose's Pictorial Annual for 1906-7. Edited by William Gamble. (Penrose, 5s.)—The twelfth issue of the Process Year-book should be assured of a welcome from those interested in colour-printing. As one turns over its pages one cannot fail to be impressed by the evidences they contain of the triumphs that are being won in this field. Viewed as an example of what can be achieved on the modern printing-machine, the book is instructive. In some of the illustrations, as for example, "A Cool Drink," the colouring is as nearly perfect as one can expect, and certainly the use of the Metzograph screen has added to the effect, blending principal colours and bringing out delicate details. As an example of three-colour work, "St. Lorenz on the Danube" is very fine; as also the pastel drawing by Lewis Baumer at p. 92. There is a faulty perspective in "S.S. Aragon," which goes far to spoil the picture. There are some fine half-tone blocks by Bramfit's process, and an excellent Head of a Woman in Chalk. A practical product, as far as time is concerned, is "The Toast," which gives the effect of pencil work very minutely. On the other hand some of the colour-work is very crude and could be much improved on the same blocks. "Doggie and I" would have been very good if the foliage had been blocked out. But here it is the limitations of the camera that tell. An unfortunate feature is that sections coming from different sources have not been trimmed alike and so give a patchwork appearance to the book. "A Vase of Langton Hall Porcelain" is a fairly good collotype. There is an interesting chapter on the Future of Colour-Photography and several able essays on blocks, their making and uses.

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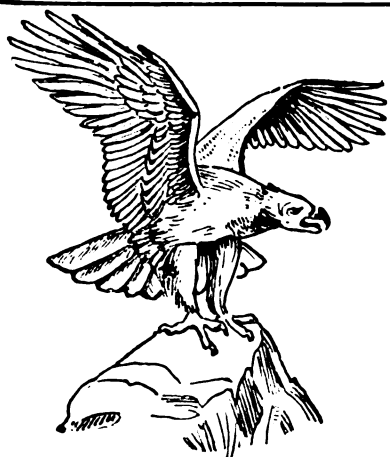
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE is a feature of the Book War which deserves much closer attention than has yet been given it. It is evident that most of the parties to the struggle are very well able to take care of themselves. The *Times* is a powerful paper, and it is avowedly fighting for its own revenue and other interests. So the publishers also are taking those steps which they think most likely to conduce to the prosperity of the trade in which they are engaged and in which their interests are, at least for the moment, identical with those of the retail booksellers. But the question we should like to ask is, how the proposed cheapening of books is going to affect the young author? Men who have made their mark and secured their reputation may for the moment be left out of account. Perhaps the change might be for their benefit. The publishers who are issuing the old six-shilling book at half a crown have to take measures for selling much larger editions than they sell at present or it would be impossible to maintain their profits.

It is evident that the new state of affairs would cause them to be very shy of giving a start to a beginner. Many promising books written by unknown authors have not exceeded, if they have reached, a sale of one thousand copies. When the price is six shillings this is by no means an unsatisfactory state of things. Suppose the author were getting a royalty of, say, sixpence a copy, he would have twenty-five pounds, and the profits of the publishers would be much larger. But if the custom were to prevail of issuing such books at half a crown the unfortunate youngster would probably have his royalty cut down to threepence—if he got one at all—and even then the publisher would have to be sure of selling two or three thousand before venturing to take the work. Thus the arrangement would act detrimentally to the interests of the beginner in literature. Yet it is of the very greatest importance to the community that he should have a fair field and no favour. We want the career to be open to those who have talent, not to be like kissing, that goes by favour.

Another case that demands attention is that of the fastidious writer who has a public ranging between three and six thousand, who does not write for the million and of whom the million is sublimely ignorant. This class of author, by keeping up the highest traditions of letters and giving the world his best without hope of any except a very modest reward, is much more worth cherishing than the blatant popular novelist who makes his appeal

entirely to the gallery, and whose works, if they are not a curse to English literature, at least add nothing to its value. An arrangement that would add to the wealth of the unscrupulous quacks of literature and be hurtful to its most disinterested practitioners and would at the same time throw cold water on the aspirations of the newcomer, is not one to be cordially welcomed.

Mr. Hugh Johnson, a composer of great taste and vigour, has rendered into Greek in the same measure the exquisite *Pervigilium Veneris*. It is admirably done and shows an immense vocabulary. The refrain is the only line which seems inadequate. There is a simplicity in

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet,

which is not to be found in

αἰσιον φίλῃς ἐρωτι κοῦρι φίλῃς φιλῶνται.

And the refrain is everything. "The refrain itself," writes Professor Mackail in his charming *Latin Literature* "has its internal recurrence. . . . As it comes over and over again it seems to set the whole poem swaying to its own music. . . . The first line perpetually repeating itself through the poem like a thread of gold in the pattern or a phrase in the music."

Mr. Johnson has used a poor text. Surely in v. 15 *nodos feraces* is much better than *notos penates*, 25, 26 *ruborem pudebit solvere* must be corrected with Baehrens to *rudorem rubebit*. In 48 *florum restem* "a daisy chain" is far prettier than *florum vestem*, and it has manuscript authority. Mr. Johnson frequently has a long syllable before the final cretic. This would, we suppose, be admissible in a poem of this character, but it mars the metre.

"H. L. N." sends us the following with reference to a letter printed in our issue of February 2 :

THE FOURPENNY BOX

I intended a Note
But they made it a Letter.
This is not what I wrote !
I intended a Note,
That the gossips might quote,
But the printers knew better.
I intended a Note,
But they made it a Letter.

We need hardly add that our printers were blameless—on this occasion.

In the Obituary of the week occurs the name of the well-known novelist Archibald Clavering Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." We remember the publication of this book and what great expectations were aroused by it: expectations that were not quite satisfied. Mr. Gunter forgot the art of the novelist in his assiduous search for mere effect and his later works were not equal to his first success. Something of Mr. Gunter's varied life was reflected in his novels. He was not a bookworm or a writer of the closet; but he came into direct contact with life in such positions as those of civil engineer, chemist, stockbroker and mining superintendent, and perhaps in a sense this lent more actuality to this work than there would otherwise have been. But the very activity of his mind must have been something of a barrier to its thoughtfulness and so he scarcely rose above the second rank of writers.

Our contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, in a note upon this subject, adduces many curious examples of occupations followed by some of the writers living at the moment. Of Mr. Morley Roberts, for instance, we hear that he has been a navvy, and tended cattle and sheep in Australia, that he has been a sailor on many an ocean

tramp and laboured in Texas sawmills, on American railways and in the back-woods of Canada, that he has been an ill-paid clerk and a penniless tramp. Mr. Jack London has an even more interesting record. The list of his occupations includes that of gold-miner, tramp, lecturer, and fish-patrol man. Mr. Frank Bullen and Mr. Bart Kennedy are others who have toiled upwards by difficult and devious paths. These men have all lived novels whatever may be the success with which they have written them.

Our readers will be interested in the following rendering of one of the most beautiful of Matthew Arnold's poems by our accomplished contributor Professor Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. For their convenience we print the English as well as the Greek verses:

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In silence she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required:
She bath'd it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[HYPEN ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΗΝ

Ζηνοφίλη ρόδ' ἐμῇ, ρόδ' ἐμῇ καταχεῖτε θανούση,
μηδὲ λυγρὰν μήτις σμίλακ' ἐπιστορέση·
πρῆν ἐν ἡρεμίᾳ εὐδὲ μάλα νήγρετον ὕπνον—
εὐδὲ—κάμ' ὕπνος ὡς ὠφελετοῖος ἔχειν.

νάμασιν εὐφροσύνης ἐτάρους ὑπέβρεξε συνόντας,
οἱ δὲ ζῆντ' ἀταλὰς ὅς ἔφερον χάριτας·
ἀλλὰ κόπος κραδίην, κραδίην κόπος αἰὲν ἔτειρε·
νῦν δὲ πόνους κείται πάντας ἀπειπαμένη.

στρομβηδὸν δίνευε βίος, δίνευεν ἀπείροις
ἐν δαΐδων αἰγλαῖς καὶ κιθαρῶν ἐνοκαῖς·
ἡσυχίης δὲ τυχεῖν λίην ἐλιλαίετο θυμός,
καὶ νῦν ἡσυχίη πάντοθεν ἡμφίασεν.

ἴσπερ ἐν ἐρκταῖς ἡσπαιρεν καὶ ἐποίπνυν ἐντὸς
σκήνῃ κῆρ κλησθέν δαψιλὲς εἰν ὀλίγῳ·
νῦν δὲ Ζηνοφίλη νῦν εὐρέος ἔξοχα χώρου,
Περσεφόνης μεγάλων κληρονομεῖ θαλάμῳ.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

Carducci's death, following closely on that of his brother-professor, Graziadio Ascoli, of Milan, is another loss to Italy. These, d'Ancona, and Pasquale Villari (with Arturo Graf), were, or are, among the best of the intellectual and cultured advance-guard in their country. Carducci's "barbarous odes," Ascoli's old Irish—the "antique" bard, and the patient linguist—each represents what was best of its kind. The conferring on the former of the Nobel prize the other day caused an excitement among the Latin race, similar to that of Kipling's Anglo-Indian officer, freed, and recalled to life by the Queen's toast. This prize preceded closely his, Curie's and Moissan's deaths. Carducci was president of the "Pedants," the Florentine literary club of his youth, which edited *Politian*, and was trammelled by Romanticism. Hence his revolt to the classical camp, to the "antique"—even as Ronsard rebelled—to an Italian muse that spoke Greek and Latin. Patriotic, anti-monarchic, anti-clerical, Irredentist, he published his "Hymns of Satan." Even in 1890 he wrote on "War" an ode that passionately condemned the Pacifists. His pupil, Gabriel d'Annunzio, is his legitimate successor, as among his masters were Horace, Petrarch, and Ronsard.

We have nothing but praise for the industry with which Miss Marion Edwardes has used her spade in the compilation of "A Summary of the Literature of Modern Europe" (Dent); but we wish that her energy had found a more profitable vent. "To the wayfarer through an unfamiliar country there is no more welcome sight than a sign-post," she remarks in an introductory note; and she goes on to explain that her work "aims at nothing beyond fulfilling the office of a sign-post to the inexperienced traveller along the roads and by-ways of literature": it is to serve "as an outline on which to base a further study of the literatures dealt with." To us it appears to fall between two stools: it is not sufficiently interesting to be read for sake of the pleasure to be gained by reading it; and it is not sufficiently exhaustive to be of value as a work of reference.

Miss Edwardes, in a book of less than five hundred and fifty pages, has attempted to cover the literatures of England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain, from the origins to 1400 A.D. As an example of her method of dealing with the works which pass under review, we may take the following:

The House of Fame. Minor poem; 1383, 1384 (Koch). Unfinished (octosyllabic rhymed couplets). The poet is carried in a vision to the Temple of Venus; and thence by an eagle to the House of Fame; description of both places. Modelled on Dante's "Commedia" (Skeat), but see Lounsbury, "Studies in Chaucer, vol. ii. 237 ff. Sources: Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; reminiscences of other writers. Printed by Caxton (undated). Ed., T. R. Lounsbury, See A. C. Garret (on source of main framework, etc.), "Studies and Notes in Phil. and Lit.," v. 151 ff. MSS., Fairfax, 16; Bodley, 638; Magd. Coll. Camb. (Pepys).

"The poet is carried in a vision to the Temple of Venus, and thence by an Eagle to the House of Fame; description of both places." Shade of Baedeker! A love of literature cannot be aroused by this sort of thing.

Mr. F. A. Newdegate, D.L., of Arbury Park, Nuneaton, is showing a proper pride in the fact that George Eliot spent many of her early years on his ancestral estate where her father, brother and nephew served as land agent. He is going to erect a monument cut from stone quarried on the "Hollows Farm." It will be a pillar nine feet high, and will be placed in Arbury Park with a suitable inscription.

We have received a letter from Mr. Burdett Coutts in which he asks us to give some attention to a letter from him that appeared in the daily press a few days ago. It was to the effect that he is engaged in writing a life of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. He is not going to pay so much

attention to the public aspect of her life, which has received adequate notice in the public press for many years past, as to that of which much remains to be told and more explained. Mr. Burdett Coutts laments that there is no one remaining, no Dickens or Disraeli who combining the finest literary art with long and intimate personal knowledge, could give an adequate character-study. He will therefore concentrate his attention on the facts of her life. He tells us that the house in Stratton Street is like a record office, stocked with papers and correspondence going back more than a hundred years. None of them ever passed outside its walls. It would be a very serious task to examine all these papers and Mr. Burdett Coutts requests that all those who happen to possess letters from the Baroness to them or their forbears should communicate with him.

"What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me," sings Browning. We hope it will comfort Mr. Paul L. Falzon, the author of a little volume entitled "Love's Re-awakening and other Poems," from which we quote the following lines:

O to be a poet !
To find a grief in every joy,
For every pain a balm,
In everything a charm :—
Such is the poet's life ! . . .
O to be a poet !
To walk among the fairy flowers,
To see their dewy tears,
(They are such lovely dears!)—
Such is the poet's life ;

for we are afraid that the aspiration is not likely to be realised.

Mr. Falzon does not confine himself to one metre. Another poem contains a pathetic appeal :

O why
Can I
Not make thee feel,
My own,
And why
Can I
Not make thee reel
On hearing
The cadencing majestic beat,
So powerful and overbearing
Of poesy's most tender tone.
With angel's own high harmony replete !
I ask thee why :—
O, tell me why !

Candidly, we would rather not.

In an introduction which is prefixed to a volume of Matthew Arnold's Essays recently added to Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library," there is a paragraph in which England's obligations to the critic are summed up :

Our actual obligations to Matthew Arnold are almost beyond expression. His very faults reformed us. The chief of his services may perhaps be stated thus, that he discovered (for the modern English) the purely intellectual importance of humility. He had none of that hot humility which is the fascination of saints and good men. But he had a cold humility which he had discovered to be a mere essential of the intelligence. To see things clearly, he said, you must "get yourself out of the way." The weakness of pride lies after all in this; that oneself is a window. It can be a coloured window, if you will; but the more thickly you lay on the colours the less of a window it will be. The two things to be done with a window are to wash it and then forget it. So the truly pious have always said the two things to do personally are to cleanse and to forget oneself.

We agree with the sentiment; it is a little odd that it should be expressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

In our last week's issue we stated that the majority of the chapters in Mr. Ian Malcolm's "Indian Pictures and Problems" had appeared previous to their publication in book form. The distinguished author writes to say that, as a matter of fact, about a fourth of the book only has been printed before in different periodicals.

LITERATURE

A STUDY OF MECHANISM

Running Water. By A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)

THE question that arises after reading Mr. Mason's new book is, why does not the author become a great writer? Here it would seem that all the elements that go to make a novelist of the highest rank were present, and yet the novel itself belongs to the hopeless second grade of literature. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has at least the element of style. He is a clear writer whose meaning cannot possibly be mistaken; he has sympathy, tenderness, enthusiasm, love of Nature, and all these find adequate expression. What is lacking in his style is, first of all, humour; second, individuality; and, third, playfulness, with all the ease and security that it implies. There is in this volume a good deal of this kind of statement, that two and two make four. It is not inelegant, and Mr. Mason is never obscure or diffuse. He says what he has to say briefly and pointedly, but we never feel that there is a personality looking out through his eyes. It would not be an exaggeration to say that he is invariably serious and in earnest. Never for a moment does he lose sight of the object that he has in view nor does he even appear to do so. Yet it is not on that ground that the title of a great writer must be refused to him. Mr. Mason is old-fashioned in his technique. It is the legitimate object of every novelist so to impress on the reader the world of his imagination that for the time being it is more real than reality itself. Probably there are many admirers of the novelist who will claim that he succeeds in doing this. He strikes a chord of interest in the first chapter, and the reader never loses touch with it until the end of the volume. That in itself is a great achievement. It may be readily admitted that no writer can be great who is not, in the first place, interesting. Then Mr. Mason is by no means deficient in invention. His characters in the book before us are both original and arresting. He has chosen for heroine an open-air girl, not one of those vulgar tomboys who, with hot, red faces, unkempt hair and masculine clothing, try to ape the ways of the other sex, but a girl who has a fine and pure delight in Nature and the open air. Indeed without any set description Mr. Mason has been successful in producing the impression of a girl of such absolute purity that she reminds us of such exquisite natural things as a half-opened rosebud at sunrise, a newly unfolded spring flower or that unsmirched sky that with its blue fields and heavy clouds lies over mountain and moorland far away from the contamination of smoke. And the characters by whom she is surrounded are without exception drawn in vivid and sure lines. The girl's father is a scoundrel of a unique type, an old Alpine guide who though fallen from the estate of integrity still retains within himself glimmerings of this finer intelligence that lighted up his mind when he was climbing the great mountains. With him are other scoundrels who never cease to be amusing. Beyond all that, Mr. Mason has been able to bring in with much effect the scenery and atmosphere of the Alps. In reading, one feels the snow and the pure cold air, one hears the roar of glacier and avalanche, one recognises the danger of the rock and the crevasse.

Willingly and gladly we concede all these merits to the author, yet we feel convinced that few readers of discrimination would feel impelled to read this volume a second time. It lacks *vraisemblance*, for as we have said, Mr. Mason while still comparatively young in his craft is nevertheless an old-fashioned novelist. That is to say, he is one who poses as omniscient. He knows the thoughts which cross the mind of the youthful virgin as she is courting slumber in the privacy of her own bedroom and records the conversations of men whose lives are one continuous secret, and openly lays bare the

thoughts of all his characters. Now in the early days of the craft this was permissible. One reads Sir Walter Scott and does not feel that he was doing anything unusual when he explains the attitude of mind and the secret ideas of his favourite heroines but in all arts there is, or should be, an advance. Even the novelist cannot afford to sit still. It is demanded of him in these times that he should take more care about the illusion that he wishes to produce. His is a stage, but the spectators will soon grow weary if they see him continually collecting the stage furniture and knocking up the various scenes with a hammer and nails. Moreover, Mr. Mason has not exercised his power of invention or imagination in regard to the incidents in this novel. Where a number of characters are living altogether in a village or where they are united by the same profession, their biographies become naturally intertwined and the life of one is more or less the life of all the others. But Mr. Mason's world is very wide, and he has, as it were, to force a connection between Alpine climbers and millionaires, sharpers, money-lenders, and sinners of various other sorts. In a word, the long arm of coincidence has to be used much too freely. We feel that the narrative is at times very forced, and surely it is one test of a great novel that what the older critics call the fable flows on smoothly, uninterruptedly and naturally, like some clear brook that may at one moment dash foaming over a precipice and at another meander softly through green and daisy-clad meadows.

At times Mr. Mason approaches perilously near the absolutely sensational, as becomes evident from a mere glance at the opening chapters. There is something melodramatic in the suspicion with which Mrs. Thesiger watches her daughter Cynthia in the first chapter. In the third chapter we find a dead man in the mountains and Mr. Mason is unable to resist the fifth-rate writer's love of the horrible:

It was the face of Chayne's friend John Lattery; and in a way most grotesque and horrible it bobbed and nodded at him, as though the neck was broken and the man yet lived. When Francois just below cried, "Gently, gently," it seemed that the dead man's mouth was speaking.

Chayne uttered a cry; then a deathly sickness overcame him. He dropped the rope, staggered a little way off like a drunken man and sat down upon the ice with his head between his hands.

The card-sharpping business and the bloodthirsty crimes which Mr. Strood tries to carry out are also in some measure transpontine. One would not notice them as faults in the work of a novelist from whom writing of the highest kind was not expected. But they are blemishes in Mr. Mason, who has gone on improving step by step since he wrote his first novel. We hope he has not yet sat down with clasped hands in the belief that there are no more worlds to conquer. On the contrary, his art presents to him a wide range of possibilities. Indeed we cannot think that the novel of the future will not be a great advance on the novel of the past. It must be so life-like that he who reads it must accept it as an authentic document taken from life. Some hold that no kind of narrative except the personal will be permitted and that such shiftings of scene as we see in "Running Water" will be enough to damn a novel. We leave off one chapter in the middle of the Alps and the next scene opens in the London office of a money-lender. This is not the way of biography, which is the true model for all novels. Again in the novel of the future there will, we hope, be plenty of incident and movement, but it will arise as naturally from the nature of the characters as it would do in ordinary life and it is only in a crude style of art that these incidents will be given in their stark nakedness. The fastidious public will have a right to demand that, independent of the mere events, there will be something of pathos and humour, of laughter and tears in the method of describing them.

It may appear to be unreasonable to ask from an author what he does not make any pretence of offering, but on the other hand there would be little value in criticism if it did not dwell on the ideal. No one who has

given attention to the matter at all would dispute the statement that of recent years the standard of the novelist has to some extent fallen from its high estate, and one cannot wonder at this because the temptations that beset the modern composer of fiction are so strong as to be almost irresistible. The largest public that buys books seems to pay no attention whatever to beauties either of style or of construction. It is a commonplace to say that the exquisite detail in which the masters of the craft delighted is never noticed in those novels that have the greatest vogue. All that can be done, then, is to try to remind the reader of those beauties which abound in great work, and while not ignoring the gift or talent of any writer, to keep on urging him forward. Were the writing and reading of imaginative literature to be regarded only as an amusement, these remarks would still not be uncalled for, but our idea of the functions and aims of literature is a much larger one.

MAN'S HIGH DESTINY

The Kingdom of Man. By E. RAY LANKESTER. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)

It appears to have been ordained from the first that man should employ his time and talent in searching out the mysteries of the Cosmos, in piecing together the riddle of Life: letting

Knowledge grow from more to more.

But, in an evil moment, he was prevailed upon to take a short cut—to find the answer without the labour of hunting for it—and, accordingly, he took a bite of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, only to be blinded as a consequence by the vision which burst upon him of the stupendousness of his task: the hopelessness of victory. Dazed and overwhelmed by such an appalling discovery, his efforts have been, through all the ages till now, diffused, and half-hearted: or devoted to fanning the flames of open rebellion. Sedition-mongers have pronounced the splendid commission given to man a mockery: and have continued to win converts by insinuating, or openly protesting, that any attempt on man's part to understand his origin and his destiny was nothing less than rank impiety; knowing well the relief to the mentally weak, or slothful, that such arguments would bring, and that the majority would deliberately shirk the duty of consulting the original mandate: "Have dominion over the earth and subdue it."

From time to time, however, prophets have arisen among us, bidding us turn again into the narrow way, and adding to their oburgations promises of rewards to come. But they have done more than this, for they have worked miracles to convince unbelievers. They have healed the sick and the halt, and conquered space and time; yet the world looks coldly on their efforts and their work. And of no people is this more true than of the people of our own country. In spite of the missionary work of the men of our own day: Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Pasteur—to mention but a few names—we still remain, as a nation, unconverted. They made it their business in life to preach the gospel of nature-knowledge: to draw their fellow men from the worthless cult of "ancient elegance and historic wisdom."

Among those who are still with us few, perhaps, have laboured more strenuously to force home the importance of this nature-knowledge to the well-being of the community, than Dr. Ray Lankester. Thrice within the last year or two he has made this theme the subject of a special discourse: while for years past he has striven to bring home to those upon whom responsibility rests, the place that science must take in our national life, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for existence. The three discourses to which we have referred have just been revised, and issued in the form of a small and fully illustrated volume, which must be read by all who would bid the recording Angel, "Write me as one who loves his fellow men!" Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and

Professor Lankester insists, and rightly, that those who govern us to-day, and those upon whom devolves the duty of training those who shall govern us to-morrow, are engaged in exercises no less fantastic. He has conjured up for us, in the three chapters of this book, a lurid picture of our position to-day; while, at the same time, he gives us a masterly exposition of what the new learning will do for us, both as regards our private and our public affairs. The latest discoveries in astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology are here lucidly set forth; and in such a way that even the most sceptical must feel that we have too long neglected our duty in this matter. Nowhere else can there be found so luminous a summary of the rôle played by microscopic parasitic plants and animals in causing disease in man and the creatures which he has domesticated. Of that dreadful scourge of the human race, syphilis, one of the latest to be tracked, Professor Lankester writes:

For more than thirty years, a few workers, here and there, have been searching for this parasite, and the means of suppressing this awful curse of which it is the instrument. It would have been discovered many years ago had greater value been set on the inquiries which lead to such discoveries by those who direct the public expenditure of civilised States. And now the complete suppression of this dire enemy of humanity is as plain and certain a piece of work to be accomplished as is the building of an ironclad. But it will not be for many years because of the ignorance and unbelief of those who alone can act for the community in such matters. The discovery . . . of that well nigh ultra-microscopic germ of death, seemed to me, as I gazed at its delicate shape, a thing of greater significance to mankind than the emendation of a Greek text or the determination of the exact degree of turpitude of a statesman of a bygone age.

That diseases, like the poor, are always with us, we are but too well aware. Yet but few laymen, probably, are cognisant of the part that lowly plants and animals play therein, or of the way in which we become adjusted to resist their attacks. And thus they fail to realise that man, and the creatures dependent on him, in migrating to other and distant areas, become exposed to the attacks of new diseases to which they are not adjusted; while at the same time they infect the native fauna with such diseases as they have brought with them. Thus an exchange of diseases is brought about, the migrants and the autochthonous fauna each becoming infected by parasites to which they are not adjusted, an enormous mortality resulting. That this plays a serious part in hindering the work of colonising is obvious, and, by way of illustration, Professor Lankester takes the case of the dread scourges, sleeping-sickness and malaria. Happily, by his representations, a Professorship has been established at Cambridge, and another in London, for the purpose of investigating both the harmless and the parasitic types of the lower, microscopic, animals.

But it is not merely for the purpose of combating disease that man is bidden to turn to the book of nature for instruction. Commercially and economically we have much at stake. The breeding of animals and the cultivation of our fields and fisheries would be immensely benefited by a closer study of the laws of growth and reproduction. Already this study has made great strides, but it is up-hill work at present for those engaged in it. This very question of our Fisheries is one which Professor Lankester has done more than any one else in this country to place on a scientific basis. To his efforts we owe the foundation of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, as well as the formation of a Committee for the investigation of our North Sea Fisheries. And from these have come results of lasting scientific value.

"One of nature's insurgent sons," Professor Lankester passes a scathing indictment on our antiquated and harmful notions of education, more especially with regard to the systems applied at Oxford and Cambridge, the great centres of learning in this country, and, consequently, the mainsprings, one would imagine, of all that is wisest and best in this most responsible work. But the prospect to-day is hopeful. Science holds an honoured place in these classic shades, and the time is not far off, perhaps

when she will be allowed to have a voice as to the method of teaching the "humanities." This is what the rebellious son is striving for, at any rate. When this day comes a tremendous step forward will have been taken, for the discipline of scientific research which is now confined to the students of biology and physics and chemistry, will have extended to that far greater number who, as the result of prejudices earlier instilled, affect a contempt for "stinks." But Professor Lankester rightly contends that the broad outlines, at least, of the principles of "stinks" should form a part of the education of every youth. And this is surely not too much to ask from those who demand from all who desire to enter upon a University career, an acquaintance, at least, with the ancient tongues of Greek and Latin.

Finally, the key to the position which Professor Lankester has courageously taken up is to be found in the opening paragraph of the first chapter of the book:

It has become [he says] more and more a matter of conviction to me . . . that the time has arrived when the true relation of nature to man has been so clearly ascertained that it should be more generally known than is at present the case, and that this knowledge should form, far more largely than it does at this moment, the object of human activity and endeavour—that it should be in fact, the guide of State government, the trusted basis of the development of human communities. That it is not so already, that men should still allow their energies to run in other directions, appears to some of us a thing so monstrous, so injurious to the prosperity of our fellow men, that we must do what lies within our power to draw attention to the conditions and circumstances which attend this neglect, the evils arising from it, and the benefits which must follow from its abatement.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

NOTES ON SOPHOCLES

Paralipomena Sophoclea: Supplementary Notes on the Text and Interpretation of Sophocles. By LEWIS CAMPBELL. (Rivingtons, 6s. net.)

It is very difficult to review a book such as that now before us. None but professed scholars take any interest either in the text or the meaning of passages divorced from their context, and professed scholars will generally be found to have made up their minds about these passages. They will not discuss them again unless some fresh evidence is forthcoming. An editor, especially an editor of Sophocles, must have at least two qualities to bring to bear on his work. He must be a perfect grammarian, with a thorough knowledge of the rules which govern Attic Greek of the classical period and the limits within which a great poet may modify them. He must also have an unerring sense of style and poetical insight which will prevent him from laying the heavy hand of correction on poetry because it is not prose. Jebb had both these qualities in perfection. Dr. Campbell is more largely endowed with the second than the first. The late Professor B. H. Kennedy was a perfect master of grammar, but in dealing with a poet he adheres too closely to the matter of fact. So do the German school of critics, and they lack the great advantage which Kennedy and Jebb had in being finished composers of Greek verse. As an example of that *lacuna* in the critical apparatus of Kennedy we would point to *Oed. Rex* 1464, where Oedipus begs Creon to protect his daughters, and says of them with pathetic iteration, "who never knew their table set aloof, apart from me." Kennedy will not have *χωρίς* and *ἀνευ* in the same sense, and understands the latter to mean "without special direction on my part." But would the tortured old king think of thus qualifying a pathetic utterance in a moment of deep emotion? Besides, it suggests a ludicrous picture of Oedipus telling the servants "Antigone and Ismene are not to dine with me to-day." This is a characteristic vice of the German school. Thus, according to the Teubner editor, Meckler, Sophocles must not describe Deianira as "sweetly sleeping" (*Trachin.* 175). No: in her agitated state her nights must have been poor, and *ἡδύως* must be corrected to *ἐνδεώς*, a prosaic word supposed to mean "poorly." The same critic changes *μελαγχρὲν αἷμα* to *μολυνθὲν εἶμα* in *Ajax* 919, we suppose because he doubts whether blood

really becomes darker when exposed to the air; but would Tecmessa, woman though she was, have thought at such a moment of the soiled condition of the garb of Ajax? We do not think Mistress Quickly would have been guilty of such a *banalité*.

To advert to a few of the comments of Dr. Campbell, in *Ant.* 231 he accepts Seyffert's σπουδῇ βραδύς in preference to the reading of the margin of L., σχολῇ ταχύς. Now that reading would have been very unlikely to be invented by a scholiast, involving as it does an apparent contradiction in terms, but the phrase "I took my time about hurrying" harmonises well with the general vulgarity of the guard's speech. Surely this is designedly comic:

My liege, I will not say that I came breathless from speed, or that I have plied a nimble foot; for often did my thoughts make me pause and wheel round in my path, to return. My mind was holding large discourse with me: "Fool, why goest thou to thy certain doom?" "Wretch, tarrying again? And if Creon heard this from another, must not thou smart for it?" So debating, I took my time about hurrying, and thus a short road was made long. At last, however, it carried the day that I should come thither—to thee; and though my tale be nought, yet will I tell it; for I come with a good grip on one hope—that I can suffer nothing but what is my fate.

Does not this pretentious prattle strongly remind one of the first appearance of Launcelot Gobbo (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2) in the scene beginning:

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run away from this Jew my master. The fiend is at my elbow, and tempts me . . . My conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.

In *Ant.* 613 it is hasty to say that there is "a corruption too deep for remedy." If πῦρ πολὺς be corrected to πῦρ πολὺς in agreement with νόμος ὅδε, and the other words of the clause be marked with inverted commas, as giving the words of the law, an excellent sense emerges:

For ever will prevail this Universal Law: "no step in man's life fares aloof from Doom."

We cannot regard as successful or even plausible the attempt to defend *Ant.* 904-920.

It is amazing that in *Ajax* 1281 the editor should reject the certain and beautiful emendation of Krauss, οὐδ' οὐ μὴ βῆναι ποδί, which provides a precise answer to Agamemnon's taunt in v. 1237, and defend the corrupt οὐδὲ συμβῆναι ποδί. Agamemnon had said of Ajax that he never took his stand in any place of danger where he, Agamemnon, was not also to be found. He never said anything so absurd as that the second champion among the Greeks never faced the foe in fight. The copyist mistook οὐδ' for οὐ, then μὴ was omitted as superfluous, συμβῆναι was corrected to συμβῆναι, and οὐδὲ was read *metri gratia*.

In *Oed. Rex* 877 we do not see what is gained by ἐξώρουσεν. The wanting syllable is much better supplied by reading:

ἀπότομον ἔλμ' ὥρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκην

which is very likely a reminiscence of πῆδ' ὀρούσας in Aeschylus's *Agam.* 826.

In *Oed. Col.* can στόμα . . . ἰέντες mean "uttering the voice"? Has Dr. Campbell overlooked or deliberately neglected Professor Housman's brilliant πρίοντες? In *Frag.* 777 we find ὀδόντι πρίε τὸ στόμα. Cf. also *Trach.* 976.

On 161 the comment is "if τῶν is impossible, τό may be right." But τῶν is quite right, and is governed by μετίσταθ', ἔνε . . . φύλαξ being διὰ μέσου, a construction common in the Attic poets, though alien from English usage. It may, however, be illustrated by the story of the advocate who is reported to have said: "Yes, my lord, your lordship is quite right and I am quite wrong, as your lordship generally is." The words "and I am quite wrong" are διὰ μέσου, and do not influence the succeeding words.

The introduction of a part of μηδαμός in 278, is anticipated in Macmillan's *Parnassus* edition of 1897. So is πανάμερος in the sense of "all-peaceful" in *Trach.* 660.

It is amazing that he still rejects Jebb's brilliant emendations of *Oed. Rex* 1219, ὅσπερ ἰάλεμον χέων, *Oed. Col.* 540, ἐπωφελήσας, and *Trach.* 911, ἐπ' ἄλλοις.

In 1220 τοῦ θέλοντος is the genitive of ὁ θέλων, not τὸ θέλον, "more than God wills" (to give him), as in 1604 παντὸς δρώντος comes from πᾶς δρῶν not πᾶν δρῶν. In *Trach.* 196 τὸ ποθοῦν should be τὸ πόθουν, "what they desired."

In *Phil.* 1149 φύγδα . . . πηδᾶτε is much better than φυγᾶ πηδᾶτε, which could hardly mean "shyly approach." The rarity of φύγδα would cause the corruption.

We have space only for one comment on the *Electra*. It is a brilliant restoration of verse 220:

τὰ δὲ τοῖς δυνατοῖς
οὐκ ἐρίστὰ πλάθειν

which Jebb translates (disguising the intolerably otiose πλάθειν).

but such strife should not be pushed to a conflict with the strong (literally "so as to face them"),

The conjecture, the authorship of which we are unable to ascertain, is:

τὸ δὲ τοῖς δυνατοῖς
οὐκ ἐρίστὰ λάθει

but the maxim "we must not struggle against the strong" is forgotten.

How often has the meaning of a passage in Greek or Latin eluded us because the ancient world had not marks of quotation or other modern devices! How puzzling would be "it was and I said not but," which italics make clear; or Shakespeare's:

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage,

which is quite intelligible through the use of italics or inverted commas.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY REALIST

Antonio Pollaiuolo. By MAUD CRUTWELL. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

OUTSIDE the work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, little has been written until quite recently about the brothers Pollaiuolo. Mr. Berenson did much, in the more specialised study of his "Florentine Drawings," to suggest the general lines on which the comparative study of the work of Antonio and Piero should proceed, and now Miss Crutwell has followed with the first monograph that has been published in any language on Antonio. That the subject has found an exponent who is at once versed in the art of the period and a competent critic, will be known to those who have read her previous books on Verrocchio and the della Robbia.

Antonio Pollaiuolo holds a place of considerable importance in the development of Italian art. Following in the wake of Donatello, Castagno and Alessio Baldovinetti, he did much, by his "naturalistic" studies, to make the art of Michelangelo possible. As in the case of Baldovinetti, the most charming side of his realism is the faithful representation of the landscape of the Val d'Arno, which appears in many of his paintings. But of more importance to the progress of art was his particular devotion to the study of the human nude, and it is here that we find both his real genius and the nature of his limitations. His study of the human body went far deeper than the literal translation of form. To quote Miss Crutwell's words:

He was chiefly preoccupied with its movements, the movements not only of limb and joint, but the play of the muscles under the skin. . . . He played with the body as a juggler with his balls, putting it into a hundred difficult postures, with such science of its structure that they hardly seem strange, concentrating effort in the swell and tension of a muscle, and fury in the downward curve of a lip. Violent, brutal, savage—all these words may be applied to his scenes of combat, but physical force and energy have never been so superbly presented before or since. Not even Signorelli nor Michelangelo has

equalled him, and who can say to what extent are due to him those magnificent achievements of the nude in action—the *Inferno* of Orvieto and the *Last Judgment* of the Sistine Chapel?

We admit that his two panels of the *Labours of Hercules* (Uffizi), the masterly study for *Hercules and the Hydra* (British Museum), and the fragments of the recently found frescoes in the Villa della Gallina, Torre del Gallo, near Florence, are convincing proofs of Antonio's skill in treating the nude in action. But an impartial consideration of his masterpiece of painting, the Pucci altar-piece in the National Gallery, should save us from an exaggeration of his real genius. In spite of the splendid success of the two archers loading their bows in the foreground (the only figures of the central group which Miss Crutwell allows to be painted by Antonio), we feel that here is still the craftsman, who had little of the power of a Signorelli or a Michelangelo to free himself from the savour of the studio in the greatness of his subject.

Though ostensibly devoted to Antonio, the monograph has, of course, much to say of his younger, and much weaker, brother Piero. How much more powerful a character was that of Antonio, may be immediately divined from the busts on their joint monument in St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome.

Miss Crutwell's book is exceedingly thorough in the critical distinction of their work. One point in particular, which has already been published in the *Miscellanea d'Arte*, may still be new to many English students, i.e., the import of the recently discovered documents in relation to the *Virtues* of the Uffizi. In the gallery, the *Prudencia* is still attributed to Antonio, and the rest, with the exception of the *Fortitudo* by Botticelli, to Piero. It now appears that, despite the greater excellence of the *Prudencia*, this, too, must, at least in the greater part, be Piero's work. The cartoon by Antonio, which figures on the back of the panel, can hardly have been done except, as Miss Crutwell suggests, as a sort of object-lesson to the younger brother, possibly when the picture was already nearly finished. Botticelli, who had hitherto been regarded, in this relation, in the light of an assistant to Antonio, is now definitely shown to have been a competitor with Piero for the commission. Verrocchio is a third artist who is known to have offered a design (rejected), which Dr. Gronau has identified with a drawing attributed to Botticelli in the Uffizi (Corn. 52, No. 208).

There is one point in the criticism of Antonio's pictures where, we venture to think, Miss Crutwell offers a dangerous hypothesis, i.e., in reference to the last three canvases of the *Labours of Hercules*, painted for the Medici in 1460. It has been supposed that the two engravings by Robetta were engraved after the small panels of the Uffizi. There are variations, however, in the figures and in the squarer shape of the prints which render Miss Crutwell's suggestion that they were based on the lost canvases plausible. But we cannot think there is sufficient reason to regard the difference in the landscape as depending on the same cause. However "feeble and imitative" Robetta was, his adaptation of Filippino's Uffizi *Adoration*, and his addition of the group of angels, shows that he was capable of very graceful invention of his own, and the landscape in question is one that is entirely characteristic of Robetta, quite apart from his models.

Antonio's work lay more in the arts of the goldsmith, metal-chaser and sculptor than in painting. Among the less-known works we would mention in particular the magnificent pageant shield representing the *Death of Milo*, belonging to Signor Brauer, of Florence, which came from the Capel Cure sale in London in 1905. With the attribution to Antonio of another sculptor's work, the gesso relief (*The Genius of Discord*) in the South Kensington Museum, we feel less convinced, while at the same time we think it far nearer the mark than Miss Crutwell's former suggestion of Verrocchio, or Dr. Bode's Leonardo. Considered as a work of his Roman period, there is much to account for the added grace of figure and favour of

countenance which seem to divide it from Antonio's other nudes. The absolute change of style which Pollaiuolo underwent after his removal to Rome in 1484 is shown in the monuments of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. in St. Peter's, an advance scarcely paralleled in the life of any artist of the period. In the graceful figures of the Arts and Sciences on the tomb of Sixtus IV. we seem transported beyond Michelangelo, and almost anticipate the spirit of Benvenuto Cellini.

One thing we would mention in reference to the chapter on the drawings, i.e., the notice of a sketch-book of designs given by Antonio to a jeweller, Francesco del Lavacchio, which was seen by the antiquary, Dei, in the possession of the Marzimedici in 1756. It is unknown whether this book is still in existence, and it is something for the seeker after art treasures not to forget.

The illustrations are excellent, and the appendix, consisting of documents relating to the life, list of works and bibliography, makes the book of extreme value to students. The latter, however, is not so free from printer's errors as is the text.

A CAROLINE MINOR POET

Thomas Stanley: his original Lyrics. Edited by L. I. GUINEY. (Hull: Tutin, 2s. 6d. net.)

LAST September we reviewed the delightful "Anacreontea" of Thomas Stanley, then recently reprinted by Mr. A. H. Bullen. We offer a hearty welcome now to the same author's original poems, published by another good friend to lovers of English poetry and agreeable reprints, Mr. Tutin of Hull. The work of editing has been carried out by Mrs. Guiney, who has clearly brought devotion and delight to her task. She has collated the editions of 1647, 1651, and 1657, all published during the author's life-time; and out of them she has made a composite text of her own devising. That is a pity. The general reader will not trouble to turn up the *variae lectiones* at the end of the book; he will not know exactly what he is reading, and more than once he will be reading something which appears in no edition of Stanley at all, but is Mrs. Guiney's own. In one case ("Palinode," l. 5) the editor has misunderstood the poet's meaning, and spoils the point of his verse by an alteration which defies all three texts. It is obviously beauty, not reason or philosophy, to which are applied the lines:

That would'st within tyrannic laws
Confine the power of each free cause;

and to print *would* for *would'st* is indefensible. We could cite instances, too, where the editor has clearly made choice of an inferior reading; but since we have not set out to make a textual criticism of the edition, it will be enough to warn the reader that he must not neglect the careful list of various readings which Mrs. Guiney has provided.

Thomas Stanley is a poet whom it is well to reprint. He is not a great poet; he is not a pioneer, nor one who had any influence on the poetry of his own or succeeding times. He is merely a poet of the mode, who wrote in the fashionable manner of his time and cannot be classed equally with the Herrick, the Suckling, the Lovelace, whom he constantly suggests. But the mode of his time was such a delightful mode that we cannot have too much of it: and Stanley has an hour or two's pleasure to offer to any one who loves or envies the "mysterious trick of music," as Mrs. Guiney well calls it, which marks even the feeblest lyrics of the Caroline age. If we analyse the charm, we shall find it to consist mainly in mere words, especially with poets of the rank of Stanley. He shows, it is true, flashes of that brave scorn of love which we find in Suckling and others, and there is at least one cry for release from life which also almost tempts one to believe it genuine. But that "almost" is the furthest we can go. Stanley is not a poet who convinces you that he is in earnest. It is possible to make too much of the effect of

the state of a nation's life on contemporary poetry; but it remains true that Stanley belonged to a period when national life was not running high, when men were rather tasteful than creative: and in withdrawing himself, as he did, from the strife of great parties that had broken out before the publication of his 1651 edition, he showed himself (what indeed he was) a student, a scholar—sensitive and eclectic rather than passionate and full-blooded. He sings of love, but he sings of it to pattern, with polish and refinement rather than heat; and it does not need William Fairfax's assurance to persuade us that these ladies, whom he addresses in terms which have sometimes a great appearance of warmth, are imaginary. Chariessa, Chloris, Celia, are not three women; they are not even Mrs. Stanley; they are abstractions; and when the poet gives himself a name it is Philocharis.

What, then, should tempt us to read a man whom we know to have been pretending all the while, and who has nothing great, nothing exalting, nothing moving, to offer us? The answer lies in the poetry:

Ask the empress of the night
How the hand which guides her sphere,
Constant in unconstant light,
Taught the waves her yoke to bear,
And did thus by loving force
Curb or tame the rude sea's course.

Ask the female palm how she
First did woo her husband's love;
And the magnet, ask how he
Doth th' obsequious iron move;
Waters, plants, and stones know this;
That they love; not what love is.

Be not thou less kind than these,
Or from Love exempt alone.
Let us twine like amorous trees,
And like rivers melt in one.
Or, if thou more cruel prove,
Learn of steel and stones to love.

Its very artificiality makes that a good example to choose; for, though it is far from being the best poem in the volume, no one can miss its charm. Stanley is delightfully neat, delicate and fanciful; he achieves just that deliberate spontaneity (if the paradox may be pardoned) which always in the poetry of his time approaches the epigrammatic while always avoiding the sharpness of epigram; and his verses ring with the exquisitely clear sound which was apparently as difficult to avoid then as it is difficult to obtain to-day. Let us take one more example:

Celinda, by what potent art
Or unresisted charm
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart
Against my passion arm?

Or by what hidden influence
Of powers in one combin'd
Dost thou rob Love of either sense,
Made deaf as well as blind?

Sure thou as friends united hast
Two distant deities,
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,
And love within thine eyes;

Or those soft fetters of thy hair
(A bondage that disdains
All liberty) do guard thine ear
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canst thou hear,
Or I this passion fly,
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear,
And not confin'd thine eye?

Admirable and diligent translator though he was, Stanley was only a minor poet; but there is something about him that many a major poet of to-day would be glad to catch.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN

The Desert and the Sown. By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL
(Heinemann, 16s. net.)

It is not too high praise to say that the book before us is the most charming addition to the literature of travel that has been published for many years—we had almost said, and we think we should be justified in saying, for many decades. And there is something more than charm to be found in its every page: there is fascination, a something that holds the reader spell-bound, rivets his attention, keeps his body glowing long after the pipe has gone out and the cinders have grown cold in the grate and the clock is striking the small hours that herald the dawning of day. Perhaps we can pay Miss Bell no better compliment than to record the fact that, having picked up her book in our study after dinner, we were conscious of nothing save Syria till the twittering of the sparrows reminded us that the inexorable laws of Nature must be obeyed, and we stumbled reluctantly up the stairs. On the first page of the volume you will find the explanation: "I desired to write," says the author, "not so much a book of travel as an account of the people whom I met and who accompanied me on my way," and of the world in which they lived, seen, as far as possible, through their eyes. "And since it was better that they should . . . tell their own tale, I have strung their words upon the thread of the road, relating as I heard them the stories with which shepherd and man-at-arms beguiled the hours of the march," and the talk that passed round the camp-fire in the tent of the Arab and the guest-chamber of the Druze. To the sense of intimacy thus imparted is due her success; it is impossible for any one with the least feeling for the spirit of "old unhappy far-off things" to read her book without being transported in imagination to the scene of her wanderings, to travel with her along and across and beyond the

strip of herbage strown,
That just divides the desert from the sown,

and to feel the enchantment of the country and its people, and above all of its associations—for history and archaeology appeal to the author no less than human nature.

Miss Bell's pen is more skilful in illustration than any camera could be. In a few vivid words she touches in a scene which no photograph could suggest, and her pen is always sure, her picture clear, with never a detail blurred. Take this description of an evening in Namrud's cave:

That evening the cave presented a scene primitive and wild enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit. The Arabs, some ten or a dozen men clothed in red leather boots and striped cloaks soaked with rain, were sitting in the centre round a fire of scrub, in the ashes of which stood the three coffee-pots essential to desert sociability. Behind them a woman cooked rice over a brighter fire that cast a flickering light into the recesses of the cave, and showed Namrud's cattle munching chopped straw from the rock-hewn mangers. A place comparatively free from mud was cleared for me in the circle, a cup of coffee prepared, and the talk went forward while a man might smoke an Arab pipe five times. It was chiefly of the iniquities of the government. One after another of my fellow guests took up the tale: the guttural strong speech rumbled round the cave. By God and Muhammad the Prophet of God we called down such curses upon the Circassian cavalry as should make those powerful horsemen reel in their saddles. From time to time a draped head, with black elf locks matted round the cheeks under the striped kerchief, bent forward towards the glow of the ashes to pick up a hot ember for the pipe bowl, a hand was stretched out to the coffee cups, or the cooking fire flashed up under a pile of thorn, the sudden light making the flies buzz and the cows move uneasily;

or this, of another, spent as the guest of the Kaimakam of Kala'at el Husn:

When dinner was over we returned to my room, a brazier full of charcoal was brought in, together with hubble-bubbles for the ladies, and we settled ourselves to an evening's talk. The old woman refused to sit on the divan, and disposed herself neatly as close as possible to the brazier, holding out her wrinkled hands over the glowing coals. She was clad in black, and her head was covered by a thick white linen cloth, which was bound closely above her brow and enveloped her

chin, giving her the air of some aged prioress of a religious order. Outside the turret room the wind howled; the rain beat against the single window, and the talk turned naturally to deeds of horror, and such whispered tales of murder and death as must have startled the shadows in that dim room for many and many a century. A terrible domestic tragedy had fallen upon the Kaimakam ten days before: his son had been shot by a schoolfellow at Tripoli in some childish quarrel. The Kaimakam had been summoned by telegraph; he had ridden down the long mountain road with fear clutching at his heart, only to find the boy dead, and his sorrow had been almost more than he could bear. So said the Sitt Ferideh.

The ancient crone rocked herself over the brazier and muttered: "Murder is like the drinking of milk here! God! there is none other but Thou."

A fresh gust of wind swept round the tower, and the Christian woman took up the tale.

"This Khanum," said she, nodding her head towards the figure by the brazier, "knows also what it is to weep. Her son was but now murdered in the mountains by a robber who slew him with his knife. They found his body lying stripped by the path."

The mother bent anew over the charcoal, and the glow flushed her worn old face. "Murder is like the spilling of water!" she groaned. "Oh Merciful!"

There is not a word we could wish away, nor a detail that is not essential to the proper understanding of the whole scene. Here, as everywhere throughout the book, the characters live. Miss Bell understands them, and sympathises with them; she recognises that there are good customs and bad customs among the Arabs, but she recognises that, as old Namrud said, "The good are many":

Now when they wish to bring a blood-feud to an end [says Namrud] the two enemies come together in the tent of him who was offended. And the lord of the tent bares his sword and turns to the south and draws a circle on the floor, calling upon God. Then he takes a shred of the cloth of the tent, and a handful of ashes from the hearth and throws them in the circle, and seven times he strikes the line with his naked sword. And the offender leaps into the circle, and one of the relatives of his enemy cries aloud: "I take the murder that he did upon me!" Then there is peace. Oh Lady! the women have much power in the tribe, and the maidens are well looked on. For if a maiden says: "I would have such an one for my husband," he must marry her lest she should be put to shame. And if he has already four wives let him divorce one, and marry in her place the maiden who has chosen him. Such is the custom among the Arabs.

The author has a full knowledge of Syrian Arabic, and it enables her to give us the conversations of the natives in a way that few other travellers have done. One afternoon she was idly watching the Sherarat buying corn from Namrud:

But for my incongruous presence and the lapse of a few thousand years, they might have been the sons of Jacob come down into Egypt to bicker over the weight of the sacks with their brother Joseph. The corn was kept in a deep dry hole cut in the rock, and was drawn out like so much water in golden bucketsful. It had been stored with chaff for its better protection, and the first business was to sift it at the well-head, a labour that could not be executed without much and angry discussion. Not even the camels were silent, but joined in the argument with groans and babbings, as the Arabs loaded them with the full sacks. The Sheikhs of the Sukhur and the Sherarat sat round on stones in the drizzling mist, and sometimes they muttered, "God! God!" and sometimes they exclaimed, "He is merciful and compassionate!"

Occasionally the sifted corn was poured back among the unsifted, and a dialogue of this kind ensued:

Namrud: "Upon thee! upon thee! oh boy! may thy dwelling be destroyed! may thy days come to harm!"

Beni Sakhr: "By the face of the Prophet of God! may He be exalted!"

Sherarat (in suppressed chorus): "God and Muhammad the Prophet of God, upon Him be peace!"

A party in bare legs and a sheepskin: "Cold, cold! Wallah! rain and cold!"

Namrud: "Silence, oh brother! descend into the well and draw corn. It is warm there."

Beni Sakhr: "Praise be to God the Almighty!"

Chorus of Camels: "B-b-b-b-b-dd-G-r-r-o-o-a-a."

Camel Drivers: "Be still, accursed ones! may you slip in the mud! may the wrath of God fall on you!"

Sukhur (in unison): "God! God! by the light of His Face!"

The book is full of similar sketches. Miss Bell has a wide acquaintance with the poetry of the Pre-Islamic

period, and astonished her listeners round the camp-fires by her quotations:

As I sat listening to the talk round me and looking out into the starlit night, my mind went back to the train of thought that had been the groundwork of the whole day, the theme that Gablan had started when he stopped and pointed out the traces of his former encampment, and I said:

"In the ages before the Prophet your fathers spoke as you do and in the same language, but we who do not know your ways have lost the meaning of the words they used. Now tell me what is so-and-so, and so-and-so?"

The men round the fire bent forward, and when a flame jumped up I saw their dark faces as they listened, and answered:

"By God! did they say that before the Prophet?"

"Masha'llah! we use that word still. It is the mark on the ground where the tent was pitched."

She recited a couplet of Amr ul Kais which Gablan's utterance had suggested:

"Stay! let us weep the memory of the Beloved and her resting-place in the cleft of the shifting sands 'twixt ed Dujel and Haumal."

Gablan, by the tent-pole, lifted his head and exclaimed: "Mash'llah! that is 'Antara'."

All poetry is ascribed to 'Antara by the unlettered Arab; he knows no other name in literature.

I answered: "No; 'Antara spoke otherwise. He said: 'Have the poets aforetime left ought to be added by me? or dost thou remember her house when thou lookest on the place?' And Lebid spoke best when he said: 'And what is man but a tent and the folk thereof? one day they depart and the place is left desolate.'"

Gablan made a gesture of assent.

"By God!" said he, "the plain is covered with places wherein I rested."

He had struck the note. I looked out beyond him into the night and saw the desert with his eyes, no longer empty but set thicker with human associations than any city. Every line of it took on significance, every stone was like the ghost of a hearth in which the warmth of Arab life was hardly cold, though the fire might have been extinguished this hundred years. It was a city of shadowy outlines visible one under the other, fleeting and changing, combining into new shapes elements that are as old as Time, the new indistinguishable from the old and the old from the new.

We make no apology for frequent quotation; it is impossible to convey an idea of the charm and the fascination of the book by any other means. We have space only to add that no one who loves literature should fail to read it.

SELECTIONS

The German Classics, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, vol. i. 8s. 6d.; vol. ii. 5s. 6d.)

IN 1866 Professor Max Müller published a revised edition of his "German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century," which had first appeared in 1858 and had long been out of print. The present volumes are the second edition of this revised version, which was adapted to Scherer's "History of German Literature" by Professor Scherer himself and by Professor Franz Lichtenstein of Breslau. Both men died before their task was completed, and other scholars had some share in the final translations and corrections. We sincerely recommend the two volumes to the student who wishes to approach a great literature step by step and with method. He will begin with the Lord's Prayer in Gothic and go on to the Wessobrunner Gebet, an alliterative prayer of the eighth or ninth century found in a Bavarian monastery. He will come in time to passages from the Rolandslied, the German version of the celebrated Chanson de Roland. Then there are three scenes from the Nibelungenlied, but if he limit himself to his selections he will never know how Brünnhilde came to be the wife of Gunther or hear the two queens wrangling in front of the Minster at Worms, or understand why Hagen compassed Siegfried's death. He will get his ideas from the Wagnerian ring, and Wagner shaped both events and characters to his own needs. But Wagner did not invent the bear with which Siegfried frightened Mime. The student will find the bear in the first selection from the epic and will see Siegfried

bind the beast to his saddle, carry him home and let him loose in the kitchen :

Der Bär in die Küche
Hei ! was er Küchenknechte
Gerückt ward mancher Kessel,
Hei ! was man guter Speisen

von dem Lärm gerieth ;
von dem Feuer schied !
zerzerret mancher Brand ;
in der Asche liegen fand.

The place was so full of dogs, says the poet, that every man feared to shoot in case he hit a dog instead of the bear. In the end Siegfried despatches the beast with his sword, sits down to a great meal, gets up again because he is thirsty, and is murdered by Hagen as he stoops to drink at a well. We believe that the student who reads this selection carefully will be so fascinated that he will buy the Nibelungenlied and find out for himself what led to Siegfried's death and what Queen Kriemhild did to avenge it. Our selection would have given that last grim combat in the halls of Attila, "a tumult," says Carlyle, "like the Crack of Doom: a thousand-voiced, wild-stunning hubbub," when blood flows like water and fire is quenched with blood and thirst slaked with blood. It lives in the memory beside the fight in the Hall of Ulysses.

After the Volksepos come selections from the romantic epics of the twelfth century that were popular in many tongues all over Europe: the histories of Aeneas and Dido, of Tristram and Iseult and other hapless lovers. Then we have the Minnesingers and Walther von der Vogelweide's fascinating famous poem, "Deutschland über Alles" :

Von der Elbe bis zum Rhein
Und zurück bis her an Ungerland,
Da mögen wohl die Besten sein,
Die ich irgend auf der Erden fand,
Weiss ich recht zu schauen
Schönheit, Huld und Zier,
Hilf mir Gott, so schwör ich, dass sie besser hier
Sind als andrer Länder Frauen.

There are extracts from all the well-known German prose-writers as well as from the poets, an adventure of Tyll Owlglass, for instance, portions of sermons by Martin Luther, a scene from *Titus Andronicus* as played by "Die Englischen Comödianten," a troop of English actors who roamed through Germany in 1585 giving Shakespeare and other English dramatists translated into German prose. In fact, from the Lord's Prayer in Gothic to scenes from "Die Ahnfrau" by Grillparzer, who died in 1872, the student plodding through these two volumes will acquaint himself with snatches from every German writer of note between the fourth and the nineteenth centuries.

Yet we are not attracted by these selections, carefully chosen and presented though they are: they remind us of the dainty packages that come by post sometimes, bringing us samples of cocoa or biscuits. In one of Anstey's Dialogues a Hyde Park Demagogue observes that he is speaking with "all 'istry vivid to his recollection," and we think that when he has worked his way through these two volumes and arrived at Grillparzer the methodical student will feel that he has all the German classics vivid to his recollection. That, of course, will be a satisfactory state of mind. But selections of this kind can only appeal to those who consider some knowledge of literature a duty, and acquire it without rapture, without hunger for more. We would say to any one who knew little German and yet had faith that German poetry, like German music, can make magic for him: put your selections on the shelf for the present. Wait a little for the Lord's Prayer in Gothic and even for passages from the mediæval epics and from the Minnesingers. Buy Heine's "Buch der Lieder," because, although no one can translate or imitate Heine, his German and his music are both easy to understand. Spend as much time on the first part of "Faust" as the dutiful student would spend on his "History of Literature" and his two volumes of selections. He will know when he hears *Tannhäuser* that the knight of that name belonged to the Salzburg family of

Tanhusen, led an adventurous life from 1240 to 1270 and sojourned at the Bavarian and Austrian courts. You will have forgotten everything about him except his poem to the lady he has served faithfully, who will reward him if he turn the Rhine from its course, and bring her the sand from the sea, the stars from the sky and the salamander from the fire, and you will remember the poem because it has a haunting refrain :

Mir ist zu Muth,
Was sie mir thut,
Das soll mich Alles dünken gut,
Sie nahm an mir die Ehr in Hut, die reine ;
Ausser Gott alleine,
So weiss die Holde Niemand, die ich meine.

When you come to the moderns you will be at a greater disadvantage still, from the student's point of view. He will have tasted Voss, Klopstock, Herder, Winckelmann, names to you. We purposely exclude Lessing because his complete works will be on your shelves and you will know all his plays and his Laokoon and the delightful criticisms in the *Hamburger Dramaturgie*. As for Goethe, the student will have read no less than thirty-eight specimens of the poet's style, including a difficult passage from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* about contemporary German poetry. If you have read *Dichtung und Wahrheit* you will probably have forgotten this passage, and remember poor Friederike of Sesenheim and the beautiful daughters of the Strasburg dancing-master. It is to be hoped that you will have read Wilhelm Meister too, have made friends with Philine and know who played the Ghost in *Hamlet*. Many of Goethe's shorter poems you will know by heart. Nevertheless if you linger too long with Goethe the student will again outstrip you. He will have detached scenes from *Die Räuber* and *Don Karlos* vivid to his recollection, as well as an involved passage from a prose work called "Ueber Naive und Sentimentalische Dichtung." And so supple has a long course of selections made him that he will have jumped straight from the well-known story of Rübezahl and the turnips to extracts from Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer and the two Humboldts. By the time he reaches the poets and novelists of the Romantic School his mind, according to its texture, will be in a state of complacency or of extreme impatience and confusion.

But we should like to wager that some years hence the complacent student will have thrown away his selections and forgotten the German he once knew: while you, hearing this with wonder, will take down your two neglected volumes and discover treasures there that your long attachment to a few great names will help you to understand. For we hold that it is better to serve few gods faithfully than to be content with a moment at every shrine.

THE CLASH OF ARMS

A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book during the Russo-Japanese War.
By Lieut.-General Sir IAN HAMILTON. (Arnold, 18s. net.)

A MODERN cynic has said that a "soldier officer is nowadays expected to be everything but a soldier." In that saying there may be a substratum of truth, but no one can read "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book" without realising that if the author is a man of many parts, he is above all a soldier. Having himself played no unworthy part in scenes of battle, assaults and alarms, and being versed in the practice and theory of military strategy and tactics, he was well qualified to observe the unfolding of the stupendous drama of the war between Russia and Japan. As in the first volume of his work, powers of keen observation and the facile pen of a cultured citizen of the world are noticeable on every page, and perhaps the greatest charm of the writer lies in the fact that while the professional reader cannot fail to profit by his expert criticisms, the layman finds himself led on from episode

to episode with ever-increasing interest. The horrors of war come home to our inmost being, when we read descriptions of the bloody struggle on the slopes of Manjuyama :

The mountains and the river banks and the houses re-echo to the continuous, angry, growling sound of the musketry. The most bitter fight is illuminating the slopes of the hillock, and I could see its shape outlined by innumerable little dazzling specks, showing the thousands of rounds which were being fired. Hundreds of human lives are passing away yonder where the hill-side flashes flame. I feel very much afraid and wish I had some one to hold me by the hand.

And then, when the strife was over :

I saw nothing from Manjuyama, but I saw too much upon it. When I stepped forward and viewed the western declivity my heart stood still with horror. Never have I seen such a scene. Such a mad jumble of arms and accoutrements mingled with the bodies of those who so lately bore them, arrested, cut short in the fury of their assault, and now for all their terrible menacing attitudes so very, very quiet. How silent! how ghastly! how lonely seemed the charnel house where I, a solitary European, beheld rank upon rank of brave Russians mown down by the embattled hosts of Asia.

But the shadow of the evil side of war is illumined by the splendour of deeds of heroism, and from the chaos of the desperate conflict the highest attributes of man are evolved. Cold must be the blood in the veins of the man who can read unmoved the story of the gallant Ota and his men in the hand to hand fighting which occurred in the Taling Pass. Outnumbered and driven back, Colonel Ota—

holding high the regimental colour—boldly led his two companies up the face of the hill in counter attack against the positions he had lost. Immediately he was hit by four bullets, and had just strength sufficient in him to commend the Standard to the guardianship of his major, who fell almost at once, desperately wounded, but handing on the sacred emblem to the adjutant who in his turn dropped in the tracks of a Russian bullet. Last of all the Imperial ensign passed down to the hand of a private soldier who led the last stage of the assault and planted the insignia of his Regiment firmly on the corpse strewn summit.

As he did so, full in the face of the Russians, thirty or forty paces distant, they broke and fled. "Can war," asks Sir Ian Hamilton, "be altogether bad when it inspires ordinary men to actions so sublime?"

As we read the vividly written pages of the book, we are forced to recognise and appreciate the lofty devotion to duty, and the contempt for danger, displayed by all ranks of the Japanese troops. The complete absence of fear is perhaps the more astounding in that it was not the reckless, foolhardy bravery of ignorance. On the contrary, no troops have ever more fully recognised the danger of battle, no men have ever known with greater certainty that death awaited them, and knowing, no men have ever faced it with the calm, unhesitating alacrity shown by the Japanese army. Well does Sir Ian Hamilton realise the pitch to which the men of this warrior nation were attuned, when he gives us his deliberate conviction that :

the more I think, the more certain am I that it was not strategy or tactics, or armament or information, which won the battle of Liaoyang for Oyama, but that it was rather the souls of the Japanese troops, which trampled over the less developed, less awakened, less stimulated and spiritual, qualities of the Russians.

Times there were, we learn, when the fate of the issue between the impending armies hung trembling in the balance, when Kuroki had hurled his last reserves into the conflict, and when ammunition had run short; but these were the very occasions upon which the splendid qualities of our allies shone forth; no jealousy, no selfishness, no thought of self seems to have arrested for a moment the carrying through of the general plan. The unwelcome reflection is forced upon us that in these respects we have much to learn from the friendly nation in the East. Bitter as it may be to recognise the truth, we can but acknowledge that in more than one instance in the course of our own war in South Africa the loyal and unhesitating sacrifice of individual interests to the general good was conspicuous by its absence. Probably some

such thought was uppermost in our author's mind when he wrote:

If I ever get safe back to England and people ask me "what are the lessons of the Manchurian War?" I ought, if I have the pluck of a mouse, to reply "To change our characters, my dear friend, in that you and I may become less jealous and egoistical, and more loyal and disinterested towards our own brother officers. This is the greatest lesson of the war."

Fiction pales before the light of truth, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, full though it be of brilliant and expert professional knowledge and criticism, no work of more enthralling interest could well be placed before a reader. Nor could any stronger inducement to read the book we have been considering be found, we think, than that contained in its closing lines. The author's work is over; he has left—perhaps for ever—scenes which can never be effaced from his memory, and he says:

But ere the old life quite resumes its sway, let me try, in one rapid retrospect, to realise the days and nights that are no more: My peony garden in Fenhuangchang bathed in the soft moonlight; the Heaven-reaching Pass, reverberating through all its hollows and ridges to the continued roll of musketry; the wall of mist and the writings that appeared thereon; the Swallow's Nest fort and bloody Rice Cake Hill: the heroic bayonet fight on Okasaki Yama's brow; the rapid march; the manoeuvre, the fierce attack; the stubborn defence; the red battle and the crowd of pale corpses. Again, I seem to see the advance of the invincible first Army; the dense ranks rolling, ever onwards, towards the shrieking shell and angry hiss of the rifle bullets. No drums or bugles cheer the march of the phantom army of my thoughts, but ever the rumble and roar of the cannon fills each soldier's heart with exultation as the columns draw nearer and yet nearer to the valley of the shadow of death.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Sir HENRY IRVING and FRANK A. MARSHALL. Vols. ix. and x. (Gresham Publishing Co., 4s. 6d. net each.)

WE have commented before on the value to students of Shakespeare of this sensible and practical edition, and the two volumes now before us are well up to the standard of the others. Each contains an introduction—which includes information not easily accessible anywhere else on the stage-history of each play—the text printed in full but marked for reading or production by Sir Henry Irving, and copious notes by Shakespearean scholars of repute. There are, of course, more learned editions of Shakespeare; but we know of no other so suitable as this for the practical student, as we may term him—the actor, the reader, or the intelligent spectator who likes to compare Sir Henry Irving's ideas with Betterton's or with those of more recent and less reverent producers. It is interesting to learn, for example, that only our modern squeamishness omits the essential character of Bianca from *Othello*, which occurs in vol. ix. The criticism is just and broad; the notes all tend to the elucidation of the human interest of the plays. The comments on such topics as the character of Iago and the complexion of Othello are at once brief and sensible; and it is the preponderance given to such matters over details of textual criticism that constitutes the practical and human value on which we have dwelt. The illustrations will be a feature attractive to some, and the volumes are surprisingly cheap.

The East and West Indian Mirror. Being an Account of Joris van Speilbergen's Voyage Round the World (1614–1617), and the Australian Navigations of Jacob le Maire. Translated by J. A. J. DE VILLIERS. (The Hakluyt Society.)

THE two journals which form this volume were first published together in a Dutch edition of 1619, from which version this translation is made. The edition was published at Leyden, and the reason for appending the Australian navigations of Jacob le Maire to the Speilbergen journal was, no doubt, because le Maire, when

his ship was taken from him at Jacatra, after his voyage across the Pacific, by order of the President of the Dutch East India Company, took passage with Admiral Speilbergen for home, but died on the way. The Admiral was the second Dutchman to circumnavigate the globe, and in the introduction to his journal an interesting letter is quoted giving an account of a previous expedition to the East Indies made by the same enterprising adventurer, on his return from which he fell in with Jacob van Heemskerck. "the man who had courageously wintered with Barendsz on the forbidding shores of Novaya Zemlya, and was subsequently to lay down his life for his country in the bay of Gibraltar." Speilbergen is shown by his journal to have been a man possessed of the most requisite talents of a great commander, a prudent navigator, careful for the welfare of his men, and steadily pursuing his duty before all else. "Seldom has there been found in the same man," says Captain Burney, "such a union of valour and circumspection." He does not appear to have been directly responsible for the ungracious and tyrannical treatment of le Maire, who, owing to the jealous action of the Dutch East India Company, died of a broken heart after gaining fame by steering his vessel through waters hitherto unknown to the civilised world. The translation is admirably done, and the copperplates mentioned in the title-page of the Leyden edition are most carefully reproduced with an additional portrait of Jacob le Maire. A useful bibliography and a full index add to the value of the work.

The Tower of London. By Canon WILLIAM BENHAM. (Seeley 7s. net.)

To appreciate the Tower of London to the full one should have a very intimate knowledge of English history: not so much the knowledge of the guide-book as a sympathetic knowledge of the men and women of the past. Canon Benham, masterly antiquary though he is, does not show himself much more than a skilful guide. He maintains at the outset that the only rival, now standing as a fortress, to the Tower is the tower at the western gate of Jerusalem, a statement which is open to dispute. The Kremlin at Moscow is a fortress in a double sense: it is, says Viazemski, "our Sanctuary and our Fortress." The question, however, is not material, for in Great Britain at any rate the Tower has no rival. Its history in full would occupy many volumes, but Canon Benham shows discrimination in his compression and omission. Colonel Hutchinson is not, so far as we can see, mentioned as one of the famous prisoners, a notable omission; and in places brevity has made the author assume an ill-judged view of history. He states, for example, that "the great but unrighteous claim of Edward III. to the crown of France" resulted in the hundred years war; whereas there were many secondary causes of quarrel between England and France, and, after all, the strong support which Philip of Valois gave to the Scots made war inevitable. The great feature of the book is its wealth of illustrations, which include four reproductions in colour from illuminated manuscripts. The frontispiece, the oldest known picture of the Tower, is from a manuscript of the poems of Charles, Duke of Orleans. In the background is London Bridge with the City behind it, in front the Traitor's Gate. The Prince, faithful to his troubadour instincts, is seated in the now demolished banquetting-hall, writing verses. He is seen again looking, like sister Anne, from the window, and again embracing the messenger who brings his ransom. Next we see him riding away a free man, and finally being rowed off in a boat (in which bow has apparently caught a crab) to his ship *en route* for France. The other pictures in colour are an assault on a fortress, from a manuscript of Boccaccio de Casibus Virorum et Fœminarum Illustrium; artillery of the fifteenth century from a manuscript of the Chronicles of England; and a tournament, from a manuscript of the Romance of the Sire Jehan de Saintré.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MR. HENRY JAMES

MR. HENRY JAMES is the last great writer of the New England school. His works are a reservoir in which the waters of two streams of thought, flowing from the same source in different directions, have been united and stored just when the spring that fed them was drying up. He has blended and consummated the traditions of Lowell and Longfellow and the traditions of Poe and Hawthorne, and in him there comes to an end one of the most extraordinary movements in the history of literature. It is now about three quarters of a century since a little band of New England men of letters began to astonish and delight the European world by a series of works conceived in a spirit quite unlike that which the American writer had been expected to display. They had nothing in common with Benjamin Franklin. Theirs was a movement of extreme reaction against the practical and democratic genius of their race. This genius, as De Tocqueville had remarked, made for an immense vapidity, bleakness, and monotony of life, in which fine intelligences would have no refuge from the tyranny in taste, opinions and manners exercised by the mob. Happily there then survived in the land of freedom a scantling of the English passion for independence, and this endued the best minds with a force of resilience which De Tocqueville had not divined. Some of the writers of the New England school took the line of least resistance in the direction of cosmopolitanism. The stronger souls derived their inspiration from the people, but derived it in the most perverse way. By erecting everything mean and common around them into "a precious principle of reaction"—to use a happy phrase of Mr. James—they elaborated an incomparable literature of exasperation. There was a sincerity in their wilfulness that no European school of decadents has been able to attain. Oppressed by the triviality, the commonness and the coarseness of the American spirit, they cultivated to perfection the qualities of subtlety, strangeness and exquisite morbidity. Their art was, indeed, an efflorescence upon the bloom of decay. The hard and colourless puritanism of America acquired in its dissolution a soft and delicate iridescence, and out of this the writers of the New England school formed a novel sort of romantic art of an eerie and yet charming beauty. But extraordinary as their work was in quality, in matter and construction it was slight and disconnected. It would have shone in a happy and peculiar light in a land of ancient culture, as an ornament upon the solid mass of older literature. In America, it only dazzled and misled the men of the next generation. Its defect was that it was the consummation of a movement of extreme reaction, and, as such, admitted of no development. It served only to tempt the minds of younger authors into a province of American thought in which no further achievement of high importance could be accomplished. It was useless trying to glean in a scanty field already reaped by novelists of so fine and frugal a genius as Hawthorne and Poe.

Mr. Henry James saw this. In matter of art as well as in matter of religion New England puritanism was exhausted. On the other hand, the cosmopolitanism of mind of Longfellow and Lowell did not seem to make for great creative power. But might not something original still be achieved by combining the traditions of Poe and Hawthorne with those of Lowell and Longfellow? This was the constructive idea of the earlier novels of Mr. James. For the novelist of the psychological school there was less matter of interest in American life after the Civil War than there had been before. The country was become "a huge Rappacini garden rank with each variety of the poison-plant of the money-passion." To a writer with Zola's power of depicting the wild, blind movements of an immense mob animated by a common instinct of greed, the spectacle would have been a source of ironic inspiration. To Mr. James it was a source of supreme

disgust. In his case the feeling of exasperation flowered into an almost morbid delicacy of taste. As the texture of American society grew coarser and more common, so his sense of the refinements of life became by mere privation subtler and more exquisite. This made him the most fanatic of cosmopolitans, and, at the same time, the most acute and fastidious of students of the rich and complex civilisations of the older world. It was not however until he settled in England that the idiosyncrasy of his genius was fully developed. As he himself said of his earlier work, "*c'est proprement écrit*, but it's terribly pale." In his first attempt to escape from the contagion of the American spirit he defeated himself by going too far in the direction of vague cosmopolitanism. He opened only his senses to the charming impressions of things in Italy and France; he did not elaborate these impressions in his mind into a general criticism of life. The complexion of continental society was so completely different from the complexion of American society, and his delighted fancy played so entirely on the surface of objects that his fund of unconscious prejudices was never rudely disturbed. He remained an educated Puritan of the Bostonian type, concealing a real timidity of soul beneath an apparent amiability of taste, and finding a characteristic form of expression for his faint-hearted patriotism and sentimental romanticism in a series of idyllic pictures of the conflict between the complexity and corruption of the old world and the simplicity and wholesomeness of the new. Such was the character of his literary achievement at the age of forty-five. There can be no doubt that he would have accomplished much better work than this, if he had stayed in a state of irritation in New York and Boston until his sense of the wholesomeness of modern American puritanism had grown as quick and keen as his sense of the simplicity of modern American democracy. However, he did the next best thing, and settled in England, where neither puritanism nor democracy of the modern American sort is altogether unknown. Here, amid the general ferment of wild thought and extravagant sentiment of the early 'nineties, he was transformed from a novelist of agreeable talent into a novelist of high genius. At a leap he sprang from a place inferior to that of Trollope, to a position equal to that of Stendhal. From the simplest of writers he changed into the most subtle. He acquired at last Hawthorne's and Poe's strange insight into the dark and winding recesses of the human heart and their exquisite sense of the atmosphere and spirit of a place, and with an astonishing originality of method he applied these gifts in the delicate and realistic analysis of the finer issues of modern life. But his success occurred so late in life that he was saddened by it, and he said in a famous aside in one of his stories:

What he saw so intensely to-day, what he felt as a nail driven in, was that only now, at the very last, had he come into possession. His development had been abnormally slow, almost grotesquely gradual. He had been hindered and retarded by experience, and for long periods had only groped his way. It had taken too much of his life to produce too little of his art. The art had come, but it had come after everything else.

But now that he has deployed and tempered his strange, novel faculties in the luxuriant field of English life, he has acquired a new zest and with it a new spirit of adventuresomeness. He is become a true cosmopolitan. Having supplemented his remarkable intensity of vision with as remarkable a breadth of view, he has turned again to the less fertile and yet larger field of American life, in order to see if he can at last find there the material for the novel of manners which Hawthorne meditated but failed to undertake.

The result of Mr. James's preliminary survey is given in an exquisite panorama in silver-point, entitled "*The American Scene*" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net). The book, in my opinion, deserves to rank with that of De Tocqueville. It is, of course, far subtler in composition. In it there are no broad effects: the lights and shadows are scarcely distinguishable at a distance; but, for all

that, they are drawn with a touch as firm as it is delicate. In matter of art it is a work written for the delectation of the leisurely amateur of the extreme refinements of literature. The more impatient student of social history will probably regret that it was not composed in a popular form. For, in substance, it is an inquiry of high and general interest into the essential character of one of the great nations of the world in a grandly critical period of its development. If nothing had been lost in the force and insidiousness of the attack it would certainly have been better, in some respects, if the book had been put together in French fashion so that those who run could read. But much, I fear, would so have been lost. Mr. James would not be Mr. James if he did not deepen and intricate every question that he endeavoured to solve. He is but little interested in plain, material facts; it is in the subtlety with which he investigates the finer moral implications of these facts that the peculiar power of his genius resides. In appearance his work is a contexture of impressions of the superficial aspects of American life, of the architecture of the streets, the arrangement of rooms in private houses, the general atmosphere of a great hotel or of a fashionable sea-side resort. In reality it is a profound essay in the psychology of the governing class in America. "Now that you have got riches and the power that riches give," says Mr. James to the plutocracy of his native land, "what do you intend to make with them?" "More riches and more power," is the answer. "And after that?" "Nothing!" The foredoomed grope of blind wealth for the graces and amenities of civilised life, that, as Mr. James sees it, is the main plot in the tragic comedy which is being played on the immense stage of America. It is, however, the subsidiary plot in connection with the triumph of the American woman which has most deeply impressed the imagination of the curious novelist of manners as a grand subject for the exercise of his art. The American man has accepted his doom and become:

by his default, subject and plastic to his mate; his default having made, all around him, the unexampled opportunity of the woman—which she would have been an incredible fool not to pounce upon. It needs little contact with American life to perceive how she has pounced, and how, outside business, she has made it over in her image. . . . Her companion's attitude, totally destitute of high signs, does everything it can to further this feat: so that, as disposed together in the American picture, they testify, extraordinarily, to the successful rupture of a universal law. . . . The phenomenon may easily become, for a spectator, the sentence written largest in the American sky: when he is in search of the characteristic, what else so plays the part? The woman is two-thirds of the apparent life—which means that she is absolutely all of the social; and as this is nowhere else the case, the occasion is unique for seeing what such a situation may make of her. . . .

The author of "*The Bostonians*" was never an enthusiast in the matter of woman's rights, and the sorry spectacle of the feminisation of American society provokes his gift of satire; and he says of the American woman:

Her manner of embodying and representing her sex has fairly made of her a new human convenience, not unlike fifty of the others, of a slightly different order, the ingenious mechanical contrivances, stoves, refrigerators, sewing-machines, type-writers, cash-registers, that have done so much, in the household and the place of business, for the American name. . . . It would take long to say why her situation, under this retrospect, may affect the inner fibre of the critic himself as one of the most touching on record: he may merely note his perception that she was to have been, after all, but the sport of fate. For why, need she originally, he wonders, have embraced so confidently, so gleefully, yet so unguardedly, the terms offered to her to an end practically so perfidious? . . . It is impossible, of course, to tell: and her case, as it stands for us, at any rate, is that she showed no doubts. It is not on the American scene and in the presence of mere American phenomena that she is even yet to be observed as showing them.

Well, Henry James, you writer of tales,
Here's a subject made to your hand.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

FICTION

Templation. By RICHARD BAGOT. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. BAGOT knows his Italy as well as Mr. Marion Crawford, and, at any rate in the novel before us, makes a more full-blooded story out of it. But he has not Mr. Crawford's unfailing charm of description, nor his light and skilful hand at moulding character, nor all the wisdom which has grown out of Mr. Crawford's exhaustive and intimate study of Italian politics and social life. Mr. Bagot observes keenly, but a little hastily; he is rather sharp than wise in his judgments, and his people are drawn without the subtle shades which would make them interesting in themselves. We are not interested in Count Ugo Vitali, the provincial noble (the gentleman-farmer, as we should call him in England), a man of simple taste and bucolic habits; nor in his underbred, passionate wife, for all Mr. Bagot's skilful attempt to lend her glamour by throwing her, in a degree, under the spiritual influence of her husband's mediæval ancestress, a certain infamous Donna Giulia Vitali, whose ghost still haunts the palace. Fabrizio Vitali, Ugo's cousin, for love of whom Ugo's wife murders her husband, is the most interesting study of all; but that mainly because he is typical of a class of young Italian (whose like is not unknown in England)—the self-educated man-about-town, who on the strength of a little knowledge of Schopenhauer, Spencer and Nietzsche, has presumed to throw religion overboard and declare himself "emancipated." We have said, however, that Mr. Bagot has made a full-blooded story. Though his descriptions of the thoughts and motives of his commonplace characters are so out of proportion to their depth or subtlety as to be tedious, the tragedy itself holds the reader's attention fast, and the end is thrilling. What is more, it is convincing. We believe and feel every step in the strange and horrible tale. It is a pity that Mr. Bagot should not have written in one language (English, by preference) instead of three.

Exton Manor. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THE present reviewer has read one only of Mr. Marshall's previous novels—"Richard Baldock"—and in spite of a very clever piece of characterisation, it irritated him often by its stiltedness. Its successor belongs in a different class: next to "Framley Parsonage" and "Barchester Towers" and the rest of Trollope's works (in point of merit, before some of them) on the shelf that begins with Thackeray. Take away Mr. Marshall's affectations—there are few of them here—and introduce a few of Trollope's favourite expressions, and you may convince even yourself that you are reading Anthony's posthumous work. For Mr. Marshall's periods are no longer stilted: he is tiresome at times—as Trollope was tiresome—but he is tiresome only because, metaphorically, it is necessary for him, in painting a lady's portrait, to spend time and care over the knots in the lady's bootlaces. As a result, he has produced a finished picture, whose charm will outlast the painter's life. The book is a long one—it runs to some four hundred closely-packed pages—yet we think that we are justified in saying that there are four only that lack charm: four only, that is to say, in which Mr. Marshall is seen touching in the bootlaces. It moves with all the slowness of the old three-volume novel; and it moves with that slowness just because the author is not an analyst: because he sets out, not to explain the motives which induced Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith to light a pipe with a wax vesta, but to show you life itself. And life itself he shows you: a finished picture, as we have said, of a side of life the importance of which is apt, in this age of fitful fever, to be under-estimated: a picture lovingly and sympathetically executed. It will not set the critics scritch; but it will remain on our shelves, and later on, if no friend happen to perform the duty for

us, we shall disperse the dust and turn its leaves again in the room that is never visited by Merely Mary Ann.

What Might Have Been. (Murray, 6s.)

"CALL no novel good till it is finished" might be adopted as the motto of the patient reviewer. Of twenty writers who begin a story well, not ten go on well, and not five both go on and end well. The book before us opens brilliantly: the conception of "collateral history" is original and full of possibilities, and the early chapters are charged with pungent humour. The description of the social amenities of flying is only equalled by that of the various members of the Socialist Cabinet, and had the anonymous author compressed the last three hundred pages of his book into a hundred or even fifty the result would have been a notable piece of work. As it is, the development of the Unity League and the progress of the Great Coal War, by means of which the League rescues the country from its socialist oppressors, is told at wearisome length and recalls the many political forecasts in the form of fiction through which we have waded during the last few years. All tedium is, however, forgotten in the exciting events of the closing chapters, and the book certainly fulfils its author's rather too evident intention of providing food for thought as to What May Be. We can only add that as we recall the good things in the early pages we also—in more senses than one—ponder over What Might Have Been.

The Golden Hawk. By EDITH RICKERT. (Arnold, 6s.)

MISS RICKERT has wandered among the hills and valleys of Provence until the hot sun and the wild mountain breezes have set her head awirling, and out of this "sweet bewilderment" she has evolved Trillon, the Golden Hawk of Avignon. We have little fault to find with her creation; he goes pranking through her pages to the tune of some old Provençal love-song, fiddle in hand and tricked out as gaily as any mediæval troubadour. He is as entertaining as his German prototype, Till Eulenspiegel, and he carries out his merry pranks with the same irresponsible gaiety. He belongs to that debonair order of beings who seldom or never reap the wild oats they have sown, leaving that to some more prosaic wife or sweetheart. The patient reaper in this case is Madaleno Borel, wild enough herself in her way until that wildness is alternately coaxed and crushed out of her by her erratic lord and master. The story centres in these two, the rest of the characters being merely so many helps or hindrances in their mad career. Miss Rickert is to be congratulated on the fact that her Hawk is always lovable, whether he be dancing with an old wife on the bridge of Avignon or rescuing his Madaleno at the eleventh hour through a convent window. She dedicates her book to Mistral, and her descriptions of the valley in which she has placed her story show a real love and appreciation of the poet's country. The only fault we have to find in her work is that it needs pruning.

The House of Rest. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"WOULD we could wander on, in sweet companionship, we two, for evermore." The words and the sentiment of our quotation serve very well to denote the contents of Mrs. Reynolds's latest book. And the reader wanders on through page upon page of admirable "story-book" stuff to the expected end. Mrs. Reynolds, from whose opening chapters we drew rash deductions, is a "story-book" writer. The characters are not those of the men and women we meet and make friends of; the little love tangles, the heroic device, old as the hills but not half so interesting, the "story-book" English burdened by strange compound adjectives (we counted ten in one short paragraph), all are in keeping. It is a pity Mrs. Reynolds could not realise the possibilities of her charming idea and, realising, have given us a fresh and a delightful "house of rest."

Little Esson. By S. R. CROCKETT. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

MR. CROCKETT'S new story opens with a dramatic situation that gives promise of stirring times ahead. Mina Hilliard, maddened by her father's brutality, rushes into the presence of her five artist suitors and offers herself to the first man who holds up his hand. "You have,—beast and bird and creeping thing each of you after your kind. You have asked me to share your lots— Well, you can have me now! Not all of you, but one! The one who speaks first." It is not a gracious way of offering a man his heart's desire, and the most ardent lover might be pardoned a momentary hesitation. As fate will have it, it is not the man Mina loves, and hopes to wed, but Terry Fairweather who replies politely, "I shall do myself the pleasure of asking you to be my wife." Terry, however, loves his strangely won bride, and dies as speedily as decency permits leaving Mina apparently poor, though in reality a wealthy woman—a test designed by Terry for Hunter Mayne, Esson, and other unready lovers. We confess to a lukewarm interest in little Esson and his wooing of Mina; they are commonplace young people drifting to an inevitable end. The charm of the straggling story lies in the little by-plots, and in the pictures of life in Creelport; these the author can paint without effort and with the certainty of pleasing. Among the crowd of characters we greet some old acquaintances; the impecunious artists, the rough and faithful Scots servant, the gentle, absent-minded minister, and his bustling managing sister. In Mina's implacable enemy, the "Green Girl," the author gives us a clever study of wickedness and malice bordering on madness.

FINE ART

ALEXANDER BORISSOFF

ABOUT twenty years ago the Grand Duke Vladimir, when visiting the Solovetsk monastery on the shores of the White Sea, was favourably impressed by the painting of a young peasant employed by the brothers to decorate their shrines and colour their holy images. Under the patronage of the Grand Duke, the artist came to St. Petersburg and studied for ten years, first at a school of painting and afterwards at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. But the heart of Alexander Borissoff was in the far north, and so soon as he became a full student of the Academy (in 1895), he withdrew from St. Petersburg and made his first expedition to Nova Zembla. Thence he returned with a number of sketches, many of which were purchased by a Moscow collector, and three years later he made preparations for a longer visit to the arctic circle. With Imperial aid he built a small yacht at Archangel, and sailed with two scientific companions to Nova Zembla, where he built a house and remained a year and a half, making expeditions farther north and returning with difficulty after terrible privations and hazardous adventures. To these adventures there will be an opportunity to recur, since we are promised an English translation of the artist's memoirs, published by the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, and for the present we are more immediately concerned with Borissoff the painter than with Borissoff the explorer. Nevertheless, before considering the artistic fruits of this expedition—a large collection of paintings and sketches which, having been shown in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and other Continental cities, are now on exhibition at the Grafton Galleries—it is necessary to take some account of the conditions in which these paintings were made. The extreme cold rendered it impossible for the artist to employ during the winter any media except charcoal and pastel. Even in spring his oil colours congealed, and turpentine, the only possible medium, became frozen. "I had to put on fur gloves to hold the brush," says Mr. Borissoff, "and to work with rapid, energetic strokes. There were moments

when my hands were frozen, and refused service, my brush splitting with the cold. Yet I continued, having the ardent desire to fix on the canvas all those fantastic phenomena of the Far North so full of fascinating charm."

The beauty of these phenomena which few have seen, the leaden stretches of frozen marshes, the black waters of the arctic sea, the prismatic hues of iridescent icebergs, the dazzling sunshine and transparent shadows of a land clarified by its rarefied atmosphere, are feelingly recorded by Mr. Borissoff in a series of sketches whose fidelity to nature is as self-evident as their beauty; and their truthfulness gives them a high topographical value to a wider public than the devotees of art. To these last Mr. Borissoff's exhibition, apart from its geographical importance, will have a special interest as a manifestation of the advantages of *plein-air* painting even when practised in extremely adverse circumstances. They will find in these sketches made on the spot charms which the larger pictures, subsequently painted at St. Petersburg, do not possess, charms arising not only from the greater spontaneity and freedom of the sketches, but from the frequent presence in them of a more subtle appreciation of values and of a finer quality of pigment. The very difficulty of mixing paints in this climate helped to preserve the purity of colour in the sketches, and may thus be held at least partially to account for their greater brilliancy and lustre. Obviously an emotional rather than an intellectual painter, Mr. Borissoff works best when he is forced to go by his instinct, when he has no time to remember the rules of the schools, but, relying solely on his eye and the power of his hand, dashes on to the canvas the leading motives and principal harmonies of a beautiful aspect. When in his studio, he endeavours to paint a more highly finished picture from one of these sketches his gift of viewing the arctic world steadily and as a whole seems to fail him; from being happily suggestive and poetic he tends to become statistical and prosaic, and such studio pictures as *A Cemetery* (103), lent by the Czar, and *The Dwelling-place of the Samoyede* (233), lent by Count de Witte, seem almost commonplace beside sketches like *The Coast* (215), with its just notation of vivid sunlight and transparent shadows, or *Ice-blocks floating in the Straits of Matochkin-Shar* (33), with its vibrating loveliness of refracted light and reflected colours. In these brighter, higher-keyed aspects of nature, Mr. Borissoff interprets the sharpness of hue produced by brilliant sunlight shining through dry, pure air without allowing his actual colour to become harsh or acrid, while in more sombre sketches like *Hunting Seals* (24), in which the deep purple-grey waters of the arctic ocean occur, he contrives to use tints warm in themselves to convey to the spectator the idea of great cold. It is this mastery of his medium to express what is intended in the simplest and most direct way which constitutes the great artistic interest of Mr. Borissoff's exhibition, and this mastery is found more often in the scores of unpretentious sketches on the walls than in the larger pictures which, whether seen by daylight or by an ingenious system of artificial illumination, are more calculated to appeal to the mere sight-seeing public.

MUSIC

PIANO RECITALS

It may be that the number of pianists who are now to be heard in London concert-rooms is not really greater than usual, but in the dearth of other musical events they have seemed in the last week or two remarkable. Mr. Leonard Borwick has broken silence with a series of recitals, the programmes of which are made up of the great things of piano literature, such as he has always kept steadily before himself and his audiences. In addition, some transcriptions of organ works by Bach give further interest, and,

being arranged by the player, naturally reflect Bach's spirit more truly than do many pianist's arrangements. Besides these we have had a striking series of recitals of works by one composer given by Mr. Gottfried Galston, which came to an end last week with one on the works of Brahms; and on Saturday Mr. Frederic Lamond gave another recital.

Mr. Galston's programme included Brahms's biggest two sets of variations; at the beginning those on a theme by Handel, op. 24, at the end both books of studies on a theme by Paganini. Between these two main pillars were placed the two rhapsodies of op. 79, Brahms's last work for piano op. 119 (four short pieces ending with the rhapsody in E flat), and some of the waltzes of op. 39. This made a representative programme, though it did not include a sonata. It excluded in fact the first phase of Brahms's piano compositions, but began at the point of his technical maturity. In the Handel variations Mr. Galston brought out with wonderful clearness the individuality of each one. The beauty of his playing lies chiefly in his use of middle qualities of piano tone. His *fortissimo* is often hard and unyielding, as was specially shown in the rhapsody in B minor, and his *pianissimo* is apt to be vague and characterless; it was so in the first intermezzo of op. 119. But in *mezzo-forte* and *mezzo-piano* passages he is rich in varieties of tone, and this stood him in good stead in both the sets of variations, but especially in the earlier one in which technical difficulties do not hold so important a place. The subtle intertwining of parts in number 2 of the set on Handel's theme, the grace of number 3, the pure melody in number 5, which develops into a two-part canon in the next, these with the many others which are expressive rather than ingenious, which involve command of tone rather than of acrobatic fingers, stood out in perfect shapeliness and beauty. The spirit of Paganini pervades the variations on his theme, and most of them demand accuracy and perfection of finger and wrist as a first qualification, rather than an intimate sense of beauty and power of expressing it. Sometimes Brahms cannot resist indulging in mystic effects of tone such as give point to numbers 11 and 12 of the first book, or breaking into lovely melody as in number 2 of the second book, but in the main the almost demoniacal cleverness of Paganini seems for the moment to have taken hold of him and we listen in wonder rather than delight.

It is always one of the difficulties of the pianist, as to some extent of the composer, to combine in a set of variations the two opposite principles of differentiation and continuity. Certain composers, for instance Schumann in his *Études Symphoniques* and Elgar in his "Enigma" variations, have aimed at independence in the several numbers as complete as a relationship to the parent theme will allow. Brahms, however, in many cases, and especially in the Handel variations, makes a definite point of connection between a variation and the one following it. Thus, as we saw, the melody of number 5 serves with alteration as a subject for canon in number 6; the rhythm set in number 7 continues with persistence through number 8, and many other less obvious cases could be pointed out. Variations so treated have something in common with the development which takes place in a sonata, where new aspects of the subject are arrived at by a gradual process of evolution, and are not merely placed side by side. This particular view of the Handel variations was more clearly demonstrated by Mr. Frederic Lamond, who also played them at his recital on Saturday. He has, of course, the advantage of Mr. Galston in age and experience; instead of inviting his audience to look closely at each beautiful feature as it appeared, he showed them a wide and far-reaching view. We were led from point to point, till, when the summit was reached in the splendid fugue which forms the climax, the whole view of the road we had traversed lay spread before us and its mighty plan was revealed. So played and so heard it is easy to see how the form of variations took the place of the piano sonata in Brahms's

late compositions. He welcomed it in spite of its obvious disadvantage of monotonous tonality, since its other disadvantage of thematic monotony was no disqualification to him. To so fertile a mind it required a work of the length of an average sonata to develop the possibilities of a single theme. In this his mind was more akin to Bach than to Beethoven, as one could not fail to note when these variations were placed between the chromatic fantasia and the Appassionata sonata, as they were on Saturday. All three were played with the same breadth of outlook which, combined with perfection of detail, makes complete understanding, and the variations sounded no less a work than its companions.

As a composer's exercise, or as a display of his ingenuity and of the performer's skill, the form of variations has always been approved; in modern times it has been found suitable as a means of giving a thin line of continuity to a number of short pieces of separate individuality. But as the foundation for a great work of art it has not generally been held in high esteem, and few composers have regarded it with the same seriousness as did Brahms. Its difficulties must always prevent it from being popular, but that it can be thus used Brahms showed so thoroughly that there must be a future for it in this capacity. It demands of composer and of performer alike the power of using both microscope and telescope, if one may be permitted the simile; that is of subjecting the theme to the closest analysis while also taking that far-seeing view which is demanded of the composer of a sonata or a symphony. Brahms had this power in a peculiar degree; as an interpreter Mr. Lamond has it to some extent, but to few is it given.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

DETAILS are now announced of "The Student's series of historical and comparative Grammars," edited by Mr. Joseph Wright, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. The object of this series is to furnish students interested in historical and comparative grammar with handy volumes on the subject. The general editor has already secured the co-operation of the leading philologists in England, Germany and America, and it is confidently expected that during the present year authors will have been secured for the whole series, consisting of about twenty-five volumes. Two volumes—one dealing with phonology, morphology and inflections, and the other with syntax—will be devoted to Latin, Greek, French, German, English and Welsh. One volume will be devoted to each of the following languages and periods of languages: Sanskrit, Old Irish, Breton, Old French and Provençal, Old and Middle High German, Gothic, Old Icelandic, Old Saxon, Old English, Middle English, Old Italian dialects, Old Greek dialects, and Modern English dialects. The series will be printed at the Oxford University Press, and published by Henry Frowde. Vol. i. of the historical German grammar will be published in April; and two or three other volumes of the series will be ready by the end of 1907.

"The Library of First Principles" is the title chosen by Mr. Francis Griffiths for a new series of half-crown handbooks. As the title implies, the scope of the series is wide, embracing such subjects as lie outside the usual education, and yet are of sufficient interest to the intelligent public to create a desire for accurate yet concise and simple information. Of this series the first volume has already appeared under the title of "The Elements of Greek Worship," by Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith. Other volumes which are shortly to follow are: "English Church Architecture," by Mr. G. A. T. Middleton, A.R.I.B.A., vice-president of the Society of Architects and author of many well-known architectural works; "English Church History," by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, B.A., author of "Faith and Freedom," and a volume on Greek Architecture by Mr. Kaines Smith. Volumes dealing with such widely diverse subjects as Precious Stones and Political Economy, International Law and Chamber Music are also foreshadowed.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an interesting book for Messrs. Jack entitled "Poet's Country." The contributors include Professor Churton Collins, Mr. W. J. Loftie, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, and others, and the book will deal with the various places in Britain associated with the poets, tracing their indebtedness

to nature and their own immediate environment. One feature of this book, which will be issued in May, will be its fine series of reproductions from coloured drawings by Mr. F. S. Walker.

Mr. Edward Arnold's announcements of books to be published in March include Sir Charles Eliot's "Letters from the Far East," and a fourth series of Sir Herbert Maxwell's charming "Memories of the Months." Towards the end of the month a work by the Rev. Arthur Galton, vicar of Edenham and chaplain to the Earl of Ancaster, entitled "Church and State in France, 1300-1907," will appear. The author was formerly a Roman Catholic.

Mr. William Heinemann announces the following books for early publication: this week "The Country House," by John Galsworthy, the author of "The Man of Property"; on March 12 a further two volumes—"Peer Gynt," and "The Enemy of the People" and "Wild Duck"—of the complete copyright edition of Ibsen's works; and on March 15 "Countryside Chronicles," by S. L. Bensusan, with illustrations by Carton Moore-Park, and a volume entitled "Real Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis.

On March 12 Messrs. Smith Elder will publish "Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa," by Maj.-Gen. R. S. Baden-Powell. This book, from the lively pen and pencil of one who had he not been a brilliant soldier would have been an equally brilliant artist, is an informal record, profusely illustrated from a fertile sketch-book, of his recent journey to Southern Central Africa with the Duke of Connaught.

Early this month the same publishers will have ready a new volume by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. "Beside Still Waters" is an imaginary portrait, and traces, with a slender thread of biography, the evolution of a mystical and poetical type of character. There is nothing dramatic in the story, and the interest is mainly psychological. The development of the hero's mind and character is shown in the religious and artistic regions as well as on the ethical side.

On March 8 Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish a new novel by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, entitled "Poison Island." It is a story of the year 1813 dealing with a hidden treasure. We need say no more.

Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan has written a book entitled "The Naples Riviera," which Messrs. Methuen will publish. The book describes in light vein the many places of beauty that lie upon the bays of Naples and Salerno, including the islands of Ischia and Capri. In the historical traditions—classical, mediæval, and modern—Mr. Vaughan has found many an interesting theme; nor are their literary associations neglected, for the names of Vittoria Colonna, the "Divine poetess of Ischia," of Torquato Tasso, and of Giovanni Boccaccio, that prince of story-tellers, appear in his pages. The folk-lore and superstitions of the peasants, the lives of the coral-fishers and macaroni makers, the dances, the luxuriant wild flowers, are among the varied matters of which Mr. Vaughan treats. The book will be profusely illustrated throughout by coloured reproductions of pictures by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"Stepping Westward," by "M. E. Francis," is a collection of short stories dealing with rustic life. The scene in some instances is laid in Dorset, and in others in a certain district of south-west Lancashire no less familiar to the author. "Westward" is a comprehensive term, and in this case affords scope for varying types, the characteristics of the Wessex peasant differing widely from those of his "horny-handed brother" dwelling north of the Dee. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

"The Truce in the East and its Aftermath," by Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, which Messrs. Macmillan announce for early publication, forms a sequel to his previous book on "The Reshaping of the Far East." The text is divided into three parts. The first section, in nine chapters, deals exhaustively with "Japan and the New Position"; five chapters are then devoted to a statement of the position of China; and the third part describes how the interests of the Great Powers have been affected by the result of the struggle between Russia and Japan.

Strange as it may appear, no thorough and exhaustive life of Captain Cook has appeared since 1836, although much new information concerning his life and adventures has come to light since then. The "Life and Adventures of Captain Cook, R.N.," by Arthur Kitson, which Mr. John Murray has in the press, is an attempt to fill this gap, and gives a full record of his life, and his active service in the war in Canada in 1759, and of his voyages round the world.

Mr. Francis Griffiths will issue in a few days a volume of theological essays on the Person of Christ as influencing the life of the present day, to which Professors Adeney, Peake,

Allan Menzies and several other writers have contributed. The volume will appear under the title "Lux Hominum."

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 5 a "Life of Lord Chesterfield": An Account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, by Mr. W. H. Craig. Much has been written of Lord Chesterfield's wit, *savoir faire*, his peculiar system of practical ethics, his sallies into the field of literature, his theory of the "Graces," and his various questionable proclivities; but little has been said about those rarer and higher qualities which distinguished him as a valuable public servant, whose ability, zeal, energy, political foresight, incorruptibility and dexterity have placed England under an obligation to him which she is somewhat liable to forget. With a view to bringing these last-mentioned qualities into prominence, Mr. Craig has avoided dwelling on that side of the earl's character which is more generally known, save where the necessity of preserving the continuity of narrative has obliged him to do so. The volume contains numerous illustrations, including a photogravure portrait.

"Penn's Country and other Buckinghamshire Sketches" is the title of a new book by Mr. E. S. Roscoe, announced to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work is accompanied by an itinerary, some interesting biographical notes and a full index. It will contain many illustrations of the locality, including photographs of buildings, a facsimile of Gray's manuscript of the "Elegy," and some portraits hitherto unpublished of celebrities of the district.

Yet another anthology! Mr. Edward Thomas has prepared for Mrs. Grant Richards an anthology of songs and ballads which will be issued shortly under the title of "The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air." The book is on entirely new lines; not only is it intended to serve as a country wayfarer's book, but in many cases the airs are given as well as the words. There will be love songs, drinking songs, marching songs, hunting songs, folk songs—for the greater part old songs to traditional airs.

Mr. Unwin will publish on March 4 Mr. Douglas Ford's book on "Admiral Vernon and his Times." The memoir of Admiral Vernon (the "Old Grog" of the days of George II.) will fill a gap in the biographies of naval celebrities. Vernon was a fighting man, both at sea and in Parliament, and the story of his career, in the light of great national events, should prove extremely interesting. The memoir is in the nature of a vindication, with sidelights on the Parliamentary intrigues of Sir Robert Walpole and others (in relation mainly to the Navy under the first two Georges). The author has had access to valuable family and official records, and the book is abundantly illustrated. Vernon, it will be remembered, earned his nickname by courageously abolishing the pernicious naval custom of drinking raw spirits.

Mrs. Grant Richards has ready for immediate publication, under the title of "Seeing and Hearing," a new volume of essays by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, author of "Collections and Recollections," "Social Silhouettes," etc.

Messrs. Bell will publish shortly a revised translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History. It is based on the well-known version of Dr. Giles, but it has been submitted to a thorough revision by Miss A. M. Sellar, who has also added a considerable number of explanatory notes.

"An American Girl in India" is the title of a book by Shelland Bradley, author of "The Doings of Berengaria," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell. It gives a humorous picture of Anglo-Indian life, and describes the brilliant pageant of Lord Curzon's great Durbar from an American point of view.

Mr. John Long will publish shortly a novel entitled "The Sweets of Office," by Violet Tweedale. It is, the publisher informs us, "a merciless exposure of political insincerity." O Tempora! O Mores!

Messrs. Ward, Lock announce for early publication a new novel by the late Archibald C. Gunter, entitled "'Twixt Sword and Glove," a story of France in the seventeenth century.

As a companion series to their "Panel-Books" Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd., have in preparation for publication this month a series devoted to standard fiction, which is to be known as the "Novel-Books." The first twelve "Novel-Books" will include "Wuthering Heights," "The Black Tulip," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Salammbô," "Christie Johnstone," "Oliver Twist," "Sapho," "A Sentimental Journey," "Silas Marner," "Tales from the Decameron," and "Cranford." The price of each volume is to be half a crown net.

CORRESPONDENCE

HENRY FIELDING'S LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will allow me space to thank Mr. Austin Dobson for his courteous correction. Although familiar with some of his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," I have not come across the one in which he has recorded his valuable discovery about Fielding's books. I shall certainly make acquaintance with it on the first opportunity.

Travelling, lately, through Fielding's works, I thought it might be of interest to form from his own lips (as it were) an idea of the extent of his reading. For a man whose classical training appears to have ended when he left school, his erudition is remarkable. This fact and the (to me) new one furnished by Mr. Dobson may incline us to suspect that the traditional estimate of his character is vitiated by exaggeration.

It would be interesting to know where "the little parlour" was. Tradition says "Tom Jones" was written at Twerton, near Bath. Perhaps here also Mr. Dobson may be able to give us something more satisfying than tradition?

H. C. M.

February 23.

A FIELDING BIBLIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following additions to the Fielding Bibliography, which appeared in your issue for February 6, may perhaps be welcome to the readers of the ACADEMY.

The translation of "Tom Jones" into Dutch, mentioned there, is the one by M. P. Lindo, published in 1862. But I find amongst my books the second edition, dated 1768, of a Dutch translation by P. le Clercq, a distinguished scholar in his time, who did much towards making his countrymen acquainted with eighteenth-century English literature. Neither is reference made to an English edition of "Tom Jones" in three volumes, which I have in my possession. This edition was printed in Edinburgh by Martin and Wotherspoon, 1767. I am sure that the list of translations given in the Bibliography is capable of being enlarged. In Holland at least Fielding was far better known in the eighteenth century than he would appear to have been from the list. I have a Dutch translation of "Amelia" by Verwer, printed in 1758, and in Fred. Muller's valuable catalogue of Dutch popular prose writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century I find mentioned one of "Joseph Andrews," printed in 1776. In my collection I have also copies of French translations of "Jos. Andrews" and "Jon. Wild," both published in Geneva in 1781 by Nouffer de Rodon et Compagnie. Both books are included in a "Bibliothèque des Romans Anglois," for the translation of which the Swiss publishers secured the help of an English lady, who in a "Lettre d'une Dame, Angloise à madame —, épouse de M —, maître des Comptes de Montpellier," prefixed to "Joseph Andrews," claims to have written the translation and also gives some explanations of English customs and peculiarities of the period, described by Fielding, for the better information of the French reader.

Her assistance, however, was apparently dispensed with in the following year, for the publishers then produced "La Vie de David Simple" and in 1783 "Aventures de Roderik Random," both of which were introduced to the French public as "Oeuvres de M. Fielding."

A. J. BARNOUW.

The Hague.

CHÂTEAUBRIAND IN SUFFOLK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To aid the research of Mr. Dick, who—ACADEMY No. 1816, page 100—asked for information herein, I may say that Wharton's "English Poetry," London. 1840 (vol. i. page clii. Dissert. iii.) says: "Monfaucon, among the manuscripts of M. Lancelot, recites an old piece, written about the year 1500, 'La vie et fais de Marc Antoine le triumvir et de sa mie Cléopatra, translaté de l'historien Plutarque pour très illustre haute et puissante dame Madame Françoise de Fouez, Dame de Châteaubriand.' I know not whether this piece was ever printed."

Wharton proceeds to say that perhaps Shakespeare had this work among his materials for "Antony and Cleopatra," lately discussed in your columns.

H. H. JOHNSON

February 23.

GRAMMATICAL PUZZLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been much interested from time to time in your correspondence on different points of grammar, etc. I have been hoping to see some remark on sentences such as "I want it cooking" where I naturally would use "cooked"—or again "I want this boy's hair cutting—it is much too long." Sentences such as "Your hair wants cutting" are perfectly familiar to me, but I should not know how to parse the form in "ing" in the first series. I have heard it used by so many people, and if it is correct, I should be glad if one of your readers could explain it to me.

I should also like to know if there is any justification for the use of "get" in sentences like "I wanted to go to town to-day but I could not 'get'!"

PUZZLED.

February 25.

"ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA AND HER TIMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You do not seem quite to have understood my letter of February 13. I will, therefore, try to make my point a little plainer.

The author of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times" placed a certain passage, on page 34, between inverted commas. By doing so she acknowledged that the passage was a quotation.

But your critic, having selected this passage, presents it *without its quotation marks*, and, in that imperfect condition, uses it to substantiate the charge of plagiarism which he brings against the author. He must have known that in the book the marks of quotation were there.

To say, as you do, that the printing of the passage "in small type" rendered the author's inverted commas "superfluous," is, I think, to speak beside the mark. The passage being printed in small type, in the ACADEMY critique, merely meant that the words were not the *ipsissima verba* of the critic, but an extract from the book he was reviewing. But the extract, as it stands, is, I maintain, misleading; for the absence of the inverted commas conveys the impression that the author of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times" wished to pass off this particular paragraph as her own; whereas a glance at page 34 of her book will show that she had no such intention. It would have been more chivalrous on the critic's part had he admitted as much.

C. E. HUTCHINSON.

February 23.

[The inverted commas omitted by our reviewer form no acknowledgment that the passage was a quotation from another writer; they show only that the author is quoting the words of an old Italian who is speaking. Mr. Heywood also uses them. Their inclusion or omission does not in any way affect our criticism.—ED.]

THE ATTIC CANON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of February 2, Mr. T. Nicklin speaks of those "degenerate pedants who do not recognise that a general use stamps a phrase as Attic, however the grammarian may explain the facts." Among such phrases he instances "like" used for "as"—the split infinitive—and "very pleased." He might have added, as in equally general use, the idioms "those sort of things," "a great lot," "without" used for "unless," and the sloppy feminine abuse of such adjectives as "awful," "funny" and "nice."

Must we not discriminate—both as to the colloquialisms we are to admit as Attic, and as to the class of persons who are to establish this "general use"? Mr. Nicklin, having quoted the late Queen, suggests the ladies as our models. Shall we not find, if we look into the matter, that it is the Gamps, and Malaprops of this life, that originate these solecisms, slur over distinctions, misuse epithets, and so tend to level down the standard of English? Preciosity may be overdone perhaps by some "degenerate pedants," but are the "bas peuple" to be our leaders? We have no "Académie" to control our diction with authority, but we have the ACADEMY, which will surely, in Pater's words, "with all the jealousy of a lover of words, resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language."

GERALD M. TAYLOR.

February 20.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I am glad to see that there are other people besides myself who will not accept the dictum that the split infinitive must not be used. It has always seemed strange to me that when we borrowed so much from the classics to the general enrichment of our language, this particular usage should be barred. We study Demosthenes for polished oratory, and yet are not to imitate him in one of his most powerful and pregnant turns of speech. The "last word" is never said on any subject, and I do not think the split infinitive is as dead as some people would like to see it simply because they have committed themselves to signing its death warrant.

π.

THE "SEX" NOVEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While mildly agreeing with W. B. T., in his protest against novels of the sex problem order I do not see why he should be afraid to give a present of "A Cornish Idyll" to his young friend, who I presume from the tenor of his letter is a maid outside a convent. Now, for his edification and instruction the following experience I relate with unbecoming sincerity. The other week a lady friend—aged twenty-one—asked me if I had read "The Story of a Heart." "By Richard Jefferies?" I queried instantly with my back quivering erect and my eyes staring into her own violet blue depths. "No, surely!" I asked of myself, can she have read "The Story of my Heart"? She had not. And she gave me the book. As in W. B. T.'s case the title was lamentably misleading. It was a book on the sex question. And she asked me how I liked it. My criticism elicited the fact that she loved books dealing with passion, and she was eager to know other authors who wrote about these things. She is now devouring George Moore, Hardy, Balzac, etc. etc., with an incommensurable "lending-library" swiftness and a glad joy that will receive its *hors de combat* in a gluttonous attack on Rabelais—if I have my way. And thereafter, if I still have my way, either the "Life of Madame Guyon" or the "Confessions of Rousseau" will make fastidious her animal tastes in human nature literature. Human nature I believe is the only subject worthy close scrutiny by our novelists.

With numerous call our novelists wail
The sins over-tall, the passions of hell,
That men at the Fall—wholesale and retail—
Permitted to crawl ahint on the trail.

They paint as they preach in bloodiest paint
Desires that screech, which makes the soul faint:
Though suckling the leech we make the complaint
That novelists breach the shell of the saint.

In any case it is the spirit of the age—Passion, Soul,
Psychology, and piteous Ice.

ROBERT MACGREGOR.

February 24.

THE TRIUMPH OF MAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Instead of the heading: "Some Protests and an Appreciation" your reviewer "A.D." in yesterday's ACADEMY might have headed his reviews with the more accurate and sensational legend:

"Poets butchered to afford a Reviewer's holiday!"

Seriously, I submit that the methods used by your reviewer "A. D." are unworthy of a high-class literary journal. He designates my "Triumph of Man" as "the noisiest poem for its size" that he has "ever read," and proceeds to complain of the "amount" of "crashing and riving and roaring and groaning and bursting and thundering" which it contains, and then, to demonstrate the justice of his complaint he quotes, *quite inaptly*, nineteen lines from a speech of the Volcanoes! Now, as a matter of fact, the word "rive" or "riving" is not once used throughout the whole of my poem; and it may be an interesting revelation to your reviewer to be informed that the "noisy" and very expressive words to which he takes exception are peculiarly appropriate when applied to the action of volcanoes!

If, as I suspect, your reviewer disagrees with my theological or socialistic teachings why did he not say so in a straightforward manner, instead of unjustly exhibiting his own smartness at my expense and damning my book with very faint and ironical praise?

In justice to myself I trust that you will kindly publish this letter.

PERCY SCHOFIELD.

February 24.

[The description of the poem as a noisy one was solely in reference to its literary quality.—A.D.]

"ESPERANTO" OR "UNIVERSAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That well-advertised international language, Esperanto, has now had a good chance to prove its merits, but has not succeeded in convincing the world that it possesses all those qualities which are indispensable before it can be accepted as the best possible solution of the problem.

In some respects it is undeniably admirable. Its grammatical structure is as simple as can well be conceived, and its excellent system of terminations and inflections is certainly a marvel of ingenuity on the part of its creator, Dr. Zamenhof.

Nevertheless it is not what one instinctively feels to be the ideal. It is repulsive in appearance; its rules, though simple, have all to be learned by heart before one can even make a beginning; and, above all, the words are taken from such a variety of sources that it is quite impossible to construct a sentence without reference to the dictionary, and difficult to translate one. Moreover, these words have been chosen arbitrarily by the author, who, however, will not tolerate any alteration, but declares that they must be taken just as they are. He has also gone out of his way quite needlessly to introduce a number of new characters, necessitating heavy initial expense before the language can be printed.

Some better solution of the problem must therefore be, and indeed has been found, and that simply by the exercise of a little common sense. It must not be forgotten that Latin was a generally recognised international language, as it still is within the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. And it would again be adopted by acclamation but for the one drawback which has already brought about its discontinuance. This is its extreme difficulty, necessitating several years' hard study before it can be spoken fluently.

If, however, Latin could be relieved of its complicated grammar, its vocabulary simplified, its anomalies abolished, and such new words added from its daughter tongues, the Romance languages, as time and experience have proved to be necessary or expedient, we should have at once that very ideal language which all of us increasingly feel the need of.

Many linguists have been working towards realising the ideal of a Neo-Latin, but the most perfect solution seems to have been set forth by Dr. Molenaar of Munich, who has published a grammar and dictionary of his proposed language "Universal," at the price of 1s. post free. His scheme is, however, only tentative, and, unlike Dr. Zamenhof, he welcomes suggestions towards its improvement.

The main advantage of Universal is that it can be read easily at first sight by any one who knows Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese or French, and by any intelligent man who can only speak English. Indeed there are thirty thousand words which are common to all western languages, and it is only necessary to put these into a uniform Neo-Latin orthography to have half our new language constructed at once.

To give an idea of the language I will write the rest of this letter in that idiom: "Universal es el plus facil e el plus simpl mund-ling; es komprensibl sin stud a tut eduket European o Amerikan; hav el plus simpl e regular gramatik imaginabl; hav un vokabular pro el plus grand part komun a tut lingi oriental; es non min facile parlet ke skribet; es aprendet in pank hori; es plus brev ke ul lingi vivent o mort; es equale bon a fini szientifik, literar, e komercial.

EVACUSTUS A. PHIPSON.

DR. SCHORSTEIN AND MEDICAL EDUCATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We shall be grateful if you will spare us space to advocate simultaneously the claims of Medical Education at the London Hospital Medical College and a memorial to one of the most prominent Physicians at that College,

The colleagues and friends of the late Dr. Schorstein are anxious to perpetuate his memory by the endowment of an advanced course of lectures in Clinical Medicine which, it has long been recognised, is one of the greatest needs of the greatest needs of the Medical School. It is not intended to create by this a course to form part of the ordinary school curriculum, but rather something on the lines of the endowed lectureships at the Royal College of Physicians, such as the Goulstonian.

It is proposed that a course or courses of three or four lectures be given by a Physician to be elected by the governing body of the School. The number of lectures and the remuneration will be determined by the amount of the money raised, but we wish to make clear (1) that the election to the lectureship will be regarded as a professional distinction, (2) that due notice will be given so as to afford the lecturer ample time to prepare a discourse worthy of the subject and of the man in whose memory it is given.

Subscriptions, large or small, may be sent to the Hon. Secretaries of the Fund: Dr. Cholmeley, 11 Portland Place W.; Dr. Cecil Wall, 6 Cavendish Place, W.; or to the Manager, Barclay's Bank, 27 Cavendish Square W. They will be acknowledged on a numbered receipt form, but no list of either donors or amounts will be published as this, it is felt, would have been in accordance with Dr. Schorstein's wish.

Dr. Cecil Wall will be pleased to supply further details of the scheme on application.

SAMUEL MONTAGU STEPHEN MACKENZIE
LEWIS McIVER WILLIAM OSLER
C. H. DORRING PERCY KIDD.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

- Sir Edward Burne-Jones*. Second series. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. Pp. 48. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.
[In the "Art Library."]
Gillat, Louis. *Raphael*. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. 188. Paris: Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne, 3f.50.
["Les Maitres de l'Art."]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Clark, Henry Martyn. *Robert Clark of the Punjab*. Pioneer and Missionary Statesman. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 364. Melrose, 7s. 6d. net.
Women of the Second Empire. Chronicles of the Court of Napoleon III., Compiled from Unpublished Documents by Frédéric Loliée. Translated by Alice M. Irving, with an Introduction by Richard Whiteing. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 371. Lane, 21s. net.
[Fifty-one portraits—three in photogravure.]

CLASSICS

- Pervigilium Veneris*. Latine Incerti Auctoris. Graece Hugonis H. Johnson. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Oxonii: Blackwell, n.p.
[Paper covers.]

FICTION

- London, Jack. *White Fang*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 310. Methuen, 6s.
Magnay, Sir William. *The Amazing Duke*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 311. Unwin, 6s.
Jennings, E. W. *Under the Pompadour*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 328. Unwin, 6s.
Colton, Arthur. *The Belled Seas*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 312. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.
A Suffragette's Love-Letters. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 159. Chatto & Windus, 1s. net.
Tales for the Homes. By Various Authors. With 3 portraits. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 328. Chatto & Windus, 5s. net.
Urquhart, M. *The Wheel*. A Book of Beginnings. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 310. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Burgess, W. V. *Cheshire Village Stories*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 244. Sherratt & Hughes, 3s. 6d. net.
[Twelve short stories.]
Galsworthy, John. *The Country House*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 296. Heinemann, 6s.
Crosbie, Mary. *Disciples*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 319. Methuen, 6s.
Francis, M. E. *Stepping Westward*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 297. Methuen, 6s.
[Fourteen short stories.]
Griffiths, Major Arthur. *Agony Terrace*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 310. White, 6s.
Hume, Fergus. *The Yellow Hunchback*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 312. White, 6s.
Barrett, Frank. *The Obliging Husband*. From the Narration of Robin Fairfellow. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 354. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE

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Melton, Wightman Fletcher. *The Rhetoric of John Donne's Verse*. 9×6 . Pp. 209. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co., n.p.
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[The Leslie Stephen Lecture, delivered in the Senate House Cambridge, February 22, 1907.]

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THE LITERARY WEEK

Now that the ex-Viceroy of India is a candidate for the Chancellorship of Oxford University it is interesting to recall his own undergraduate days when, among other things, he was a poet. Most men write poetry at a University. They cannot help themselves, for who is there who would not be inspired by the sight of venerable buildings with ancient traditions of the very best? Veritable monuments to literature! Lord Curzon contributed three poems to a slender publication, entitled, "Waifs and Strays: A Terminal Magazine of Oxford Poetry. Vol. i. 1879-80." Two of the poems are just what any young man of twenty would be expected to write, but in "Clairvoyance" a good idea is well expressed.

A few verses may be quoted without doing any damage to Lord Curzon's chances in the forthcoming election.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Autumn sun was dying,
Glowed with its light the scene,
The crimson sky, and the sable earth.
And the flood of gold between.

But she thought not of the sunset,
To its pomp her eyes were dim—
His country's call had drawn his sword:
She thought alone of him.

In the distant Asian passes
The banner of England blew,
Beneath its folds she saw him fight:
Fighting he saw her too.

The golden flood was darkened,
A shadow before her came:
Within the room the warrior stood,
Outside the great red flame.

A cry broke on the stillness:
"Great God!"—she reeled and fell—
And the sun dropped down, and the sky grew black
With the gloom of a death-like spell.

In the distant Asian passes
A pale corpse faced the sky.
One life the less, one death the more—
Strange spirit-tragedy!

It is, indeed, strange how fate changes, or should we say disguises, the temperament of a man. In this old volume of Oxford poetry may be found several poems by the late Sir Clinton Dawkins, who earned fame as the financial adviser to the Egyptian Government and later as the English representative of Mr. John Pierpont Morgan. All his contributions are avowedly sentimental,

notably the best, which bears the inscription: In Memory of Hermann Schultz, died at Palermo, 1875, aged 23. His Great aim was to interpret the Divina Commedia into music. Death took him when he had just finished the "Inferno." The most industrious of these young poets was "R. R." (Rendell Rodd), while M. K. Macmillan and Herbert Bentley Freeman also figure prominently in the book. "G. L. G.," "B. H.," and "W." disguise the personalities of Lord Curzon's contemporaries. Perhaps old Oxford men will recognise them.

The Net Book Conference held under the auspices of the Library Association recently took place at Hanover Square. The Library Association wished to remain on good terms with the publishers, booksellers, and authors. Special interest attaches to the report of the annual meeting of the American Publishers' Association, particularly to clause four, which allows the booksellers in the United States to give a discount on net books to public libraries in that country. Mr. Tedder, Athenæum, was in the chair. The problem is to lay out the money entrusted to public library authorities in the best possible way. The books purchased by public libraries are those which the users of these institutions would not buy for themselves. There is no comparison between the buyers of single books and public libraries, who buy several copies, according to Mr. Topley, Croydon.

There is no other trade in which large purchasers do not receive favourable consideration. Last year the Manchester Public Libraries spent over three thousand pounds in books. There were no bad debts to be risked and every facility was given to the booksellers. The libraries and the Association sustain and promote the production of the better class of books, and the purchases of the more than six hundred public libraries of the country go a long way to covering the initial cost. In the circumstances, publishers should receive a deputation, argues Mr. Abbott, Manchester. Cardiff has determined to do something to co-operate with other libraries to get fair treatment. It is a mistake to attack the public library on the ground that it has no "right." Professor Jevons described it as a great co-operative effort on the part of the community. And there are more books bought by private purchasers through the influence of the public library than from any other source, says Mr. Ballinger, Cardiff.

Since the net book system was introduced, the discount on other books to public libraries had increased to 40 per cent. There may be certain districts in which the establishment of a public library stimulates the sale of books, but there are others in which it breaks down the book trade. If there is no exception made in the sale of net books no one can object, according to Mr. Kea, President of the Associated Booksellers. Libraries have a certain sum of money, and cannot spend more than that amount. Therefore the publishers do not suffer, and the booksellers do not gain, says Mr. Plummer, Manchester.

The Publishers' Association has appointed a sub-committee to consider the question. And the Library Association Committee was considerably increased, with the object of giving effect to the following resolutions which were passed with only seven dissentients: (1) that this conference, representing various public and other non-commercial libraries of the country is of opinion that the present system of net book supply presses unfairly upon these institutions which exist for the public benefit, and urges upon the Publishers' Association the desirability of allowing special terms to this class of buyer: (2) That a committee of this conference be appointed to bring the foregoing resolution before the Publishers' Association: (3) That in the event of the

reply of the Publishers' Association being unsatisfactory the Committee is instructed to prepare and submit some scheme of co-operation amongst Public Libraries.

A number of interesting additions to the Tate Gallery have been grouped together in Room X., where the late C. W. Furse's unfinished equestrian portrait of Lord Roberts has also recently been hung. The Keeper and Trustees have to be congratulated on their purchase of *The Music Lesson*, a beautiful example of the gifted but neglected Frank Potter (1845-87); and also on their acceptance of a septette of water-colours by the late H. B. Brabazon, which illustrate the development of that master's art from the careful and precise drawing of the early *Tivoli*, through his De Wint period, to his final magic of suggestive colour-touches as *The Pink Palace*. Mr. Will Rothenstein's impressive *Jews Mourning in the Synagogue*, a portrait study by Professor Legros, and an oil painting of *The Thames from a Wharf near Waterloo Bridge*, are other recent acquisitions of importance.

Some very fine books will fall to the hammer on Friday, March 15, and following day at Messrs. Sotheby's. The books which are the properties of several persons include illuminated and other manuscripts, autograph letters, First Editions, Books of Hours (illuminated of course), productions of the Early English Press, many publications of the Kelmscott, Dover and Caradoc Presses and autograph manuscripts of Robert Burns.

One of the Burns manuscripts is that of "Scots wha hae" and it is accompanied by a letter from the poet asking help in securing a post in the District of Galloway. Other poems and a letter sent to Alex. Frazer-Tyler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee are amongst those for sale and comprise the lines on Capt. Grose and "The Humble Petition of Bonar Water to the Duke of Athole."

Among the Lamb rarities are First Editions of the *Adventures of Ulysses*, the *Tales from Shakespeare*, *Satan in Search of a Wife*, and *John Woodvil*. There is a First Edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a Second and Fourth Folio *Shakespeare*, and First Editions of a score of Shelley's works including that exceedingly rare one of *Queen Mab* (1812) complete with the title and dedication to Harriet . . .

An unusual feature of the sale is a large collection of newspapers published during the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth. All of these are very rare and some are very curious; for instance, "The Scottish Dove, sent out and returning, bringing Intelligence from their Army," etc., 1643-4, and "The Weekly Discovery of the Mystery of Iniquity in the Rise of the Rebellion of 1641."

An important item will be the sale of an unusually large collection of the very rare placards issued by the Convention Nationale during 1792-3-4-5. Five collections of these bulletins only are known to exist, and this is the largest collection ever offered for sale. The number of placards is one thousand four hundred and sixty-two.

A notable gathering of things rare and curious in the sale is an extensive collection of portraits, views and cuttings relating to Marylebone Gardens, 1659 to 1778, another extra-illustrated book on Vauxhall Gardens and an enormously extended copy of Henry Morley's *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, containing portraits and views galore. Martin Frobisher's "True Reports of his Voyages into the West and North-West Regions, etc.," are sure to excite great interest and bring high prices, as they seldom occur for sale.

An Italian correspondent writes to us as follows: The impression created by Carducci's death throughout Italy is very great, and the depth of feeling evoked very genuine. He had, it is true, ceased for over two years to write or take any part in public matters, but the fact that the great poet was still in their midst was a pride and a satisfaction to the citizens of Bologna. The anecdotes now appearing about him are many, and of many sorts. Most of them relate to his pupils, though some too of his private life are characteristic and peculiar. Among them is the following: His wife was one day receiving a visitor in the room next to the room in which Carducci sat writing. The ladies talked below their breath so as in no wise to disturb the poet. After a short while the door was opened and a boot was hurled into the room. The anxious wife seized the boot to see if the missile was sent as a hint, or really stood in need of some repair or some other attention. There was no boot-lace, that was all! And she understood that her husband thinking that she was alone had laid his wants before her in this unceremonious way. That Giosuè Carducci did not enrich himself by his writings is very evident from the statements which his publisher, Signor Sannicelli of Bologna has published, showing that during a period of well-nigh forty years he only received the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand francs, or in English money four thousand eight hundred pounds. When we reflect that that included the works which made Carducci's fame during his lifetime and will make his name immortal after death, we cannot say that the profession of letters—in Italy at all events—is an overpaid one.

Japanese art and religion occupy Comte d'Alviella, who attended the fourth centenary of Aberdeen University last year, and R. Petrucci, both of Brussels. Shin-tō, as against Buddhism, is due to superposed layers, Aino, Chinese and Buddhist. Surpassing Naturism, it is less idolatrous than fetishist (with the *mitama*, or "spirit" of the gods of heaven). The vacuum of this open-air creed was filled, morally and metaphysically, by devotion to Amida-Buddha, a pale reflex of the proscribed, but woman-affected, "True Sect," the soul of religious Japan, especially at Kioto. We Occidentals, knowing little of calligraphy, can hardly understand "the first" "word" of Japano-Chinese painting. In its mural form, this dates from the tenth century B.C. Strikingly different to the Western is the Eastern accentuation of secondary elements, e.g., in face-portrayal and in mystic serenity of expression.

Swinburne's four Bruno sonnets, printed in the *Bibelot*, Portland, Maine, with a re-impression of Walter Pater's "Giordano," are seasonable, now that the anti-clerical Giordano Bruno demonstration has missed fire so markedly. The second centenary of Carlo Goldoni, on the other hand, was enthusiastically celebrated. First fired by Machiavelli's *Mandragora*, Goldoni took his special province to be "i gelosi, i golosi, i prodighi, gli avari, i pigri, gli spavaldi, i ciarlioni, i bugiardi, i vanesi, le mille faccie degli umani peccati."

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for March there are some quizzical verses on the bicycle by "F. S." From the following lines we should judge that his touring has been taken in the direction of many literary shrines.

We've tried East Anglian drift-roads, explored the Pilgrim's Way,
Crossed tidal sands at Holy Isle, and stuck in Oxford clay;
We've learnt the depth of Devon lanes, the height of Yorkshire dales,
And traced the chain of castled towns, the border-line of Wales.

Tolstoi's minimising of Shakespeare, εἰ ποτ' ἐνν' γέ, is only a recrudescence, after all. The *British Magazine* of 1761-1763 dubs Hamlet's soliloquy *aegri somnia*. The writer has not apparently heard of the reading "pitch," for "pith," nor suspected "a sea of troubles," which may,

or may not, be a *say* (a *saie*, *assey*, *asseye*) and mean the "assay" of ii. ii. 71. Over a hundred years ago (1805), Seymour called the whole play "clouded by impurities," "... and the principal . . . person of the story, in morals, action and behaviour" . . . "irregular and censurable." He finds in "Hamlet" much *contaminatis*. Lamartine wrote against Shakespeare, but his English wife would not let him publish.

The loves of men of letters occupy M. Emile Faquet, of the French Academy: Chateaubriand and the *occitanisme*, Lamartine and Elvire, Guizot and Madame Zéven, Sainte-Beuve and Madame Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and George Sand, "que l'on appelle *les Amants de Venise* parce qu'ils ont été amants un peu partout, excepté à Venise." Even Voltaire and Pimpette are not forgotten.

Byron has been marked by the Germans for their own: "his connection with Heine," "his influence on young Heine," "J. H. Frere's influence on Lord Byron" are a few of the latest works published in Berlin, Berne, Vienna and Leipzig on George Gordon. The French are entering the lists against Mr. Churton Collins's "Robert Greene." The Birmingham editor is found to be inconsistent, and to have treated foreign research in cavalierly British fashion.

"George Brummell et George IV.," par Roger Boutet de Mouvel, is a companion volume to Sir E. Sullivan's life of the Irish beau. Here we have all the staging, the "monocle impitoyable," the "faiseur," the "anglomane élégant." Barbez d'Aureville foisted dandyism into literature, but it is lost to Paris for the moment: "s'il reste encore des dandys, ils sont à Montmartre, dans les brasseries." Fine clothes and insolence, favour in the eyes of the then Prince of Wales, and grotesqueness, made George Bryan Brummell the idol of British society, "que était et est encore la société la plus snob du monde." So M. Marcel Boulenger. He adds: "Chateaubriand connut à Londres ces goudjats du bel air." Among them was the Comte d'Orsay (his waistcoat, admired by Lady Blessington, is now in the market!), Lord Seymour (*milord Arsouille*) was another, who taught them also the use of the club, of racing, of grooms, and of English tailors. Barbez's book appeared in 1845, with its "*juria* toute française." B. d'Aureville was at once clerical and anti-clerical. Later come Baudelaire, Parnassiens, décadents, possibly, even, Paul Bourget and Maurice Barrès. The author of "Salomé," *recherché somptueux et raffiné*, . . . *cet esthéticien fashionable* was another, and the Prince of Sagan. But these were already far away from the Brummell ideal, and on the boulevard, as elsewhere, in life and in letters, the Dandies are no more.

Messrs. Alston Rivers in their foreword to "the contemporary poets" series which they are bringing out express the opinion of the editor and publishers of this series "that while to-day there exists a large body of excellent poets and a fairly considerable body of intelligent readers of poetry, there has not of late years been any serious attempt to bring the one into contact with the other." This is surely a rather surprising theory, in view of the enormous mass of verse chiefly bad or indifferent, which is poured out year after year. The publication of a volume of verse and the offering of it for sale seem to us to constitute the only legitimate means of endeavouring to "bring it into contact with" "the fairly considerable body of intelligent readers" that Messrs. Alston Rivers refer to. Any more strenuous or serious efforts to bring about the desired contact would undoubtedly add a new terror to life. The first volume of the series is a collection of sonnets by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, concerning which one can only reflect sadly, that Nature is not wont to make her poets two at a time.

THE WHITE PAVILIONS

With snow-white blossoms starred,

With a snow-white cloud above,

The White Pavilions guard

Souls pure as the woodland dove.

All day in the face of Death

On the still wind's whispering breath

The silver bugles of Faith

Sound, and the trumpets of Love.

Angel and angel wait,

With trembling white wings stirred,

To speed from the silver gate

At their lightest sign or word.

They are neither checked nor chidden,

No joy from their eyes is hidden,

No gift to their hands forbidden,

No wish of their hearts unheard.

These are the women who stayed

Pure in a world of mire,

Wife and mother and maid

Filling their God's desire;

Whose faith to the weaker and sadder

Made all life brighter and gladder,

Till hope was a rose-hung ladder

And love was a golden lyre.

These are the women who held

White hands to us through the mist

When we railed at Fate and rebelled,

Or, tempted, failed to resist;

And these when life's sad ships started

Gave faith to the lovers parted

And hope to the broken-hearted,

With their own brave lips un-kissed.

And, taking their youth and beauty,

They laid them, untouched of shame,

On the lighted altar of Duty

That burns with a changeless flame,

And leaned from their own white places

With cheer for the pale young faces

Where Sin has furrowed her traces

And Sorrow has carved her name.

To these has the great God given

In the White Pavilions a throne

And the love of the hosts of Heaven,

For sake of an earth-love shown

To the fainting hearts they nourished

And the broken faiths they cherished

When all hopes human had perished

And all faiths mortal had flown.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

LITERATURE

THE SHIRBURN BALLADS

The Shirburn Ballads. Edited from the Manuscript by ANDREW CLARK. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

"I LOVE a ballad but even too well" if it be a traditional folk-song made for the people by the people in old times, but it must be confessed that I dislike ballads made for the people by the hangers-on of the cheap press in the days of "Eliza and our James." The Roxburghe ballads are entirely of this doggerel sort, and in "The Roxburghe Ballads" are published versions of many, if not most, of the dismal ditties edited by Mr. Clark from the Shirburn manuscript. The ditties are dismal, dull, long-winded, drawing sets of rhyme, often of a snuffling morality. The interest which they possess is in antiquarian touches of old manners and customs, or is so far historical as to indicate the mood in which the ballad-making drudge expected the populace to take some recent event. But this kind of ballad is nothing less than poetical. We need but look down the list of titles of a collection of ballads like Child's or "The Border Minstrelsy" to be reminded of poetry which can never wax old, as in "The Three Ravens," "The Lyke Wake Dirge," "The Queen of Elfan's Nourice," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Clerk Saunders," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "Kinmont Willie," and dozens of other old favourites. The Shirburn ballads have none of these merits; we must take them mainly as historical evidence of the taste of the populace at the end of the sixteenth century. Can the purchasers of these ballads have appreciated the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists? To "the groundlings" did Shakespeare, Marlowe and the rest offer the noblest poetry, and the wonder is that the groundlings would decline on the dull whining ballads.

The ballads admirably and even enthusiastically edited by Mr. Clark are all from a manuscript in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield, at Shirburn Castle. Many pieces, Mr. Shirburn thinks, were written by one hand in 1600-1603. These are of the lighter sort, as far as lightness can be predicated of any of the collection. Even when the metre is not without the Elizabethan quality the ballads are remorselessly long; "Phillida flouts me" endlessly. "The coarser pieces" are not gay, and, considering the times, not marvellously coarse. Apparently the transcriber, as he entered the vale of years, devoted himself to copying out lugubriously moral and religious ballads, such as a Puritan may, or may not, have deemed edifying. Why the transcriber transcribed is a mystery. "It is plain that the ballads are copied from printed exemplars;" nothing can be more plain, as the printed exemplars exist. Then why did the person who copied so sedulously not buy printed exemplars, which, in his time, were as cheap as possible? There is no reply to this question. The copyist must have been a very dull man of unlimited leisure. "All of the ballads are eloquent as to the baseness of popular taste in Shakespeare's time," and a man of to-day might as reasonably occupy himself in copying out articles from half-penny newspapers as a man of Elizabeth's time devote himself to transcribing half-penny ballads, broad-sides in black letter, at twenty-three for ten-pence.

In a later age, during the Restoration and after it, people of curious taste collected the ballads as they might now collect postage stamps. When fresh they had served their purchasers as weekly newspapers, and old weekly newspapers, in the long run, have historical value. Thus a benefactor sends me the *Weekly Journal* for 1715, wherein we read how twenty thousand English volunteers mustered near Penrith, and then went home, while some four thousand Jacobites treated the country as they pleased. The ballads are not so good as a weekly journal, but they utter their laments over a recent battle, or the hanging of a highwayman, or a murder, or the execution of Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, whom we must not regard as a wicked man, like Father Campion, S.J. The

ballads also tell fictitious tales of a woeful kind, and, above all, they relentlessly preach, and explain scripture, and improve all occasions. In the Shirburn manuscript the pieces range from 1585 to 1616. Some of the poems went on being reprinted till the Revolution of 1688, which indicates that there was no improvement of taste among the purchasers.

Famous collectors were Mr. Pepys, and our Oxford antiquary, Anthony Wood. Pepys's collection (thirteen hundred and seventy-six pieces) is at Magdalene College, Cambridge; Wood's, greatly plundered (two hundred and seventy-nine pieces), is in the Bodleian. Harley (Swift's Earl of Oxford) had two thick volumes (British Museum) and the Shirburn manuscript makes it plain that Harley somehow acquired much of what was taken from the treasures of Anthony Wood. Bagford probably also helped himself from Wood's hoard of ballads, and, much later, the Duke of Roxburghe (after whom the Roxburghe Club is named), fell heir to more of the loot of old Anthony. The Rev. W. Ebsworth was the great modern authority in this kind of ballad, and reprinted large quantities for the Ballad Society. The Robin Hood ballads are missing in the Shirburn manuscript, but Child prints thirty-seven of this kind, and thirty-seven are quite enough.

If to lovers of poetical ballads the pieces in the Shirburn manuscript are not grateful, Mr. Shirburn's notes, bringing out points in manners and customs, are very welcome, so are the coarse woodcuts which he reproduces, for these at least illustrate costume. In No. ix, a preaching ballad, Sunday is said to be profaned by amusements; and Mr. Shirburn, from the records of Maldon, shows that between 1574 and 1590 Puritanism began to flourish among the magistrates, who were denounced by a former magistrate as "a set of precisians and Brownists." As early as 1563 there had been complaints of Stool Ball (a rudimentary kind of cricket), played on Sunday. People who absented themselves from church were fined. A ballad tells of the resurrection of three buried corpses at Holdt in Germany, on September 20, 1616. The corpses spoke, and one proclaimed a general resurrection, but he was disappointed. The others preached through a stanza or two and then went back to bed. There are twenty stanzas to the tune of "The Lady's Fall." Another ballad tells us of a young man wrongfully hanged and miraculously preserved alive, like Michael Hamilton of Shotts, a gentleman of the Scots Archer Guards in France in 1429. But Michael richly deserved a hanging, which makes the miracle more remarkable.

The truth of this straung accident
Men need not farre to looke.
For 'tis confirmed by good men's hands,
And printed in a booke.

Mr. Shirburn appropriately cites that of Autolycus, "Five justice's hands at it, and witnesses." The ballad on the arrival of James I. in England is rather clever in giving his parentage. His father was called the Lord Darlye.

And after married to Scottish Marye,
By whose most sweet and happy bed
Oure sorrowes nowe are quight stroke dead;
For to Lord Darlye she did bring
Olde Brittan's hope, and James our king.

To sing of "the sweet and happy bed" of Mary and Darnley is to be loyal indeed. The notes of Mr. Shirburn are so learned and interesting that we must admire them in spite of the poetry which they illustrate.

ANDREW LANG.

AN UNNECESSARY BLAKE

The Real Blake. By EDWIN J. ELLIS. (Chatto & Windus, 12s. net.)

MR. ELLIS has earned the gratitude of all students of Blake by the long and patient labours which he has devoted to the study of Blake's wonderful Myth, and his success in the interpretation of it. Besides the elaborate

work in three volumes which he published in conjunction with Mr. Yeats in 1893, he has just brought out a convenient edition of the poems and Prophetic Books, the latter being made accessible for the first time in a complete form and in ordinary type. It is true, his treatment of the text has met with severe criticism. Care, scrupulousness and accuracy in details are not his strong points. But we are not concerned at the moment with his work as an editor, but as a biographer. Do we need a new biography of Blake? Gilchrist's work, in spite of the rather tiresome style, with its would-be Carlylese, is of fascinating interest, and already something of a classic. Confronted with a new biography, we naturally set up a high standard. There is a great deal that is interesting and valuable in Mr. Ellis's book; but it is not well composed, the writing is slovenly, and it has other serious faults which will assuredly prevent it from superseding Gilchrist, in spite of a much completer understanding of Blake's mind and ideas.

The title, at the outset, arms criticism. It suggests that the picture we have in our minds of Blake is an imaginary one. Such titles have hitherto been used by writers who take valets' views of heroes. Mr. Ellis is far from doing that, and his choice was unfortunate. His preface does not reassure us. It contains a passage of arms with Mr. Sampson, whom Mr. Ellis calls a pedant for printing Blake's poems as he wrote them (his own view being that the text should be "corrected"), and some very ungracious remarks about Mr. A. G. B. Russell, who is as devoted a student of Blake as himself. But what chiefly gives one pause is the statement that Blake's "Last Judgment" is the most beautiful, poetic, and decorative picture that the world contains! "In this picture and in the 'Job' he takes a supreme place among the world's artists." It is just this kind of wild exaggeration, too frequent in Blake's admirers, that has provoked so much opposition to Blake's real claims.

From this arrogant preface we pass to the biography. Readers will naturally want to know what new material Mr. Ellis presents them with, not already in Gilchrist. He prints in full for the first time "The Island in the Moon," Blake's squib upon the literary folk he met at the Mathews's house; but this is hardly a gain, as it is sorry stuff. All Blake's comments on Lavater are given, instead of the selection printed by Gilchrist. But of course the main difference between the two lives is Mr. Ellis's greater insistence on the mystical side of Blake. Here his superior knowledge gives him a great advantage, though as this knowledge is only imparted by the way and in no connected form it is not put to as much use as it might have been. The chief blot on the book, however, is its untrustworthiness, which arises from Mr. Ellis's peculiar methods. These we will now illustrate. Of Blake's wife he writes:

As the only daughter of a substantial tradesman, and as a pretty brunette, tall, graceful, attractive, she had not lived to be five-and-twenty without being courted over and over again, and learning how to hold her own against the elbow-pinching, waist-gripping, lip-snatching gallantries of the robust seedsmen in her father's nursery garden.

The sole facts here are in the first two lines, the rest is pure conjecture, and the real truth may have been totally different. This passage, a small but typical specimen of Mr. Ellis's biographical ways, occurs in a chapter entitled "Mary." Every one knows Blake's beautiful poem of this name. This poem Mr. Ellis treats as a record of real experience, and builds up on it a most circumstantial story, filled with intimate details, and containing a minute account of the changes of feeling in Blake and in his wife during their early married days. He describes, among other things, how Mrs. Blake, then on her way to become a mother, fell down in a swoon; and makes this the explanation of the fact that the two never had a child. Where has Mr. Ellis found all this? He talks vaguely of other sources of evidence besides the poems, but produces

nothing. As to "Mary," it is quite likely that the germ of that poem may have come from an actual experience in the Mathews's drawing-room; but even of that we cannot be certain, still less can we make sure of the poem's corresponding in detail with real facts. In any case it is difficult not to suspect that a great deal of this chapter, given as authenticated history, is due to Mr. Ellis's imagination. One is the more inclined to doubt Mr. Ellis after investigating some later chapters of his book, which deal with the Felpham episode and Hayley's friendship. Mr. Ellis asserts that Blake originally wrote his "Milton" in twelve books, but reduced it to two, destroying the rest because his feelings towards Hayley had suddenly changed from resentment to gratitude. The implication is that in these books Hayley had been treated as a "spiritual enemy." With an offensive reference to Rossetti's recovery of his poems from his wife's grave, Mr. Ellis glorifies Blake for this sacrifice of ten whole books. Now what is the evidence on which Mr. Ellis relies for this suppression? He says:

Gilchrist also quietly describes *Milton* as a poem in two books. Perhaps he never saw the title-page of the copy now in the British Museum where Blake has engraved in Arabic numerals the number twelve—"12 books." The numerals are half an inch in height, and cannot be mistaken.

Any one who after reading this has the curiosity to look up this particular copy of *Milton* will receive a surprise. The title-page referred to is an engraved design of a nude figure seen against wreathing volumes of vapour, on which is the title, *Milton, a Poem in 2 Books*. The 2 is in the middle of a round dark space, enclosed by wreaths of white cloud. It is exactly one-quarter of an inch in height. By the exercise of sufficient perversity of ingenuity it is possible to see in a stroke among the enclosing lines of decoration the figure 1; much as people who have "picked up" an old picture will always manage to detect among the painter's brushmarks the letters of some celebrated signature. Now if Mr. Ellis had hazarded as a suggestion the possibility that Blake originally wrote 12 and then carefully concealed the first figure among the lines of decoration, no one could have objected, though few might have been persuaded to adopt a hypothesis equally incapable of proof or disproof: but that he should assert that the title-page, as it stands, reads 12 in numerals that "cannot be mistaken," and then proceed to make this false assertion the basis of an elaborate story, quietly told as if it were all proved and known, is absolutely unparadonable.

FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUS

Temple Greek and Latin Classics. The Satires of Juvenal, With Introduction and Notes. By A. F. COLE, B.A. (Dent, 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a very puerile and worthless edition of the "Satires of Juvenal." It does not contain the newly discovered pieces; but we find no fault with the edition for this. They are foul and dull. Moreover, the gross satires, the second and ninth are omitted, and so the newly found would not come within its scope. But the editor does not seem to have heard of the find. In the same way, we observe that Buecheler's certain restoration, *mulio consul*, has somehow found its way into the text in viii. 148: but there is no allusion to it in the notes, which are rich in such comments as "Aeacus: one of the judges of the underworld," "The son of Peleus is Achilles," "Quiritem: a Roman citizen," "The bankers kept their money and did their business in the Forum." Sometimes notes of this kind are not only superfluous, but actually misleading. A boy who requires to be told that Achilles was the son of Peleus and that Hecuba was the wife of Priam, on reading (xiii. 111) "Catullus wrote farces," will ascribe these works to the famous poet of Verona. The obscure mimographer who wrote farces which are not now extant is quite out of his ken. A note

"Byron wrote *Our Boys*" or "*Tom Cringle's Log* is by Scott": would have a like misleading influence on very junior students of English literature: and the mention of a comedy by Plato would call for a warning note.

The introduction is short and barren. One of the few judgments to which the Editor commits himself is, in our opinion, entirely wrong:

For Juvenal's moral and religious views the Satires themselves must speak. . . . But it is at least possible to take a consistent stand upon the belief that Juvenal was a man of intense enthusiasm and love of good, blighted in early life by the horror of reality, and turned to bitterness by that discovery; that he never lacked the gifts of insight, appreciation and expression; and that with old age his view of life became more happy.

No: he certainly did not lack the gift of expression. Probably there never was in any age or clime such a master of scathing invective, of brilliant rhetoric, of vivid portraiture. But we cannot find "intense enthusiasm and love of good" in the poet who steps out of his way to exercise his amazing powers of expression in pruriently presenting to the mind pictures which have no merit but their salaciousness. One hesitates to take a view opposed to that of so eminent a scholar as Professor J. E. Mayor; but we are unable to school ourselves into a frame of mind in which we can accept his conclusion that "from the first page to the last breathes one spirit of homely manhood" and that "his standard is that of the Gospels and St. Paul." If we could imagine the Apostle asking a friend to dine, we cannot think he would have gone on to say, "banish all business cares and domestic troubles: do not vex yourself by thinking of the infidelities of your wife," described (xi. 86-89) in language which gloats over the details of the woman's audacious intrigue. In the same way he cannot tell how Deucalion and Pyrrha repopled the world by casting stones into the void, without reminding us that the girls were exposed in their nudity to the gaze of the boys. Surely passages like these betray a desire to suggest impure thoughts rather than to show up vice in its native ugliness; and the list of such passages could be largely increased. Remarks about defects incidental to youth are out of place in the case of one who did not publish his satires till he was an old man.

When we meet an allusion interesting as bearing on manners under the Roman Empire of the Juvenalian age, we find that Mr. Cole gives a very uncertain sound. One remembers Gérôme's picture in which "thumbs down" is represented as the gesture which condemned the defeated gladiator to death; and *à bas*, "down with," and such expressions encourage the error. Here is Mr. Cole's note on iii. 36:

Verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter;

The spectators of a gladiatorial combat expressed by the turning of their thumbs their desire that the conquered gladiator should be spared or killed; whether it was the upward or downward gesture that signified death is uncertain.

But it is not uncertain, as Mr. Cole would have discovered if he had consulted Prof. Mayor's edition on the passage, or any good commentary on Hor. Epp. i. 1, 18, 66. Prof. Mayor quotes Plin. xxviii. § 25, *pollices cum faveamus premere etiam proverbio iubemur*. "Thumbs down," therefore means, "spare him," "put back your sword into its scabbard." This was *presso pollice*; the signal for death was *verso pollice*, "thumbs up" which meant "rip him up." Prof. Mayor quotes Prudentius c. Symmachum ii. 1096:

pectusque iacentis
Virgo modesta iubet converso pollice rumpi.

On iii. 199:

iam poscit aquam iam frivola transfert
Ucalegon.

we have the note:

Virgil Aen. ii. 311, 312 says

Ucalegon.
Juvenal uses the name to denote a neighbour.

Neith Virgil nor Juvenal ascribes any such impossible nification to *Ucalegon*, which means "Mr. Careless" (*ὁὐκ ἀλέγων*), a person who takes no precautions against the risk of conflagration so rife in ancient Rome.

Opposite the Latin text is printed the well-known version of Gifford, published more than a hundred years ago. To the boy who requires to be told that Numa was one of the Kings of Rome, the English rendering will not be of much use as a crib, being far from literal. To adults its excellences and defects are well known, its vigour and its diffuseness. These qualities are observed in iii. 54-57, where three lines and a half expand into six in the English:

But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deem'd a bribe sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night.
O take not, take not what thy soul rejects
Nor sell the faith which he who buys suspects;

and in iii. 74-78, where we have six lines for four and a half:

A Protean tribe one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form and shines in all;
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fidler and physician,
All trades his own your hunger Greekling counts,
And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts!

The rendering,

— Bid him go to hell, to hell he'll go,

though attractive at first sight, is not to be endured.

Diffuseness goes too far when the English lines are twice as many, as in

Iampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes
Long since the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves.

or even more than twice as many, sixteen words for four, as in

Quibusdam
Somnum rixa facit.
There are who murder as an opiate take,
And only when no brawls await them wake.

The best feature in the book is an excellent reproduction from Valpy's edition of 1831 of a bust in which the *saeva indignatio* of the great satirist is vividly portrayed.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

LITERARY FORGERIES

Literary Forgeries. By J. A. FARRER. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

MR. FARRER has written an excellent book on a most interesting subject. His literary forgers have the double merit of intelligence and enterprise. They regard scholarship as a kind of adventure, in which they may not only prove their knowledge but get the better of their fellows. Their achievements, therefore, have nothing of the dullness, which clings about most learning, and we read of their manipulation of classical texts with a thrill of excitement. Fortunate in their purpose, they are fortunate also in their adversaries. Scholars are by nature too often both vain and irritable. Proud of their knowledge, which, being human, must perforce rest upon an unstable foundation, they resent, with an inapposite violence, the slightest opposition, and their very quarrelsomeness gives the forger his best chance.

It is Mr. Farrer's worst fault that he has included some ingenious persons in his book, who are grievously out of place. Forgery is far too strong a word, for instance, to apply to Chatterton. It suggests an evil intent, a criminal design which was altogether alien from the skillful inventor of Rowley's ballads. Mystification was Chatterton's purpose. He had no desire to rob anybody or even to deceive anybody to his hurt. Torn by a

conflict between modesty and ambition, he pined for the praise, which he feared his youth and inexperience could not win of themselves, and therefore he ascribed to another the works which he feared might be over-looked or despised, if he claimed them for his own. We may pity him for his lack of judgment. We cannot condemn him for rascality. As Mr. Farrer points out Chatterton did no more than Walpole himself thought fit to do when he published "The Castle of Otranto." He tried to call attention to himself by an assumed air of mystery, and had he been, like Walpole, a man of the world, he would have turned his trick to his advantage. In Mr. Farrer's words "there is no evidence to justify the black colours in which Chatterton's general character has by some writers been painted." We can easily understand Walpole's anger. That was inspired by the wounded vanity of the connoisseur. Walpole wished the world to believe that his taste and judgment were alike impeccable, and he fell into the trap which Chatterton's skilful hand had laid for him. He had appeared ridiculous in the public eye, and he took the revenge that is obvious for all but the great. To put the matter briefly, Chatterton deserves no place in Mr. Farrer's book. He was a youth of genius, who resorted to a venial trick to call the world's attention to him. Unhappily for his reputation the world has ever since been so deeply interested in his mystification that it has over-looked his very real merits, and the best service that can be done his memory is to take him out of the rogues' gallery and set him in the company of poets.

Some of the others hold their place among the forgers without dispute. Psalmanazar, for instance, not only forged a language; he forged himself. His whole life was a forgery from beginning to end. Nor can it be said that his motive was excusable. Money was his object and an easy life, and so well did he keep his secret that to this day his true name is unknown. With a stubbornness which does him infinite credit, he resisted the curiosity of his friends. That he was of French extraction is possible, and in after years with characteristic uncertainty he placed his birthplace somewhere between Rome and Avignon. But it was of Formosa that he chose to announce himself a native, and it is as the Formosan that he has come down the ages.

A Scotch chaplain, one William Innes, brought him to London and set him on the high road to fraud and fortune. His success was immediate and triumphant. He translated the Church of England service into Formosan for the benefit of the Bishop of London. He discoursed in Latin to Archbishop Tillotson. Greatly daring, he met and routed, in appearance at any rate, a Jesuit missionary, who had no difficulty in exposing his pretensions. After a sojourn at Oxford, he carried the imposture on again in London and enjoyed five or six years of homaged prosperity. Then suspicions began to be whispered. He was denounced as a forger; he was ridiculed in the newspapers; and he was not strong enough to fight a losing battle. He had no other resource than to write for the booksellers. He compiled; he translated; he did all the sad ill-paid jobs that keep the hack from starvation; and he cultivated a piety of demeanour which Johnson, who was wont to sit with him in an ale house, applauded with all sincerity. But he lacked candour to the end, and the autobiography, which he might have made a masterpiece of self-revelation, is as cunning and spiritless a performance as you will meet in the annals of literature.

A much more interesting forger, to our mind, is Vrain-Lucas, the Frenchman who bewitched a distinguished mathematician, M. Michel Chasles. A strange blend of knavery and patriotism, of cleverness and stupidity, Vrain-Lucas is secure from all competitors. He was neither a scholar nor a man of letters. He lacked the profound knowledge of Simonides and young Ireland's sense of literature. He was merely a French clerk from the provinces, and he deceived his learned dupe by a trick, whose transparency is ridiculous. With no more

instruction than a self-taught man might pick up in a *cabinet généalogique*, he set about forging the correspondence of all the great ones of the earth. No distance of time or place frightened him. Among the men and women whose letters he sold to M. Chasles, were Sappho, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene, Julius Cæsar, St. Luke, Lazarus, Vercingetorix, Montaigne, Rabelais, Pascal, and Newton. They all wrote in French—that is the peculiar glory of Vrain-Lucas. A faulty spelling suggested that the French was old, but French it was, and M. Chasles saw no absurdity in the fact that Sappho sends greeting, "à son très aimé Phaon," and that Lazarus signs himself "Lazare le ressuscité." Vrain-Lucas, of course, had neither Greek nor Latin. French was the single language that he knew, and he compelled the heroes of all time to compose in that tongue. And M. Chasles, at any rate, was content to pay six thousand pounds for this amazing collection of letters, all written in French upon paper, the watermark of which was a *fleur-de-lis*.

Had not M. Chasles's vanity got the better of his discretion, the fraud might never have been discovered. But Vrain-Lucas, in the course of his career, had forged some letters which proved that it was Pascal, not Newton, who discovered the laws of gravity. Here was a theory dear to the Chauvinism of France. Not to believe in Pascal, Chasles, and Vrain-Lucas seemed a clear mark of treachery, and for a while the learned men of France were divided into two fiercely hostile camps. But Vrain-Lucas's impertinence, though it deceived M. Chasles, could not long deceive the genuinely learned, and at last the imposition was made plain to all the world. Vrain-Lucas, still boasting himself a patriot, was punished by two years' imprisonment, and his poor dupe, together with the rash patriots who had espoused the cause of Pascal, were presently forgotten in the excitement of the Franco-German War.

Vrain-Lucas's master quality was a simple courage that feared nothing and doubted nothing. Simonides was made of better stuff. As his supremacy is unchallenged to-day, so he is likely to remain without a rival unto the end of time. One of the greatest scholars of his time, he found it impossible to set about his researches in an honest spirit. His biographer tells us that he had two foreheads, one of which rose above the other, and these foreheads symbolise his dual nature. The lower was doubtless the seat of intellect, the upper the lair of cunning and rascality. He deceived Dindorf and he mystified Bradshaw. He collected manuscripts and he rung the changes on false and true with so splendid an ingenuity that nobody who ever made a purchase of him felt secure. And then, when the world of scholars looked askance upon him, he took a sublime vengeance by asserting that the *Codex Sinaiticus*, discovered by Tischendorf, was written by his own hand. It is not likely that the vexed question of this codex will ever be settled to the satisfaction of every one, and Simonides left the scholars of Europe still confused. And his career persuades us that forgery is a matter of temperament. Here was a man of the profoundest erudition, who by his researches might have enlightened the world, and the love of chicanery was too strong for him. In all respects, he is the most distinguished in Mr. Farrer's gallery of rogues, and when you have read his exploits, his very grandeur saves you from taking any but a favourable view of his achievements.

THE EYE-WITNESS

Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d. net.)

TRUTH is generally indiscreet and always interesting. These letters bear the hall-mark of truth and raise the wish that it had not been necessary to edit them as ruthlessly as they are said to have been edited. Truth, however, is too dangerous a card in the game of diplomacy to be lightly

played. There is enough truth in the book to startle "One eye-witness," to quote a quotation from Mr. Putnam Weale's foreword, "however dull and prejudiced is worth a wilderness of sentimental historians." And Mr. Putnam Weale is not at all dull, and appears to be singularly lacking in prejudice—in national prejudice, that is to say; praise and blame are given to the members of each of the Eleven Legations exactly as it seems good to the author without any regard to nationality. He is, as those who remember his "Manchu and Muscovite" will witness, possessed of knowledge, and of a style sufficiently vivid and picturesque to enable him to impart with force and clearness the opinions that result from his knowledge. Indeed these letters of his make a book of remarkable interest. For not only do they throw light on the history of a particular event, an event which can only find a parallel in the Indian Mutiny, but they give a fearless, minute account of that most desperate of all things—a siege under the conditions of modern warfare. "These pages may show something about which little has been written—the psychology of the siege. The siege is still the rudest test in the world. It is well to know it." And after reading the book it is hard to tell which is the more horrible, the privations of a siege, or the licence of a punishing army, aflame with lust for revenge and for loot. Both phases of war are unspeakable. We agree with Mr. Putnam Weale that it is well to know it. We assume that the author and the editor are differentiated upon the title-page for the sake of literary artifice—that the initial discretion may form a contrast to the valorous indiscretion of the actual letters.

The letters cover a period of six months. Just before the middle of May 1900 the first mutterings of the storm were heard. On June 20 the storm broke in all its fury and the siege began. On August 13 the guns of the relieving army were heard, and the besiegers made one last frantic effort to annihilate the besieged. On August 14 the silence of death surrounded the Legations until the relieving armies marched into the ruins. On the 16th the sack began in mad earnest and wild disorder was dominant until November, when everything that could be taken had been taken, and all the scores of the citizens against the Boxers had been wiped out. Then order slowly came once more into being. During those six months of summer and early autumn hells of many nations had been let loose on Peking, and Peking was in ruin.

The first letter is dated May 12, when uneasiness began to be felt owing to disturbances in Shantung. All warnings, however, seem to have been systematically ignored by those in authority and upon those in authority the indiscreet letter-writer pours his indignation for their blindness. He is enraged at the way they continue writing their despatches and attending to their trivial everyday business and little diplomatic affairs, and he would seem to be somewhat unfair, and for this reason: he is writing after the event: that is to say after the impossible had happened. As a literary artifice the form of letters could not be improved upon: it is an admirable manner of making his point of view forcible and lending actuality to the terrible tale which he is about to unfold. But it must not be forgotten that it is a literary artifice, and as a criticism of the actions of others must be taken with great caution. It is not as a criticism of particular men that the book has value, or indeed that it is meant to be read. They are confessedly indiscreet letters, not a judicious history: no man is fit to write that who has been under fire for two months owing to a lack of foresight on the part of others. But the account of an intelligent man who has been through such an ordeal is invaluable to the future historian—especially when he writes with absolute frankness. The personal element can be accounted for by the historian and gives a touch which makes the whole series of events living to the ordinary reader; for he soon discovers that the author is a man of action and has the man of action's natural antipathy to the man of inaction. Mr. Putnam Weale is

not just in his estimate of man: there is only one type of man he can understand. For the man who is paralysed in a terrific emergency, owing to age or temperament, he has nothing but contempt: though that man may be of the utmost use in less extraordinary times. That is seen most conspicuously in his account of the first council meeting of the Eleven Legations after the storm had actually broken. He has been abusing them freely without prejudice for their bewilderment and their hankering after their habitual little jealousies, and holds up for admiration the Kaiser's Minister to the Court of Peking. The Baron von K— rose, after the meeting had been in progress for some time, and announced that he had a previous appointment with the Tsung-li Yamen, and that in spite of the ultimatum, in spite of a possible state of war, he intended to keep his appointment. He said he should be pleased to convey any message with which the Council might be pleased to entrust him, after he had finished his own private business. He went. Here is the graphic story of what happened:

The German Minister turned into his Legation and after a time he reappeared in his green and red official chair with the dragoman in a similar conveyance. There were only two Chinese outriders with them, as von K— had refused to take any of his guards. I remember von K— was smoking and leaning his arms on the front bar of his sedan, for all the world as if he were going on a picnic. . . . We wondered how long he would take to come back. We soon knew! How terrible that was! For not more than fifteen minutes passed before, crashing their Manchu riding-sticks terror-stricken on to their ponies' hides, the two outriders appeared alone in a mad gallop and nearly rode us down. Through the barricades they passed, yelling desperately . . . but there was nothing to be learnt about von K—. A shot had passed through his chair and he had never moved again, whilst other shots struck all round. . . . The tragedy was so simple, but so crushing, that we all stood dazed. Our one man of character and decision was dead—lost beyond recall!

His action was brave, and its bravery is extolled, as such bravery should be. But no hint is breathed that there was an element of extreme stupidity in it, as undoubtedly there was. The man who can negotiate complicated affairs in which the vague interests of countries are at stake, is not necessarily the man who is of any use when the question is pinned down quite simply to one of life and death—limited to an area of a few hundred square yards on which thousands of Chinamen are keeping an incessant fire. The two situations demand different types of men. To that the indiscreet letter-writer is blind.

The passage quoted illustrates this; and it illustrates also the vivid style of which he is master, and which gives the book its value. It shows a man exceptionally keen-eyed and fearless in his statements as in his actions. His observation is rarely at fault: his judgment often is. And his frankness lends colour to the one, and takes venom from the other: for it allows you to know the man who is writing.

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Oxford Poets' Series.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

heads far over into the Chinese barricades with taunts and shouts of derision.

Such things must be in a siege. You realise that in reading these letters in a way that no grave historian could make you realise it. And after the relief at length came, quiet, peace-loving men went mad: two months under fire amid such privations had shattered their nerves, and their madness took the form of thirst for revenge, and a gloating over the details of the killing of the Boxers, their enemies.

Such things Mr. Putnam Weale recounts, and it is well that they should be recounted. Though his style is vivid he lays no undue emphasis on horrors for their own sake. He writes with that kind of restraint which is convincing, and which goes to make these letters one of the most remarkable documents we have ever read—these notes, as he calls them, of an eye-witness, which set forth in some detail from day to day the real story of the siege and sack of a distressed capital in 1900.

MODES ET ROBES

English Costume. Painted and Described by DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. Vol. i., Early English; vol. ii., Middle Ages; vol. iii., Tudor and Stuart; and vol. iv., Georgian. (Black, 7s. 6d. net. each.)

Historic Dress, 1607 to 1800. By ELISABETH McCLELLAN. Illustrated by SOPHIE B. STEEL. (Lane, 42s.)

Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. ARIA. Illustrated by PERCY ANDERSON. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

Chats on Costume. By G. WOOLLISCROFT RHEAD, R.E. Illustrated (Unwin, 5s. net.)

It is scarcely necessary to insist upon the importance of a study of clothes. To the historian, the novelist, the painter, and the actor, a correct conception of the dress and habits of our ancestors is indispensable, and even the costumier in catering for his clients will find in attention to the subject new springs of useful information and fresh ideas for design. Carlyle, in the character of Diogenes Teufels-dröckh, affirms that "society is founded upon cloth"; and we have ample authority for believing that civilisation is largely a matter of costume. The late Lord Salisbury pointed out that the subject is well worthy of the attention of the statesman, and possibly he had at the moment in his eye the flamboyant necktie of the Socialist, or the unusual, if artistic, headgear affected by some of his political opponents. It is reported that on a bitterly cold day in December last Mark Twain appeared in Washington in a cream-coloured suit of summer flannel, and when asked why he adopted this costume, he said: "This is a uniform. It is the uniform of the American Association of Purity and Perfection. If nobody else will wear colours that cheer me up, I shall wear them myself." And he went on to suggest that man's clothing is bad in colour, and generally uncomfortable, having a depressing effect on those who wear it as well as on the spectators. "I would go back," he said, "to the middle ages for the gorgeous, glorious, gaudy costumes of that time. Then we could wear colours. Back to the days before buttons were invented, when they laced their clothing up, and it took a little time to do it; back to the days of tights and helmet—though I admit that it might be uncomfortable for a bald-headed man to wear a tightly screwed-on helmet with a bee or a fly imprisoned in it." Mr. Clemens was bound to have his joke, but he would be the first to admit that to be frivolous on the subject of clothes argues not only want of knowledge, but lack of common sense. History is, so to speak, environed with vesture, and in every age the dress of man denotes something which must be revealed if his motives and actions are to be thoroughly understood. It is odd that in these circumstances there should be comparatively few books on costume which appeal to the public. Nor can it be

said of those now before us that they form notable exceptions to this rule. Each in its way is admirable; there is system, scholarship, and sympathy, but something palls, and satiety speedily succeeds satisfaction.

The most important, as it is the most sumptuous, of these four books is that which deals with historic dress in America. The two ladies who have collaborated in the production of this work have furnished an invaluable reference book on their special section of the subject. The illustrations are all that can be desired, although we could have wished that Miss Steel had been more explicit in defining the sources from which she has drawn inspiration. It is not a little irritating to be put off with the vague information "from an old print," or "from a contemporary portrait." But this is a minor blemish, and we are introduced by the author to many quaint and curious customs of the early settlers. Here is a description of "The Posey Dance," a form of entertainment popular in Florida in the early part of the eighteenth century:

The ladies of a household arrange in a room of their dwelling an harbour decked with garlands of flowers and lighted with many candles. This is understood by the gentlemen as an invitation to drop in and admire the decorations. Meanwhile the lady who has prepared it selects a partner from among her visitors and hands him a bouquet of flowers. The gentleman who receives this posey becomes for the nonce the king of the ball, and leads out the fair donor as queen of the dance. The others take partners, and the ball thus inaugurated may continue several successive evenings. Should the lady's choice fall upon an unwilling swain, which seldom happened, he could be excused by paying the expenses of the entertainment.

And here is an advertisement from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1773, throwing a light upon another aspect of colonial life:

Ran away from the subscriber, an English servant girl named Christina Ball, but calls herself Caty for shortness, about twenty years of age, brown skinned, black eyes, and hair lately cut short, a little stoup-shouldered. Her clothes are very ordinary, a brown cloth petticoat, other coarse shifts and a striped calico short gown; any other clothes uncertain. Whosoever takes her up, and confines her in any gaol within twenty miles of this city shall have twenty shillings reward, and three pounds if taken up at any distance further, paid by Henry Neill.

The chapter on uniforms in America, 1775-1800, is more complete than anything of the kind we have seen before, and the glossary of the nomenclature of dress, while it is hardly so full as that to be found in the "Cyclopædia of Costume," is curious and useful.

Mr. Calthrop tells us that he has been at considerable pains to trace the influence of one garment upon its successor, to reduce the wardrobe for each reign down to its simplest cuts and folds, so that the reader may follow quite easily the passage of the coat from its birth to its ripe age, and by this means may know not only the clothes of one time, but the reasons for those garments. We confess to a preference for his pictures, which, it seems to us, are a valuable addition to English history, whereas his notes, for all his system, are at times irritatingly scrappy, and at others provokingly trivial. Here is a specimen of his style:

As the fig-leaf identifies Adam, so may the chaperon twisted into a cockscomb mark Richard II. As the curled and scented hair of Alcibiades occurs to our mind, so shall Beau Nash manage his clouded cane. Elizabeth shall be helped to the memory by her Piccadilly ruff; square Henry VIII. by his broad-toed shoes and his little flat cap; Anne Boleyn by her black satin nightdress; James be called up as padded trucks; Maximilian as puffs and slashes; D'Orsay by the curve of his hat; Tennyson as a dingy brigand; Gladstone as a collar; and even more recent examples, as the Whistlerian lock and the Burns blue suit.

The coloured illustrations will appeal to everybody, but the little sketches in the letterpress will be invaluable to the costumier and the stage manager if not to many tailors and milliners as well. Scattered throughout the four volumes are also a series of word-pictures, of which mention must be made, and of which a good specimen is the following:

I have said that Brummell was the inventor of modern dress: it is true. He was the beau who raised the level of dress from the

slovenly, 'dirty linen, the greasy hair, the filthy neck-cloth, the crumbled collar, to a position, ever since held by Englishmen, of quiet, unobtrusive cleanliness, decent linen, an abhorrence of striking forms of dress. He made clean linen and washing daily a part of English life. See him seated before his dressing-glass, a mahogany-framed sliding cheval glass with brass arms on either sides for candles. By his side is George IV., recovering from his drunken bout of last night. The Beau's glass reflects his clean-complexioned face, his grey eyes, his light brown hair, and sandy whiskers. A servant produces a shirt with a 12-inch collar fixed to it, assists the Beau into it, arranges it, and stands aside. The collar nearly hides the Beau's face. Now, with his hand protected with a discarded shirt, he folds his collar down to the required height. Now he takes his white stocks and folds it carefully round the collar; the stock is a foot high and slightly starched. A supreme moment of artistic decision, and the stock and collar take their perfect creases. In an hour or so he will be ready to partake of a light meal with the royal gentleman. He will stand up and survey himself in his morning dress, his regular, quiet suit. A blue coat, light breeches fitting the leg well, a light waistcoat of some other colour, never a startling contrast, Hessian boots or top-boots, and buckskins. There was nothing very peculiar about his clothes except, as Lord Byron said, "an exquisite propriety." His evening dress was a blue coat, white waistcoat, black trousers buttoned at the ankle—these were of his own invention, and one may say it was the wearing of them that made trousers more popular than knee-breeches—striped silk stockings, and a white stock.

From this picture any tailor of ordinary ability could make the clothes, and any actor with that assistance should make up the part.

Mrs. Aria provides quite a different kind of book, more commonplace, perhaps more widely useful. She explains the origin of this volume as arising out of a discussion with Mr. Percy Anderson, who supplies the illustrations, upon an easy method of solving a problem in fancy dress:

We agreed then that we were both most keenly interested in dress, regarding it as one of the fine and essential arts; and we decided that we would try to preach its best doctrines and traditions to the world at large, while we did not ignore the fact that many more worthy had previously enriched literature with the same object. . . . A few practical details and suggestions are included in the hope that they may obviate some difficulties of those who fret their hour on the stage or at the fancy-dress ball, while, for the benefit of the next generation, I have devoted a small space to personal reminiscences of theatrical heroes and heroines, and to some facts of theatrical dress, as it has been expressed in classic and popular dramas produced by the leading actors and actresses of our time.

Those who are in search of a fancy dress will find here some remarkable costumes, and some that are pretty if less remarkable, while in other ways Mrs. Aria has fairly carried out the promise of her introductory note.

We have left to the last the most felicitously conceived and successfully accomplished of the batch. Mr. Rhead is a pleasant writer, and his facts, quotations, and verses are judiciously selected. His view of the uses of clothes, or costume, though not altogether those of an older writer on the same subject, still serve their purpose as a text for a most readable book. The older author, to whom we have referred, in speaking of the dress of women, attributes the alterations in fashion to an incitement to desire, and the many changes, he maintains, proceed from unskilful attempts to allure instead of being, as many suppose, the effect of mere caprice and wantonness of fancy. This is an aspect of the subject which is not treated in *Chats on Costume*, but Herrick may have had it in his mind when he wrote:

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglected, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat,
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ANGLO-SAXON ORIGINS

Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race. By T. W. SHORE. (Elliot Stock, 9s. net.)

DURING the past century the efforts of many conscientious investigators have done much to elucidate the obscurities of Anglo-Saxon law and custom, more particularly with regard to tenure of land and methods of agriculture, and the framework of Anglo-Saxon society under the later Heptarchic kings and the successors of Alfred has been made as clear as we can reasonably expect for the present. It is otherwise with the ethnological study of the origins of the race and the early history of the various Heptarchic kingdoms. In the volume before us Mr. Shore has made an attempt to solve the first of these questions.

The task which he had set himself was a very difficult one and the variety of knowledge required to construct a synthesis of the evidence at our disposal is rarely to be found in any single scholar, but in this connection it is particularly to be regretted that the author had not paid sufficient attention to the ethnology of Northern Germany, which obviously has an important bearing upon the problem of the settlement. We are led to this conclusion by the identification of the Jutes with the Goths and of the Vandals with the Wends, which would hardly be advanced by one conversant with the researches of recent years.

Apart from this deficiency the chief point we find to criticise in the book is its failure to produce a distinct theory of the settlement as a whole. We cannot but think that some consistent explanation will eventually be derived from the consideration of written records both here and on the continent. There is much to criticise in Nennius and the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, but such criticism need not be merely destructive. After all, these works are of considerable antiquity and the traditions which they record are at least worthy of careful attention. There are also Anglo-Saxon traditions, apparently quite trustworthy, which relate to a period anterior to the invasion, and these Mr. Shore appears to have neglected. We cannot help thinking that his theory of independent group-settlements is an inadequate explanation of so great a transference of population as must have taken place at the invasion. This theory is one to which the student of place-names and local antiquities is very naturally inclined to lend his support. Without some check such as is furnished by native tradition, there is no unity to inform the mass of detail.

What we expect from the title "*Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race*," is a theory of the racial or tribal composition of the followers of Hengest and Aelle, of the men who settled the other Heptarchic kingdoms. These were presumably the decisive element in the later national type or types. The author treats the subject first tribally and then locally, but he does not bridge the gap between the name on the continent and the name in England. His distrust of the chronicles and his exclusive employment of the topographical method prevent him from formulating any comprehensive generalisation. Hence when he has found evidence for the presence of a continental tribe in England, he has not explained whether it arrived in Roman times, in which case its representatives would have been exterminated or absorbed by the fierce conquerors, or with the Anglo-Saxons in their invasions, or after the formation of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, in which case a few arrivals could hardly have had any dominating influence.

A very large part of the book is devoted to the collection of place-names. This is a peculiarly difficult subject, in which even a skilful philologist may easily be led astray. We regret to have to say that Mr. Shore does not seem to have possessed the knowledge necessary for dealing with such evidence in a satisfactory manner. It

may be that persons from many northern nations besides the Angles and Saxons took part in the invasion, but the evidence adduced to prove this, particularly in the case of the Slavs, can hardly be accepted. Again the place-names ending in -ing and suffixes compounded with -ing, sometimes, no doubt, admit of the explanation he has given, namely, that of a settlement by kindreds; but not always.

To turn to the remainder of Mr. Shore's data, he seems to us to have laid too much stress upon conclusions derived from craniological evidence. The scientific study of craniology is still in the embryo stage; even the principle of classification is not yet settled. Indeed the speculations of professors of this science seem to produce results diametrically opposite, even in the great question of the origin of the Aryan race. Nor do arguments derived from pigmentation appear to us to carry much weight, if the influence of intermarriage and climate be taken into account. Apart from the curt references of ancient observers, we must remember that the statistics are of the present day, that the conclusions apply to times of remote antiquity, and that we can hardly expect to find support from scientists or historians in an attempt to determine the racial attributes of the Anglo-Saxons from the German census of Slesvig and Holstein.

The devotion and industry of which the work shows evident traces must not be allowed to pass unnoticed, especially at a time when so little attention is given to the early history of our nation. We hope that in spite of the defects we have noticed it may succeed in stimulating interest in this neglected subject. There is still a vast amount of information to be obtained from nomenclature, from survivals of primitive custom and from antiquities, which may throw light upon the conditions in which our ancestors lived. Such investigations would be greatly facilitated by a co-ordination of labour amongst students working on different lines. We cannot but think that in some such organised distribution of work the zeal of Mr. Shore would have been productive of more valuable results in the furtherance of the study which he had at heart.

A PERIOD OF TRAGEDIES

The History of England from the Accession of Richard II. to the Death of Richard III., 1377-1485. By C. OMAN. (Longmans, 7s. 6d., net.)

THE twelve-volume "Political History of England," which Messrs. Longmans are issuing under the joint editorship of Dr. William Hunt and Mr. R. Lane Poole is making steady progress towards completion. In point of period Dr. Hunt's vol. x (1760-1801) still remains far in the van, but the other volumes are falling in behind it and the appearance of Professor Oman's vol. iv. (1377-1485) completes the continuous narrative from the earliest times down to the close of the Middle Ages. Richard II. succeeded to a less noble England than that into which his father the Black Prince had been born, and in the volume before us we watch for the first time in English History, and with little respite, a gradual hardening and corruption of the national heart. But if Professor Oman's period constitutes the "Bold Bad Period" par excellence of English history it is absorbingly interesting none the less. To the student and to the humanist alike, the reign of Richard II. must always prove attractive, while for the general reader the story of the fifteenth century has the charm of familiarity, since by some law of compensation the whole epoch, so bare in the matter of contemporary record, is completely covered by the Shakespearean "Histories." Moreover the constitutional aspect of the period is comparatively simple and well defined. The broad causes which led to the Lancastrian attempt to govern in close alliance with a still uncouth and immature parliament, the factors which made a difficult success attainable for a while, the nature of those forces of dis-

integration which, if they failed to undermine it, buried the whole fabric for a while amid the ruins of a self-destroyed nobility, all these are recognised by those who care for English history. But the true understanding of the whole Lancastrian "Experiment" is immeasurably fortified by what this particular period has hitherto lacked, a full, true and particular account of it, starting as far back as the year of grace 1377. It is exceedingly interesting to watch Professor Oman at work upon this big canvas. Some of the ground he has of course already covered. His account of Warwick the King-Maker was as vivid and picturesque as a sketch, as his recent monograph on the Great Rebellion of 1381 is admirable as a careful piece of reconstructive architectural drawing. The present work draws largely upon the qualities of the other two. It would be hard to find anything much better, in point of easy and effective narrative, than the hundred and fifty pages devoted to the reign of Richard II. Untrammelled by too much detail, but supported by all the sources of information examined in a full appendix and pointed everywhere by illustrative facts, they show at the outset against the background of a tumultuous and discontented population the whole system of government thrown out of gear—a headstrong boy-king with great potentialities for good and evil, a wavering council, a parliament eager to follow up advantages won through the exigencies of the last reign, but lacking in initiative and ever dependent in a crisis upon leaders from the ranks of a baronage whose increasing selfishness and faithlessness is becoming everywhere more apparent. It is easy to foreshadow the evils of the times of the Roses in some of the events of Richard's reign. To read the account of the malignant triumph of the Lords Appellant; to watch the judicial murder of such inoffensive men as Sir Simon Burley, or the tortures inflicted on the informing friar John Latimer by six noble knights in 1384; to see Sir Richard Stafford run through the body without explanation or warning by the ruffianly John Holland in the camp at Newcastle in 1385, or Molyneux Constable of Chester murdered in cold blood by Sir Thomas Mortimer after his surrender at Radcot Bridge in 1388; finally (to take a wider instance of the moral trend) to pass in review the cynical hypocrisies of Bishop Despenser's Flemish "Crusade," so uncompromisingly lashed in Wycliffe's "Cruciata"—all this is to be present at a grim skeleton rehearsal of the more thickly crowded horrors of the days of Henry VI., horrors that could have been turned to account by none but that most fortunate and unscrupulous of Princes, Edward IV.

As to Richard II. himself it has long been realised that any solution of the puzzles of his reign must largely depend upon the interpretation of his personal character. We have never seen a more suggestive account of it than the one before us. Admiration yields to an indignant pity, pity and indignation to a kind of astonished condemnation and regret as we watch the gallant young hero of Mile End and Smithfield, the imperious young man who could live down his early mistakes, circumvent his foes, and build up golden opinions for a few years, suddenly throwing everything to the winds in a long-cherished scheme of revenge, and in the hour of his triumph proudly vaunting himself a terror to cobblers even while he refrained from steeping himself in the blood of the Lamii. It was his wilful alienation of all classes that sealed Richard's fate, and very much to the point is Mr. Oman's summary of those strongly contrasting qualities which enabled Henry of Lancaster not only to receive the crown from an acquiescent nation but to hand it safely, after fourteen years of self-restraint, to his son.

It was not through any betrayal of his father's compact with parliament that Henry V. sowed the seeds of the ruin of his dynasty. But nemesis overshadowed his race from the moment that he lay dying of the sheer fatigues and ills of ruthless campaigning and left his crown to the baby grandson of his wretched enemy Charles VI., a child doomed to inherit his grandfather's madness. Mr. Oman has

little leisure or need elaborately to stage the long succession of supervening tragedies. Their cumulative effect is appalling. The white figure of the Maid of Orleans stands out for all time against the fiendish treachery of her own countrymen on the one hand and the unutterable savagery of her country's enemies on the other. And there are the miserable French factions dishonouring the better cause, and Talbot the gallant and Bedford of the pitiless heart and many more, scheming, fighting, dying for the worse one. After the loss of France any one can conjure up for himself scene after scene of disaster at home. To whatever favourite theory we may lean in accounting for the Wars of the Roses (there is an excellent summary of contributory causes on p. 353) the main result was such a thinning out of a lawless aristocracy as to permit of that Tudor autocracy under cover of which the nation itself grew strong and self-reliant.

We have been at little pains in reading this volume, even had such a thankless task been easy, to detect Professor Oman slipping over minutiae in any of the controversial rallying-points of his long journey. We leave his book convinced of its very great historical, and we might add literary value. In the latter stages he seems sometimes to grow almost too well accustomed to the sinister features of the century he is traversing. But no one who has read the opening chapter of his "Warwick" would seriously accuse him of a want of sensibility. The whole catastrophe of the magnates of the fifteenth century is epitomised in the life and death of King Richard III. Professor Oman is scrupulously fair in summing up the evidence for and against him, and makes all due allowance for Tudor hostility. But it may be noticed that he does not favour the astonishing theory that it was really Henry VII. who murdered the little Princes, put forward some time ago by Sir Clements Markham and worked out in a recent volume which has actually moved a contemporary to speak of Richard of Gloucester as "Our Royal Dreyfus."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Year's Art, 1907. (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.)

LAST year we had occasion to comment on the numerous inaccuracies and errors contained in this annual, and it is satisfactory to find in the 1907 edition a proof that our words, if unacknowledged, have not been unheeded. Particularly is the editor to be congratulated on the alteration in his calendar of memorabilia for January 23, though we think he might have made a better selection from the choice we lay before him. Hoppner or Manet have greater claims to be commemorated than G. Doré. The directory of artists shows signs of careful revision, and no longer includes the names of painters long deceased, while the list of foreign dealers has been slightly increased. We note with satisfaction the inclusion of Messrs. Durand-Ruel of Paris, this year, and suggest that for the next edition a place might be found for Mr. Heinemann, of Munich. This concession would go some way towards making amends, however tardily, for the total neglect in the review of the past year of Mr. Heinemann's interesting exhibition of modern German pictures at the Grafton Galleries. Considering the generous hospitality and patronage shown to British artists in Germany, the exhibition of modern German Art at Knightsbridge might have been treated more seriously and with greater courtesy. The editor wastes a good deal of space in talking about the "proud moment" when the Velasquez *Venus* was hung in the National Gallery. His rhapsodies are out of place in view of the lengthy references to this picture in the 1906 edition, and we cannot agree with the editor that "no excuse need be made" for the unnecessary and uninspiring "appreciation" of the new Turners at the Tate Gallery. In a reference-book of this class facts and not fancies are wanted, and the editor

is not called upon to display his powers as a writer of impassioned prose or the inexhaustible wealth of his adjectives. A list of the Turners added to the Tate, with brief descriptions and a note of their discovery, would have been sufficient.

Turning from sins of commission to those of omission, we must express our surprise at the inadequacy of the list of "Bequests and gifts to Art during 1906." Why is no mention made of Boudin's *Between the Piers, Trouville*, presented to the National Gallery through the National Art-Collections Fund by the French Impressionist Fund? Why is there no mention of Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawing of *The Great Gantry, Charing Cross*, presented by a body of subscribers to the British Museum Print Room? Why is there no chronicle of the gift of Mr. Strang's portrait of Mr. Newbolt to the Tate Gallery, and of the hanging in same museum of Fred Walker's design for Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White"? And was it not foolish to write that Mr. Strang was "elected to an Associateship in recognition of his independent gifts as a painter and etcher," when it is perfectly well known that after his election two paintings by Mr. Strang were rejected by the Academy?

The editor of "The Year's Art" particularly prides himself on his treatment of commercial art events, but his favourite section, entitled, "The Art Sales of 1906," cannot be so authoritative and exhaustive as he imagines it to be while attention is confined to the London sale-rooms. Painters would appreciate some information about the sending-in times for the Paris salons, and this might be given without interfering with the reports from provincial art centres which the editor patriotically declares he will "certainly never delete." But if there is still room for improvement, "The Year's Art" has nevertheless been improved, and a welcome contribution to the current issue is a chapter on "Applied Art in 1906," by Mr. E. F. Strange, who has much that is useful and stimulating to say, though, strangely enough he does not allude to the fact that the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society has been disbanded.

Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer. The Personal Diary of a Japanese Naval Officer. Translated from the Spanish edition by Captain R. GRANT. (Murray, 9s. net.)

To the remarkable books dealing with the naval side of the late war by M. Politovsky and Captain Semenoff we have now to add another ascribed to a Japanese naval officer, and purporting to be his diary during the blockade of Port Arthur. But although the narrative is sufficiently stirring and realistic, while it bears evidence in parts of being the work of a naval officer, there is, unfortunately, good reason for doubting its authenticity as an actual record of personal achievement and experience. Captain Grant describes it as a translation from a Spanish edition, which appeared under the title—"Port Arthur: Diario de Operaciones de Hesibo Tikovara, comandante del torpedero 'Osiva' de la Marina Japonesa," explaining that as he had no knowledge of the Japanese language, he cannot say how far the Spanish book is an accurate version of the original work. Apparently he was unaware of the fact that a large part of the work had previously appeared in Germany, although there the name of the officer whose journal is supposed to be reproduced is given as Nirutaka, and not Tikovara. If we may hazard a guess, it is that the second part, after the rescue of the hero by the Sadzanami, is by another hand, and by a writer not so intimately acquainted with naval life. Taking it all round, it is a capital story, which, if it does not add anything to our knowledge of the operations, will appeal to all who like a brisk relation of adventure. The following quotation is a good example of the style of the author: he is describing the first attack on the Russian Fleet outside Port Arthur:

At the exact moment when the torpedo man was preparing to press the levers, the crew of the *Czarevitch* discovered us with their search-

lights. There were cries of fear, hasty words of command, and two seconds afterwards the firing began. The first shots came very near my boat. Some fell over, others short, some to the right and some to the left; all screamed and whistled in the air and then plunged into the water. My torpedo had accomplished its mission; a violent commotion in the sea, a loud explosion and high column of water, convinced me that the attack had been successful. Immediately afterwards I thought that the last moment of my life had come. The hail of projectiles on my boat never stopped for an instant. The deck was riddled. They were probably aiming at the bridge, and consequently at me and my pilot; but they missed their aim.

His boat, though badly hit, with a six-inch shell in the bows, and another in the conning tower, lived through the fight, and managed to rejoin her consorts. This sort of thing, it will be noticed, might easily be put together by a clever writer with the help of the information which appeared in the newspapers. The work appears to be adequately translated, and there are some excellent illustrations, well reproduced.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ÆSTHETICS

PROFESSOR RAYMOND gives, as the exact etymological meaning of the word "Aesthetic," "fitted to be perceived." One might reasonably expect that a book dealing with æsthetics should be, at any rate in outward form, "fitted to be read." "The Essentials of Æsthetics" (Murray) is of a convenient size and shape to hold in the hand— $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches—but it weighs exactly two pounds.

Fortunately, however, the dismal conclusion which might be drawn from the material weight of the volume is not borne out by the character of its contents, which are generally interesting if not profound. The object of the book is

to make clear in what sense æsthetic art, when possessed of the finest and highest qualities, from its first conception in the mind to its last constructive touch in the product, is a result of a man's imagination giving audible or visible embodiment to his thoughts or emotions by representing them in a form traceable to material or human nature, which form attracts him on account of its beauty, and is selected and elaborated by him into an artistic product in accordance with the imaginative exercise of comparison or of association, modified, when necessary, so as to meet the requirements of factors which can be compared or associated in only a partial degree.

As may be judged from the above quotation the book owes little to charm of style; but then, whether consciously or unconsciously, Professor Raymond seems to deny that there is an "art" of prose. On page 29 he says:

In this art (of poetry) besides the beauty which is due to phraseology, as manifested in the choice and sequence of words, and in various developments of assonance, alliteration, rhythm and rhyme, everybody acknowledges that there is also a beauty dependent upon the thought, the proof of which is that this beauty is frequently as great in prose as in poetry.

If this passage means anything at all it means that the beauty of prose depends entirely on the thought expressed in it. The statement is all the more surprising because Professor Raymond proves over and over again that he has an exceptionally keen ear for the technical beauties of poetry.

To criticise in detail a book which sets out to deal with the fundamental laws underlying the arts of music, poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture, would require a space at least equal to that of the volume under consideration, and we must content ourselves with a discussion of general principles. Professor Raymond's comparative failure to "make clear" the general principles of æsthetics seems to us the result of his leaving out from all his considerations of art-forms the question of "material."

Although this question of material—not of "subject" but of the actual substance in which the artist's impression of that subject is conveyed, in other words, the medium—applies equally to all the arts, it is more obviously important in the arts of sculpture and architecture. According to Professor Raymond the same æsthetic

rules governing form apply equally to a statue of bronze or of marble; to a building whether it be of brick or stone. But surely if the form of a statue, or of a building, is not conditioned from its first conception in the mind of the artist by an intense recognition of the material in which it is to be carried out, it will be a bad statue or a bad building. There is a passage in Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod* which goes to the root of the matter, but unfortunately we cannot quote it from memory. It amounts to this, that the artist must from the moment of conception think—feel, perhaps is a better word—in terms of brick, or stone, or bronze, or marble, or oil-pigment, or pastel, or violins, or flutes as the case may be. It is not enough to feel in terms of architecture, or sculpture, or painting, or poetry, or music; you must go deeper. You cannot arbitrarily design a work of art and execute it indifferently in whatever material comes handiest. Even in poetry this is true. A conception "felt" in French verse cannot, for example, be rendered perfectly in English verse of the same form; because the form of the verse is partly conditioned by the essential nature of its contents, by the actual character of the words employed.

The importance of this question of material cannot be exaggerated. Professor Raymond's apparent failure to recognise it is, we suspect, at the root of his dissatisfaction with "modern" art. Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of the art of the present day, in all its branches, is a deeper recognition, based if you come to think of it on humility, of the essential character of materials. Is it fantastic to point out that this recognition of the importance of the medium has developed simultaneously with a closer inquiry into the intimate constitution of matter? It is surely more than a coincidence that while artists are insisting more and more on the right of every material to be treated according to its genius, men of science are patiently establishing the truth that no matter can truthfully be called "dead."

Is it not possible that we have been perhaps a little hasty in dividing the visible world into "organic" and "inorganic" forms and materials? Emerson said that in order to draw a tree perfectly a man must first have "been a tree" and Professor Raymond admits that the artistic representation of a man or a tree must recognise the man's or tree's organic life. Is it not equally true that in order to use bronze or marble or oil-paint or any other medium artistically a man must feel in his blood their essential characters? A work of art being not an imitation but a representation of an object, it follows that it must take into account not only the life of the object but the life of the material in which that object is represented.

The relation between art and morals, touched upon by Professor Raymond, may be after all a close one. Nothing is common or unclean but by violation of its temperament and perhaps in this, rather than in choice of "subject" lies the secret of the old quarrel, revived in this book, which has been waged round the dictum "Art for Art's sake." A work of art, says Professor Raymond, must be beautiful, and he agrees with the philosophers of all time in affirming that the Beautiful is finally identical with the Good. But does that really settle the question? What is Good? Perhaps not the worst definition is: that which is in perfect relation to the Whole. To be in perfect relation to the whole a thing must fulfil the laws of its being, and if materials are so treated by the artist that in expressing his thought or emotion, that is, in fulfilling himself, they also are fulfilling the laws of their being the result is likely to be not far from beautiful. The real immorality, the final treachery in art, is violation of the medium.

The chief defect of Professor Raymond's book, then, is that it treats of artistic "form" as a consideration independent of the material in which that form is expressed. But there are minor points on which his theories seem to be at fault. Thus, in speaking of poetry, although he admits that "clean-cut, concrete visualisation can be conjured in the imagination even by a

description of something which, in itself, is not clean-cut or concrete," he attaches far too much importance to the use of concrete images in poetry. The relation of visual images to the words that evoke them remains a mystery, but it is quite certain that the old lady who spoke of "that blessed word, Mesopotamia," was not talking nonsense. To use Professor Raymond's own system of arrangement, he puts poetry too near painting and too far from music.

But, as we said at the beginning of this article, the book is interesting and full of suggestion. Probably the most satisfactory chapter is that in which the author points out that proportion in the arts of sight is the analogue not of harmony but of rhythm in the arts of sound. Some of his detached observations are admirable, as when he says that the real difference between sentiment and sentimentality is that the latter is always selfish. On the other hand his statement, in comparing Beethoven and Mozart, that "not a few to-day consider Beethoven the greater genius of the two" positively startles you by its inadequacy.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

WITH DOUBLE TONGUES

Not long ago a correspondent of the ACADEMY disliked the word "Causerie," probably on account of its foreign extraction, but suggested no substitute for it, English or otherwise. Perhaps, indeed, none exists. The nearest equivalent that occurs to me is "chat," a word with nothing to recommend it except the negative merit of being rather less detestable than its derived adjective. Then quite lately in looking over Coleridge's version of "Wallenstein," I came upon the lines:

Who send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures

and this unreasonably wordy paraphrase of "die in die Lüfte grüssen" incited me to an unsuccessful quest for any single English word, or even fairly brief combination of words, whereby to render that particular sense of *grüssen*.

This naturally leads to reflections upon various gaps "all-thing unbecoming" in our dictionaries, and thence to the arguments for and against filling them with whatever can best be found ready-made in some other language, or building them up of materials drawn from our own. People who would over rigidly follow the latter course might with advantage consider the uncouth shapes into which German purists of the eighteenth century twisted Goethe's "schlechtesten Stoff." As for those who incline to the opposite extreme, their warning is to be read on all the bookstalls, in queer French, mainly, after the school of popular fiction.

So wide a subject, however, could not find accommodation in a causerie; hardly even in a conversazione, that other more spacious sounding foreign loan, which might have been effected nearer home and in fewer syllables. For throughout north-western Ireland just that form of entertainment, the beguiler of many a long winter's evening, is commonly known as a céilie (céilir), which rhymes with "daily," and has a hard c. In England the Gaelic origin of the word would no doubt neither commend nor condemn it; but this is far from being the case in its native land, where between Gaelic Leaguers and their adversaries a literal strife of tongues has for some time past raged with a vehemence which almost rivals that of last century's famous Two-year-old and Three-year-old faction fights, and which loses nothing in sound and fury by the desuetude of blackthorns and shillelaghs. It may be said that at present doubtfully the battle stands, inasmuch as the extent to which the Gaelic will prevail remains, and while the contest goes on must remain undecided. Within limits that is. Nobody seriously sup-

poses either that the English language can ever be superseded in Ireland by any other, or yet that the wildest romancing about the Gaelic will in the end hinder those who really wish to revive and use it as well. Still there is room for speculation on the subject.

So far the Gaelic may certainly be considered fortunate on the whole in its allies, who with a Baconian, if not a Machiavellian craftiness have stirred up and enlisted on its side the most potent spirit of revolt. By judicious utterance at Education Boards' meetings, and, in official capacities, on various other public occasions, they have fanned with an inspiring sense that he is "agin the Government" the ardour of full many an elementary scholar, whose aspirations might else speedily be quenched among the crooked eclipses which fight against the beginner's glory in his course of O'Growney's Grammar. The skill of this strategy becomes the more apparent when we reflect how largely it lay in the power of these enthusiasts for the language to have adopted a contrary line of action, and to have trampled out the first sparks by, for instance, making Gaelic compulsory at all examinations, penalising English in national schools, and so forth. Some fanatical opponents of the ancient tongue have in fact clamoured for measures of the kind. But as a rule its enemies propose and practise nothing more detrimental than the production of trivial inconveniences by an ostentatious airing of Gaelic in and out of season, as on envelopes and sign-posts, a habit much on a par, as regards good sense and good manners, with the propensity for whispering and giggling in company for which school-girls used to be chidden. And lest the ardour of the conflict should wane, a host of non-combatant sympathisers cheer it on with cries of *pas trop de zèle*—*μηδὲν ἄγαν*—*nā bác leir*—*cui bono?* exhortations which seldom fail to rekindle the flagging energy.

This, albeit a digression from the subject of how best to solve the problem of the missing word, does not really lead us very far out of the track, for it is consequent enough to consider the prospect of a nation becoming double-tongued from just that point of view. Apart that is, of course, from the views of those who apprehend that their bi-lingual compatriots will somehow turn into neighbours little less noxious than the snaky tribe which their patron saint sent slithering down Croagh Patrick's steep; and of those also who regard a man without Gaelic as considerably below the level of the beasts of the field. We may indeed safely assume that neither of these opinions is anything more than a "false flower of rhetoric," culled for a temporary badge.

Although English and Welsh do certainly appear to have remained singularly unaffected by one another, it seems likely beforehand that between two languages thus in simultaneous use there should be a frequent interchange of words and phrases. This has, of course, in times past actually taken place in Anglo-Irish, but more perhaps with respect to idiom than to vocabulary. For though a comparatively small number of the peasant folk may in real life talk quite so like the literal translation from the Gaelic which Lady Gregory employs with such grace in her writings, traces of its influence are strong and clear in the speech even of people who know few single words. And the same influence has emigrated—too often—across channel and ocean.

In future, however, given any general revival of Gaelic-speaking throughout Ireland, we may expect to see transactions of this kind occur more commonly between its two languages, and no doubt to their mutual benefit. It is happily to such things as sordid money matters alone that Polonius's anti-lending maxims apply. A language, like true love,

in this differs from gold and clay.
That to divide is not to take away.

* A better word than "mutual" is among the desiderata of the English language; meanwhile, however, it may serve, seeing that William Blake has used it in his "Gates of Paradise."

On the contrary, rather, the more it gives away the more it has. Since by transplantation a word does but grow "double-lived in regions new," with added power and prestige. The great richness of Gaelic should make it a valuable source of the fresh acquisitions with which every living language must needs from time to time be replenished. It will itself perhaps find its account chiefly in the modification of those dialects, which a broad intervening belt of only English speakers have caused to spring up in the north, south and west, until Gaels of Ulster, Munster and Connaught can with difficulty, and at best but imperfectly understand one another. So widely does not merely pronunciation but meaning differ from district to district. Take for example the word *garaun*, which in one quarter signifies simply a horse, and in another a screw. It is easy to imagine the complications which might arise from this at a show or a fair.

All languages, it is true, are subject to inconsistencies of the sort. I remember how an Austrian friend of mine once embarrassed herself and shocked some Prussian acquaintances by remarking of their bashful little boy: "Der arme Junge ist ja sehr blöde," intending to express her belief that the child was very shy, but conveying to them the opinion that he was very imbecile. Still in a country of such moderate dimensions as Ireland, which is small enough to rank with the most renowned nations of the world, if size were all, it cannot be inevitable that dialects should harden into absolute unintelligibility. When a language overspreads huge areas, as the German does, that process can scarcely be arrested, and the tendency to it seems an argument against the possibility of any universal language, however carefully manufactured. Such a one after a few generations' use by Chinese, let us say, and Peruvians, would develop peculiarities calling for the services of an interpreter. Hence we need probably fear the advent of Volapük or Esperanto as little as the barbarous invasion of that phonetic spelling, which would doom us to read for evermore an endless "Jeames's Diary," with all the funny part—such as it was—left out.

But this is another deviation, which must be finally checked, for that way prophecy lies, George Eliot's "most gratuitous form of folly."

JANE BARLOW.

FICTION

The Country House. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A NEW novel by Mr. John Galsworthy has become an event, to which many look forward with interest, since the "Man of Property" appeared in the spring of last year, and since his play *The Silver Box* was produced at the Court Theatre in the autumn. His work has many qualities of greatness: but is not yet great. It is belittled by a taint of personal bitterness, and bitterness blunts the fine edge of irony. The silken scarf defied the strength of Richard, but fell in two pieces before the deft quickness of Saladin. It is clumsy to hit too hard: and that Mr. Galsworthy is inclined to do, regardless of the weapon he has chosen.

The fine old English gentleman is the object of his present attack—the class which has lived in wealth for generations on its own land and is called the backbone of old England (or answers to some such phrase). Their tradition is a kind of terrible octopus which closes its tentacles round the humanity of those within its reach, and takes away the life-blood. Horace Pendyce is a typical rich squire in a hunting country: his wife was a Totteridge, whose ancestors had always possessed places in the country. Their son George is the young sportsman, who kills birds with precision, hunts, but cannot think. Across his horizon comes a fascinating married woman, with whom George falls sullenly in love, and who soon

tires of George's sullen passion, though with dogged persistence he defies the whole family for her sake. There is Paramor, the wise lawyer who is the woman's guardian, and the idealist cousin Gregory, who loves her with the idealist's blindness, and the husband who is a drunken scoundrel. The monotony of country life, from which he is unable by his nature to escape, drives him to drink.

Mrs. Pendyce is by far the most interesting character in the book. She has not had her human instincts strangled by the tentacles of the great slow least of tradition. She can sympathise with what she imagines to be her son's feelings, though she has never known love: and she quietly leaves her husband to go to her son, when her husband meets his refusal to give up the woman by a determination to disinherit him. Her maternal instinct takes her to London but quite fails to make her able to be of any use to her son. She does not understand him at all. And here sentiment seems to play a trick on Mr. Galsworthy, for he is unfair to George, stupid and coarse though George is. Mrs. Pendyce is refined and gentle, but neither quality is an excuse for her lack of power to understand her son, her willingness to remain among her roses and gently lament her son's distance, when she might with a little more vitality have taken practical steps to lessen that distance. Mr. Galsworthy does not show that the position arises just as much from the mother's past apathy as from the son's heartlessness. He falsifies the balance in favour of the mother, chiefly because she is gentle and loves her flowers. It is a good reason, but not a sufficient one. This slight tendency to bitterness and to sentimentality is the one blemish in an extraordinarily well-written, well-observed piece of work.

The Other Pann. By MARY DEANE. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is what some people call a nice book for family reading. It would be unfair to call it a chronicle of small beer: unfair to the beer we mean. The villain to be sure is a bold bad man who bites his lips and twists his moustache at a concert because a young married woman to whom he has lost his heart is smiling at another man. But after behaving in this shocking manner the heroine breaks off her engagement to him and he remains decorously in the background. The married woman just mentions that he wished to elope with her but we are certain that the grandfather who receives her confidence will never let it go further. We have found throughout the story that the scenes are scrappy, the dialogue tedious and the characters wooden. But we repeat that it is a nice book for family reading because we are convinced that wit, life and drama are not necessary, are not even greatly desired in a novel of this kind. There is a public that wants a babbling, harmless, sentimental story, with a slight love interest, pretty Christian names and some ball-room scenes where the boys and girls concerned settle their affairs of the heart circumspectly. Here in addition to these things there is a background of Bath society in the mid-Victorian age. We did not know that women wore tea-gowns in those days and we are positive that the shrinking Helena would rather have died than cross London in a hansom without a male escort.

Cheshire Village Stories. By W. V. BURGESS. (Sherratt & Hughes, 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE slight tales run on the usual lines of village chronicles, poaching, ghosts, murder and sentiment. They are told by a fussy, good-natured "everybody's friend," who contrives to have a hand in all that happens. His style is a little pompous and florid, he does not always find the right word; but he is a cheerful writer, and his rustic characters say shrewd and sometimes amusing things. The best poaching story is "A Poacher's Wooing," in which Roger Clutton springs out

of the wood into a passing milk cart, the pursuing game-keeper sitting for an exciting mile or so upon the lid of the milk can unconscious that the man he seeks is hidden within. There are several pretty, simple romances, and a particularly gruesome ghost story of a "Grey Lady" with a red patch upon her forehead.

The Flight of Icarus. By HENRY BYATT. (Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.)

HAD the author of "Lothair" set himself to chronicle the visions of that unbalanced prophetic of the desert, Lady Hester Stanhope, we might have met with the fulfilment of what Mr. Byatt has attempted in this book; but Disraeli with his rich Eastern imagery has departed from our midst, Lady Hester has gone, we hope, to the realisation of her dreams, and the "Flight of Icarus" is a long and dreary mass of verbiage instead of a scintillating extravaganza. Mr. Byatt has based his rhapsody upon the vague records of one, Shabbathai Zebi ben Mordacai, a seventeenth-century prophet claiming to be the Messiah of the Jews, who is said to have worked many miracles and to have had a large following. He substitutes the twentieth for the seventeenth century, gives his hero a mansion in Park Lane as a suitable setting for his short but dazzling career, and the beautiful, morganatic wife of a European potentate to play Delilah to his Samson. The lady is also, incidentally, the direct descendant of Marie Stuart and Bothwell and only consents to undertake the task on condition that she is proclaimed Regent of England, Scotland, and Wales. She alone dares to cope with this apparently immortal ruler of the Jews; this being with the "beautiful face" and "towering stature," whose chin, "albeit hidden by the unshorn hirsute, curved with a fine sweep from the strong throat." The devoted lady succeeds in unmasking this impostor; but she does so at the cost of her life's happiness.

DRAMA

"HEDDA GABLER" AT THE COURT THEATRE

"HEDDA GABLER" is a play that appeals almost entirely to the imagination. To the unimaginative the play must be meaningless—merely the sordid story of an unpleasant woman who, having everything to make her comfortable, was, nevertheless, discontented, and committed suicide. An unpleasant woman? Far worse than that: spiteful, malicious, deceitful, jealous; a woman who could urge a man on to his ruin, as Hedda urged Eilert Lövborg, a woman who could deceive a good-hearted fellow like her husband Tesman, who could make fun of a dear old lady and torture a sweet young woman whose heart's secret she has forced out of her. Certainly her one act of grace was to take her own worthless life. All that is true enough. And you can hear a man a degree wiser add with confidence: such a woman deserves no pity—she causes her own misery. That, too, is true. She deserves pity as little she would have desired it, and she did cause her own misery. Therein lies the tragedy. And it is a great tragedy.

Who and what is this Hedda Gabler, about whom such things can be said, and with whom we are compelled to sympathise? Why does her fate prove so indescribably moving as it does? Because Ibsen, like all great artists, is symbolic, because he takes a discontented woman and puts her in comfortable surroundings among amiable contented persons, he takes the most dreadfully commonplace material—and shows the struggle of all forms of life against the slow monotony of existence. Her tragedy is that she is alive among people dead of contentment; she is a vital creature being suffocated by her environment. She has heard the syren voice of content and has obeyed its call against her nature, and she pays the terrible penalty until at last she triumphs over life and gains freedom—and the unutterable pathos of it is that resolution has come to her too late; that the only way of freedom open to her is a kind of cowardice,

the outcome of that taint in her which has caused all her misery. Nevertheless she is so great and so vital that we gradually come to hate quite unjustly those worthy, stupid people who torment her with their goodness and stupidity. Ibsen is never unjust. He remains almost intolerably true. And always he suggests, and suggests, and suggests until the meaning becomes haunting in its pervading intensity. You cannot pin down the man or his work with any little label, discoverable or discovered. His nature was manifold and many-sided, but before all else he was a poet. The tragedy of Hedda Gabler must be felt and felt intensely by every man who, with the help of his imagination, sees or has seen not only others but himself in the making, for the making of a man is nothing else than the play of circumstance upon character. Every man conscious of life in any way must feel her tragedy, but no one more deeply than he who has high thoughts, the impulse to express them and the power to observe the result—the gap between what he imagined and what he has expressed.

It is a pleasure to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a part worthy of her beauty and her genius. Her performance was superb. It was chiefly remarkable for its extreme subtlety, and a restraint which was far more effective than any emphasis could have been. Especially was her restraint noticeable at the famous end of the third act. Quietly and deliberately she burned the manuscript with a kind of fine daring. Any compunction makes the deed horrible and mean; and an element of meanness in Hedda spoils the greatness of the tragedy. Certainly contortions of regret would have been more theatrically effective: one would have shuddered and applauded and forgotten. Her significant dignity is unforgettable. The rendering is in touch with the hauntingly suggestive conception of Hedda. She lifts the part beyond all sordid littleness, so that you realise that you are in the presence of a great nature baffled and finally overthrown. She shows Hedda oppressed with the life around her and within her, so that all her vitality is forced down into herself and, unable to find any outlet, festers and is turned to selfishness and to malignity. And always her power makes her great. Mrs. Campbell too brought out Hedda's craving for beauty and for the impossible. Nothing could have been more poignant in its effect than the way she uttered Hedda's vision of the "vine leaves in his hair." It is not often that an actress is called upon to express power and bitter irony and perception of beauty in one character—a great nature in tragic disharmony with itself and its surroundings—and still less often that an actress is able to express them with the finish and dignity that Mrs. Patrick Campbell commanded in her interpretation of Hedda Gabler. Her voice seems to have gained fresh beauty, her movements fresh grace, and her art greater delicacy and power.

The production as a whole was good: but not so good as it ought to have been. The first act was taken too slowly, a fault which is too common in the productions of the Court Theatre. Much, that ought to have gone with ease and quickness, dragged. There seemed no reason for this but hesitation and nervousness on the part of the actors, which more frequent rehearsals would have taken away. The excellence of the acting drew attention to this slowness, the one defect of an admirable production. Mr. James Hearn played Judge Brack, the rather sinister man of the world, with great skill. He was exactly the requisite foil to the stupid, hesitating, kind-hearted George Tesman, whom Mr. Trevor Lowe played competently, but without distinction. Miss Evelyn Weeden was charmingly pathetic as Mrs. Elvsted, and Miss Measor was attractive as the dear old aunt Julia. Both these actresses should prove useful members of the Court company, when they have gained experience and finish. Mr. Laurence Irving was a little too mannered as Eilert Lövborg: there was much that was good in his performance, but it lacked complete conviction for that reason.

H. DE S.

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FIELDING'S "LITTLE PARLOUR"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“I write better anywhere than at home,” Thackeray told Elwin, “and I write less at home than anywhere.” What was true of Thackeray, was no doubt true of Thackeray's predecessor. “Tom Jones,” as we know, had “employed some thousands of hours in the composing” (Bk. xi., ch. i.); and was probably on the stocks from 1743 until its publication February 28, 1749. It must have been written intermittently in many places including taverns and coffee-houses. Where the particular “little Parlour” of Bk. xiii. (when two-thirds of the author's task were accomplished) was situated, can only be the purest conjecture. The term does not suggest much accommodation; rather what auctioneers describe as a “small reception-room”—and possibly the only one. It may therefore be fairly assumed that it was not at Radway Grange in Warwickshire (Mr. Miller's); at Hagley in Worcestershire (Lyttelton's); at Prior Park or Widcombe House, Bath (Ralph Allen's and Mr. Bennet's); nor can it have been at Milbourne House, Barnes, or Milford Hill, Salisbury—all of which places, rightly or wrongly, have been connected with the composition of Fielding's masterpiece—for these were all mansions or fairly sized buildings. It does not look like chambers in the Temple, or offices in Bow Street, or the sanctum of James Leake, the Bath bookseller. It may, of course, have been in the house at Twerton-on-Avon, sometime known as “Fielding Lodge;” or it may have been one of the two rooms Fielding occupied in Back Lane, Twickenham, from his second marriage (November 1747), until he went to Bow Street (December 1748?). At Twickenham he was certainly employed on “Tom Jones,” for which Andrew Millar paid him in June of the latter year. But the most likely spot of all for a “little Parlour” is his sister Sarah's cottage in Church Lane, Widcombe, Bath, then standing alone in the lane as “Yew Cottage” (Peach's “Historic Houses in Bath,” 1884, ii. 33 n.); but now enlarged and re-named “Widcombe Lodge.” That Fielding and his sister lived here, must be held to be confirmed by the fact that in June last the Bathonians placed a commemorative tablet on the house to that effect.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

March 4.

THE RESIDENCE OF HENRY FIELDING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Re Fielding. “H.C.M.” in writing you in your issue of March 2 states that “tradition says that ‘Tom Jones’ was written at Twerton,” near Bath.

Might I venture to state that there is something more reliable than tradition to support the belief, for Collinson in his “History of Somerset,” published nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, says: “The first house on the right hand at entering this village (Twerton) from Bath was the residence of that celebrated novelist Henry Fielding, while he wrote his ‘Tom Jones.’”

STANLEY HUTTON.

March 3.

INSCRIPTIONS IN MEDIAEVAL LATIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a very kindly and appreciative review of my book “The Shores of the Adriatic” in your journal, in which the reviewer has taken exception to the Latin of certain inscriptions which I have given. I gather that he has not seen the monuments upon which they are inscribed and therefore that he proceeds purely on inference. It is well known that Mediaeval Latin is not impeccable judged by classical standards, and I should like to assure him (and those members of the public who may have read the review) that these objectional sentences have been carefully transcribed from the monuments either by myself or by Schulz, who published many of them in his splendid work upon the monuments of Southern Italy.

F. HAMILTON JACKSON.

March 2.

MADAME HADING'S ART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It was with pleasure that I read in last week's issue of the ACADEMY the account of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, as played by Madame Jane Hading and her company at the New Royalty Theatre. The play, judged by your critic, is a good sensational melodrama, and has no claim whatever to the name

of tragedy. And yet Madame Jane Hading can make the character she personates real and tragical, I myself have the proof that a great actor can work wonders with a mediocre play. Once I heard Madame Hading and her company present *Le Maître des Forges*, a play commonplace and sentimental to read, but transformed for me ever since by the power of a great actress, who actually moved one to the verge of tears for the made-up woes of Madame Dorblay and her husband. I have once heard it stated that some great actors shine most brightly in the melodramatic and sentimental play. If this statement be true it surely must arouse surprise. Does it not seem more natural that in proportion as an actor is great, so should his or her powers be shown to the best advantage in a great play? It would interest me greatly to have a thoughtful opinion on this subject.

D. H. A.

February 28.

SHAKESPEAREANA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—

Cymbeline, Act i. sc. vi. 34

Hath nature given them eyes,

... which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, etc.

The text here is evidently faulty. Shakespeare would certainly not have written “the twinn'd stones,” nor “the number'd beach.” What may we reasonably conjecture that he did write?

1. Elsewhere in his works we meet with the phrase “dumb stone”; our frequent use of the expression “as blind as a stone” may be our warrant for saying that he would not have hesitated to use “blind” as an epithet of stones, if it had suited his purpose. “The blind stones” would be a capital antithesis to “the orbs above”—the eyes of heaven—the bright pebbles of the sky.

2. For what word has *number'd* been in all probability set down by mistake? I suspect that the first letter *n* was miswritten for an *h*, and that the original word was “humid,” which is frequently mispronounced by the vulgar “humud,” and was perhaps misspelt “humer'd”; mistakes such as these are constantly occurring in the Folios; thus “the humid beach” would be antithetical to “the fiery orbs”—water to fire. With these emendations the passage would be as fit and fine as I believe that Shakespeare made it.

PHILIP PERRING.

March 3.

“PERVIGILIUM” AND “REQUIESCAT”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Laudatus a laudato viro*, I beg to thank you and him sincerely. The *Pervigilium* text is so corrupt that I chose the best I knew, Professor Mackail's—with a minimum of infidelity. *Cras serit*, for *cras erit*, is “off my own bat.” Though reading *ruborem*, I translated Baehren's *puorem*, in 25. Too conservative to change *penates* into *fera es* (15), I find *modos*, there, supported, in a sort, by *nodo*, in 26. The “daisy chain” is too pretty (48), like Jebb's Englishing of *αἰνῶρεν πέδος* by “flushed cheek”: the manuscript *vestem* is, for me, a Punic pun on the supposedly Semitic root of “Hybla” “a cord.” Over half the Latin poem breaks the crotic rule. The *Requiescat* Greek maiden I have long known on the Eblana banks. Dr. Tyrrell does well to be proud of her. His refrain assonance is perfect. Hypercriticism might ask line 6 to shed one of its relatives, possibly; but before Zenophile's beauty Momus himself were dumb. Again thanking for your kindly notes on me.

H. H. JOHNSON.

March 3.

IDENTIFIED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have discovered the author of the brilliant conjecture in the *Electra* of Sophocles mentioned in the review of Campbell's *Paralipomena Sophoclea* in the ACADEMY of March 2. It is Dr. Starkie, the editor of the *Vespae* of Aristophanes, formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, now Resident Commissioner of National Education, Ireland.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

March 2.

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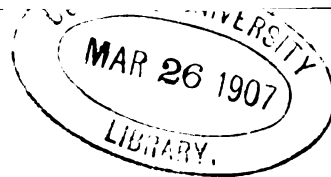
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE season of Lent continues to exercise a great deal of influence over the publications of the moment. We have had during the past week a considerable number of devotional and theological books such as Mr. Louis Elbé's "Future Life," Mr. Ion Keith Murray's "Unto a Perfect Man," Mr. J. P. Knight's "Epistle to the Colossians" and such small books of the hour as "The Living Christ, Readings for the Great Forty Days," "The Message of the Cross" and so forth. The number of small volumes seems to increase year by year as though side by side with the growth of worldliness there is also a growth of the number of those who choose this early part of spring for special devotion to the spiritual life. Even those who have long since ceased to hold with the ancient ways cannot regret this, as "man does not live by bread alone" and it is ill for a nation when it ceases to attend to the needs of the spirit.

Next week Mr. George W. E. Russell through Mr. Grant Richards will publish another volume of his observations. It would not be fair to anticipate its interest, and yet we cannot refrain from printing one little story to give a taste of what is coming. It is inspired by the want of reticence in regard to health distinctive of the modern mind.

"Ice!" exclaimed a pretty girl at dessert, "good gracious, no! so bad for indy"—and her companion, who had not travelled with the times, learned with amazement that "indy" was the pet name for indigestion. "How bitterly cold!" said a plump matron at an open-air luncheon; "just the thing to give one appendicitis." "Oh!" said her neighbour, surveying the company, "we are quite safe there. I shouldn't think we had an appendix between us."

Mr. A. C. Benson is making good progress with the "Letters of Queen Victoria," which no doubt will be the most important publication of the autumn season. It is expected that it will be out early in October. Queen Victoria was equally interesting as a woman and as a sovereign. Her very early marriage, the devotion to her of Lord Melbourne and other Prime Ministers, the sadness as well as pleasure connected with her children, and her long widowhood, render her life a kind of prose epic of womanhood. As a queen she was associated with the greatest advance in civilisation that the world has witnessed, and her reign was one of the longest and happiest and most peaceful in the annals of English history.

At Sotheby's during this last week very great interest was taken in the seven days dispersal of Sir Wilfred

Lawson's engravings which according to the *Daily Telegraph* had been valued at £4000. But by the end of the third day the total had far exceeded that sum. It was only to be expected that the rage for colour-prints and mezzotints should be followed by a sudden boom in the hitherto neglected line-engravings; and if the art-dealing market continues in its present healthy state, we shall probably hear that enormous prices have been paid for groups of wax fruit and flowers, glass paper weights with pictorial representations of the sea-side, and all the early Victorian bric-a-brac at which it is now the fashion to sneer: Delightful though the art of reproductive engraving may be, and particularly for the fortunate possessors of great collections, it is a matter of some regret that neither collectors nor dealers are able to differentiate between the æsthetic value of say Valentine Green, McARDell, and S. W. Reynolds and the really great artists such as Rembrandt, Whistler, Blake, Calvert and others for whom the graver and the needle were instruments in the expression of original genius; the reproductive engravers when all is said and done were merely predecessors of the photographer and when they allowed their own individuality to assert itself they ceased to be faithful interpreters of the great artists of whom they were merely the unfaithful or faithful servants.

Humour has its own atmosphere, and it is an accepted axiom that the best jokes can only be appreciated by the few. This is one of the chief causes of the failure of the so-called humorous weeklies. They cannot print the witticisms which rely on local colour and a knowledge of the circumstances in which they were conceived because they would be foreign to most of their readers. These remarks are inspired by an examination of "The Club Lyre," a four-page journal produced by half a dozen Press Club wags during the campaign preceding the recent election of a new committee. "It is our proud boast," said the editors, "that no public or private utility can be discovered in the publication of this journal. We fill no long-felt want. We have no new theories to discuss, no crank views to push." The editors, not content with this confession, accentuated their defiance of Fleet Street convention by demanding sixpence a copy! Of course, no one outside the club could possibly understand any of the references or "jokes," and if the majority of the latter are very weak, the authors can find consolation in the fact that the whole paper was "written up" in less than an hour.

The dinner of the Stage Society held last Sunday evening at the Criterion Restaurant, like all the functions of this club, was admirably managed. None of the speeches were too long, and they were all to the point. Particularly interesting was that of Mr. Frederick Wheelen, who, in the regrettable absence of Sir John Gorst, occupied the chair. According to his description the reception given to dramatic works in Berlin presents a sad contrast to the state of affairs in London. For Berlin accords to alien drama the same enthusiasm which it gives to the works of native genius; and at the present moment Germany can boast of dramatists greater than their French contemporaries. The intellectuals of Berlin seem to have reached the æsthetic Nirvana of which Whistler dreamed. With true imperialism they are ready to accept the art of every country on its own merits, and they are now about to test our actors by inviting Mr. Beerbohm Tree to the city which welcomed Watteau and Voltaire.

It was frankly a little dismal after listening to Mr. Frederick Wheelen's most interesting statistics and Mr. Tree's eloquent and pointed allegories to hear Mr. J. T. Grein, "the only begetter" of the forthcoming visit, complimenting the English on the possession of their dramatic critics and on dramatists of very doubtful

authenticity. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. J. T. Grein, who was one of the pioneers of drama in England, should have fallen away from his ideal of fifteen years ago. The recent criticisms of *Hedda Gabler* (even Mr. Grein's was no exception) recall the delicious stupidities of seventeen years ago. Indeed English dramatic critics, with a few honourable exceptions are as hopelessly behind the age and out of date as the happily deceased Clement Scott. They are ignorant, they are futile. They judge a play by the effect it produces on the upper circle on the first night. The public, to do it justice, never pays the slightest attention to anything they may say: in one notorious instance the object of their obloquy has become a European classic. Surely Mr. Grein could manage to retain a well-deserved popularity in London along with his undeniable dramatic perceptions. To have omitted the name of Mr. Granville Barker places him out of court in both senses of the word.

At Terry's Theatre on Saturday, the 23rd instant, the Literary Theatre Society will give a public matinée performance of *The Persians*, by Æschylus, in a prose translation, preceded by a one-act experiment in verse—*A Miracle*, by Mr. Granville Barker. The scenery and costumes for both pieces are being designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. This is the first opportunity that the public will have of appreciating Mr. Ricketts's gift for stage-pictures, such as won commendation on the occasion of the private performance of *Salomé* last summer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of a man becoming his own publisher occurred about fifteen years ago when a Norfolk labourer produced a small volume or pamphlet of "original poems." He had never been to school and his vocabulary could not have contained more than a couple of hundred words, while a perusal of his verse—intensely serious—gave one the impression that Thomas Thompson, the author, was either a humourist of the first water or an eccentric of the lowest intelligence. He paid no attention whatever to grammar, and the result was an exhibition of the primitive ideas of the elementary mind which the most skilful writer of "dialect studies" could not have equalled. Mr. Thompson sold his pamphlet at sixpence and reaped a greater monetary reward than the majority of those contemporaries of his who "scribbled verse" for the weekly reviews.

On the Suffragette question every one imbued, as Horace says, with Greek letters can glibly quote Aristophanes's *Ecclesiazousæ* or the *Femmes Savantes*. But the true inwardness of the Feminist movement in France from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century is little known and less cited. The last third of the seventeenth century re-stated, in as firm and clear tones as any modern, the new philosophy that was no respecter of sexes. Poulain de Barre would educate women, but did not forget the men, "comme étant de même espèce!" ("De l'Education des Dames," 1679, advertisement.) A true Cartesian, de Barre considers feminism as a result of the fall of prejudice. Unfortunately, according to him even woman herself does not know her worth; she engages in frivolities, "jetée dans la bagatelle." Bold as Plato, undaunted by the avalanche of possible Homeric laughter, de Barre would restore to women their robbed and vested rights. His Cartesianism made even the Jesuit abbé, Morvan de Bellegarde, a little later—in 1702—pen his feminist "lettres curieuses," which influenced Feijoo, another priest, author of the "Théâtre Critique" (1742).

Not many of our daily and evening papers resisted the temptation to apply the phrase "La ville lumière" to Paris in connection with the strike of the electrical workers, whereby that city was recently plunged into darkness. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*

was able to add a note of what almost amounts to tragedy to his account of the occurrence. It appears that in consequence of the failure of the electric power supply, none of the French papers were able to appear. The Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* was, needless to say, a glorious exception. It came out rather before its usual time if anything. Consequently the inhabitants of the afflicted city had to choose between reading the *Daily Mail* or not reading a paper at all. Accordingly they read the *Daily Mail* (those of them who understood English) seated in cafés whose only illumination was afforded by candles stuck in empty bottles. We must turn to Dante's "Inferno" to find a parallel to the gloomy picture evoked by the recital of these facts.

The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* is evidently possessed of a keen sense of humour. Referring to the same incident (the strike) he writes: "One of the comic features of the situation was the plight of an old lady living in the Sentier district. She had just taken the lift to the flat when the current was cut off and she was left suspended between the third and fourth floors. Firemen had to be sent for to extricate her." One wonders whether, supposing that the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* had been in the place of the old lady in question, the comic aspect of the case would have struck him as forcibly as it did. Truly "humour is in the eye of the beholder."

From the Luxembourg Museum, to which it was presented by public subscription, Manet's famous painting *Olympie* has been transferred to the Louvre, where it has been hung as a pendant to the *Odalisque* of Ingres in the Salle des Etats, consecrated to deceased French masters of the last century. By this momentous step the great Impressionist, whose works have excited so much controversy during the last fifty years, has received the final and highest honour official France can pay. Without drawing upon the Caillebotte collection of impressionist paintings, the Louvre will shortly possess another masterpiece by Manet, whose equally famous *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* is included in the Moreau-Nelaton collection recently bequeathed to the French Government, and temporarily housed in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, next door to the Louvre.

Two flower-pieces by Manet are also found in this valuable collection, while other impressionist painters richly represented are Claude Monet, Camille Pissarro, the Anglo-French painter Sisley, and Berthe Morisot, Manet's sister-in-law. Other notable works in the bequest are: Fantin-Latour's colossal portrait-group, *Homage to Delacroix*; the smaller version of Delacroix's *Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople*; a magnificent series of Corots, including the painter's portrait of himself; Decamps's *Jésus sur le lac de Génézareth*, and other important paintings; *Le Rêve*, and *La Foi, l'Espérance et la Charité* by Puvis de Chavannes; and *Intimité* and *L'Enfant à la Soupière* by Carrière. To these paintings must be added a collection, no less remarkable, of drawings by Ingres, Millet, Rousseau, Courbet, Boudin, Cazin, Constantin Guys, and many others.

A large and important new work by Rodin, entitled "l'Ombre," an over life-size figure of a man, will be added to the International Society's Exhibition at the New Gallery, Regent Street, next week. A few days ago the famous bust of M. Guillaume was also added to the Exhibition, in lieu of a work which was, unfortunately, broken to pieces while being packed for transport from Paris to London.

The library of the late Mr. George Gray, Clerk of the Peace for Glasgow and Town Clerk of Rutherglen, will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Wednesday, the 20th, and

following day. Mr. Gray was an old and well-known book-collector in Glasgow and his library was one of those described in Mason's "Public and Private Libraries of Glasgow," published in 1885. Mr. Gray's collection is strong in Scotch books. Rare editions of Scottish authors abound. Of Burns, there is a perfect copy of the first edition, Kilmarnock, 1786, another copy slightly imperfect, the second edition published at Edinburgh, in the following year, and the third edition published at London in the same year, 1787. There is also the very rare first Dublin edition, 1787, and an uncut copy in the original boards of the poems ascribed to Robert Burns, Glasgow, 1801. Several letters and songs in the autograph of Burns are also in the sale.

Mr. Gray long made a hobby of chap-books, and his large collection numbering over a thousand separate pieces will be offered in one lot at a reserve price, or otherwise in lots as catalogued. Other notable books are several of Sir William Fraser's Scottish Family Histories, several rare and curious editions of Dougal Graham's Account of the Rebellion of 1745-6 (in verse), a collection of Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, the first edition of Archbishop Laud's Prayer Book for Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in 1637, and a Fourth Folio Shakespeare.

An important sale of rare books and manuscripts will take place at Messrs. Hodgson's Rooms in Chancery Lane, on Wednesday and Thursday next. The first day's sale includes the library of the late Dr. Roots, F.S.A., of Kingston-on-Thames, formed by him during the early part of the last century. Among other interesting items may be mentioned a unique set of ten volumes relating to Napoleon, extra-illustrated by the insertion of several hundred portraits and coloured plates of military costume; the Strawberry Hill copy of the rare History of Surrey by John Aubrey, with additional engravings, and a very fine copy of Brayley's History of Surrey, profusely extra-illustrated with original water-colour drawings by J. and E. Hassell, and other artists, old coloured prints and portraits and engravings. The same day's sale comprises many rare books, including such scarce Americana as the original editions of the Collections of Voyages by De Bry, Purchas and Hakluyt, a few early manuscripts on vellum: a printed Horæ by Hardouyn, Paris, 1520, with the woodcuts illuminated; specimens of old English and foreign bindings and books bearing the autographs of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, and Pope. An item of more general interest, perhaps, is the original drawing by "Phiz" of the famous Trial Scene in the Pickwick Papers, a facsimile of which is given in the catalogue. The second day's sale contains many fine books with coloured plates, including a large paper copy of the Military Costumes of Europe in two volumes, Ackerman's Histories of Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the Public Schools; the original edition of Chamberlaine's Imitations of Holbein and a splendid set of Gould's Ornithological Works, twenty-nine volumes bound in morocco extra. Other lots of note are an entirely uncut copy of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Regained, the original edition of "The Germ," in which Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" was first printed, and the very scarce privately printed edition of John Ruskin's Poems, 1850.

A grand historical Pageant is to take place at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, on July 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, at 3 o'clock each afternoon, when episodes representative of the history of St. Albans are to be given by about one thousand six hundred performers. Mr. C. H. Ashdown, F.R.G.S., of St. Albans, is the author of the "book" of the Pageant, and music for the choruses has been specially composed by Mr. W. H. Bell, Professor R.A.M. Mr. Herbert Jarman, reader and stage manager to Mr. Lewis Waller, of the Lyric Theatre, and Mr. Philip Carr, are acting jointly as Masters of the Pageant. The President of the Grand Committee is the Earl of Verulam.

LITERATURE

A CRITIC OF HER SEX

Personal Opinions Publicly Expressed. By "RITA." (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

WE cannot help regretting that the clever and vivacious lady who writes under the name of "Rita" should be so continually girding at her own sex. After all there is nothing to be proud of in being either a man or a woman, since the individual has no choice in the matter, but has to take whatever sex is thrust upon him or her: And even the relationship of the sexes is continually being modified and re-adjusted by the action of forces much more powerful than those of individual criticism. It is difficult also for the writer who wishes to shoot folly as it flies, to distinguish between those sins that belong to our common nature and those that can be attributed solely to one sex. The smart woman, for example, who is the first to feel the chastising whip of "Rita" has her counterpart in the smart man, and which is the worse of the two it would take more than genius to determine. The society butterfly "who openly declared that when she saw her first wrinkle or her first grey hair she would take a dose of poison immediately," is not without her counterpart in the other sex. Moreover, "Rita," to put the truth plainly, writes a great deal of nonsense about certain subjects. On page 108 occurs the following statement:

Anyone who has been "behind the scenes" of journalistic life knows that the mainstay of a newspaper or a magazine is its advertisement columns. An editor who receives a large and certain income from a firm of publishers takes good care that the books issued by that firm are tenderly handled by his reviewing staff. Criticism in a literary sense is rendered impossible, and the public and the author both suffer—the one because it buys trash, and the other because encouraged to write it.

The present writer has reviewed books for longer than he cares to remember and for a considerable number of newspapers, some of them well-established and rich, others living always in the region of impecuniosity. Never in the experience of some twenty years has he been asked by any editor whatever to modify his opinions with a view of pleasing the publisher or obtaining advertisements. Probably "Rita" has heard of some such practices as she describes in journals of doubtful respectability, but it is too bad to make a sweeping statement that would take in all newspapers. It is true she admits that in some two or three journals an attempt at impartial criticism is made, but it is only to return to the tune with which she set out.

Instructions often accompany a cartload of volumes: "So-and-so's best book has a big boom. Review of same lines." "This firm advertises largely with us: *praise generally.*" "B. & Co. say this is over subscribed, day of publication. Say it will be the talk of all London before long." And so on. The new author, or the author who is slowly coming to the front, are left severely alone. Their reviewing falls to the slack season. It is no uncommon thing for a book to pass into two or three editions, and be reviewed *months* afterwards as in its first!

From time immemorial the critic has had to suffer a great deal of abuse at the hands of authors, particularly of novelists. The other side of the question is not very frequently considered. Works of fiction are poured out in an unending stream from the beginning of the year to the end of it. Out of those who write these novels not one in a hundred—we might even say not one in a thousand—is fitted by Nature to undertake work of the kind. The consequence is that a novel of the highest mark does not appear once in three or four years, and of the annual crop there is not a tenth worth the trouble of reviewing. Yet it is amazing how the compilers of the silliest trash take themselves so seriously, and seem to think that a critic ought to give up his days and nights to the study of their works. As a matter of fact, the only criticism which is of use to a journal is that which does not concern itself in the slightest degree with pronouncing judgments

on this or that individual. Praising a book or slating a book is nothing. What the critic can do usefully is to work out the principles which are embodied or adumbrated in the work before him, and in this it is all the better if he forgets the individual author. In literary matters "Rita" appears to us to be fighting against the light. We are also sorry that she should have included in this book of essays such a very rude and inhospitable chapter as that which is called "The Amazing American." It consists of a violent and unmannerly attack upon the Americans delivered without inspiration and without wit. Here, for instance, is a passage typical of many others, that if addressed to a private individual could only be met with an action for libel. A nation cannot answer calumny in that way, but those who know the American men and the American women will promptly condemn such writing as this.

To business an American brings little or no honourable feeling. He is impatient of steady and honest methods. He would sooner make one dollar by a trick, than earn a hundred by fair dealing. These are the very words spoken to me by a recently returned English friend who had spent fifteen years of "business" life in New York.

Nor do we think that the Americans are likely to take "Rita" as an authorised exponent of English opinion.

After all, however, the gist of this book is to be found in "Rita's" comments on her sex. Perhaps the most favourable point for beginning an examination of these ideas will be found in the chapter headed "Recreation." Games belong to youth. Our authoress as always goes to extremes. The following description of the sporting girl of to-day only holds true of a very small proportion of those who are engaged in outdoor pastimes:

With her slang terms, her mannish dress, her avowed taste for cigarettes and "big drinks," her brusque, rough, overbearing manners, her perpetual "chaff," or her perpetual silly laughter, she is at once an annoyance and an object-lesson. A lesson in what to avoid, not in what to admire.

The girl who plays hockey or golf does not necessarily indulge in "big drinks" and smoke cigarettes. It is followed by a tirade against shooting women, but surely the number of these is very small in proportion to those who can scarcely tell the stock from the barrel of a gun. It would be just as logical to inveigh against women soldiers because here and there a woman disguised or otherwise has chosen to follow a soldier's life. Her talk of latch-keys and flats and the freedom of college life is open to the same objection. Women as a body are still bound by the chains of convention, but there never was a time when here and there an individual would not break down the barriers. If we consider what women did in the early Victorian days and what they do to-day, the comparison certainly would not be in favour of our grandmothers. The old idea that sex was predominant and that marriage itself can be described in a well-known passage from *Preciosa*, "it means to spin, to bear children and to weep, my daughter," was no very high ideal. If "Rita" will take up the pages of *Punch* and compare the women which were pictured by Leach and those that have appeared during the present century she will have to confess that the woman of to-day is, at any rate, as far as can be judged from appearances, the nobler animal of the two. What she has lost spiritually "Rita" may know, but we confess that we do not know. All is to the good, in our opinion, in the life of a man or a woman that tends to sink the idea of sex. When a girl passes an examination she is for the moment sexless; when she plays hockey or golf with all her might she is for the moment sexless; that is to say, the notion that her chief business on earth is to attract men is extinguished by her devotion to some other idea. But to keep her largely within the house, to make her concentrate her mind on dress and domesticity, is to develop that state of affairs which is described as being over-sexed. Plenty of fresh air, plenty of exercise, and plenty

of interest in games and occupations into which sex does not enter, will never hinder a woman from being fit to be a mother. On the contrary, this experience will come to her in a healthy and natural manner, not in the morbidness, fever, and exaggerated feeling produced on those whose life has mostly been spent within four walls. The view that "Rita" puts forth may be needed for the purpose of moderation, but the truth here, as ever, lies between two extremes.

At any given point in the world's history, whatever general progress is being made, it will be found that some individuals are pushing on in front of the others and some are lagging behind. Any one whose eyes were concentrated either on the rear or on the van would give a distorted version of the procession. It requires a great deal of judgment to look past the accidents of the situation and ascertain clearly what is taking place in the centre of the movement. "Rita" perhaps finds it easier to obtain an effect by dwelling on the more sensational aspect. It is the penalty sobriety has to pay that its conclusions are not received with the attention given to the extremist.

A PAGAN SAINT

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Translated by JOHN JACKSON. With an Introduction by CHARLES BIGG. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* are not read for their style, which is almost painful to students of classical Greek. It teems with Latinisms, like *ἀρον* for *tolle* in the sense of "remove, abstract from," as in *ἀρον τὸ βέβλαμμαι ἡται ἡ βλάβη*, "get rid of the sense of injury, and the injury itself is gone." Nor can it be said that there is any solid source of consolation in the *Meditations*, except, perhaps, for those who find comfort in the arid husks of Christian Science. Unfit as Stoicism is to furnish the private citizen with a philosophical system or a practical religion, it is eminently unsuited for a great ruler. The doctrine of the Stoics, still preached by the Society of Jesus, that the prime and sole duty of every man who comes into the world is the saving of his own soul, if propagated and promoted by the potentates of the earth, would bring about a state of things in which

Earth should stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.

Marcus Aurelius, in whose person, according to Gibbon virtue was for once enthroned, grew up a studious and refined boy in an atmosphere of study and culture. When obliged to attend the brutal sports of the arena he would avert his eyes from the *coup de grace* which followed the signal of the upturned thumbs and fix them on some philosophical treatise. Yet his philosophy failed him at a critical moment. Twice during the disastrous Marcomannian war he had recourse to the magic arts of the Egyptian Arnouphis and the impostor Alexander of Abonoteichos. Dr. Bigg in his Introduction, which is brilliantly written and full of matter, writes:

From his cradle he was a beautiful soul, delicate in mind as in body, tender, truthful, docile, sweetly melancholy, a virginal flower, shrinking from the world of which he was to be the master.

A purist in language, he recoils from the use of the word meaning "to gargle," in this reminding us of the euphuists of the Shakespearean age. The most unaccountable phase in his character is his apparently sincere admiration for his wife Faustina, "so obedient, so affectionate, so simple." He even dedicated to her honour a temple in the village under Mount Taurus in which she died, and another in the Capitol in Rome, and established an institution for the support of poor girls who were to be called *Novae Puellae Faustinianae*. Stoicism had a very large tolerance for wickedness of every kind, as being quite natural. The wicked man is made that way; a bad man cannot injure

the philosopher, and even other people cannot be harmed by any one except themselves. The world's good things are indifferent. If the dishonest man deprives others of these good things, he does not injure them but himself. You should not be angry with the dishonest company-promoter or the burglar, but you ought to show them if possible how they are marring their own nature. But if this system may suit the lame slave Epictetus, it ill befits the ruler who is responsible for the security of life and property. Marcus did not exercise successful rule over anything or any one save himself. Dr. Bigg quotes an eloquent passage from Renan, who finds in the Emperor's touching patience "the inner martyrdom of a saint who through tribulation and disillusion arrives at perfect self-renunciation."

We shall never comprehend all that was suffered by that poor blighted heart, all the bitterness hidden behind that pale face, always calm, almost smiling. It is true that the farewell to happiness is the beginning of wisdom, and the surest way to find happiness. There is nothing so sweet as the return of joy, which follows the renunciation of joy; nothing so lively, profound and charming as the enchantment of the disenchanted.

Whence, then, comes the enduring attraction which the book has always had? It is the poetry, not of phrase, but of sentiment, which pervades the *Meditations*. Dr. Rendall in his admirable edition of 1898 aptly remarks:

Its "physiognomy" is unmistakable; it wins insensibly upon the reader, and becomes part of a familiar personality; the words, as was said truly of St. Paul's, "have hands and feet." The very sense of effort produces a certain uncommonness of phrase, such as gives interest and even distinction to an intelligent foreigner using a tongue and idiom not wholly familiar. Marcus hits off phrases and combinations, which, if not quite felicitous, strike the mind and stick. He never becomes rhetorical like Seneca, or prolix like Epictetus, or glib like Lucian.

To Renan this is "the most human of all books," "the gospel that will never grow old." To Matthew Arnold "the acquaintance of a man like Marcus Aurelius is an imperishable benefit." Dr. Bigg thus sums up the character of the book:

It is not a treatise, but rather the diary of a soul; the daily thoughts of a religious man, jotted down just as they occurred. We may call it a spiritual commonplace book; there are quotations from his day's readings, from Plato, Antisthenes, the poets; the rest consists of reflections upon the doctrines of his school, not reasoned out, but illustrated with an infinity of epigrams and "images." It is most like the *de Imitatione*, but less orderly. It is not an autobiography, such as the *Confessions* of Augustine, or the *Journals* of Wesley or Fox, though it begins with a slight retrospective sketch; nor is it apologetic or controversial like the *Pensées* of Pascal.

It is time to give some specimens of the translation, which is very clever and spirited. It is a pity that Mr. Jackson did not adopt some of the excellent emendations by which Dr. Rendall has greatly improved the text; for instance, *τὸ τοῦ ἐν Καίτη* "ὡς περ χρῆση," the Caietan's response *that depends on you*, which makes sense of a passage obelised in the translation, p. 60; and *τοπίαν* for *ιστορίαν*, vi. § 13, l. 13, where *ιστορίαν* is unintelligible, and *ροπείαν* (rhetorical) "embroidery" is eminently characteristic of post-classical Greek.

For a fine piece of character-painting we would quote his recognition of all that he owes to Rusticus, i. § 7 (p. 52), or the sketch of his father Antoninus, vi. § 30 (p. 118). We give the latter:

Remember how he would never dismiss any subject until he had gained a clear insight into it and grasped it thoroughly; how he bore with the injustice of his detractors and never retorted in kind; how he did nothing in haste, turned a deaf ear to the professional tale-bearers, and showed himself an acute judge of characters and actions, devoid of all reproachfulness, timidity, suspiciousness, and sophistry: how easily he was satisfied—for instance, with lodging, bed, clothing, food, and servants—how fond of work and how patient; capable, thanks to his frugal diet, of remaining at his post from morning till night, having apparently subjected even the operations of nature to his will; firm and constant in friendship, tolerant of the most outspoken criticism of his opinions, delighted if any one could make a better suggestion than himself, and, finally, deeply religious without any trace of superstition.

Of the more characteristic vein of philosophic reflection this is a good specimen:

O my soul, my soul! wilt thou never attain to goodness and simplicity, oneness and nakedness, and shine through the bars of thy bodily prison? Wilt thou never taste the sweets of a character loving and affectionate? never know satiety and self-sufficiency, with every craving gone and not one lingering desire for aught, quick or dead, that serves the lusts of the flesh; seeking no temporal respite for their longer enjoyment, no pleasant places, no favoured clime, and no congenial society; but content with thy present state, delighted with all about thee, and persuaded that thou holdest all things needful in fee from Heaven, that all is well with thee, and all will be well that God wishes.

In the following extract we have a more subtle comment, and the philosopher's judgment about the desirability of a Palace of Truth:

I have often marvelled how it is that every one loves himself more than the rest of human kind, yet values his own opinion of himself less than that of others. At all events, were some god or some sage to stand by a man and bid him entertain no idea, no thought, within himself without simultaneously uttering it aloud, he could not abide the ordeal for a single day. So true it is that we have more respect for our neighbours and their thoughts of us than we have for ourselves!

Furnished with the Teubner text, Dr. Rendall's translation and the present edition the reader is adequately prepared for that introduction which Matthew Arnold thought such a precious boon. The twenty pages of notes explanatory and illustrative which Mr. Jackson appends to his translation will be found very useful and interesting.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ANGELS AND BATS

The Life of Walter Pater. By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols (Everett, 24s. net.)

WE have often wished that the law, which protects a man's literary works from unauthorised publication for some years after his death, could also protect his life from the unauthorised biographer. We have before us a book which has revived that wish to a degree almost painfully acute. Such a law would have saved us the unpleasant duty of reading and reviewing Mr. Thomas Wright's life of Walter Pater.

There was no need for a biography of Walter Pater. His was a life which might well have gone unwritten for ever, or have remained briefly described in a note by some old and intimate friend. Mr. Arthur Benson's little book, indeed, though it appeared fifty years too soon, will have an interest for future ages as the judgment passed on one man of letters and gentleman by another of the generation immediately succeeding. Mr. Wright, in one of the most blatant prefaces we have read, makes a show of repairing Mr. Benson's omissions and errors. We would assure him that Mr. Benson's feeblest sentence betrays more knowledge of Pater than his own two volumes. Of the twelve counts of the indictment let us take one or two, and examine their validity. Mr. Benson says that Pater showed no precocious signs in boyhood of a desire to write. "That is to say," comments Mr. Wright, "Pater the author sprang into being like a phoenix." To any one who understands the use of words, it means, of course, nothing of the sort. But what discoveries has Mr. Wright made, what ambitious early works has he heard of, what Lipsian compositions has he rescued from their proper destination? A few poems. If the writing of poetry at school is to be held a sign of precocity, then more than half the educated inhabitants of England were, or are, precocious. Mr. Benson was perfectly right. His point was that Pater "did not arrive at his plentiful vocabulary as some writers have done by the production of large masses of writing that never see the light." Large masses of anything were out of the question with Pater, and there was no need in his case for the laborious discipline of the

"sedulous ape." Mr. Benson, we read again, does not mention Harbledown, where Pater lived as boy. Why should he? He was not stringing together unimportant details, but writing the story of the mind of a man of genius, and he kept to the point. Harbledown he could safely leave to the Mr. Wrights who were sure to come after. Mr. Benson, again, "tells nothing about the great central event of Pater's life." What is this event which Mr. Wright thus elegantly exalts to the importance of a railway system? "His connection with St. Austin's monkery"; and to omit St. Austin's monkery is "something like giving an account of Wellington and leaving out the Peninsular War and Waterloo." We have seldom seen the gifts of the chapman and the quack put to worse use. It is better to omit St. Austin's monkery than to claim for your discovery the entirely disproportionate value which, as we shall see shortly, Mr. Wright claims for his.

But enough of this. We are not defending Mr. Benson, because to those who understand and value literature, the merits, like the shortcomings, of his book are obvious; and it is of no concern to him or to the truth whether the public for whom Mr. Wright has written prefer to have their Harbledown or a generally just and sympathetic exposition of Pater's mind and character. Mr. Wright's criticisms of Mr. Benson are only so many proofs of his total failure to understand the object of biography and the man whose biography he has invited himself to write. He lives, it appears, at Olney, within walking distance of the old home of the Pater family. This fact he offers as his credentials. We submit that they are insufficient.

We can put the case in a nutshell in Mr. Wright's own words. "We are inclined to think that Pater did not see any angels at Fish Hall. As we said, we thoroughly explored the place from cellar to roof, but we saw nothing larger than bats." Mr. Wright has explored the life of Walter Pater from cellar to roof, and has seen nothing in it larger than bats. There were angels there; but he could not see them, because, nosing into every corner, he saw nothing but bats; and, at the end of his painful exploration, he offers us with a shout of self-approval—bats.

What is it that he has to tell us about Pater that can justify the publication of these two volumes? We are doing him no injustice when we say that the salient feature of his work is the insistence on two points: that Walter Pater was exceedingly ugly and that he was sadly ignorant. The first is not the quality that most impressed those who knew Pater personally; the second is not the quality that most impresses those who know and understand his work. Mr. Wright, who did not know Pater and has never understood a line of his work, sees little else in him. He loses no chance of assuring his readers that Pater was ugly. His ugliness, his physical infirmity, afford opportunities for the display of the humour than which there is nothing more shocking in these vulgar volumes. "Emerald Uthwart went soldiering. Pater, in a scarlet jacket with black facings, would have been a sight for gods and men." . . . "Some writers have said that he had a military look. God help the British army, and Britain, too, if its military men have Pater's physique and presence." And in a footnote we read: "Pater was none the worse for being extremely plain." We have never seen patronage of a great man by a man of no account carried to a more nauseating extreme. Had Mr. Wright ever spent a moment in Pater's company, no doubt the ugliness of the man is exactly what he would have noticed and remembered—the only thing, probably, that Pater would have given him the opportunity of noticing and remembering. He does not appear to have realised—in spite of a remark made by Mr. R. C. Jackson (vol. ii. p. 20)—that to those who knew and understood Pater his ugliness was not his most prominent characteristic.

The biographer, however, is not satisfied with making Pater of a painful ugliness; he is careful to explain that

the subject of his labours was really an ignorant man. He lived, we are to understand, intellectually from hand to mouth, picking up scraps of information from this friend's talk or that friend's books, and writing on Italian art, on English literature, or on Greek philosophy without any honest acquaintance with those matters. If Mr. Wright had been able to understand the lectures on "Plato and Platonism" he would not, we imagine, have declared them the work of a man who would "never take the trouble to go to the root of things." Pater's was not the knowledge of the schools: he was not a profound and exact scholar, nor a compendium of dates and attributions in art; but only those who know more than he are entitled to call him indolent and ignorant, to question the thoroughness of the knowledge which enabled him to illuminate, as he did, metaphysics, literature and art. Least of all should we expect such temerity from an author who writes of an "Aldis" Homer, and of Magdalene College, Oxford; misinterprets the letters O.U.D.S.; does not know what a chasuble is; has nothing to say of the Schloss at Heidelberg except that the tun of Heidelberg is in the cellars; credits Lionel Johnson with a piece of false Latinity, and admits that, but for Pater, Hippolytus would have remained for him (and, by unfair implication, for others) no more than "a black charioteer on a red vase." Complete ignorance of the works of Euripides is not a good recommendation for a writer on the author of "Greek Studies."

The case is still worse when we come to the relations of Pater with what Mr. Wright calls "St. Austin's monkery." A single quotation will serve to show the complete misconception of Pater's ability under which the author of this book labours. But for Camberwell and Walworth (the situations of the "monkery" and of the residence of Mr. R. C. Jackson), we read: "*Marius the Epicurean, Greek Studies, and Appreciations*, all of which were inspired by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Jackson's books and pictures, could not possibly have been written." We do not doubt that Mr. Jackson possesses a fine library (the "Aldis" Homer forms part of it); we do not doubt that Pater made use of it. To say that without it certain of his works "could not possibly have been written" is to betray woful ignorance not only of those works in particular but of the conditions of literary composition in general. We need not dwell on the point, which will be clear to all intelligent persons. The Essay on Wordsworth in "*Appreciations*," the passage dealing with Fronto in "*Marius*," are not the work of a man who had never read Wordsworth or studied philosophy except casually in the library of a friend.

Nothing, perhaps, shows more vividly our author's unfitness to deal with such a mind as Pater's than his humour and his taste. Out of a long list of passages for which offensive is none too strong a term, we will quote but three. "St. Paul, however, who does not seem to have read Pater's '*Renaissance*.'" . . . "Mary the Virgin, and Venus, who apparently was not a virgin . . . hobbled together amicably." . . . "The aged Jupiter, who, clad in rabbit-skins—a sort of polar Robinson Crusoe—had for five hundred years pottered about the icebergs of Spitzbergen, was moving southward. In short, Olympus was once more beginning to get saucy." *Saucy!* That Mr. Wright has never read "*The New Republic*" is clear, not only from his reference to it in these volumes (in which he shows a blundering misconception of the whole case), but from his use of that single word. And after that no one will be surprised to hear that he considers Pater "the Alma Tadema of English literature," and finds in his prose a "barbaric beauty."

We could, if space permitted, take objection to several mis-statements that arise from want of acquaintance with the subject of the biography and too keen a nose for disparaging gossip. It is, for instance, quite untrue to say that Pater was a bad tutor. With pupils in whose progress he took an interest, his patience and care were

infinite. But there is one pernicious statement that must not go uncontradicted. "Though he constantly preached 'restraint' he never practised it." There is only one word that can fitly describe such a gross negation of the truth.

If Mr. Wright finds pleasure and profit in ferreting out minute and unimportant details, there are plenty of possible objects for this kind of biography on which he might exercise his talents without wholly misrepresenting the object of his attentions. What evil angel—what bat—inspired him to choose a man whose mind and character he was totally incapable of understanding, and then to patronise him? No one of responsibility, we imagine, had asked him for a life of Walter Pater. The law we suggested above would have saved him from a grievous mistake, and his readers from pain and annoyance, or from false impressions.

CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

The Archaeology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By the Rev. A. H. SAYCE. (S.P.C.K., 5s.)

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S new book comprises six Rhind lectures delivered last autumn in Edinburgh, together with an article reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* on Canaan before the Exodus as revealed in the Tel el Amarna tablets. Our author may be trusted to make his subject, whatever it is, extremely interesting. Here he deals mainly with the origin and spread of cuneiform writing and some of its main teachings from the ethnographical point of view. The cuneiform system of writing obtained such wide acceptance in Western Asia amongst peoples of various races and languages that at one period it bid fair to become the standard means of record for the world, until the Phœnician alphabet, possibly derived from Egyptian hieratic, won from it all that it had conquered. The written tablet of clay, after baking, was as indestructible as a brick, and the seal upon it was inseparable, whereas a papyrus might be burnt or torn or devoured by insects, and its fragile seal was a nuisance. But it is more expeditious to write with a pen than with the triangular-headed stick by which the cuneiform scribe impressed his wedges on the damp clay, and in spite of minute and crowded characters a solid tablet weighing half a pound, and requiring at least to be elaborately dried, if not actually burned, scarcely held more text than a sheet of papyrus, which could be folded up small and despatched a few minutes after it was written and would not outweigh the half-ounce of the Postal Union. These were important considerations with the librarian and the archivist, much more so with the business man and the courier; so in the absence of a sufficiently simple type of cuneiform, the superior papyrus allied with the superior alphabet gradually drove the clay tablet and its syllabary out of the field.

The first lecture recounts the story of how the cuneiform scripts were deciphered, from Grotefend's first guess at the name of Darius to the latest find in the Hittite variety. The pictorial origins of all these scripts Professor Sayce traces in a subsequent lecture to a non-Semitic population on the shores of the Persian Gulf when Babylonia was as yet a morass, and the Tigris and Euphrates flowed by separate channels into the sea a hundred miles north of the present coast line. Archæological exploration of a strict sort is only now reaching Babylonia, topography and the hunt for cuneiform tablets having hitherto obscured all other issues to the explorers. In seeking for origins and the influence of the neighbouring nations on each other, Professor Sayce deplors the lack of evidence from pottery and other material remains, such as is available for Egypt. Beginning among the Sumerian Babylonians, the writing was adapted to their own language by the Elamites on the East at a very early date, as well as by the Semitic inhabitants of northern Babylonia. In

the fourteenth century B.C. it was in use northward not only in Assyria and Mittani (a kingdom on the east bank of the Euphrates), but also beyond the Euphrates amongst the Hittites in Cappadocia as well as throughout Syria. In the ninth century it was borrowed by the kings of Van in Armenia, and lastly was greatly simplified by the Persians for their Indo-European tongue. Thus cuneiform served to express at least eight distinct languages. The importance of this is seen when it is remembered that only one foreign language, namely, Ethiopian, has been found in hieroglyphic (Egyptian) writing. The cuneiform inscriptions of Darius, which were the starting-point of decipherment, were trilingual and in three scripts—Persian, Babylonian and Elamite, the last being that current in the kingdom of which Susa (Shushan) was the capital.

In the early history of cuneiform, Aryan nations and Indo-European languages had no part. Nor was the Semite the inventor of the script, but the unplaced Sumerian speaking an agglutinative language like the Japanese. Professor Sayce groups the Hittite language with the Vannic and that of Mittani, but the Elamite is *sui generis*, though of the order to which Sumerian belongs. The former group is inflected and at first might be mistaken for Indo-European, but our author is positive that they are nothing of the kind. Egyptian he allows to have Semitic features, but considers it to be a branch of proto-Semitic distinct from another primary branch to which all the Semitic languages belong; and Babylonian again he would make a branch of the Semitic distinct, though secondary, from that off which the others spring.

While the whole field is full of promise, particularly now that scientific archæology is being carried into the various areas of excavation, we must especially draw attention to the wonderful results of Winckler's expedition last year to Boghas Keui in Cappadocia (briefly referred to in the Preface). That site proves to be Khatti the capital of the "forgotten empire" of the Hittites. The abundant harvest of cuneiform tablets from its citadel, including state papers, appears destined to clear up its history during the most brilliant period of its existence, shedding at the same time a flood of light on the external relations of Syria and Egypt, of Mitanni (another forgotten kingdom), Assyria, and Babylonia in the middle of the second millennium B.C., and helping to bind together the whole story of the nearest East in a manner that previously seemed almost beyond hope. The Hittites had also their own peculiar hieroglyphic writing and the unriddling of this may be expected to follow in due time when the language in which they are presumably written has been learnt from the Hittite cuneiform. Let us hope that Professor Sayce's brilliant insight will secure for England a good share of the honours.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Julie de Lespinasse. Translated from the French of the MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

Women of the Second Empire. By FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE. Translated by ALICE IVIMEY. (Lane, 21s. net.)

THE Marquis de Ségur's biography of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse is in every way an admirable piece of work and one which we are glad to see translated. Not only has he discovered much new material, but what is even more important he has a deep knowledge of human nature and the power of applying that knowledge to the past. In consequence his biography is not a mere record of the actions and thoughts of a personality, collected with care and arranged in more or less happy order. He is a genuine biographer: that is to say, he is able to describe those actions and thoughts in such a way that the character behind them is reconstructed and lives again. He has the faculty of expressing one age in the terms of another, and he dispenses with that distressing habit of awarding praise and blame, which turns so many

biographies into a hybrid kind of moral treatise, in which you feel a pigmy is making a desperate attempt to explain away the stature of a giant, to cut him to his moral measure. He knows the essential qualities of greatness, and quietly draws attention to their presence, regardless of the tradition which is inclined to ignore them. Tradition generally originates from the gossip of the majority, and the majority always is and always has been mediocre.

Most effective is the manner in which the Marquis de Ségur, after recounting the early misfortunes of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, first lifts the veil and shows the character that had been forming. He makes full use of the opportunity which circumstances offer him; for it is not until Madame du Deffand retired to Champfort in 1752, when Julie was twenty years old, and realised in spite of her approaching blindness that hidden in the girl whom the family systematically suppressed was a very remarkable individuality. The wise old lady's sympathy and encouragement developed it into conscious being. Briefly the story of Madame du Deffand is told, how she gained her knowledge of life and her intimate experience of its realities, and then the girl's character which the older woman's experience and knowledge of the world immediately appreciated. The contrast is enlightening, and lends the warmth of colour to the precise delineation of the girl's characteristics. With unerring instinct the essential features are given, and in three pages you see the portrait of the woman, whose vitality was so great that Guibert used to say of her with as much truth as wit, "You give life to marble: and matter thinks in your hands."

"She was plain but 'all her motions were graceful. She moved with an air. . . . The moment is all her care: she is interested in nothing by halves. The modulations of her voice half betray the secrets of a soul which, as Julie herself bears witness, are too intense and too delicate for her to dare entrust them to the treacherous interpretation of speech. 'How utterly words fail to convey what one really feels! The brain finds sounds, but the soul cries out for a new language.' . . . Tenderness alone evokes real confidence. . . . This is the real key: without it the finest qualities fail to reach her true self. It explains Julie's later criticism of Thomas. 'He is the most virtuous, the most sensible, even the most eloquent of men. His greatest fault is that he is incapable of stupidity. . . . Her standard for judging men is their feeling rather than conduct. Once more in Julie's own words: 'I estimate intentions as others value actions.'"

All this is finely said. And the result is that you cannot fail to be interested in the life of such a person even though you had never before heard of Julie de Lespinasse. For in reading a book on such lines you feel in touch with what Carlyle would call, the great sincerities of life, and they are always interesting, whether realised or not. Through all the famous career of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse the same broad strong view is apparent, and all the notable men and women whom she encountered are treated in the same masterly fashion. The book is a model of wise biography. The translation is on the whole good and clear; but it is marred by occasional lapses which should certainly be amended before the second edition is produced. It is pleasant to know that the excellence of the Marquis de Ségur's work is fully valued, as his recent election to the French Academy sufficiently proves.

Of a different nature is the second book before us. It is a chronicle of the Court of Napoleon III., as sumptuously produced as gossip about magnificent women should be. But gossip it confessedly is, accredited discreet gossip, exceedingly well written and interesting as gossip may be. To it Mr. Richard Whiteing writes a bright preface. He begins by pointing out that the book is profoundly significant with something of the interest of a great tragedy, and he has the following delightful sentence: "It is philosophy and memoir, Court gossip, and *sad stories of the fate of kings, turn and turn about.*" He uses Shake-

spere's words almost as successfully as the country clergyman who finished a sermon with remarking, "A rose by any other name would smell exactly just the same." Bless thee, Bottom, one is inclined to murmur, how art thou translated!

But M. Loliée's preface and work are more reasonable and without that desperate brightness—of a salesman exhibiting wares. He has been untiring in his search for information and successful. Though he fully realises the difficulties and limitations which press hard on one who is writing about events and people still living and alive he is never overwhelmed by them. He knows that his work cannot by any means be final, and he sets about to make his account as fresh and sound as he is able. He takes full value of the few advantages of an immediate historian. The pageant of his persons defiles before you in all its magnificence. The Empress Eugénie, who set the fashion to the women of Europe, the Countess de Castiglione, Madame de Rutz, Laure de Rothschild, the Princess Mathilde, Countess le Hon and many others—all pass on their way, and the place of each in the procession is defined. As each passes too you learn something of her character and attainments: and in a discreet whisper stories are told of her doings.

It is curious that days lately gone seem often more remote than the distant past. Such is, however, the case. Their very nearness and similarity hide them more effectually than Time itself. The savour of death and old age has not left these people; it still clings to the rustling folds of their dresses. We remember them too well. And yet M. Loliée has put life into his record of them; and his book is as profoundly interesting as Mr. Whiteing avers. The translation is well done. Moreover it is illustrated with fifty-one photographs of the celebrities, superbly reproduced, three of which are in photogravure: and the paper and printing of the book is as excellent as are the illustrations. Everything has been done to realise the splendour of these women of the second empire: the production is in accordance with the proper fitness of things.

MODERN MYSTICISM AND MODERN THOUGHT

Studies in Mysticism and Certain Aspects of the Secret Tradition.
By A. E. WAITE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

BETWEEN ancient and modern mysticism there is a profound difference in spirit. Ancient mysticism was generally a movement of enlightenment; modern mysticism is mainly a movement of reaction. Science is now become the transcendent and pacific force in the world, the force which liberates from prejudice and sectarianism the Jew, the Catholic, the Mohammedan and the Protestant, the Vedantist, the Buddhist and the Shintoist, and which reconciles and unites them in an aspiration to a high and common end. But until the Royal Society was founded, it was the pursuit of divine knowledge that bound together in one union the saintliest men of all creeds and ages and countries. It was mysticism which then set free the Jew and the Catholic from traditionalism, the Mohammedan and the Protestant from literalism, the Buddhist from agnosticism, and the Vedantist and the Shintoist from shamanism, and which enabled them to discover, under the diverse symbolism of their theologies, the principle of a universal religion. A genuine catholicity was, indeed, the note of ancient theosophy. The quietism of Chwang Tze, a Chinese sage of the third century B.C., and of Madame Guyon, the friend of Fénelon, the ecstasy of Jelál'uddín Rûmî, a Persian monk contemporary with St. Frances of Assisi, and of St. John of the Cross, the disciple of St. Theresa; these, and the asceticism of Indian and Christian hermits, were various manifestations of a single frame of mind. For the mystic there were but two real things in the universe, his own Spirit and the Divine Spirit from whom he had been parted, and back to whom he longed to turn. Between

him and his desire there intervened his baser self with its egoism, sin and imperfectness, and the material world with its glittering misery and vain enchantments. Sometimes, in his struggle to escape from the trammels of the flesh, he set before himself the example of some beloved Master who had found out the way, and being now one with God, might be loved without idolatry. But he was never a theanthropist, like Blake, for whom there was nothing divine except man. Neither was he a pantheist. In ancient times it was the sceptic, unable to find God in his own soul and seeking Him in the sum of things, who was the pantheist. The mystic, and especially the mystic of the ascetic school, was inclined to go to the other extreme and to conceive the universe as a chaos of evil, undivine and unreal. The spirit of the world was his foe. She it was who threw her toils about his body and his soul, dazzling his senses, corrupting his heart and distracting his mind. So perverse and dangerous did she sometimes appear to him that it was only by ignoring her as a kind of illusion that he was able to save himself from becoming a Manichean.

The ancient mystic could not, like the modern man of science, study patiently and impassively the facts of nature, and trace in the seeming chaos a mysterious order, beauty and progression. He was, at best, in this matter, an impassioned philosopher inspired by the great thoughts that come from the heart. Amazed in a world almost as strange, sombre and unrecognisable as that in which the savage dwells, he guarded more carefully the light within in the absence of any light without. To him the external darkness was but the shadow cast by the brightness of God. It was the sense of his own sinfulness that troubled him most deeply. He was too sincere with himself to dismiss as an affair of relative and secondary significance, the inveterate and pervasive element of weakness in his nature. Rather than impair his idea of Divine Perfection he accepted all the limitations under which he laboured as things of man's making. He had yielded to temptation in the Garden of Eden; or he had fallen away from grace in heaven and had come down to earth to work out his salvation; or he was expiating the wrong that he had done in some earlier stage of worldly existence of which he had no remembrance. Inadequate as these simplifications of the mystery of evil may now seem, they were, at least, working hypotheses in the dark ages in which the ancient mystic lived. Indeed, as working hypotheses they have not yet lost all their efficacy. They excite in the soul, in diverse ways and diverse degrees, the feeling of sinfulness and the desire for spiritual regeneration which are part of the essence of genuine religion. In fine, they take into account just those matters of fact and experience overlooked in the sentimental philosophy of the Emersonian school which, in its various forms, is impoverishing the conscience of the English-speaking races at the present day. That philosophy of shoddy optimism and shallow feeling in which there are reflected the complacency and commonness of soul of a bourgeois people whose extreme vice is greed and whose extreme virtue is munificence, is, however, a stagnation rather than a retrogression. Probably it will not be displaced by a more profound view of life until the nature of the whole race is deepened in some great and perilous struggle and revolution. It is the mysticism of the opposite school which is, in our opinion, mainly a movement of reaction: the mysticism in which the ancient point of view in regard to the material universe and the mystery of evil is unwarrantably retained. For though the hypotheses on which the ancient point of view is based are still, to some extent, working hypotheses, yet to make full use of them an enlightened man must now stupefy himself in a manner undreamt of even in Pascal's philosophy. So much has been discovered since the last great movement of mysticism in the middle of the seventeenth century! The ultimate problems remain, but we can no longer honestly simplify them by regarding the world of nature as a thing of meaningless illusion, and the soul of

man as the tarnished spirit of a fallen creature. The world of nature, we have learned, is a seat of Divine law and Divine purpose, and the soul of man, we suspect, is the enlarged and ennobled soul of an animal which has fought its way from a lower stage of existence to a higher cruelly, painfully, and slowly in accordance with the Divine law and the Divine purpose.

It is difficult, therefore, for the modern mystic who has acquired this new knowledge of the universe and of his place therein, to impute to himself the entire responsibility for all his imperfectness. Yet he cannot, without enfeebling his conscience, treat these imperfections as things which are ultimately of little consequence. He has more light from without than the ancient mystic and less light from within. The pageantry of the world of nature has become vividly sacramental to him: the sterner message of the Law is there written so plain that even the agnostic cannot help reading it. Few problems in ethics, for instance, are now insoluble when the question of individual conduct is studied in connection with its bearing upon the question of the future welfare of humanity. The law is established as a matter of science as well as a matter of conscience. But what of the Gospel of love? To believe in this the modern mystic must be animated with a faith as transcendent as that which inspired the men of the darker ages. Hence he is sometimes tempted to turn away from the modern movement of enlightenment and to isolate himself from his fellow men and cultivate the simple ignorance amid which the ancient mystics found a way to peace and blessedness. But what in ancient mysticism was simple ignorance becomes in modern mysticism sophisticated obscurantism. In the shadow of this obscurantism there springs up a rank and noisome growth of wild superstitions. These, in turn, provoke in men with minds of a narrow but sane order a further reaction in the direction of bleak and soulless philistinism; and between superstition on the one hand and philistinism on the other, little space is left for the religion of the spirit to develop in.

There would not, we think, be any antinomy between the principles of modern mysticism and the principles of modern thought, if all men of true piety would agree to regard the mystery of evil as a mystery. It is the theologians and the philosophers who do most harm to the cause of religion and the cause of science by attempting, in a vain extravagance of rationalism, to explain everything in earth and heaven. But in spite of the theologians the simple creed of Christ remains the clearest and most catholic of creeds. As Mr. A. E. Waite says, in one of his interesting studies in the history of the secret confraternities that retain somewhat of the traditions of ancient theosophy, the mystic does not need to travel to the East in search of knowledge. In the church of Christ the gospel of Divine love is blended with the gospel of human love in an indissoluble manner that makes Christianity, when the accretions of later theologies are removed, a religion of experience of incomparable depth and universal appeal. For our part, we believe, that as soon as the forces of the New Reformation grow strong enough to sweep away all obstruction, Christian mysticism in conjunction with modern science, will quicken the heart and mind of all the people of the earth, and lift them up, on a wave of common joy and hope, into a state of civilisation far higher than any which has yet existed. But we doubt whether the new reformation is founded on what is called the New Theology.

MORE OF THE DAWN

The Dawn in Britain. Vols. v. and vi. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. (Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net. each.)

WITH these two volumes "*The Dawn in Britain*" is brought to an end. The poem, which opens before the time of the sacking of Rome by the Gaulish king Brennus, comes down, in the last book, to the time of the destruc-

tion of Jerusalem by Titus. At this point is the natural and fitting conclusion to the story; the promise contained in the opening lines—to chant “new day-spring, in the Muses’ Isles, of Christ’s eternal kingdom”—has been fulfilled. The island is at peace after the final defeat of Boadicea by the Romans; Joseph of Arimathea has died after depositing the Holy Cup in the mere of Avalon; Christianity is spreading in Britain, owing largely to the conversion of the Roman knight Pudens and his marriage to a converted British maiden; and, what most connects the end with the beginning, King Caractacus, the last of the great successors of Brennus, has died, still heathen, in exile in Rome. Few fresh characters appear in these last volumes, which contain little that is new in kind, with the exception of a passage in which King Caractacus, in a fury reminiscent of that of Ajax, hews the forest trees with his sword, and the exquisite description of Pudens’s meeting with Rosmerla and their subsequent courtship and marriage. So ends the most remarkable poem of the century—in subject and in style as old as it is new, in form and in treatment as traditionally correct as it is unexpected—an epic poem in twenty-four books sprung up in these days of tinkling lyricism.

At the end there is a very terse prose note, in which the author speaks in a self-explanatory mood. All who have learned to love the poem must have turned to this note, as we did, with considerable curiosity and interest. The poets mentioned therein are but three in number—Homer, the father of European literature, Chaucer, “that admirable and estimable Author,” and Spenser, to whom alone the muses “revealed their own golden and intimate tongue . . . Yet, even in his brief lifetime, English speech began somewhat to decay: nor did the daughters of Mnemosyne make him free . . . of mediæval riming.” It is from this point in literary history that the “Dawn in Britain” starts. Its linguistic horizon, as the note goes on to say, “is nearly that of the days of Spenser.” Learning of no mean order is essential to the equipment of a poet. “It is idle to imagine that any man not a well-taught lover of his tongue can enter into the Garden of the Muses.” This and many other kinds of learning Mr. Doughty possesses to an almost prodigious extent. But that is surely not his claim to be called poet, or child of the Muses. True, a great originality and strength of character are manifested by his choice of theme. The subject is so remote and little known that a poem of heroic proportions composed thereon would seem at the first glance to be foredoomed to failure from its very obscurity and unsuitability. And if learning had been Mr. Doughty’s only or chief qualification, he might indeed have aroused our interest and excited our imagination, but he would not have been able to charm our senses or touch our hearts. Other men might perhaps be found with the necessary linguistic and antiquarian acquirements, but in the mere scholar such knowledge is not a vital source of art. Mr. Doughty has been able to produce noble poetry in so far as he has discovered in his material the symptoms of life, or rather, has found himself in his subject and communicated his own life to it. Thus, although the composition of the poem was in a sense a process of compilation, there is a real likeness between “The Dawn in Britain” and a primitive epos. For while research may confirm and explain what the poet describes, it is only the poet who, by imparting life to his subject, can call up a vivid picture of the times he treats of and make us realise to any valuable extent what life was then. And it is because Mr. Doughty has succeeded in doing so that we think him a great poet.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

The Natives of British Central Africa. By A. WERNER.
(Constable, 6s. net.)

THIS volume is one of the series devoted to the study and description of “the Native Races of the British Em-

pire,” and Mr. Northcote Thomas, the editor of the series, makes some caustic remarks in his preface about the neglect with which the British Government and the British public treat the ethnological questions of their own empire. He states that the ethnological collections in the Berlin Museum are ten times as numerous as those in the British Museum, and he seems to foresee the time when English anthropologists may have to go to Berlin for information about races which were once our subjects. The reproach may stir up our sluggish and somnolent authorities.

Miss A. Werner, who has made a special study of the races of the Shire valley, and the country round Lake Nyasa, contributes the first volume of what should be an interesting and instructive series. She groups her information under the heading of British Central Africa, but the races with which she deals are those whose present settlements are found within the narrower limits mentioned. To these people Nyasa is the lake or water *par excellence*, and Shire is the bank or shore which marked the limit of the influence and expeditions of the Bantu people. This race, scattered over the whole of Central Africa, has representatives to-day as far to the north-west as Nigeria and Kamerun. It is not a negritic race, belonging rather to the brown stock which reveals traces of Asiatic origin or intermixture. The connecting link between all the tribes and clans of this great family is language, and the different dialects due to the conquest by other races, or by intermarriage with them, repose on a foundation of Bantu. This language, and apparently all its ramifications, have one peculiarity in possessing no grammatical gender, the same pronoun standing for male and female. In illustration of this Miss Werner recalls the story of the interpreter who turned to the missionary and asked: “What you say when him son be girl?”

There is a very interesting account of the mysteries of initiation more or less common to all branches of the Bantu family in connection with the transition from boyhood or girlhood to the grown-up state. Miss Werner says that the only systematic teaching of any sort is that given at the “mysteries,” and as these cover for boys only a period of two months, and for girls one month, it would not appear as if much could be learnt in that time. The great feature of this ceremony is seclusion, and no one thinks of intruding in the spot reserved for the initiation of his pupils by the witch-doctor, or in the case of girls by “the cook of the mysteries.” Twigs of trees placed in a certain manner on the paths leading to the place of instruction warn the intruding native not to approach, and the notice is always heeded. It says much for the loyalty of the native or for the strong hold that the mysteries gain over his mind that in spite of many attempts no European has yet succeeded in obtaining any details as to what is taught, or as to the ceremony of initiation. One curious fact is that all the objects or implements used during the mysteries seem to be destroyed at their termination. There is less secrecy about the mysteries in the case of girls. They are instructed in their domestic duties which include house-building, and one of the ceremonies is for ten or a dozen girls to support the roof of a house, which is supposed to typify the fact that women are the prop of the home. The girls are anointed with oil and there is so much dancing in their initiation that the whole ceremony is commonly spoken of as “being danced.”

The proneness to mysticism and the extraordinary capacity of the natives to preserve silence explain the growth of secret societies in Central Africa of recent years. These are by no means confined to the Congo State. They are just as active and tending to increase on British territory. Among the Yaos in the Nyasa region one of the most active of these societies is specially given up to the practice of cannibalism. Up to the present there has been no indication that any of these secret associations on or outside British territory have political aims. They are probably the expiring effort of the fetich

doctors to recover the ground lost through the operation of European laws.

Some of the most interesting passages in this work refer to the life of children among the Bantu races. The kindness and consideration shown to children form the redeeming point in the African character. Miss Werner saw a great deal of village life among the Yaos, and she declares that she never saw a child struck or ill-treated. She describes many pretty and touching instances of the happy existence of both boys and girls before they reach the "mystery" stage. At first when they saw a white face they ran away, and the village dogs barked in sympathy, but soon they recovered confidence, accompanying the European lady in her strolls with half a dozen of them trying to hold her hand at the same time. Miss Werner has undoubtedly put together a most interesting collection of ethnographical facts with regard to one of the British divisions of Africa, and if the other volumes of the series are as well done as this is we shall have a very complete survey of the anthropology of the whole British Empire.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Raphael. Par LOUIS GILLET. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Ancien et Moderne, 3fr. 50c.)

THE well-known series "Les Maitres de l'Art"—to which this volume forms the latest addition—is published under the patronage of the French Ministry of Fine Arts, and consequently has a semi-official character which demands a high standard to be maintained in the authorship. M. Louis Gillet proves a well-informed and very readable biographer of Raphael, and gives in the main a satisfactory *resumé* of the results of modern scientific research into the works of this master. It is to be regretted that his own critical judgments are less equal in merit, though many are shrewd and argued with acumen. If it seems extravagant to say that *Héliodore* and *La Messe de Bolsène* are works which Titian has not surpassed in colour, M. Gillet nevertheless does well to maintain that here Raphael's art attains its zenith, and that these are his first two works thought out as paintings. Turning from these to the earlier pictures, M. Gillet finely observes:

Au fond, il n'a pas encore entendu la couleur comme la matière de l'art de peindre: il s'en sert, jusqu' alors, comme d'un voile superficiel jeté sur le dessin.

Admirable again is his discriminating appreciation of the superb *Ballhazar Castiglione* at the Louvre, a portrait in which "the painter face to face with nature, forgets himself and makes himself forgotten; no more methods, no more principles, no more style. Velasquez alone, later, was to speak this supreme language." It is disappointing to find a critic, at times so discerning, following the crowd to sentimentalise over the Dresden *Madonna*: but his eulogy of this overrated work is a mere slip compared to the headlong fall entailed by an attempt to praise Raphael at the expense of his great contemporary.

Sans doute, un Michel-Ange a fait à la beauté abstraite plus de sacrifices que Raphael. Et pourtant, qui voudrait voir se lever et marcher ses *Sibylles*?

This rhetorical appeal to the Philistine is unworthy of a serious critic. As well might one seek to extol Greuze over Rembrandt by inquiring what young man would seek in marriage the Dutch master's old women.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Second Series. By ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE. (Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE many admirers of Burne-Jones's art will welcome this second volume of reproductions, and few will be inclined to disagree with the distinguished French critic, who in his prefatory essay confidently predicts that "this second harvest will be found no whit inferior to the

first." The frontispiece is an admirable photogravure after *Vespertina Quies*, that strange wistful portrait in which Burne-Jones seems haunted by the memory of Leonardo's *Monna Lisa*; and among the remaining forty-eight reproductions in the volume are the *Pygmalion* and *Story of Orpheus* series, *Love Among the Ruins*, *Love Leading the Pilgrim*, *The Fall of Lucifer*, the portraits of *Dorothy Drew* and *Miss Gaskell*, *Clara von Bork*, the *Bath of Venus*, and a representative group of his purely decorative illustrations. In his introduction M. Arsène Alexandre institutes an interesting comparison between Whistler and Burne-Jones, "between the artist who suggests and the artist who realises," and while giving to each his due the French critic opines that "some day or other the suggestion will grow weaker and will change, by reason of a diminished preparation or an increased resistance on the part of the spectator; and then the last word is with the artist who realises, even though he be no more than a good workman, while the suggestion, on the other hand, may be full of marvellous charm." Burne-Jones was so much more than "a good workman" that some readers may dispute the justice of the comparison and the conclusion deduced therefrom, but all will find M. Alexandre's arguments of interest and his criticisms stimulating to thought.

IN THE FOREST

THOUGH I have borne the brunt of 'battled spears
Unflinching; 'neath these boughs that writhe and twist,
My heart is as a wren's heart when she hears
The litch-owl calling through the evening mist;
And falters frail—a thing of fluttering fears—
Before some shadow-plumed antagonist.

Quaking, I ride; yet know not what I dread,
Naught stirs the boding silence save the sound
Of beechmast crackling 'neath my horse's tread,
Or some last leaf that rustles to the ground;
And long it seemeth since the sun, blood-red
In sea on sea of night-black boughs was drowned.

Yet dark has not yet fallen; wavering gloom
Sweeps through the brake, and brims each hollow dank;
Empty of light the stirless pinetrees loom
Against the glistering sky; and grey and lank
The shadows rise, as ghosts from out the tomb,
And, closing, follow at my horse's flank.

But them I fear not; nor the beasts that lurk
Beneath the cavernous branches, crouching low,
Whose famished eyes burn on me through the mirk;
Spell-bound they spring not; 'neath the cleaver's blow,
Their desperate fangs would snatch the blinded stirk
Yet quail before the doom to which I go—

The unknown, death-plumed horror that at last
From its old ambush in the heart of night,
Leagued with long-thwarted perils of the past,
Shall swoop upon me with unswerving flight.
Drink, while ye may, the light that fades so fast,
O eyes, that shall not see the morning light!

WILFORD WILSON GIBSON.

THE JADED INTELLECTUALS

A DIALOGUE

SCENE.—*The smoking-room of the Elivas Club.*

CHARACTERS: LAUDATOR TEMPOREYS, *âgé 54, a distinguished literary critic, and LUKE CULLUS, a rich connoisseur of art and life. They are neither smoking nor drinking spirits. The former is sipping barley water, the latter Vichy.*

Luke Cullus. You are a dreadful pessimist.

Laudator Temporeys. Alas! there is no such thing in these days. We are merely disappointed optimists. When Walter Pater died I did not realise that English literature had expired. The event excited hardly any remark in the Press. Our leading literary weekly merely mentioned that Brasenose College, Oxford, had lost an excellent Dean.

L.C. I can hardly understand you. Painting, I admit, is entirely a lost art, so far as England is concerned. The death of Burne-Jones brought our tradition to an end. I see no future for any of the arts except needlework, of which, I am told, there is a hopeful revival. But in your fields of literature, what a number of great names! How I envy you!

L.T. Who is there?

L.C. Well, to take the novelists first: you have the great Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Hewlett . . . I can't remember the names of any others just at present. Then take the poets. The superb Swinburne, one of the great poets of all time; Austin Dobson, my own special favourite; and among the younger men, A. E. Housman, Laurence Housman, Yeats, Arthur Symonds, Francis Thomson, Laurence Binyon, William Watson—

L.T. (interrupting). Who always keeps one foot in Wordsworth's grave. But all the men you mention, my dear Cullus, belong to the last century. They have done their best work. Meredith has become mummy, and Henry James is sold in Balham. Except Hardy, they have become unintelligible. The theory that "to be intelligible is to be found out" seems to have frightened them. The books they issue are a series of "not at home" cards—sort of P.P.C.s on posterity. And the younger poets, too, belong to the last century, or they stand in the same relation to their immediate predecessors, to borrow one of your metaphors, as *l'art nouveau* does to Chippendale. Oh, for the days of Byron, Keats, and Shelley.

L.C. All of whom died before they were matured. You seem to resent development. In literature I am a mere dilettante. A fastidious reader, but not an expert. I know what I don't like, but I never know what I shall like. At least twice a year I come across a book which gives me much pleasure. As it comes from the lending library it is never quite new. That is an added charm. If it happens to have made a sensation, the sensation is all over by the time it reaches me. The books have matured. A quite new book is always a little crude. It suggests an evening paper. There at least you will agree. But to come across a book which Henry James published, say, last year, is, I assure you, like finding a Hubert Van Eyck in the Brompton Road.

L.T. I wish I could share your enthusiasm or that I could change places with you. Every year the personality of a new artist is revealed to you. I know you only pretend not to admire the modern school of painting. You find it a convenient pose. Your flora and your fauna are always receiving additions; while my garden is withered; my zoo is out of repair: the bars are broken; the tanks have run dry. There is hardly a trace of life except in the snake house, and, as I mentioned, the last giraffe is dead.

L.C. Our friend, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, is fortunately able to give us a different account of the Institution in Regent's Park. You are quite wrong about modern

painting. None of the younger men can paint at all. A few of them can draw, I admit. It is all they can do. The death of Charles Furse blasted all my hopes of English art. Whistler is dead; Sargent is an American.

L.T. Well, so is Henry James, if it comes to that. And so was Whistler. But I have seen the works of several young artists who I understand are carrying out the great traditions of painting, Ricketts, Shannon, Wilson Steer are worthy successors to Turner, Watts, and the Pre-Raphaelites.

L.C. They are merely connoisseurs gifted with expressing their appreciation of the past in paint. They appeal to you as a literary man. You like to detect in every stroke of their brushes an echo of the past. Their pictures have been *heard* not *seen*. All the younger artists are committing burglary on the old masters. Mr. Wertheimer's "Gainsborough" will be found in some Chelsea Studio. The "Reynolds" will one day be sent as a new picture to the Society of Portrait Painters. No one however will recognise it. The critics will say it is archaistic.

L.T. It is you who are a disappointed optimist.

L.C. Not about literature or the drama. I seem to hear with Ibsen's "Master Builder" the younger generation knocking at the door.

L.T. It comes in without knocking in my experience; and generally has *fig* leaves in its hair—a decided advance on the coiffure of Hedda Gabler's lover.

L.C. But look at Bernard Shaw.

L.T. Why should I look at Bernard Shaw? I read his plays and am more than ever convinced that he has gone on the wrong lines. His was the opportunity. He made *il gran rifiuto*. Some one said that George Saintsbury never got over the first night of *Hernani*. Shaw never recovered the *première* of *Ghosts*. He roofed our ruined Thespian temple with Irish slate. His disciples found English Drama solid brick and covered it with plaster of Paris. Yet Shaw might have been another Congreve.

L.C. *Troja fuit.* We do not want another. I am sure you have never been to the Court at all.

L.T. Oh, yes, I attended the last *levée*. But the drama is too large a subject, or in England, too small, a subject to discuss. We live, as Professor Mahaffy has reminded us, in an Alexandrian age. We are wounded with archæology and exquisite scholarship, and must drag our slow length along. . . . We were talking about literature. Where are the essayists, the Lambs, and the Hazlitts? I know you are going to say Andrew Lang. I say it every day; it is like an Amen in the Prayer Book; it occurs quite as frequently in periodical literature. He was my favourite essayist, during the last fifteen years of the last century. What is he now? An historian, a folklorist, an archæologist, a controversialist. I believe he is an expert on portraits of Mary Stuart. You were going on to say G. K. Chesterton—

L.C. No. I was going to say Max Beerbohm. Some of his essays I put beside Lamb's, and above Hazlitt's. He has style: but then I am prejudiced because he is the only modern artist I really admire. He is a superb draughtsman, and our only caricaturist. Then there is George Moore. I don't care much for his novels, but his essays are delightful. George Moore really counts. Few people know so little about art and yet how delightfully he writes about it. Everything comes to him as a surprise. He gives you the same sort of enjoyment as you would derive from hearing a nun preach on the sins of Smart Society.

L.T. Moore is one of many literary Acteons who have mistaken Diana for Aphrodite.

L.C. You mean he is a great dear; but he gets hold of the right end of the stick.

L.T. And he generally soils it. But you know nothing about literature. The age requires blood and Kipling gave it Condry's fluid (*drinks barley water*). The age requires life, and Moore gave us a gallant show of

Montmartre (*drinks barley water*). Even I require life. To-morrow I am off to Aix.

L.C.—Les Bains?

L.T. No, la Chapelle!

L.C. Oh, then we shall probably meet. Thanks. I can get on my own overcoat. I shall probably be there myself in a few weeks.

ROBERT ROSS.

INSPIRED JOURNALISM

THE greatest misfortune that can overtake the man of real original genius, the creator, the artist, the poet is a too rapid and too universal appreciation. It should console many a conscientious but unintelligent artisan in the dusty ways of journalism to consider that as often as he has damned or failed to appreciate good work he has helped in the development of a talent. There is no spur like that of the contempt and dislike of the vulgar. Art like Nature is very cruel. To produce her best she requires suffering and injustice. Keats did not die of an attack in the *Quarterly Review*, on the contrary he produced his finest work in answer to the attack. He died of consumption and nothing else. Shelley must have known this, if he had stopped to consider the matter calmly, for he was himself a supreme instance of the splendid results produced on genius by mockery, hatred, calumny, stupidity, and sheer brutality. Nevertheless, he was right to say what he did in "Adonais" and in the perfect piece of noble prose which he prefixed to that perfect poem. He was right, because what he said was beautiful and fine, and because it was also the direct result of the noble rage and indignation that the attack produced in him. Is the author of the *Quarterly* attack therefore to be accounted twice blessed? By no means except in the sense that according to the Cainite heresy, the apostle Judas was blessed. "The Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

It is quite possible that if Byron had not been savagely, and in his case quite justifiably, attacked, in the *Edinburgh Review* when he published that unfortunate work, "Hours of Idleness," he would never have written his great masterpiece, "Don Juan." He would certainly have achieved greatness in some line, for he had the fire of greatness within him and sooner or later it must have blazed out. But his greatness would probably have taken some other form. He might have been a great statesman and orator, or more likely, for he possessed too much intellectual honesty to be a really successful politician, a great writer of prose. (Incidentally, of course he *was* a great writer of prose as his letters demonstrate.) What forced him to be a poet was precisely the attack made on his "Hours of Idleness." I might multiply instances, but they will occur readily to my readers. Indifference and neglect produce the same result on Genius as attack, only their effect is more slow and gradual and involves more suffering to their victim, whose torture finds expression in superb creative work just as in Monsieur Maurice Maeterlinck's book ("Life and Flowers." Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Allen), the violets at Grasse yield their sweetness to "the infinitely varied tortures inflicted upon them to force them at length to surrender the treasure which they desperately hide in the depth of their corollas."

Monsieur Maeterlinck has genius, and he began by producing splendid works of art. But nobody attacked or neglected him. He did undoubtedly incur a certain amount of mockery from the English public when his first work became known in England. *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, in my opinion the best things he ever wrote, were laughed at and parodied in England, but they were almost immediately appreciated and acclaimed in Belgium and France, and England soon followed suit when she found that she

had made a fool of herself (a not uncommon experience with her in matters of art and literature); and from the time when some sixteen years ago *La Princesse Maleine* was privately performed before the students of the University of Ghent, it may be said that, speaking broadly, Monsieur Maeterlinck has scarcely known what it is not to be enthusiastically praised. Under the scorching heat of this universal and often unintelligent praise the flower of his genius has slowly but surely drooped. It has never decayed or ceased to exist, but it has faded. When Monsieur Maeterlinck began to write about bees, and when he produced *Le Trésor des Humbles* and *La Sagesse et la Destinée* he abandoned his first manner and the peculiar style which he had used with such beautiful results in *L'Intruse*, *Les Aveugles*, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Intérieur*, and *La Mort de Tintagiles*. The inevitable result of the continual appreciation he had received began to manifest itself, and he began to write journalism. It is inspired journalism if you will, but it is journalism in this that it makes a deliberate concession to popular taste. In the present volume Monsieur Maeterlinck discourses beautifully and learnedly on "Immortality," "Our Anxious Morality," "Perfumes," and "Flowers." Most of the pieces contained in the book have appeared, a significant fact, in the *Fortnightly Review*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Critic*, the *International Quarterly*, and the *Daily Mail*. A great original creative genius should not write newspaper or magazine articles for translation into other languages; it savours of pot-boiling. His essay on the intelligence of flowers is a polished piece of symmetrical and finished prose; it contains much knowledge and is full of ideas and words that suggest ideas, but it is not what one requires and expects from Maeterlinck. Again, Monsieur Maeterlinck writes "In Praise of the Fist." He does it very well, but the thing has already been done (by Sandow and others) and the result is rather distressing. The same effect is produced when he writes about motor-cars; there are so many people who can write about motor-cars, that though I quite admit that Monsieur Maeterlinck does it extremely well, it seems wasteful and wicked that he should squander his genius on such a subject. Of course I shall be told that "any and every subject is proper to art" and all the rest; and I admit that theoretically there is no reason why Monsieur Maeterlinck should not write about motor-cars and boxing contests and beautify them with his art. He does beautify them, in fact he puts more beauty into them than they can carry, and the result is, to me at any rate, frankly irritating. Somebody ought to make such an attack on Monsieur Maeterlinck as would drive him in self-defence into his own natural language, the language of delicate suggestion and mystery and imaginative horror. The *Daily Mail* and *Harper's* and the *New York Critic* can find plenty of people to write "high-class literary matter" for their readers without employing and spoiling a great original genius like Monsieur Maeterlinck.

A. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHEAP CLASSICS

WHERE do all the cheap reprints go? Apparently the public buy them, else, you may be sure, the publishers would not continue to issue them. Not that the publishers care where they go, so long as they go. But, all the same, the publishers are undoubtedly entitled to the credit of discovering that the public will buy thousands upon thousands of copies of Gibbons's "Decline and Fall," White's "Selborne," Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Carlyle's "French Revolution," and hundreds of other books embraced reverently under the name of "classics." Publishers are a courageous race—all gamblers

are. But they do not venture their money except upon a measure of probability, and it remains a mystery how in the name of commercial probability (not to speak of the character of the English people) they found out that the public would buy in enormous quantities the great books of the world even at a shilling a volume. But certain it is that they discovered this amazing fact, and are taking advantage of it with extraordinary energy. It is apparent that they are enjoying a good reward—money, that is, otherwise the supply would cease. For the publisher is so constituted that if the reprinting of classics does not pay, the classics must lie and rot, or fructify painfully in the minds of professors and critics.

But again, what is the destiny of these hoards of cheap reprints? If they are being read with the same eagerness as they are bought we shall very soon see a great change in the mental constitution of the British public. Some change ought to be visible already on this supposition. Can it be that the result of the last Parliamentary General Election is the first outcome of Shilling Classics? This is not a political journal otherwise we might go far with this theory, which affords quite as good an argumentative basis as many theories in those famous classics. If the iron puddler has really taken to reading Macaulay's "England" and Carlyle's "Cromwell" o' nights, while the ironmaster continues as before to buy motor-cars and ancient masters, then truly marvellous things are awaiting us. A big book for the year 2007 will be "The Influence of Cheap Classics on the British Empire." But, as we said above, this is not a political journal, and we desist from the pursuit of this fascinating theory.

Another reason for desisting is that we do not believe it ourselves. The iron-puddler is not reading Grote's "Greece" in shilling volumes; we doubt if he is buying any more copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" than he did before. And further we do not believe that the members of the Stock Exchange are reading those books at a shilling a volume which they have hitherto neglected, to their great business advantage, at five shillings. Somehow literature is no more a popular, or even possible, subject in dining- or drawing-rooms than it was before those thousands upon thousands of volumes of great works were swallowed up by society. And that is surely an astonishing consideration. For that society is swallowing them is past doubt. You may confidently put your faith in the publishers for the truth of that fact. When the public cease swallowing the publishers may be trusted to stop producing. But whether society is absorbing them is another matter.

The other week in a journal written ostensibly for women, but containing nothing which a man might not read, we observed a statement to the effect that nothing is more decorative in a room—which room we forget—than a hanging bookcase of two shelves filled with books. Fumed-oak was recommended as a good material for the case, while for the books it was added that the various series of cheap reprints offered an inexpensive way of completing the effect. Certainly the amount of gilt bestowed on the back of these shilling books is wonderful for the money. And for all we know the effect of a row of them bounded by fumed-oak may be decorative. But can this be the destination of "Everyman in the World's Universal Classics?" Poets have wished, or have said in verse that they wished, to be the rose in a maiden's hair or the zone that clasps her waist, but they certainly did not write great poems to "decorate" a boudoir, even in days before oak was fumed. . . . No, no; "decoration" may account for a thousand or two copies of the world's classics, but there must be other destinies for the great bulk.

Perhaps the element of cheapness in itself accounts for a great many. For the world is full of people that cannot resist purchasing a thing that is cheap, or, rather, low-priced, although they do not need it. In a corner of a railway-carriage the other day sat a man reading an obviously cheap classic. A friend opposite with nothing

to read remarked, "I see you are deep in the 'Pickwick Papers'?" The other assented. "Great book, isn't it," continued the friend; "I've read it through three times." "Yes," was the answer, while the gilt back was displayed, "it is a wonderful shilling's-worth. I never thought of reading it before." There is a deep philosophy in that reply, but it does not cover the whole ground. This man's purchasing-point was one shilling, and it was also his reading-point. You can also buy Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire" for a shilling, beautifully gilded, but we doubt if many would read it even at a penny. Grote, Gibbon and Finlay, we think, must be exclusively decorative.

Another possibility is that there are persons who buy, for example, every edition—cheap edition we mean—of "Sartor Resartus." We know a man who possesses seven cheap editions of Shakespeare, but when asked in which play the line, "Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight," were to be found, could not tell but thought it might be *Macbeth*. But what man in England buys two copies of Burns's Poems? Two copies of Burns are not more intelligible than one.

Clearly, as we proceed, the more we assume intelligence in the purchase of these cheap libraries the more profound becomes the puzzle of their enormous sale. If we could believe that the mass of thought, imagination, and all the beautiful humanities they represent were being mentally absorbed by the British Public we should rejoice, even although we were convinced that the reading-point could not be raised above one shilling. Even at that figure it would be an impressive thought that one thousand people, say, on any evening in this present week were reading Grote's "History of Greece," and being tempted on thereby to MacCarthy's "History of our own Times." But we know it is not so.

Perhaps the secret of the whole business is to be found in the Board of Trade Returns of British Commerce. Unless we read the signs of the times wrongly, and despise the advice of every statesman, and other thoughtful persons, the Board of Trade Returns explain everything if properly interpreted. Obviously out of those thousand million pounds sterling worth of trade the purchase of a few hundred thousand shilling copies of Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire" is a mere fleabite. But then again must not the British people be too busy with their trade to read Finlay? After the necessary leisure for a round at golf or gazing at a football match Finlay is no fun. Away with the Board of Trade Returns; they are as dark oracles on this matter as they are on trade.

As a last resort we might ask a publisher. Thinking of it, could there be a more beautiful and appropriate subject of conversation with a publisher than the inquiry, Who buys all those thousands upon thousands of your elegant "Everyman's Universal World's Classics" at one shilling net? An intellectual publisher might be able to throw great light on this terribly obscure problem. But an ordinary publisher, a thoroughly wide-awake business-like publisher, would probably answer, The Public. Which reply merely brings us round to the proposition with which we started out. That the public buys them we know, but whether they read them, perhaps even the Times Book Club could not tell.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

The Barony of Brendon. By E. H. LACON WATSON. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE risk of matrimonial shipwreck is always implied when couples wed at unequal ages, and the remark applies both to the marriages of fiction and to those of actual life. There are many things that fight against the perfect blending of May and December; there is the clash of opposing interests, the desire for repose, on the one hand, conflicting

with a youthful eagerness to pursue a butterfly existence on the other. We admit that the disparity between the ages of Erasmus Scholes and Lorna Denison was not so alarming; but the chances of disaster were increased by the difference of their temperaments, Scholes being a sober, slovenly, retiring man of letters, a writer on philosophical subjects, and Lorna a rather thoughtless, pleasure-loving creature. After one tense experience, however, their barque safely enters the desired haven, and their alliance receives its complete justification. The characters are finely drawn throughout. T. K. Rattigan is especially good. The young electrical engineer, with his absorption in works of science and his fervent admiration for his friend Scholes's intellectual attainments, belongs to a type which is being produced in somewhat limited quantities by our board-schools and polytechnics. We have left mention of the Brendon barony to the last. After all, it does not matter much, although Scholes's right to assume the title doubtless had its influence on Lorna's mind when she consented to marry him. Mr. Lacon Watson writes with cultured ease; he has the patrician outlook and the urbane manner.

Her Highness's Secretary. By CARLTON DAWE. (Nash, 6s.)

It is often instructive deliberately to test the rank and file of one of the many regiments of fiction by the touchstone of the more distinguished examples of their kind. Take the "Ruritanian" model, for instance—that modern crack light-cavalry corps in the romantic division. The brilliant qualities necessary to ensure its highest effectiveness are frequently overlooked. But they become apparent at once by setting such a tale as "The Prisoner of Zenda," with its vivid elegance and class, opposite the less happy "Sophy of Kravonia," written, one would think, when Mr. Anthony Hope was for the moment out of the vein. Pleasant and readable as it is the latter story barely qualifies for commissioned rank in the corps which the other deserves to lead, yet compare it again with the book before us, and it is a seasoned captain to an honest full private. To begin with, there is no mystery whatever about Mr. Carlton Dawe's "Romance." The so-much-to-be-commiserated secretary is bound to fall in love with the beautiful, harassed princess upon whom he is, through force of circumstances, compelled to spy in the interests of *la haute politique*. That is to say, the tale relies for its interest upon its characterisation and upon the excitement to be struck from the clash of wits and wills between the diplomatic and military factions in the Grand Duchy of Stressen. Unfortunately the characterisation is hardly worthy of the name. The men, indeed, do not lack definition. Moltani, the Regent, has his shoulder-shrug and his cynicism, the Duke of Brelitz his ferocity, Prince Victor his arrogance, but they are all stereotyped, and even Princess Irma's beauty and charm have to be taken on trust. The preliminary skirmishes, too, are sluggish and unaided by any distinction of style, so that it is a relief to find the hero and the heroine goaded at last by the exigencies of a desperate situation into really stirring action. The episode of the engine, the railway-bridge, and the river is certainly not wanting in imagination, while the final anti-climax, if slightly disappointing, is both daring and alas for love's young dream!—only too consistent with probability.

The Evolution of Katherine. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

LIFE? Human Nature? Character? By Heaven, no! Here you have no spark. The flint does not strike steel, and there is a wanting for events; the fuse is not baptised with fire. A glance—swift, keen—dazzling light, piercing a chink into darkness? A glance, a glimpse through the chink of a door? By Heaven, no! A Woman? No! By Heaven, again! You see here into the inmost of a man. He thinks he understands woman. Does he? You shall see. You see here a glimpse of the self-suffi-

cient, pen splashing paper as a paddle splashes water, ink flying wildly as a bat flies in the daylight. Here, then, you see, as the picture grows and the colours are not mated, the difference between a rag doll and a woman. Gross exaggeration? But, one moment! Put it to the test. Judge by results. You will find that there is something in it after all. . . . As Mr. Thurston somewhere says: "You see in this, as with a sudden light in darkness, the spark of impulse striking from the flint, igniting the tinder of revolt"; and we hasten to assure our readers that we are not so clever as the foregoing sentences would seem to suggest. The tinder of revolt has been ignited, and we have tried the effect of applying Mr. Thurston's manner and matter to the criticism of his book. It is not pleasing; but it is as pleasing as Mr. Thurston's attempt to paint men and women in this medium. Comment is almost superfluous. We advise Mr. Thurston to learn English; some of his sentences would disgrace the journalist who reported that "in the early hours of the morning a man fell out of the window and broke its thigh." We advise our author, too, to observe life. Men and women do not speak and think as Mr. Thurston writes. Of the evolution of Katherine we see nothing; what we see of the evolution of Mr. Thurston does not inspire us with any confidence as to his future. His characters bear much the same relation to life as do the emerald woods in a penny shooting-gallery.

Under the Pompadour. By E. W. JENNINGS. (Unwin, 6s.)

A STORY told in the first person is hampered by the restricted point of view involved, the impossibility of relating all things as they happen, and the modesty which prevents the hero from eulogising himself. Apart from these drawbacks Mr. Jennings has written a readable story of life in the middle of the eighteenth century, both in England and France. There are plots and counter-plots, political and personal, and although the hero, to judge by his own narration, was the most innocent idiot that ever acted cat's-paw to a lovely woman, and played cup-and-ball with kingdoms without an inkling of it, the reader finishes the book with a distinct liking for him. The heroine is quite out of the common, and very charming, and the love-affair is wisely subdued, as Mr. Jennings is not convincing in this direction. He has a real gift for phrases, if he restrains it; but his sentences are sometimes woefully long.

The Hill of Dreams. By ARTHUR MACHEN. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THERE is something sinister in the beauty of Mr. Machen's book. It is like some strangely shaped orchid, the colour of which is fierce and terrible, and its perfume is haunting to suffocation by reason of its intolerable sweetness. The cruelty of the book is more savage than any of the cruelty which the book describes. Lucian shuddered at the boys who were deliberately hanging an ungainly puppy; he had thrashed the little ruffian who kicked the sick cat, before he wrapped himself away from the contact of such infamy in the shelter of his own imaginings. For in the Hill of Dreams you seem to be shown a lovely sensitive boy who has fashioned himself a white palace of beauty in his own mind. He has had time only to realise its full beauty when disease lays its cold touch upon him, and gathers him into her grip until he lies decaying and horrible, seeing his own decay and seeing that his decay makes the white palace foul. The boys did not chant songs as they looped the string round the neck of the uncouth puppy. Mr. Machen fashions prose out of the writhings of Lucian, who is dear to him: and his prose has the rhythmic beat of some dreadful Oriental instrument, insistent, monotonous, haunting; and still the soft tone of one careful flute sounds on, and keeps the nerves alive to the slow and growing pain of the rhythmic beat. Lucian in ecstasy of worship for the young girl whose lips had given him a new life, pressed his body against

sharp thorns until the white flesh of his body was red with drops of blood. That, too, is the spirit of the book. It is like some dreadful liturgy of self-inflicted pain, set to measured music: and the cadence of that music becomes intolerable by its suave phrasing and perfect modulation. The last long chapter with its recurring themes is a masterpiece of prose, and in its way unique.

A Rock in the Baltic. By ROBERT BARR. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is a commonplace book written in a commonplace way about commonplace people. There is a naval lieutenant, who has committed the foolishness of firing at a Russian rock, which is really a fort. He meets the heroine on the first page, and the heroine has just come into fifteen million dollars. They are set on a dreary round of adventures, and on the last page she is shown leaning her head trustfully on his broad shoulder. The scene changes frequently during the course of the story; but there clings to the story continually a stuffy, vulgar atmosphere that somehow suggests the inside of a motor-omnibus on a wet day.

White Fang. By JACK LONDON. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN spite of the fluency which is apparent in Jack London's writing, he has put a strange atmosphere of life into his story of the wolf-dog, White Fang, and the story in consequence has an interest of his own. He knows his business as well as he knows his public, and he knows both thoroughly. He can make a readable story against any living man. He would invent a story about a carrot as quickly as a man could wittle it into the shape of a face. And there is quality in his work. That comes from the immense pleasure which he takes in telling his tale. It is as apparent as his fluency, and is infectious. White Fang's adventures are ingeniously varied. He mounts the ladder, as it were, of civilisation. He is the son of a bitch by a wolf; he becomes a Red Indian's dog of all work; is sold by the Indian to a lunatic half-breed, who makes him savage and trains him as a fighter, until he is saved from the jaws of a bull-dog by a white man, who tames him by love. White Fang in turn saves his master's life from a desperate, escaped robber, and the book ends happily with the hero licking the nose of his puppy, for he has won the love of the house-collie. It is a capital story, marred a little by the brutality of detail given in the fight with the bull-dog.

The Undertow. By ROBERT KNOWLES. (Anderson & Ferrier, 6s.)

THIS novel belongs to the robust school of sentiment and humour blended with religious feeling that Ralph Connor has made popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Knowles has an admirable style of his own, simple, dignified, sincere, his sketches of a Scots community in Canada are delightful, and we rarely come across so interesting a household as that of the Wisharts. The story is worth reading for the fine portraiture of Robert Wishart alone; he is the soul of the book, though not the most prominent character. It is for Stephen, his second son, bred for the ministry, a lad of brilliant parts and weak moral fibre, that our sympathies are demanded. His impartial heart sways him with equal force towards good or evil with uncomfortable consequences to himself, and to those who love him best. The author handles Stephen's temptations and struggles with skill and tenderness, but we grudge some of the chapters devoted to his wanderings from grace, while so many more attractive people and their doings are shunted aside. "The Undertow" is a good novel, and a pleasant one, in every respect worthy of the author of "St. Cuthbert of the West."

In the House of the Eye. By W. A. MACKENZIE. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

IN the calm world of "The Grove," Highgate, in a house with a huge transparent eye fixed into the fanlight,

Owen Mannering was murdered with every circumstance of mystery. Very cleverly the author leads us off hot-foot upon a variety of false clues elaborately worked up, everything fitting in up to the latest possible moment. At least half a dozen people might have committed the crime, from Mannering's own daughter to the white nun hidden in the old oak chest. If the reader can refrain from a glance at the end of the volume he will be rewarded by a succession of exciting incidents culminating in a startling sensation. The criminal is the last person he will suspect, and the motive adduced is as strange and unlooked for as the confession itself. The tale is unusually well told, and abounds in ingenious inventions, keeping the reader on tenterhooks of curiosity; even leaving a tantalising doubt whether after all the real murderer is found.

DRAMA

MR. VACHELL'S COMEDY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

AS I walked down Northumberland Avenue last Tuesday after an afternoon spent in watching the first performance of *Her Son* at Mr. Maude's ingratiatingly comfortable Playhouse, the little girl's prayer kept beating through my heart: "Oh God, please make me pure, quite pure, absolutely pure like Cadbury's Cocoa." The play is so unconscionably noble in sentiment that you must needs try to forget somehow the play's violations of common sense and human nature. It is as though Mr. Vachell had sought out from the highest type of parlour fiction all the most sentimentally moving characters and moments, and had woven them together, rather deftly too, into a play. His comedy is the most genteel melodrama imaginable. There is never a "ha ha" and the villain's villainy evokes not a single hiss. Besides, there is no pit at the Playhouse.

Richard Gascoyne is beloved by two women. Poor fellow, it was not his fault. Crystal Wride nursed him back to life: and was not a lady. She was a bad woman with brains, an adventuress, an actress, who was actually keen on her profession. Of course when she learns that he is going to marry Dorothy Fairfax, she does not submit. She goes to that lady, who is good and stupid, and makes her promise not to see or write to Richard for a year. And Richard goes to Africa: is taken prisoner by the natives and does not come back for eight years. Many things have happened. Crystal has had a baby, and Dorothy has changed her name to Mrs. Armin to adopt it. No one knows anything of what has happened to the others, and of course each thinks the other faithless or dead or married, whereas all are really staunch and true. Except poor Richard.

He must have regretted the playful Africans many times after that eventful day when they all meet on the sands at Bournemouth. Painful Richard is no sooner out of one muddle than he finds himself deep in another. And all the time he is trying his very best to be noble. He kneels to one, and apologises to the other, and wants the little boy to say his prayers at his knee. But it is no good. He is hopelessly outplayed in nobility, scored off, in fact, on every side, as a man in the realm of pure sentiment indubitably should be.

Mr. Cyril Maude played Richard Gascoyne with convincing pathos. The scene in the second act where he strikes up a friendship with his little son on the beach he made really charming. He put a note of gay bravery into his performance of poor Richard, which was very suitable and pleasant. Miss Winitred Emery played the "rowdy kind of little woman" as well as the part could have been played. Many of the effects she gained were simple and delightful. Strangely enough Miss Wynne Matthison took the part of Crystal Wride. She struggled courageously with that impossible adventuress: but the part is beyond the reach of interpretation. It was

amazing that Miss Wynne Matthison should have been able to clothe it with as much semblance of reality as she did. The company included Miss Florence Haydon, who was admirable in a small character-study, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, as an old gentleman who is put into his proper place immediately he dares to make a suggestion bordering upon common sense.

Certainly no one who has a palate for sentiment should miss these matinées of *Her Son*. Never probably has a better company been engaged to present such a noble piece, so pure, so unadulterated by anything approaching to human nature, which is well known to be base and contaminating.

H. DE S.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. FROWDE is about to publish for the Royal Society of Literature Coleridge's "Christabel," illustrated by a facsimile of the manuscript, and by textual and other notes by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. A pastel drawing of the poet forms the frontispiece of the volume.

A work on "The Bulgarian Exarchate" translated from the German of Herr Richard von Mach will be published on March 18 by Mr. Unwin. This account of the history and present position of the Bulgarian Church in Turkey should be of interest to people who study the Balkan question, since it throws light on several problems in the politics of the Near East. The Secretary of State for India has just appointed Mr. T. Fisher Unwin agent for the sale of the publications of the Indian Governments. It is perhaps not widely known that these publications include a variety of books in Indian history and archaeology, art and architecture, botany and forestry; grammars of the various Indian languages—Dafli, Kurukh, Lepcha, Lais, etc.; and the valuable series of Maps of the Indian Ordnance Survey.

"Doctor Gordon," a new novel by Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman—better known as Mary E. Wilkins—will be published on March 18 by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Doctor Gordon, of Alton, New Jersey, the hero of the story, is a man of mystery, even to the villagers and farmers among whom he lives. The book is full of weird incidents and unexpected complications; its ending is tragic, but humour and kindly satire abound; and much of the interest depends on a curiously uncommon and delicately told love-story.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has with Mr. Heinemann a novel in the press entitled "Friday, the 13th." His "Frenzied Finance" caused the last great panic on the New York Exchange, and he claims for this novel that it will end stock gambling in Wall Street.

In "The Invader," a novel which Mr. Heinemann is to publish, Mrs. Woods the author of "A Village Tragedy," has broken new ground and deals with a psychological subject. The very interesting problems as they touch human lives are treated by her with seriousness as they affect the heroine, but a strong vein of fantasy runs through the book.

Under the title of "Pen, Patron and Public," Messrs. Greening are publishing a book which deals with journalism and literary life behind the scenes, and records the unpublished history of several great newspapers, both London and provincial.

Admirers of Zola's work will welcome the publication by Messrs. Greening, in their Lotus Library, of "Drink," an English version of "L'Assommoir" which many readers of Zola consider his most powerful book. The book is very attractively produced, and is of a size convenient for carrying in the pocket. Among the new novels in Messrs. Greening's list are "The Mascotte of Park Lane," by prolific Lucas Cleeve; "The Gold Worshippers," by Harris Burland; "For this Cause," by George Irving; and "Dinevah the Beautiful," by Elliott O'Donnell.

"The Love Letters of King Henry VIII. to Queen Anne Boleyn" will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths. They have been edited by Mr. Ladbroke Black from the *Harleian Miscellany*, and Mr. Black has also written an Introduction on "The Royal Lover."—"The Dickens Concordance," by Mary Williams, which has been promised for a long time, is at length to make its appearance. It contains a complete list of the characters and places mentioned in the works of Charles Dickens, and also a full alphabetical list. It will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish "The Man with the Amber Eyes," by Florence Warden. Miss Florence Warden's

invariable object is to interest and amuse her public, and not to teach or to bore them. In "The Man with the Amber Eyes" there is a mystifying plot which the most experienced must fail to pierce, and the numerous characters are well and truly drawn.

During the month of April Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue several novels by well-known writers, including "The Flying Cloud," a complete romance by Morley Roberts; "Needles and Pins," a sequel to "If I were King," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "The Strongest of All Things," by Madame Albanesi; and "Colonel Dameron," by Percy White. Mr. W. W. Jacobs' new volume "Short Cruises" will appear early in April.

Messrs. Methuen announce the publication of a new book by the author of "Stephen Remarx," the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley. It is entitled "Behold the Days Come: a Fancy in Christian Politics," and is an attempt to give expression to the feelings of Christian Socialists. It contends equally against official Liberalism and contented Toryism.—The same publishers also announce the publication of Mr. Ronald MacDonald's new novel "A Human Trinity," which is a story of the intrinsic unity of father, mother, and child—of the bond, spiritual as well as natural, amongst them, apart even from the ties of custom.

In "The Churchman's Treasury of Song," which Messrs. Methuen are also publishing, the Rev. J. H. Burn has brought together a large and varied anthology gathered from a wide range of devotional poetry.

CORRESPONDENCE

CAUSERIE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I venture to suggest that we have an exact English equivalent for "Causerie" in "A Talk" which conveys the conversational tone required and is often a monologue. When the headmaster tells one of his pupils he wants a talk with him we may be sure it will be one-sided. The readers of the ACADEMY however obtain amusement as well as instruction when a "Literary talk" is signed Jane Barlow. This lady truly says that to borrow a word from a neighbour is not included in the anti-borrowing missions of Polonius but why borrow, when we have the word we want in our vocabulary?

H. D. BARCLAY.

INSCRIPTIONS IN MEDIÆVAL LATIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Of course I am aware that mediæval Latin does not conform to classical standards: but I cannot think that any mediæval scribe would write, e.g., *oc opus* or *fontes aquarium*. And I hope that Mr. Hamilton Jackson will not take it amiss if I adhere to the opinion that a revision of these inscriptions is advisable whether he himself or Schultz be responsible for the copies. Such a revision would remove a small blemish in a brilliant book.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

March 11.

"THE GATES OF PARADISE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I constantly read in modern books and reviews of Italian Art a much reiterated phrase, which is attributed by writers to Vasari, and used by him to describe the beautiful doors of the Baptistery, of S. Giovanni in Florence by Lorenzo Ghiberti. Vasari relates that Michel-Angelo called them "*fit to be the Gates of Paradise.*"

Some years before Vasari wrote (1511–1574) this expression can be found at p. 239 of the early edition of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, who reports it to be used in praise of his own handiwork by Francis I., his patron (1545 A.D.).

It stands in the original as follows:

"Io credo certamente che se il Paradiso avesse ad avere porte—piu bella di questa non sarebbe giammai."

Doubtless these fulsome words originated with Cellini, and were fresh in the mind of Vasari, when he probably unconsciously appropriated them.

WILLIAM MERCER.

March 11.

BRAKES OF ICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am surprised that a critic of Mr. Cunningham's moderation has allowed himself to be led astray by ingenious parallels which show on his part much learning and research. If such passages however afford no help to the explanation of a crux like "Brakes of Ice" all the ingenuity expended in hunting them up is wasted. Through two columns of your valuable paper the argument runs and its crown is such a passage as

"Some furr'd on backs of Vice, and answer none";

which I venture to think the veriest tyro among Hindoo Baboos struggling with the intricacies of our tongue would blush to own. What does Mr. Cunningham's emendation mean? Is it not confusion worse confounded? Are we to take "furr'd" as the past tense and predicate to "some," or is it merely a participle qualifying "backs"? If the latter, where is the predicate to "backs." Mr. Cunningham airily remarks that the substantive verb is omitted but carefully refrains from telling us what the missing word is.

He states further that "brake" was pronounced by Shakespeare as we pronounce "bracken." Where does he obtain such information? A reference to Ellis, Victor or Sweet will I think show him that "a" was then sounded like "a" in "father" and not as the diphthong which we now use.

I submit that this passage is not a crux and much less is it intractable; "brakes" are surely bits, curbs, or restraints and "ice" is simply "cold chastity." The passage therefore simply means:

Some throw aside all restraints of chastity and are not called to any account, whilst some are condemned for a single fault.

The use of "ice," "snow" and "cold" as indicating chastity and continence is one of the commonest similes in Shakespeare, witness:

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them,

As You Like It, iii. 4, 16-19.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet, iii. 1, 140, 141.

Chaste as the icicle
That's cardied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus, v. 3, 65-67.

These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her.
All's Well, ii. 3, 99, 100.

His urine is congealed ice; [of Angelo]
Measure, iii. 2, 118.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow,
Cymb. ii. 5, 13.

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!
Timon, iv. 3, 386, 387.

Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.
Measure, i. 5, 57, 58.

She sent him away as cold as a snowball.
Pericles, iv. 6, 148, 149.

Snowballs for pills to cool the reins.
Merry Wives, iii. 5, 24.

Cold nymphs chaste crowns.
Tempest, iv. 1, 66.

Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity.
Othello, v. 2, 275, 276.

And compare Lear iv. 6, 120, 121.

Surely the colossal failures of commentaries like those of Zachary Jackson, Bailey, Lord Chedworth, Kinnear and Bulloch based upon misleading and far-fetched parallels should have warned Mr. Cunningham of the danger of his line of argument. What we know of Shakespeare misprints where Quarto and Folio copies have come down to us clearly shows that the solution of most cruxes is not a forced, far-fetched or crabbed passage like this of Mr. Cunningham but a plain and simple expression as most of Shakespeare's are. In many cases passages have been put down as cruxes owing to the inability of critics to see what was staring them plainly in the face and I submit that the passage in question is one of them.

FRANCIS JOHN PAYNE.

SHELLEY AND HIS PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—After reading Mr. Andrew Lang's article and Mr. Haswell's remarks on the disputed stanza in the "Revolt of Islam," I cannot help thinking that, after all, the publisher, and not the poet, was in the right. To me it seems that what Shelley really meant to say in this passage was that Love was the solace of man's meditations, during which his ideas of truth, justice and pleasure became purified and exalted; and that so Mr. Ollier viewed the matter, preferring in this instance to leave the ungrammatical "can" when he altered "those" to "thou"; thus putting "justice, or truth or joy" in opposition to "calm." If to the verses thus amended we add Rossetti's substitution of "heart" and "man" for "hearts" and "men"—which of course Shelley never intended—the stanza at any rate becomes no longer "an impenetrable jungle" as Mr. Lang describes it, and the scansion is certainly improved:

O love! who to the heart of wandering man
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves—
Justice, or truth or joy! thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, etc.

Considering the purging that "Laon and Cythna" was subjected to in order to make the poem fit for publication under its new name, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the final production should have retained traces here and there of the treatment accorded it; or that the poet's ideas were occasionally other than chaotic, when dealing with a subject so *unnatural* and *revolting*. In such a context as this the Earl of Roscommon's precept should not be lost sight of:

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.

UGOLINO.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Commenting upon Mr. Cole's version of the line in Juvenal—"Graeculus esuriens in caelum, jussus, ibi"—the reviewer goes on to say: "The rendering 'and bid him go to hell, etc.,' though attractive, is not to be endured." But this is an imitation, not a translation; it comes from Dr. Johnson's "London," an imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire, and the correct text of the couplet is: "All sciences afeasting Monsieur knows, and bid him go to hell, to hell he goes," not "he'll go," as quoted in the review of Mr. Cole's book.

C. S. JERRAM.

March 12.

LITERARY FORGERIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your admirable review of Mr. J. A. Farrer's "Literary Forgeries" you rightly take exception to his including Chatterton—"the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," in his "rogues' gallery."

It is so seldom that any writer dealing with that unfortunate genius can refrain from flinging a stone at his alleged forgeries, that all admirers and students of his work are very much your debtor for so ably vindicating his memory.

Apropos of which, with your kind permission, I quote the following passage from a book of mine passing through the press of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, entitled "Bristol and Its Famous Associations":

"In regard to the Rowley poems, it has often been asserted that they are forgeries, which term implies the counterfeiting of work already in existence. But Chatterton did no such thing, he simply hid his own genius behind a fictitious personality. When we view all the circumstances of his brief and sordid life, and take into consideration the sterile age in which he lived, with its pseudo love of the antique, it is not surprising that he masked the rich outpourings of his wondrous imagination in hoar antiquity, as the one and only way to obtain that recognition for which he longed.

"It is not without interest to note that an actual Thomas Rowley did exist in Bristol in the fifteenth century, in the person of a merchant of that name who died January 23, 1478; his tomb is in St. John's Church."

STANLEY HUTTON.

March 13.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Brinton, Selwyn. *Humanism and Art*. Being Part IV. of the Renaissance in Italian Art, and containing a separate analysis of Artists and their works in sculpture and painting. Second edition. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 79. Arnold Fairbairns, 2s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

The Works of Shakespeare: Pericles. Edited by K. Deighton $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. xxix, 147. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Pryce, Richard. *Towing-Path Bess*, and other Stories. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
[Fifteen short stories, mostly reprinted from various magazines.]

Butler, Ellis Parker. *Mr. Perkins of Portland*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 171. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

Scudder, Veda D. *The Disciple of a Saint*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 383. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

Machen, Arthur. *The Hill of Dreams*. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 309. E. Grant Richards, 6s.

Smedley, Constance. *Conflict*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 311. Constable, 6s.

Morley, George. *A Bunch of Blue Ribbons*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 370. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Wardle, Jane. *The Artistic Temperament*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 320. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Roy, Olivia. *The Husband Hunter*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 342. T. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Perrin, Alice. *A Free Solitude*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.

Whishaw, Fred. *The Madness of Gloria*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.

Wemyss, George. *The Younger Woman*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.

Pinkerton, Thomas. *Valdora*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 325.

"Q." *Poison Island*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 343. Smith & Elder, 6s.

Mackenzie, W. A. *In the House of Eye*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 320. Ward Lock, 6s.

Knowles, Robert E. *The Undertow*. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 320. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 6s.

Barr, Robert. *A Rock in the Baltic*. 8×5 . Pp. 326. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Oxenham, John. *The Long Road*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 316. Methuen, 6s.

Levenson, Ada. *The Twelfth Hour*. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 292. Grant Richards, 6s.

[With a Frontispiece by Frank Haviland.]

Tweedale, Violet. *The Sweets of Office*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 330. Long, 6s.

Chatterton, G. G. *The Dictionary of Fools*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 313. John Long, 6s.

Macdonald, Ronald. *A Human Trinity*. 8×5 . Pp. 324. Methuen, 6s.

Adderley, James. *Behold the Days Come*. 8×5 . Pp. 243. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY

Souttar, Robinson. *A Short History of Mediæval Peoples*. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 682. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s.

[Index, Maps.]

Grant, A. G. *Outlines of European History*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 368. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England. A Revised Translation with introduction, life and notes, by A. M. Sellar. 8×5 . Pp. 439. Bell, 6s. net.

[Index.]

LITERATURE

Early English Prose Romances. Edited by W. G. Thoms. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 958. Routledge, 6s. net.

Blewett, George John. *The Study of Nature and the Vision of God: with other Essays on Philosophy*. 9×6 . Pp. 358. Toronto: William Briggs, n.p.

[Index.]

The Steps of Life. Further Essays on Happiness, by Carl Kilty. Translated by Melvin Brandow. With an introduction by Francis Greenwood Peabody. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 264. Macmillan, 5s. net.

Benson, A. C. *Beside Still Waters*. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 356. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.

Plunkett, Charles Hare. *The Letters of One*. A Study in Limitations. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 180. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Smith, H. Maynard. *In Playtime*. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 176. Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

[Nine little essays on such subjects as "Shopping," "Furnishing," and "Diaries," of which eight are reprinted from the *Treasury* and one from the *Church Times*.]

Avebury, Lord. *Representation*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 90. Swan Sonnenschein, 1s.

[Index.]

The Story of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, retold in English by Frederick Colin Tilney, with six pictures in colour by the author. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. 95. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.

Roberts, W. J. *The Pocket Cathedral*. 5×3 . Pp. 15, ccvii. T. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.

Besant, Annie. *Children of the Motherland*. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 261. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 4s. net.

Library of Congress. *Select List of Works relating to Taxation of Inheritances and of Incomes—United States and some Foreign Countries*. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clarke Griffin. 10×7 . Pp. 86. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Irving, Washington. *Rural Life in England*. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 104. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.

[Illustrated.]

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1907. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 738. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 3s.

Darroch, Alexander. *The Children*. Some Educational Problems. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 133. Jack, 1s. net.

Joyce, P. W. *The Story of Ancient Irish Civilisation*. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Longmans, 1s. 6d. net.

Pratt, Edwin A. *German v. British Railways*. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 64. King, 1s. net.

[The expansion of an article on "Railways and Trades in Germany," published in the "Financial and Commercial Supplement" of the *Times* on February 11, 1907.]

Dale, T. F. *The Stable Handbook*. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 90. Lane, 3s. net.

[Index.]

Heath, H. Llewellyn. *The Infant, the Parent, and the State*. With an introduction by Professor G. Sims Woodhead. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 191. King, 3s. 6d. net.

Halid, Halil. *The Crescent versus the Cross*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 240. Luzac, 5s. net.

POETRY

Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. *The Lotus of the Nile, and other Poems*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 110. New York: Whittaker, \$1.00 net.

Street, Lillian. *Stray Sonnets*. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. 57. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Butler, Arthur Gray. *Charles I*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. Pp. xvi, 124. Second Edition, revised. Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell. Newly edited by Roger Ingpen. Part I. $10 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 96. Sir Isaac Pitman, 1s. net.

[A reprint of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," to be issued in twelve monthly parts.]

The Monk. By M. G. Lewis. Edited by C. A. Baker, M.A. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xix, 356. Routledge, 6s.

Blackmore, R. D. *Lorna Doone*. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 517. Sanipson Low, 2s. 6d.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *A Child's Garden of Verse*. Introduction by Andrew Lang. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xvi, 155. Longmans, 2s. net.

[A portrait of the poet's mother forms the frontispiece to this the latest of the reprints of Stevenson's "little masterpiece." Mr. Andrew Lang's introduction, all too short, provides a pleasant note of intimate and affectionate biography.]

Hope, Anthony. *Tristram of Blent*. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 408. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

- (Selected by) Barnett, Mrs. P. A. *Song and Story*. 6½ × 4½. 3 volumes. Pp. 96, 96, 96. A. & C. Black, 6d. each.
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- Malet, Lucas. *Colonel Enderby's Wife*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 220. Newnes, 6d.
- Haggard, H. Rider. *Dawn*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 222. Newnes, 6d.
- Dumas, Alexandre. *The Court of Monte Christo*. In 3 vols. Each 7½ × 5. Pp. 560, 552, 532. Dent, n.p.
- Dumas, Alexandre. *Marguerite de Valois*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 327. Dent, n.p.

SCIENCE.

- Williamson, John. *Science in Living and the Creator's Purpose in Human Life*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 323. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Magnus, Laurie. *Religio Laici Judaica*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 178. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
 [In part re-written from the author's recent contributions to the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and the *Jewish World*.]
- Stewart, A. Morris. *Home Prayers for Morning and Evening Worship and Special Occasions*. 9 × 6. Pp. 152. Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.
- Knight, H. J. C. *The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Colossians and to Philemon*. 7 × 4. Pp. 206. Methuen, 2s. net.
- The Human Element in the Gospels*. A commentary on the Synoptic Narrative. By George Salmon. Edited by Newport J. D. White. 7 × 5½. Pp. 550. Murray, 15s. net.
- Schmiedel, Dr. Paul W. *Jesus in Modern Criticism*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 91. A. & C. Black, 6d. net.
 [A translation of a German Lecture.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Baring-Gould, S. *A Book of the Pyrenees*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 309. Methuen, 6s.
- White, Stewart Edward. *The Pass*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 198. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

THE BOOKSHELF

A Manual of Theology. By Joseph Agar Beet (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net).—Why do theologians continue to write stout manuals of theology on the old-fashioned lines? Dr. Agar Beet's is no doubt a good specimen of its class, but its main result is only to afford one more proof, if such were needed, of the futility of this kind of literature. There must be hundreds of such manuals in existence, and therefore it is difficult to see why another should be needed. Besides, the treatment of theology as a "science" built up by strict "proofs" from texts and from "reason," the unsupported assumptions of which are only too evident to the modern mind, has been carried out so systematically by Roman cholerics that nothing can be added to it, and its Protestants equivalent is but a pale reflection of it, and not nearly so conclusive on the premisses assumed. We should not notice this book, were it not for Dr. Beet's reputation for theological learning and acumen, which we do not for a moment dispute, as well as for his undoubted ability for clear and pointed writing, his transparent sincerity and deep Christian feeling. But these qualities serve to make the defects of the old method which he uses only the more glaring, and the more dangerous for the enslavement of the mind by irrational "rationalism." And no more conspicuous example of the reality of that danger could be afforded than by the fact that a man of his abilities is able to find in the Bible—"complete historical proof that the body of Jesus, laid dead in the grave, returned to life" (p. 548); "that the Fourth Gospel gives a correct account of the teaching of Christ" because of "the profound harmony between . . . between this teaching as there recorded and that of Paul"; that "the mention of an unnamed one called 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'" is "an indication" that the Gospel was written by the apostle John: "For it is impossible otherwise to account for this remarkable omission and circumlocution" (p. 36).

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THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1820

MARCH 23, 1907

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A NOVEL DISCOVERY

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THE LITERARY WEEK

At the meeting of the Society of Authors held in Hanover Square last Wednesday, Mr. Sidney Lee proposed what was practically a vote of censure on the Committee. In the opinion of that eminent Shakespearean scholar the Committee had somewhat exceeded its powers in writing to the *Times* to express an opinion on the vexed question of The Book Club and the Publishers. If nearly all the speakers were hostile to the action of the Committee, the vote of censure was defeated by a considerable majority, though there was some uncertainty as to the figures. The meeting, not a very large one, was very representative and was far more lively than such things usually are. At one moment the discussion became quite heated. Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Bernard Shaw metaphorically came to blows.

Sir Martin Conway made a particularly admirable speech, and it was satisfactory to hear Professor Ray Lankester and Mr. Bernard Shaw, who had both dissented from their fellow members, paying a tribute to the efficiency and executive ability of the present committee and its admirable secretary, Mr. Herbert Thring. Mr. Anthony Hope, with all a barrister's eloquence, pointed out that the committee had in no way violated the articles of association in expressing the view of the controversy held by the majority of the committee. There is little doubt that Mr. Comyns Carr brought over many waverers by pointing out that if the meeting supported Mr. Sidney Lee's motion the outside world would regard it as a manifesto in favour of the *Times* Book Club. This seemed to make Mr. Zangwill (who disapproved of the committee acting without consulting the society) withdraw his support from Mr. Sidney Lee. More will probably be heard on the subject. A new lease of life has perhaps been given to a somewhat stale topic; for that every one will be grateful to the Society of Authors. But let us hope that the base insinuations suggested in certain quarters will be officially withdrawn. And if not, we may trust that they will not be taken seriously by Mr. Rider Haggard.

The discovery of a new Raphael would have agitated the artistic world a great deal more twenty years ago than it does now; but the name Raphael suggests rather a manufactory than an artist, in the present fierce light which beats about a picture. One of the most eminent experts in England, Mr. Roger Fry, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, the Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, a hardly less eminent authority, have declared that the present work now on view at the Doré Gallery is "neither a forgery nor a copy." But this, while very comforting

to the owners does not carry us very far. Readers of modern art criticism will realise how cautious we all must be; what was "the divine Raphael" to our forefathers, is now "Giulio Romano from a design by Raphael," or "Luca Penni after a sketch by the master"; and some of our modern artists share the opinion of Velasquez "that Raphael was not even divine." Mr. Berenson calls him a mere illustrator and Mr. H. G. Wells has been heard to express the opinion that he was early Victorian. The late Louis Dubedat did not mention him in his confession of faith. Still, Raphael has to be reckoned with.

The centenary of the birth of Longfellow, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of last month, has not passed unnoticed in America, and it is pleasant to find that even in the present "hustling" age the Americans can still find time to honour the memory of their great men. The number of great men that America has produced in literature is so small that they are all the more worthy to be remembered and honoured by their countrymen. The hundredth anniversary of the births of Poe, Hawthorne, and Emerson were noticed and celebrated at Charlottesville and at Brunswick, and at Salem, Concord and Boston, though nothing in the way of a national demonstration was attempted by the American people at large. Longfellow to the world in general, to the ordinary reading public, has perhaps always made a larger appeal than Poe; he still represents to the average person what he would call "America's greatest poet." And in spite of the fact that among more eclectic critics there has been a tendency to speak slightly of him, he may make a fair claim to the title. Longfellow if he never perhaps rose to the very highest point of poetic expression, yet preserved a steady and fastidious standard of excellence which marks him out as an artist above all things. His personality too has a peculiarly winning charm which will always endear him to enlightened lovers of literature. He was, when all is said and done, the best result that the old New England spirit and training could produce. The spiritual service he rendered to his countrymen can hardly be over-rated.

The Chief Librarian's notice (referred to in another column) that the Library of the British Museum will be closed for some months suggests the inquiry whether something cannot be done in the meanwhile to relieve the congestion in the Rotunda Reading-room which now makes it practically useless to casual readers. It is frequently impossible to find a seat, and it is not uncommon for a reader to have to wait a whole hour before a book can be found and delivered to him. The attendants do their utmost and are in no way to blame. Excellent customs exist which smooth the way for habitual readers, but they are not sufficiently advertised, and have to be discovered after much waste of time and temper. For instance, the attendants are allowed at odd times to find books in the catalogue—frequently a lengthy process—and to have them ready for readers at fixed times. This is a most reasonable and proper arrangement and, of course, ought to be attended with some small remuneration from the readers who benefit by it. Also the use of the Inner Library, obligatory in the case of some books, is facilitated.

We would inquire whether these arrangements could not be made better known by such means as the printing of a sort of Readers' Guide which might contain also some directions how to use the necessarily monstrous catalogue. Would it not also be possible to frame rules discouraging the use of the Library at all for reference to books which can be readily seen elsewhere? At present, many Local Public Libraries render their books of reference useless by foolish rules which cannot be enforced, forbidding any writing in their Reference Libraries without the leave of the sub-librarian in attendance. Could some action be

taken to divert the stream of readers wishing to consult such books from the Rotunda to local libraries, if necessary in concert with the authorities of the latter? The steps to be taken may safely be left to the experience of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson and his staff, but some clearing of the Rotunda, far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the poor and deserving class who seem to pass their lives in it, would help their work, and would much relieve the hard-worked and underpaid attendants.

Mr. George Alexander very kindly lent his theatre last Monday morning for a copyright performance of the *Duchess of Padua*, a five-act tragedy by Oscar Wilde, which has never been performed in this country. The parts were read by an amateur dramatic society connected with St. James's Church, Hampstead Road. The play was produced in America some years ago by Miss Gale and the late Laurence Barrett. It was originally written for Miss Mary Anderson. The play will form the first volume of the uniform edition of the author's works about to be issued by Messrs. Methuen.

"Consentaneous," a word used by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his speech on the Women's Suffrage Bill, puzzled most daily papers in London. "Concertaneous" some of them made it; while others had the commonplace "consensus of opinion." "There was," said the Prime Minister, "no consentaneous opinion on this question in any part of the House." This is a rare word which, in the absolute sense, seems to date only from 1774. The *Manchester Guardian* makes the remark that dignified words of Latin derivation have always been popular in Scotland. One verb of Greek origin, which appears in mediæval Latin, is often used by bailies. This is the ugly verb, "homologate," which, however, Mark Pattison used in his book on Milton for the Men of Letters Series. This word, when used by Scottish witnesses, has baffled a Committee of the House of Lords. So, too, has "policies," in the Scottish meaning defined by Chambers's Dictionary as "the pleasure-grounds around a mansion."

The Clarendon Press has just issued two more volumes of Mr. Lewis Farnell's "The Cults of the Greek States" which will be eagerly welcomed by all who are interested in the study of the problems of comparative religion. The discoveries in Crete have thrown much new light on the study of classical polytheism, and new material from newly discovered inscriptions and monuments is added year by year to the sources of knowledge of this absorbing subject. A fifth volume, which will contain an account of the worship of Hermes, Dionysos, and the minor cults, is promised for next year.

The loan exhibition of the Keats and Shelley relics for which the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland yesterday lent Stafford House was of the highest interest and in every way successful. The collection included nearly all the manuscripts of the two poets, and all the editions of their works corrected and annotated by them, that remain the property of private collectors. In addition there were many portraits and personal relics. A concert consisting of music set to or suggested by words from their poems was another feature. But the chief interest of the exhibition was undoubtedly the manuscripts. There is always something thrilling about the first sight of the manuscript of poems which are deathless, and in the present case the possibility of comparing the hand-writings of the two poets and the quantity and nature of the changes and erasures which they respectively made, afforded a most absorbing object of study.

Despite Mr. Streatfeild's edition it cannot be said that George Darley has had justice done him by the present

generation of readers. The *Quarterly Review* article of July 1902, aroused some interest, but it was allowed to die out. Now, however, Messrs. Routledge have commissioned Mr. Ramsay Colles to prepare a complete edition of Darley's works for their Muses' Library. It is a matter for regret that Darley's "Errors of Ecstasie" has not been reprinted since 1823, his "à Beckett" since 1829 and his "Ethelstan" since 1841. But in addition to these, Mr. Colles, thanks to the generosity of several descendants of the poet's family, will be enabled to print several poems for the first time. When Palgrave issued his "Golden Treasury" he ascribed Darley's poem "It is not beauty I demand" to the Restoration period, declaring that the author's identity was unknown! It only serves to show how soon a poet can be forgotten, even if a little of his poetry lives.

A tablet-inscription lately published by the British Museum authorities in the series of "Select Inscriptions in the Babylonian character," which Mr. R. Campbell Thompson has translated, ought to be of interest to those who are contemplating how best to form a library. Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus), having this end in view about B.C. 650, directs one Shadûnû to inquire after all the tablets in the houses of certain dwellers at Borsippa, and to ransack other Babylonian cities in quest of more. "Seek out," runs the inscription, "such rare tablets which may be found in your journey as do not exist in Assyria, and send them to me. . . . No one shall withhold them from thee; and if there be any tablet or stelê of which I have not made mention, and thou shalt learn of it, and it is good for my palace, search for it and get it and send it to me." There is a delightful simplicity about this method. The tablets were sent to Nineveh, transcribed, and (perhaps) returned to their owners. Yet it may be that the King's procedure was too high-handed to be forgotten, in the day when Nineveh fell.

A new number of *The Shanachie*, a miscellany devoted chiefly to the work of Irish authors and artists has just been issued by Messrs. Maunsell and Company, of Dublin. In it Mr. J. M. Synge, author of "The Playboy of the Western World," continues his series of sympathetic studies of Irish life. There are many other contributions in prose and verse from prominent Irish writers and the miscellany is illustrated by Mr. J. B. Yeats and Mr. William Orpen. This number is the first number of *The Shanachie* in its new form as a Quarterly.

The next production of the Incorporated Stage Society will be Brieux's *Les Hanneçons*, translated by H. M. Clark. The play will be produced by Miss Janet Achurch at the Imperial Theatre on March 24 and 25 and the cast will include: Charles V. France, Nigel Playfair, Edmund Gwenn, Kenneth Rivington, Asheton Tonge, Miss Mabel Hackney, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Florence Adale, and Miss Lola Duncan.

French art is so inadequately represented in the National Gallery that the Trustees are especially to be congratulated on their latest purchase, Hyacinthe Rigaud's *Lulli and his Fellow Musicians at the French Court*. It is a characteristic and admirable example of a painter who, if no great master, was an accomplished draughtsman, a suave colourist, and an essentially national artist. The new acquisition, which is hung in Room XVI., has necessitated some re-arrangement of the French pictures, and Fantin-Latour's fine portrait-group has been removed from the screen in this gallery to the wall of the adjoining room, where it is flanked by two other recent acquisitions, Boudin's *The Port of Trouville*, and *Sunny Days in the Forest* by Diaz.

A new edition of the catalogue of the National Gallery of British Art has been issued with notes on the "new" Turners last year discovered in the cellars of the National Gallery, and now cleansed and hung at the Tate Gallery. Among the notes is a letter written by Turner from the Isle of Wight, and directing his correspondent to purchase for him from Newman's some colours and canvases which it is believed he used for some of the Solent pictures at Millbank.

The second of the two known autograph manuscripts by Petrarch, his *Life of Cæsar* (the other is *de sua ipsius et multorum ignorantia*), is being published, by subscription. The editor is M. Léon Dorez, rue Littré, Paris, and the ninety-seven quarto plates are due to Berthaud Brothers. This manuscript is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, No. 5784 (*fonds latins*), and is supposed to be the work on which Petrarch was engaged (*instaret* is Lombardo della Seta's term, and Lombardo was an eye-witness), when he was found in his little house at Arquà, *exanimis super libro*, on the night July 18-19, 1374. After his death it passed into the library of the Prince of Carrara, then of the Duke of Milan, and from Paris was brought to Blois by Louis XIV.

An evening contemporary the other day referred to Monsieur Edmond Rostand as "one of the great poets of all time." This is a fine example of the sort of way in which indiscriminate, and indeed utterly preposterous praise is lavished on mediocrity by those who have absolutely no qualification to bestow either praise or blame. That the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* possesses the pleasing knack of stringing together graceful couplets and "bringing down the house" with dramatic rhetoric, no one would be disposed to deny. But that he has ever written one line that could qualify him for inclusion among the ranks of the poets not of "all time," but of any time longer than the memory of a gratified first-nighter who has passed a pleasant evening, is a proposition to which we would strongly demur. Of course no one takes the literary judgments of our evening papers very seriously. They have exhausted the adjectives of the English language in praising indifferent work too often for that. They are generally dull, but at times they have the merit of consciously providing the occasion for Homeric laughter, and for this much may be forgiven them.

The less said about the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water-colours the better. It is open. It is a great relief to come upon the work of Mr. Moffat Lindsey, Mr. Mortimer Mempes and Mr. Hassall, but the best example of technique is undoubtedly the *Blackheaded Jane* of Mr. W. B. E. Ranken, an artist of great promise, once both the pride and the envy of the Slade School.

The principal printing press in Tibet is situated at Nartang near Shigatse, within the jurisdiction of the Teshi Lama. It was visited by Sarat Chandra Das, and a correspondent of the *Anglo-Indian Pioneer* who has lately returned from that part of Tibet gives the following interesting particulars of the system of printing. The Tibetan printers are still at the stage of the block-book, for which each page had to be carved separately on a single block of wood, and many thousands of such blocks are kept in stock at Nartang. Each wooden block is about twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide, one face having carved upon it a complete page of lettering. The method of printing is primitive in the extreme and consists in laying the paper on a flat surface and levering the block upon it with a long handle much as the village blacksmith works his bellows. Sarat Chandra Das endeavoured to simplify the process by presenting a lithographic press to the Tibetan Prime Minister, but it fell under the suspicion of being intended to diffuse small-pox, and no one ventured to unpack it for many months. As the correspondent mentioned found the old system of block printing still in use the other day it evidently never became popular.

LITERATURE

THE GHOST OF A THRILL

The Monk. A Romance. By M. G. LEWIS. Edited by E. A. BAKER, M.A. (Routledge, 6s.)

I SUPPOSE it does us no harm to be reminded that the taste of our ancestors was occasionally bad. We are unreasonably proud of the various inventions which facilitate our intercourse and destroy our nerves, but in matters of art we are, on the whole, modest in our pretensions. At least we are all agreed that "the public"—no member of it ever including himself in the denotation—is fond of rubbish, or (if I may decorate this article with the beautiful words of Mr. George Moore) that it is "a foul cur, feeding upon offal." It may do us no harm, then, to be reminded that the public of a hundred years ago had its rubbish, not to say its offal, also. And there is further consolation in the fact that whereas no cultivated person, except on the sly, reads *our* rubbish—the works, that is to say, of X. and Y. and Z.—"The Monk" was accepted as a really great affair by all sorts of people who should have known better. Fielding and Sterne had been, and Byron and Keats and Shelley were soon to be, but meanwhile Mr. Mathew Gregory Lewis held the stage with his "Monk" and was applauded as a genius. It makes one almost cheerful to reflect upon it.

Since the rubbish of one generation is seldom the rubbish of another, it is not likely that the publishers anticipate a revival of popularity for "The Monk." Its reissue is probably meant to be rather instructive than amusing, to show us what manner of book this was, perhaps the most notorious of its kind and interesting in the history of fiction. That being the case, Mr. Baker's Introduction is perhaps not to be blamed for being the reverse of inviting. "Allow me," he says in effect, "to introduce Mr. 'Monk' Lewis to you. You will find him an almost intolerable bore. He is crude to the last degree. His writing is despicable. He has, to speak generally, all the faults a writer can have, and not one of the merits. I am delighted to make you acquainted." It is depressing—more depressing than it need have been. For "The Monk," though rubbish, to be sure, in an artistic point of view, is clever rubbish. A book which influenced Shelley so much as this seems to have done, can hardly be stupid. The hob-goblin business, the Bleeding Nun, the diabolic magic, the exulting fiend, and all that, leaves one cold, of course; the age is past when it could thrill one. The charnel-house business—the moulding corpses and creeping worms—is merely disgusting. The sensual business, which got the author into such a dreadful scrape, misses its intention: it is commonplace, merely the artless cataloguing realism of a naughty young man, which never yet, I imagine, made a really sensuous appeal to any one. But the book, in spite of a woolly style, is conducted vigorously; the human part of the intrigue is not undramatic; there is a sort of visualising, at least, of the characters—a quality which I think no really popular fiction, however absurd otherwise, ever entirely lacks. Then there is the ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and fair Imogene," once so famous, now forgotten, but certainly a spirited performance: the line describing the skeleton,

The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out

is a good line, say what you will. I think there is merit in "The Monk" and I rather wish Mr. Baker had set himself to make out a case for it, a gracious act in an introducer.

However, he gives us some excellent literary criticism, calling our attention to the forerunners and successors of "The Monk." He points out with truth that what nearly all of them lacked was the atmosphere of horror and terror, being content with piling up horrible or terrible incidents. In romance generally Walter Scott is the supreme example of romantic atmosphere, and most of

our wearisome contemporary romancers—with a dozen romantic incidents per book for every one of his—are examples of its absence. In horrifying or terrifying romance poor Mat Lewis is a fine instance of atmosphere left out, and Mr. Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw"—to which Mr. Baker refers—the supreme instance of its triumphant presence. That, certainly, is the most strongly horrible and terrible fiction I have ever read, without any exception whatever, and judged by such a standard "The Monk" is poor stuff indeed. Having nothing to say in favour of it, Mr. Baker might have said something in favour of Mat Lewis. He must have been a terrible little soul. In Lockhart's Scott and in Byron's letters and journals there is much about him that is amusing, quaint and attractive—about his pigmy form, his protruding eyes, his West Indian property, his mirror-lined bookcases, his short-sighted horsemanship, his extraordinary attire for shooting, his snobbishness and kindness of heart. Both Scott and Byron had a weakness for him and he will live by that when his "Monk," in spite of this re-issue, is finally forgotten.

G. S. STREET.

GEORGE CRABBE

George Crabbe and His Times. By RENÉ HUCHON. Translated by FREDERICK CLARKE, M.A. (Murray, 15s. net.)
Un Poète Réaliste Anglais. Par R. HUCHON. (Librairie Hachette.)

THE Reverend George Crabbe has been receiving much attention lately. The Cambridge University Press have issued a compendious edition of his works in three stout volumes, and now Mr. Murray has published a translation of M. Huchon's detailed critical and biographical study. M. Huchon, who is lecturer in English Literature at the University of Nancy, has done his work with elaborate care and minute thoroughness. His book is of interest and of value. Crabbe's poetry lends itself to such treatment; it is good enough to warrant study. In a minute examination of his work nothing of its spirit passes away. No hint of that detestable attitude exists, of the man who can peep and botanise upon his mother's grave. The ground is good ground, but not sacred. Study George Crabbe with a microscope, and if such study is ever beneficial, you will surely be able better to understand Wordsworth. Crabbe was on very right lines; he was rarely inspired. Dissect the poetry of inspiration, and you inevitably miss its significance. Dissect the poetry of care, and you may be on the road to the mood in which inspiration can speak intelligibly.

Hazlitt, in his essay in "The Spirit of the Age," does not do justice to Crabbe. He says many brilliant things and some true things; but the part of truth that he sees is the lower part.

His song is one sad reality, one unraised, unvaried note of unavailing woe . . . Whatever is, he hitches into rhyme . . . His Muse is not one of the Daughters of Memory, but the old toothless mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood. . . . Mr. Crabbe's writings . . . will remain "as a thorn in the side of poetry" perhaps for a century to come.

That is the gist of Hazlitt's opinion—with some praise inserted grudgingly or perhaps as an effective contrast to the brilliant ferity of his strictures.

But Crabbe was something more than a tedious maker of rhyming couplets, something more than a confirmed recorder of distressing gossip. Hazlitt hated orthodoxy as deeply as he loved walking. It was enough for him that Crabbe was a conscientious Church of England clergyman. And orthodoxy then was a strong and sterilising power which deserved hatred; now, when its power is almost in comparison non-existent, it is possible to look on Crabbe without exasperation.

The life that he led was indeed as quietly interesting as the poems which he wrote. One illustrates the other with extraordinary happiness. He lived a quiet unpretentious

life. From a desperate struggle for bread as a medical practitioner in a country village, he emerged into comfort and a literary respectability. His view of life was of the same nature. He sees all the distress and the gloom; and he writes about it from an assured place which he has gained by his own strength and initiative. He writes with the same fidelity and the same amiable success that characterise his life. He observes minutely both man and nature: he records his observations without bitterness, without enthusiasm, but with absolute accuracy. Always there is the same mild persistence in his work, which is noticeable in his life: and by that mild persistence he arrived at ease in life and at fame in letters. It is his individuality by which he was enabled to strike a new note in literature, a note whose sound lives on by its haunting sincerity. The last thing a commonplace man usually wishes to appear is—to be commonplace. Nearly every man's first shift is to seem other than he is—to ape little airs or little graces which are not his own. George Crabbe aped nothing. It is as though he set his teeth and resolutely determined to remain as he was, without flinching at the knowledge that he was commonplace. To this sincerity he owes his greatness, and his originality—a paradox which comforts without any trace of mockery.

George Crabbe was born on December 24, 1754, at Aldboro', a small seaport on the coast of Suffolk, which has become a little watering-place with a parade and many little villas. His father struggled hard for a livelihood, and seems to have been the handy man of the small seaport. He collected salt duties, he worked for the Custom House, he caught fish, and when he came home in the evening he used to read Milton and Young, selecting passages "with much judgment," and reading them aloud "with powerful effect." His favourite study, however, was mathematics, and he determined that his son George should excel in them and become a man of medicine. So George was taken from the Dame school in the village and sent to Bungay, which is some thirty miles to the north of Aldboro'. He was badly treated there and soon left, going to a school at Stowmarket, which is twenty-five miles from Aldboro'. There he stopped two years until the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Smith, an apothecary, at Wickeham Brook. For some years he studied medicine with Mr. Smith and Mr. Page, of Woodbridge. It was while he lived with Mr. Page that he met and loved Sarah Elmy: he was eighteen years old at the time. He remained attached to her through all the changes of his life and environment, and eleven years afterwards, when he had made a position for himself, he married her. No better instance could be found of the mild persistence which stood him in such good stead. For his early life was full of vicissitude. He set up a little practice as apothecary in his native village, and failed in it because he decided to learn more science in London; on his return, after ten months, he found that the man who had taken over his work had joined with a rival and that his practice was quite gone. Then he faced gradual starvation for nearly two years, until he decided to go again to London and make a living, not by medicine, but by letters. He went with five pounds in his pocket and the traditional manuscripts. It was a bold step for a man like Crabbe. At first his efforts to gain a patron or a publisher were not successful; he was reduced to the last extremity. But at length he attracted the attention of Edmund Burke, and Burke made him. He went back as curate to his native village, and was soon afterwards made chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. His troubles were at an end.

M. Huchon tells the story of these first years of persistent struggle with great minuteness, and the picture he presents of the young Crabbe is clear and convincing. His account is of course based on the life which Crabbe's son wrote; but M. Huchon weaves into the story passages from the poems which illustrate the life and throw light on the man's trend of thought. And when in the later

portion of his book he is dealing with the actual poems he develops these tendencies at which he has previously hinted, with great skill, so that he brings the reader very close to the intimate side of the poet's character. M. Huchon realises the limitations of his subject. He knows that George Crabbe burned with no message which it is incumbent on mankind to read and understand. He does not make the forlorn attempt to change his goose into a swan. He is sincere in his treatment as Crabbe himself could have been. Crabbe, however, was that interesting thing, a man who was obliged to express himself: and M. Huchon shows clearly the workings of his mind. Few men can be known so thoroughly as Crabbe—fewer poets. And for that very reason his life repays study. His poems afford a simple text-book to the study of human nature. He was commonplace in everything but his power of expression, and that is too clear to be commonplace. He is the apostle of sameness: and those only will find him dull who find that the level of life is tedious.

LANCASHIRE CROSSES

The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire. By HENRY TAYLOR, F.S.A. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes, 42s. net.)

So numerous are the ancient crosses of Lancashire that it has taken Mr. Taylor, a local antiquary of repute, several years to trace their remains, and five hundred pages wherein to describe them. The volume, which is excellently printed and well illustrated, contains, it is true, various notes on holy wells and other antiquities, together with brief reference to most of the old churches and religious houses of the palatinate, but in the main it is a description of the old crosses that are still to be found, whole or in part, up and down the county.

Many a Lancashire resident or occasional visitor, even if possessed of archæological tastes or of a general inquiring mind, will be astonished to realise that the remains of these symbols of a once common faith have to be reckoned by the hundreds in a county where great factory towns almost overlap each other in a considerable portion of its area.

We can well understand that old crosses are to be found in some numbers in the more northern hundreds of Lonsdale and Amounderness; and it is not altogether surprising to learn that no fewer than seventy-seven appear on the maps within a circle drawn with a ten-miles radius from Penwortham Priory, a building which dominated the town of Preston. But it is astonishing, on looking at the map of Fulford Hundred—for admirable special maps are given of each Hundred on a large scale—to find that there are forty-one old crosses or cross stumps yet extant in that generally populous district, also the probable sites of twelve others indicated. This Hundred it is true embraces a considerable area of wild lofty moorland on the east, but it is chiefly in the vicinity of the towns that crosses or cross fragments still remain. Thus a portion of a pre-Norman cross has been found on the banks of the Irwell near Eccles, and another cross and various sculptured stones of like early date at Bolton-le-Moors.

Market crosses are always matters of interest. The old Manchester Market cross has long ago disappeared, but Mr. Taylor is able to give us an illustration of its appearance immediately prior to the general clearance made in 1815-16, when there was a lofty shaft of graceful work of the time of Edward I., with a sundial and other later work at the summit. At its foot stands the pillory, which was last used in Manchester in 1816. There is also an interesting picture of Salford Cross, a tall classical column standing on three steps which had doubtless carried a mediæval predecessor. At the base are the stocks; this cross was demolished in 1824. It was on these steps that Wesley preached to a wild assembly in May 1747, when he was threatened with the fire-engine.

Among the pre-Conquest sculptured stones of Lanca-

shire are various highly interesting churchyard crosses in such widely scattered localities as Bolton-le-Moors, Whalley, Winwick, Halton, Heysham, Hornby, Walton-on-the-Hill, Snelling, Manchester, Bolton, and Lancaster. Such remains as these prove that there was a considerable population in many a busy centre of life in the busiest of our shires in days prior to the advent of the Conqueror, and that there were amongst them those who possessed considerable skill in the production of elaborate convoluted patterns, as well as occasional figure-scenes, in the hardest of materials.

In Lancaster churchyard a variety of these striking testimonies to the skill of early Christian sculptors has been gradually brought to light. A beautiful graveyard cross, originally about six feet high, and at the very least a thousand years old, was accidentally dug up in 1807. Left carelessly in the street at the vicarage gates it soon disappeared. It was next met with in the Kendal Museum, and was thence moved to Manchester. In 1868 it was presented to the British Museum, where it may now be seen in a glass case in the Anglo-Saxon room. It bears an inscription in runes, which the expert, Dr. George Stephens, has translated as: "Pray for Cynibalth Cuthbert-son": he believes it to be of the early date of somewhere between the years 600 and 700. Just about a century after this discovery—namely, in 1903—several pieces of another, though somewhat later, Norman cross of artistic design in floriated scroll-work, were found built up in the north wall of the church. One of the fragments bore the beginning of a memorial Latin inscription: *Orate pro anima Haud . . .* The archæologist has no concern with theological disputes; but it is worth noting as a fact that almost the whole of our earliest English epitaphs, whether found in Cornwall, Lancashire, Cumberland, or elsewhere, invite prayers for the departed. The remains of several other pre-Norman crosses were at the same time brought to light at Lancaster.

The accounts of all these early sculptured stones are rendered intelligible by illustrations, and the antiquary will be glad to find that Mr. Taylor has carefully collated the various opinions of such experts as the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. J. Romilly Allen, and Mr. Collingwood as to their dates and respective patterns.

Great as has been Mr. Taylor's labour in producing this solid volume with its remarkable series of maps, the book is not without some slight drawbacks. For instance, the author does not show any mastery of the subject when referring to the various old religious orders, and stumbles into some common pitfalls. But, taken as a whole, the antiquary cannot fail to find the book helpful, whether he desires to make researches into old roads or British tracks, or into the complicated questions involved in early earthworks, or into a variety of other branches of archæology other than crosses. For Mr. Taylor has wide tastes, and does not confine himself either in letterpress or maps to a single subject.

The general reader, too, need not fear finding this large work a mere collection of dry facts or surmises. Folklore and superstitions found their place in the writer's commonplace book as he tramped the moors when cross-hunting, and have been happily transferred to these pages. Ill-luck, for instance, is supposed to follow those who hear overhead the whistling of those "wandering Jews," a covey of plovers: "There is a tradition that they contain the souls of those Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and in consequence were doomed to float in the air for ever."

In discussing an ancient cross at Wiswell, about a mile from Whalley Abbey, where Paslew, the last abbot, was so monstrously executed for alleged high treason by Henry VIII., Mr. Taylor tells us that:

A few months ago some workmen were altering the chimney of an old house near Clitheroe, about five miles north of Whalley Abbey, the residence of one of the last of the Lancashire witches (*temp.* James I.), when to their horror the clay image of an ecclesiastic, stuck full of pins, tumbled down upon them. It is supposed to have been a representation of Abbot Paslew, but the men in their fright smashed it up.

GREAT IN LITTLE

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Entirely Revised and Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER. Copyright edition. In eleven volumes. Vols. ii., iii., iv., vi., and vii. (Heinemann, each 4s.)

Ibsen: the Man, his Art, and his Significance. By HALDANE MACFALL. (E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.)

WE are now to have in England what Scandinavia and Germany have had for some time—a collected and definitive edition of Ibsen's plays. Mr. William Archer's single issues are being brought together, the plays arranged chronologically, and the introductions revised and enlarged by the addition of a certain amount of criticism, which was withheld from the issues published in the author's life-time. With *Love's Comedy* and *Brand* translated and edited by Professor C. H. Herford, it will be long before these handsome and cheap red volumes are likely to be superseded as the standard edition of Ibsen. By beginners in the study of Ibsen Mr. Haldane Macfall's book may be consulted with advantage. Boiled down, his enthusiastic chapters amount to a fair exposition of some portions of Ibsen's genius.

Few people can give more than that. Ibsen has been compared with Shakespeare as a pure dramatist; he is like him also in this, that it will need a great deal of Ibsen-literature to expound him fully. There is a great deal of it already, and much of it worthless. Often in Ibsen's letters we find complaints that people insist on misunderstanding him; and we know how they made a parish-pump-party pamphlet of *Peer Gynt*. But every commentator of sense has something new to add to the meanings which Ibsen's characters and situations may legitimately be held to bear; and now and then we find some critic plunging through the legitimate interpretation and declaring that he has found a whole new world of meaning on the other side of the looking-glass. All the plays have, indeed, three separate faces, each of which deserves study: first, the actual story, as told of *Peer Gynt*, or *Brand*, or *Hedda Gabler*; next the story as interpreted in the light of the internal or external history of Norway; and last and greatest, the universal story, the story of human nature as a whole, which Ibsen, like Shakespeare, never fails to tell through the means of the particular plot.

If it were not for that universal story, Ibsen would be intolerable. Putting aside the heroes of the dramatic poems, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (or even perhaps not putting them aside), his people are, as at least one critic has had the courage to say, hopelessly middle-class, *bourgeois*, or rather suburban. They are sometimes one-quarter educated—just enough to be of painfully bad taste, conceited, "refined"—when they are not on the lower but pleasanter level of sheer ignorance and comfortable sensualism. There would be no enduring these shockingly genteel people, with their feeble characters and badly venerated minds, if they stood for themselves only. To the English reader it matters little that people in Norway may be like that: we, of course, shrug our shoulders and thank Providence once more for its great mercies in making us English. And the relation of the story to Norway is of little avail. No one outside Norway cares what the people of Norway are like for their own sake. Fish, not men, are the true Norwegians for the world at large; and you cannot acquire world-wide reputation by satirising the parson and the beadle, when the parson and the beadle are known only in their own parish. There are a very great many unpleasant young women in the world; the Court Theatre would not be crowded twice a week to see an unpleasant young woman who was a complete stranger.

The uncomfortable, engrossing fact is that these dreadfully suburban people represent in every case some aspect of ourselves or our friends. They may have ugly names and wear ugly clothes, and be genteel and devoid of taste, but they are—beneath those externals—the very people

who are watching them or reading about them. Yet no one person of our acquaintance quite absorbs them. The papers have lately expounded as many different views of *Hedda Gabler* as there were critics; and it is the story of the tribal lays over again—every single one of them was right. There are more *Hedda Gablers* than there are *Iagos* or *Hamlets*; and yet, like *Iago* and *Hamlet*, the character stands out in strong outline, clear and permanent. Ibsen has touched the universal, and not only *Hedda Gabler* but all his more deeply studied characters will go on presenting new meanings to different men and different ages without losing their individuality. This it is to be a classic; and thus we get the strange spectacle of certain close satiric studies of modern life in a very small and unimportant circle of commonplace and unpleasant people setting the civilised world by the ears. There is only one possible parallel—Molière; and he is no genuine parallel; for the squabbles over Molière were squabbles over royal patronage, over two schools of acting and over the respect due to the Church, and they were confined to France. The whole of Europe has squabbled over Ibsen; and it is quite possible for the same man to be at loggerheads with himself over him. (Contrast Mr. Max Beerbohm, the caricaturist, and Mr. Max Beerbohm, the dramatic critic.)

To take an instance from the greatest branch of Ibsen's work—the dramatic poems: There are moods in which one pities *Peer Gynt*, moods in which one despises him, and moods in which one envies him. Such a character is not at all uncommon in imaginative writing. We see him in *Sentimental Tommy*, and again in the *Christopher Dell* of Father Benson's "The Sentimentalists" to take two of recent instances. He is of a type which it is easy to despise; the theatrical, sentimental, emotional type, that is so self-conscious as to be selfless. He is always acting a part, seeing himself from the outside as the hero of the scene, living not one life but a hundred. And, in some ways, a very enviable temperament it is. It implies constant hopefulness; whatever the apes may throw, however soulless and mercenary your *Anitra* may be, or however clearly you may know what your *Green-clad-one* really is, the next scene is sure to be "fat" for you; and meanwhile there is no one so fitted to be happy in adversity as yourself, for whom the imagined and not the actual is the real. Your very griefs are pleasures, when they give the chance of striking an attitude. Looking back over the life of *Peer Gynt*, one is able, with no self-deception, to see it a very happy life, compact of experience, dreams and hope. Now, no one has ever treated this disposition so fully as Ibsen. Other writers are content to dwell on its shortcomings: Ibsen, while savagely satirising it and throwing its possessor into all sorts of uncomfortable and ridiculous situations, never forgets its merits nor its rewards. *Peer Gynt* made his mother's death-bed happy (and, by the way, there are few such scenes, and few such characters as *Ase*, in all fiction), thoroughly enjoys, for a time, each of his various impersonations, and finds a *Solveig* in the end. Even without the *Solveig*, his would have been a happy life. At the same time, no one has so remorselessly turned the character of the sentimentalist inside out, in *Peer Gynt* and other studies, as Ibsen. Only, he is a dramatist. He leaves you alone with his creations. He is not dogmatic nor didactic; and though he may have believed himself a social reformer, he was, first and last, an "artist," a creator of imaginative life.

He did not, as a matter of fact, believe himself a social reformer, but a social solvent. To ask, not to answer, he said or wrote to some one, was his business. And it is difficult in trying to come to some conclusion about the whole trend of his work not to believe that he took a malicious kind of pleasure in shaking himself, like the path in "Alice in Wonderland," just when people fancied they saw the way along him. "You thought I meant that?" he seems to say. "Well, there you are! That is what you look like when you try to follow my advice." He is always saying, "There you are!"—an

unpleasant habit which makes worthy, sentimental people hot and self-conscious, and will go on doing so as long as the world is full—as it always will be—of sentimental, worthy, half-hearted, mean self-deceivers. The trouble of it is that the irritating cry comes not from a mere scoffer, but from a poet and a dramatic creator of consummate ability. Satire, as a rule, is the work of men of sluggish imagination and a keen nose for details. In Ibsen, almost alone among satirists (for we would except John Dryden), we find it combined with wide and deep sympathies and a lofty imagination. And therefore, to those who care to look for it, Mr. Archer's eleven red volumes will disclose much that is great, not only in the great dramatic poems, but in the unsparing studies of the infinitely little. The spectacles and the whiskers must be admitted—but look at the head which towers above them.

THE HIGHER CHURCHMANSHIP

A Free Catholic Church. By J. M. LLOYD-THOMAS. (Williams & Norgate, 1s. 6d.)

THE religious reformer is ever with us. Every year the number of sects and religious organisations increases. The world is very patient with fanatics and visionaries who come to it with some new or patched-up scheme for its salvation. As if conscious of some inherent flaw in its composition it is always ready to lend a listening ear to those who moralise about its unsoundness. In his brief essay on the establishment of what he calls "A Free Catholic Church," Mr. Lloyd Thomas shows himself if not a fanatic, at any rate a wholly unpractical visionary. He attempts in a rather vague way to systematise the pious aspirations of a number of theologians and divines from whom he has quoted freely. Here we have the Abbé Loisy and Father Tyrrell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. Martineau, Channing, Dr. Hermann, Professor Sidgwick and many others. Strangely enough no reference is made to Mr. Mallock, who in his "Religion as a Credible Doctrine" and other books has covered much of the same ground. Mr. Lloyd Thomas is impressed by the great changes which religious thought is undergoing at the present day. He believes that by the establishment of a Free Catholic Church he has found a way out of sectarian controversy, a method of reconciling the opposition of Anglicanism and Dissent, of Romanism and Protestantism. He believes that the way lies only through the unconditional surrender of the dogmatic system of organisation. He advocates a "Church" based on "union of spirit." Can the historic faith, he asks, re-state and re-present itself to the modern mind as a Religion capable of answering the highest demands and needs of men? Does it contain within itself elements of indestructible vitality which may still quicken the best conscience of the race and provide a noble fellowship for souls? Adopting the argument of development he concludes that the Church can only live by ever reforming itself, ever sloughing off the old and putting on the new. "Obsolete theologies will naturally and without violence pass away, but the Religion of the Spirit will abide eternally young." Now theoretically much that Mr. Lloyd Thomas has to say is very excellent and beautiful but practically it is vitally unsound. No one denies—least of all the modern Catholic—the theory of development. It is the very argument that the Catholic uses against the Protestant rule of faith. But development must be on the lines of its original character, just as "the acorn grows always and everywhere into an oak, and never into an elm or a beech." A new aspect of truth may be revealed to a new generation, but the truth of one age cannot on the theory of development become the lie of the next. The fact is that the idea of a "free" Catholic Church, the embodiment of all truth, ancient and modern, shorn of all superstitions, selecting the good and beautiful from all

sides, including in its meshes all sorts and conditions of men of all varieties of belief, is a wild and impossible dream. If Mr. Lloyd Thomas believes in revealed as opposed to natural religion, he must admit the necessity of some final authority to whom appeals can be made in matters of Faith. The Protestant has his infallible book, the Catholic his infallible Church. It is all very well for the author to attempt to make a hard and fast line between doctrine and dogma. As Auguste Sabatier wrote: "One cannot conceive either dogma without a Church, or a Church without a dogma." However elastic the conditions of fellowship in the event, there must be always some sort of understood or recognised fixed principles to bind men together. A Church cannot exist on mere sentiment, and no corporate body can continue for long or exercise any real influence on mankind that advocates general principles and counsels of perfection. Even Dr. Martineau, whose thoughts are quoted again and again by the author with admiration, allowed himself to be captured, in his later years at any rate, by the Unitarian body—a close corporation distinguished by much intellectual arrogance. Noble souls (and Dr. Martineau was among them) will ever cherish in their hearts the fine idea of a grand all-comprehending Church that shall include all in its spiritual fatherhood and break down scornfully the barriers of creed and dogma. Men may, like Coleridge, object to any formula less elastic than life, and feel that nothing can ever have any binding force that excludes from them any form of experience. But such sentiments are for the individual and not for a Church. Every man's soul may soar above the limitations of his creed. And one theory is certain. The bulk of mankind does not want—probably never will want—a "reasonable" religion. A "free Catholic Church" on the lines laid down by Mr. Lloyd Thomas, with its sweet reasonableness and universal tolerance, would soon degenerate into one of the rival sects. Where reason ends faith steps in and "I-believe-because-it-is-impossible," will continue to express the attitude of the believer in regard to the doctrines and mysteries of the Christian Religion.

A. E. M. F.

A BOEOTIAN ATTICIST

Greek Lives from Plutarch. Translated by C. E. BYLES, B.A. With Illustrations and Maps. (Arnold, 1s. 6d.)

"AND will they take the poor boy's life for the like o' that?" "Bedad they will—and if he had as many lives as Plutarch." This colloquy was overheard not very long ago between two Irish peasants who were discussing some venial peccadillo—perhaps the murder of a landlord—committed by a common friend. Though the peasant's information about Plutarch was far from accurate, seeing that he regarded the Greek writer as the possessor, not merely the author, of many lives, yet the incident affords a strong testimony to the wide-spread popularity of Plutarch's *Lives*, of which perhaps the ancestor of our *persona* had heard from the Hedge Schoolmaster. Probably no work which has come down from antiquity has had a greater vogue, save perhaps the philosophical treatises of Cicero, those matchless *causeries* of which Mommsen has written:

Any one who seeks classical productions in works so written can only be advised to study in literary matters a becoming silence.

That is, the world is enjoined to maintain a respectful silence while a German savant bays at the benign Moon which sheds on us so exquisitely the rays borrowed from the Sun of Greek Philosophy.

Plutarch was born in Chaeronea, which Epaminondas named "Mars's Ballroom" (*Ἀρεως ὀρχήστραν*), because thrice the God of War summoned thither the hosts of Hellas to the dance of death. So Belgium has been called "the cockpit of Europe." Juvenal and others stigmatise

Boeotia as the home of mutton-heads (*vervecum patria*, Juv.), yet it produced Pindar, the most inspired lyric poet of Greece, Epaminondas, the greatest soldier save Alexander, and Plutarch, the prince of biographers, who never found his own biographer, to our great loss. A good deal of the story of his life may, however, be gathered from his voluminous writings, and we can see that he had a happy life of leisured ease. The tradition that he was made consul, though put forward by Mr. Byles as an established fact, really rests on no trustworthy basis. He was contemporary with eleven Roman Emperors, from Claudius to Hadrian. He wrote in Greek, and though he spent some years in Rome and other parts of Italy, he seems never to have acquired any knowledge of Latin. He never quotes or even refers to any Latin writer, except once to Horace:

To which Flaccus the poet alludes when he says that a man is not really rich unless the valuables of which he knows nothing are more than those which he knows himself to possess.

The allusion is in the life of Lucullus, c. 39, and to Hor. Epp. i. 6, 45.

Exilis domus est ubi non et multa supersunt
et dominum fallunt et prosunt furibus.

He knows nothing of Christianity, though before he began to write St. Peter and St. Paul had completed their mission. It is amazing how long Christianity failed to assert itself. There is good reason to think that the saintly Marcus Aurelius honestly believed that the Christians were cannibals and practised free love.

Plutarch in the beginning of his life of Paulus Aemilius speaks of the benefit he derived from his work. We give the passage in the words of Sir Thomas North's translation (1579) so largely used by Shakespeare:

When I first began to write these *Lives* my intent was to profit other; but since continuing and going on I have much profited myself by looking into these histories as if I looked into a glass, to frame and fashion my life to the mould and pattern of these virtuous noblemen. For running over their manners in this sort, and seeking also to describe their lives, methinks I am still conversant and familiar with them, and do as it were lodge them with me one after another. I do teach and prepare myself to shake off and banish from me all lewd and dishonest conditions, if by chance the company and conversation of them whose company I keep do acquaint me with some unhappy or ungracious touch.

It is this spirit which has made the *Lives* (in the words of Madame Roland) "*la pâture des grands âmes*," "*a breviary*," as characterised by Montaigne.

The *Lives* contained in the volume before us are not the most interesting and do not include any of those used by Shakespeare. As a specimen of Mr. Byles's translation, which is excellent on the whole, we would give a passage from the *Lycurgus* which probably suggested to Milton a noble passage in *Paradise Lost*, i. 550:

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed.

This is Mr. Byles's version:

When they came in sight of the enemy the phalanx was formed and the king, after sacrificing a goat, gave orders for all to wear garlands and for the flute-players to play the march of Castor. At the same moment he led the singing of the paean as the signal for advance. It was a solemn and awe-inspiring sight as they moved forward, keeping step to the flute in perfect order and composure, cheerfully and gaily advancing into danger to the sound of the music.

Old North, of course, has a distinction of style quite absent from Mr. Byles's rendering. We give his version of the same passage which very probably inspired Milton. It is to be noted that Mr. Byles has omitted as irrelevant or superfluous the last paragraph containing the distinctive note of the Miltonic passage; and has abridged the text and lowered the tone throughout:

Afterwards when their army was set in battle array, even in the face of the enemies, the king did straight sacrifice a goat unto the gods, and forthwith commanded all his soldiers to put their garlands of flowers on their heads, and willed that the pipes should sound the song of Castor, at the noise and tune whereof he himself began first to move forward: so that it was a marvellous pleasure and likewise a dreadful sight to see the whole battle march together in order at the sound of their pipes, and never to break their pace nor confound their ranks, nor to be dismayed or amazed themselves, but to go on quietly and joyfully at the sound of their pipes, and to hazard themselves even to death.

For it is likely that such courages are not troubled with much fear, nor yet overcome with much fury: but rather they have an assured constancy and valiantness in good hope as those which are backed with the assisting favour of the gods.

The celebrated scene between Themistocles and Eurybiades is mistranslated, as it invariably is, both in Plutarch and in Herodotus. The word *παρίζονται* does not mean "are flogged": no free Greek would be flogged for starting before the signal: the most it means is "feel the starter's ratan"; and *ἀπολειφθεῖτας* signifies "those who make a bad start" not "those who are left behind." Mr. Byles does not seem to see the point of the story that Philip sang the words of Demosthenes's decree. The first formal words of it happened to fall into the metre of an iambic tetrameter catalectic. There is no play on the word "paean." It is unfortunate that he took on him to mark the quantities of Greek names: the result is *Chaerōnea*, *Demādes*, and (worst of all) *Archylas*. *Androgeus* is a wrong form, the penultimate letter being *o* in Greek. As well might one write *Minus* for *Minos*. The name of the burglar, to whom Demosthenes apologised for burning the midnight oil so late and thus inconveniencing him in the exercise of his calling, is happily rendered *Brassbound*, and there are many ingenious phrases and vigorous passages.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE COMPLEAT GENTLEMAN

Peacham's Compleat Gentleman. With an Introduction by G. S. GORDON. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

A FAMOUS wit, notoriously careless of his own attire, used to say that there was only one way to decide a man's claim to the title of finished gentleman—by glancing at his boots. A clergyman himself, "Let us leave the white flower of a blameless life to be plucked by clergymen and fools," he said. It was unlike Sydney Smith—the pose, no doubt, of a man who was not an accomplished poseur—but at bottom his contempt for the white flower was as great as Peacham's ecstasy on finding it gracing the button-hole of one he loved.

Bare the so thow haue no blame,
Than men wylle say herafter
That a gentylleman was heere.

That was Peacham's conception of a gentleman. Other times, other manners; but he set forth his opinion in an age not remarkable for unswerving obedience to the canons of morality—or, for that matter, for very clearly defined canons of morality—and he followed up his precept, we may conjecture, by an admirable practice.

"The Compleat Gentleman," which has now been added to the Oxford Tudor and Stuart Library, is to some extent, a record of the manners of the better class of Cavalier before the Civil Wars. It is, as Mr. Gordon observes in an interesting though unnecessary introduction, a part of the great body of literature of Courtesy which awaits the discerning and sympathetic historian. With the contention that the gentleman is the product of his age we are not inclined to agree. It is true that—as the editor, with a parade reminiscent of the scholar he comments on, remarks—Achilles listening to the Centaur or Ulysses with Minerva at his elbow, the young Academicians of Athens, the orators of Cicero and Quintilian, are as much a part of the fascinating history of the gentleman as the Courtier of Castiglione and the "Compleat Gentleman," as Chesterfield's man of fashion and the

beaux of the Georges; but the gentleman is a product of evolution, and that it is only by the frills and the flounces that the gentlemen of one age can be distinguished from those of another is well shown by the book before us.

It is the work of a finished scholar who had travelled much and had instituted comparisons, from which his fellow countrymen emerged ignominiously. Peacham tried to redress the balance; and many of the arguments contained in the earlier chapters of his book have been repeated—without the quaint and exquisite garb in which he dressed them—time and again in the debates on the Education Bill in the House of Commons. Every grievance he sets forth exists or has its counterpart to-day; and every remedy he suggests deserves the consideration of the politician of to-morrow. That is no slight recommendation of a book written nearly three centuries ago.

At the outset he apologises for the publication of a treatise not originally intended for the general reader, and explains the circumstances which led to its conception:

At my comming over [from France], considering the great forwardnesse, and proficience of children in other Countries, the backwardnesse and rawnesse of ours; the industry of Masters there, the ignorance and idlenesse of most of ours; the exceeding care of Parents in their childrens Education, the negligence of ours: Being taken through change of ayre with a Quartane Fever, that leasure I had *ἀπὸ παροξυσμοῦ*, as I may truly say, by fits I employed upon this discourse for the private use of a Noble young Gentleman my friend, not intending it should ever see light. . . . Howsoever I have done it, and if thou shalt find herein any thing that may content, at the least, not distaste thee, I shall be glad and encouraged to a more serious Peece: if neither, but out of a malignant humour, disdain what I have done, I care not; I have pleased my selfe.

The union of nobility and sound learning is, he considers, the only surety of a country's glory; and of that marriage alone is the compleat gentleman born. The bridegrooms were many, but he found "that sweet bride, Good Learning," unconscionably hard to capture; and this he attributes to the facts that parents neglect their obvious duty and that the students

out of the Masters carterly judgement, like Horses in a teame, are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the Schoole, *ἀποδιδασκτροι* (which he culls out to admiration if strangers come, as a Costardmonger his fairest Pippins) like fleete hounds goe away with the game, when the rest neede helping over a stile a mile behind.

He does not, however, lay the blame entirely at the door of the schoolmaster; is it not commonly seen, he asks, "that the most Gentlemen will give better wages and deal more bountifully with a fellow who can but teach a Dogge, or reclaime an Hawke, than upon an honest, learned and well-qualified man to bring up their children"? And hence it is, he observes sapiently, that "Dogges are able to make Syllogisms in the fields, when their young Masters can conclude nothing at home, if occasion of argument or discourse be offered at the Table." The boys are sent to a University and return home "as wise as Ammonius his Asse, that went with his Master every day to the Schoole, to hear *Origen* and *Porphyrie* reade Philosophy," because, having been taken from school at the ages of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen:

when they come to Logicke, and the crabbed grounds of Arts, there is such a disproportion betweene *Aristolles Categories*, and their childish capacities, that what together with the sweetnesse of libertie, varietie of companie, and so many kinds of recreation in Towne and Fields abroad, (beeing like young Lapwings apt to bee snatched up by every Buzzard) they proove with *Homers Willow* *ὠλεσκαρποι*, and as good goe gather Cockles with *Caligulas* people on the Sand, as yet to attempt the difficulties of so rough and terrible a passage.

We have touched only on the early chapters of a fascinating book. With the discourses on Stile in Speaking and Writing, on Poetry, on Musicke, on Antiquities, on Statues and Medalls, on Painting in Oyle, on Reputation and Carriage, we have not space to deal; but an anagram by the author "upon the name of a brave and

beautifull lady, wife to Sir *Robert Mordaunt*, sonne and heire to Sir *Le Straunge Mordaunt*, Knight and Baronet in the Countie of Norfolke," is worth quoting:

Amie Mordaunt,
Tu more Dinam.
Tum ore Dinam.
Minerva, domat.
Me induat amor.
Nudi, 6 te miram.
Vi tandem amor.

For all his quaint affectations, Peacham is never wearisome, and almost every page of his curious attempt to fashion youth "ab-solut, in the most necessary and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Body, that may be required in a Noble Gentleman" yields some quaint and interesting metaphor, a fine phrase, an acute observation, or a piece of sound common sense. The book deserves to be read, if only for its exquisite prose.

FOUR NOTABLE WOMEN

The Women Artists of Bologna. By LAURA M. RAGG. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN "The Women Artists of Bologna," Mrs. Ragg has given us a work of marked and exceptional interest. To the English traveller, Bologna is probably one of the least known of the cities of Italy, and while she ranks high among Italians as the home and centre of intellectual thought and movement, the tourist knows little of her art and less of her history. And yet "no city in the world," Mrs. Ragg tells us, "has produced more women of distinguished talent," none "has been more prompt to further their achievements, more generous in crowning their success." From out the group of cultured, artistic and philanthropic women of Bologna, Mrs. Ragg has selected four artists: Caterina dei Vigri, the Nun (1413-1463); Properzia de' Rossi, the Sculptor (1500?-1530); Lavinia Fontana, the Portrait Painter (1552-1612); Elisabetta Sirani, the disciple of Guido Reni (1638-1665); and has sketched them with grace of touch, insight into character, and a considerable feeling for art.

The larger part of the book is devoted to Caterina dei Vigri, who is also without doubt the most attractive of these four Bolognese women. Her father was a well-to-do learned citizen, her mother "who bore the sweet Italian name of Benvenuta" was of the Bolognese family of Mamolini, and Caterina was their only child. At the age of eleven she was chosen as the playmate of the little Pricipessa Margherita, one of the natural daughters of Niccolo d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara; and the friendship begun in youth between the two girls lasted till Caterina's death in 1463. The surroundings in which she was placed were not of a high or moral nature, for as Mrs. Ragg plainly tells us

the environment of Caterina's youth sufficiently indicates the low standards prevailing in the most cultured and enlightened circles of the day. The little girl was placed by tender and pious parents in a household of bastards—affectionately acknowledged by a prince who died the father of three hundred illegitimate children—and in surroundings where it was obvious she would have every opportunity of gathering material for her future generalisation, that "the crying vices of her time were ambition, avarice, and that most abominable sin which is contrary to the virginal and chaste beauty of Christ."

A single life such as many a woman leads, and leads happily to-day, was an impossibility in those times:

Between the cloister and the domestic hearth she must needs choose. There was no place in Caterina's world for the unprotected, independent spinster; and if the cloister were cold, the hearth may well have seemed to her to be lit by a very fitful flame.

Charming, too, is the account of her first attempt at authorship, of the secreting of her manuscript and of her casting that same manuscript into the oven when she found that prying eyes had perused her writings and

discovered her secret. Her experiences during her novitiate as bakeress and portress are also delightfully told. Her life as founder and organiser at the convent of Corpus Domini; her sympathy in dealing with those of her "beloved daughters" whose sicknesses of mind, even more than body, needed discreet and loving handling; her love of music and painting are brought forward in so living and graphic a way as to make us feel that we have indeed known and loved this Saint of Bologna. And this feeling makes us almost shudder at the description given of her mortal remains, not laid to rest beneath some lovely cloister or within the shadow of a great cathedral, but set up in ostentatious view in the chapel dedicated to her, where:

beneath a gorgeous canopy the "Santa" sits enthroned, to receive the homage of the faithful. The body is unsupported; the posture is natural; the skin on hands and feet and face is perfect, uncorrupted, it is said flexible. . . . A splendid diadem glitters above the black veil; the brown habit of the poor Clare is replaced by a regal mantle; there is a written notice in the cell that priests are permitted to kiss the Santa's hands. That the woman who yearned for strict seclusion and shunned observation, who in early youth fled from the pomps and vanities of a court, and who loved poverty as wholeheartedly as her master St. Francis—that this humble, sensitive, reserved gentlewoman should be thus arrayed in garish splendour, and exposed to the gaze of the curious, seems the irony of a satiric fate."

We have but little space left for the other sketches contained in this book and which include the sculptress Properzia de' Rossi, who died in 1530 "in the height of her fame, in the heyday of her beauty," renowned for her talents as a singer and musician as well as for her gifts as a sculptress; the portrait-painter Lavinia Fontana, whose existence was not stirred by emotion or passion, and whose life was so prosperous and uneventful as to possess but little history. Her contemporary fame as an artist was greater than her posthumous reputation, but some of her work, especially the large group of the Gozzadini family, entitles her to a place among the noted women of her native town. The last sketch, that of Elisabetta Sirani, brings before us a pleasing personality as well as a clever artist, and does away with the legend that ascribes her death to poison administered by one Riali in revenge for a caricature which she had drawn of him.

The book is illustrated with some very good reproductions of the works of these four artists (we wish the names of the authors had been added below the title of the subject), it is well got up, and serves to give a remarkably clear and able picture of the age and country of which it treats.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Braintree and Bocking. A Pictorial Account of two Essex Townships. By MAY CUNNINGHAM and S. A. WARNER. (Fairbairns, 3s. 6d. net.)

ESSEX, for three or four centuries one of our wealthiest and most populous counties, has ever been a favourite hunting-ground for the antiquarian, the topographer and the draughtsman, and this very dainty, if slight booklet of fifty pages, will find itself in large and good company. "To preserve on paper some of the more picturesque parts of Braintree and Bocking which are rapidly disappearing," is the primary object of the authors, and they offer us very pleasant little coloured views of the streets and houses and a few detailed drawings of bits of both interior and exterior work. There is nothing in these townships either fine or arresting, but much in the way of scattered odds and ends which well illustrate the arts and crafts of a modest community at times when a right sense of form and ornament not merely existed as the acquired taste of the few, but prevailed as a natural quality of the many. The gabled houses of the sixteenth century often retain their carved beams and brackets, and

the severer fronts of the age of Anne are relieved by elaborate porch heads or wrought-iron gates. Within, we find that Jacobean panelling with perhaps a rail of low relief strap-work, or a pilastered mantel survives occasionally, but there is no example of a dwelling sufficiently important in its original design, or sufficiently perfect in its present survival, to give scope for anything like complete narrative or illustration. And so the book is scrappy—it produces no effect of realised acquaintance upon those who have not seen the places, or of revived intimacy upon those who have. A little more might have been made of Bocking Hall, originally, like the church it groups with, a fifteenth-century building, as some of its work still shows, and with much later work both good and picturesque. One or two photographic views of its exterior, or of its inside fittings, and a short account of its history, would have given some substance and reality to the book. But we have only six lines of letterpress, a confused sketch of a porch, and a bald architectural drawing of three pieces of woodwork. The printing, the paper, and the general get-up are charming, but the whole thing is just a pretty toy for an idle ten minutes; not a thoughtful attempt to give information and stamp its subject upon the reader's memory.

The Higher Study of English. By ALBERT J. COOK. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4s. net.)

THE quarrel between the philologist, the mere philologist, and the lover of letters is as old as literature itself. Professor Cook defends the philologist with skill and point. "The ideal philologist," he says, "is at once antiquary, palæographer, grammarian, lexicologist, expounding critic, historian of literature, and above all lover of humanity. He should have the accuracy of the scientist, the thirst for discovery of the arctic explorer, the judgment of the man of affairs, the sensibility of the musician, the taste of the connoisseur, and the soul of the poet." But who ever heard of such a paragon? Milton perhaps goes nearer to the ideal than any one else that we can think of, for he possessed most, if not all of these qualities which Professor Cook enumerates. What Professor Saintsbury calls the "loose æsthetic rhetoricians . . . who consider themselves entitled to neglect scholarship in any proper sense with scornful indifference," would retort that the philology that might be expected from Milton, and endured from him, would be unendurable from a mere philologist, in other words that Milton had the right to be a philologist because he was a great poet. Professor Cook will not heal the quarrel and in his "Relation of Words to Literature," he supplies a fine example of exactly that sort of philological claim that exasperates and always has exasperated and always will exasperate the æsthetic lover of literature whether he be a scholar or not. The moral of it all is that philologists must not be mere philologists, and æsthetic lovers of literature must not be "loose æsthetic rhetoricians." Professor Cook's little book does not solve any problems or reveal any startlingly new point of view, but it is thoughtful and readable and therefore to be commended.

Women Types of To-day. By DA LIBRA. (Elliot Stock.)

IN this lengthy volume "Da Libra" has made a very unconvincing attempt to classify women as the Venus, the Juno, and the Minerva types. In pursuit of this aim she (we should be inclined to bet with considerable confidence "Da Libra" is a lady) has poured forth about three hundred and sixty pages of the most bewildering babble on every conceivable subject under the sun. We have not counted the number of quotations the book contains, but we should say at a guess that they must number at least two or three thousand. They are dragged in from every side in the most brain-turning manner, and the author moves from one subject to the other with a rapidity and irrelevancy that make one's mind reel as one vainly endeavours to

keep pace with her extraordinary garrulity. The effect produced is that of attempting to keep pace with an unbroken spaniel in a country that abounds with hares. They pop up all over the place, and she rushes yapping after them, never following one more than a few yards, before another springs up and leads her off in the opposite direction. She describes, *à propos de bottes*, the Iliad, the Aeneid, and the Odyssey in this sort of style: "This beautiful poem (the Odyssey) differs greatly in style from the Iliad. Fire, vigour, grandeur in depicting heroic passion, give place to tenderness of feeling, expressions of refined sentiment. The domestic hearth, in short, takes the place of the bloodthirsty camp." On another page she inquires: "Who does not feel refreshed after gliding over a few pages of Aesop, 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Ingoldsby Legends,' La Fontaine, Andersen, or 'Alice in Wonderland'?" To which we can only reply: Who indeed? But what has all this to do with types of women? Here is a passage from a chapter entitled "The Sea Voyage 'abandon' caged," whatever that may mean:

The *crispations nervenses* of her whole figure indicate pleasurable intercourse. The eye, languid, full, sweet, can be quick and sparkle with wanton mischief or be petulant. The Lowther Arcade doll was fashioned after her type; her companion can now make the eyes veil or unveil, as the plaything acts automatically by compression. The motion of the eye contributes to its beauty by continually shifting its direction; but a slow and languid motion is more beautiful than a brisk one; the latter is enlivening, the former lovely, etc. (Burke.) The self of the animal might thus speak to his brain: "Oh! who, great Queen of Love, could describe the sweet beauty of thy smile or the voluptuous fire of thy glance, that is at once so softly languishing and so sparkling with life?" ("Origin of the Graces," Mlle. Dusejour.)

This is the Venus type of woman on board a steamer. "Da Libra" finishes this extraordinary farrago of bewildering gibberish by quoting on the last page of her book twelve lines from her own introduction.

Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa. By Major-General BADEN-POWELL, C.B. (Smith, Elder, 22s. net.)

"If these sketches and fragmentary notes should be the means of stimulating the curiosity of any British boy to a further study of our African colonies, I shall be better rewarded than I deserve for my presumption in having published them." These are the all too modest words with which Major-General Baden-Powell, C.B., concludes his book. Unless we are much mistaken, this brilliantly written and splendidly illustrated collection of personal reminiscences of deeds done in the defence and spreading of the Empire will be read with eager interest by grown-up British boys and girls as well as by the younger generation to whom the author makes appeal. To quote from the tersely written pages of the book would be but to spoil the treat in store for its reader, but in the legion of recent political developments in South Africa we may perhaps be permitted to draw attention to General Baden-Powell's estimate of General Snyman. He was, says the author, "a cowardly creature who shelled the hospital, convent and women's laager, but had not the pluck to lead an attack. His own men had no opinion of him, and he was reduced to 'private' after his failure." We can hardly conclude this brief notice without a word of congratulation to the publishers. The style in which the book has been offered to the public is very attractive, and the reproduction of the illustrations exceptionally good.

SHIRTS AND SHEKELS

A MORNING contemporary takes exception to some remarks contained in Mr. Keir Hardie's Socialistic pamphlet "From Serfdom to Socialism," in which he says: "no really great genius was a business man, or ever could be. Most of the world's most priceless treasures in literature and art have been the work of men who, like the perfectly happy men of the Eastern fable, were shirtless."

The writer in our contemporary recommends Mr. Hardie to consult a biographical dictionary with a view to correcting his hasty judgment. "The general rule," he says, "has always been for 'real genius' to secure recognition. Where genius has been left 'shirtless' the cause is usually found to be decadence or dissipation, and there never was a time when the world was more appreciative of genius—and never a time when genius was better able to see that its laurel-leaf was plated with gold, at least that is said to be the experience of those who publish the works of genius, and those who buy its pictures or organise its concerts." This is surely a rather curious view to take. I have no sympathy with Mr. Keir Hardie's socialistic doctrines and I have not read his pamphlet, but I am grateful to him for having, even unwittingly, called forth so perfect an expression of the typical Philistine's attitude towards genius. "Real" genius according to the writer of the article in question nearly always secures recognition; in other words the test of genius is success! One cannot help thinking that he might with advantage apply to himself the advice he offers to Mr. Keir Hardie and turn up a biographical dictionary. Let him look under the letter M and he will read of one Mozart who made divine music that the world can never forget, and who died, practically shirtless, of starvation and neglect. He will also under the same letter find Marlowe, and he will learn that he was killed in a brawl by "a bawdy serving-man" only just in time to escape being tried as a "damnable atheist and heretic," in which case he would almost certainly have been burnt alive. But then of course he was "dissipated," and so no doubt the writer in our contemporary would consider that he deserved what he got, and altogether he was a shocking, immoral sort of man and I feel I ought to apologise to the that gentleman for mentioning his name. He was just the sort of man who, if he had lived in our day, would have made a rude reply if he had been asked by the editor of a "Great Daily" to write a bright article of not more than two thousand words on say Hero and Leander, bringing in a few allusions to the recent attempts to swim the English Channel, and comparing the swimming capacities of Leander to those of Miss Kellerman. But leaving Marlowe out of consideration, what about Shelley? He was not dissipated and he was not decadent. "I never knew a man who was not a beast compared to him," says Byron in a letter to Murray just after Shelley's death (one of the finest and most moving things ever said by one man of genius of another) and yet he was despised and scorned and vituperated and calumniated in his life-time. True he was never shirtless, the accident of birth had placed him in a position in which, even when he was repudiated and cast off by his father, he was able to command a sufficient supply of money to buy shirts for himself and a number of his needy friends, but can any one doubt what would have been his fate if he had had to rely on his genius for a means of living?

Can we doubt that he would have died of starvation or despair, as Otway did, as Collins did, as Chatterton did? The possession of genius, so far from being a passport to fame and recognition, has nearly always been a bar to worldly success, in England at any rate. Byron had comparative wealth, he had position in an age when position counted for a deal more than it does now, and yet he died in exile. If he had not had genius he might have committed every crime in the calendar with almost certain immunity, nobody would have said a word against him. The late Lord Lovelace has gone out of his way to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt the nature of the relations that Byron had with his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh; but these facts were unknown to the public in Byron's lifetime, and his one and only offence in their eyes was that he possessed genius. Everything else would have been forgiven him. That, in England, is and always has been the unpardonable offence. Only when a man has ceased to have genius or at any rate to make any demonstration

of it, as in the case of Mr. Swinburne, or when he is dead, as in the case of Shakespeare, is he forgiven for having possessed it. All our praise is reserved for "honoured bones," as opposed to live flesh and blood. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, any one who knows anything at all about the question, or any one who possesses a biographical dictionary will recognise that the right of the matter lies in this case with Mr. Keir Hardie. What he says about the absence of the business faculty in men of genius is a commonplace of knowledge. It is so obvious that even a leader-writer in a "great daily" might be expected to see it. Mr. Keir Hardie's pamphlet being a socialistic tract must certainly contain many fallacious arguments, or at least many conclusions that are capable of being attacked and perhaps logically demolished. It is typical of the sort of intelligence that informs the average leading article of a modern daily paper, that Mr. Keir Hardie's critic should have carefully singled out for the purpose of holding it up to contempt as a foolish fallacy, the incontrovertible and universally acknowledged truth that "no really great man of genius was a business man."

A. D.

SHADOW-NETS

WHEN I was wandering on the Downs to-day
I saw the pine-woods sleeping in the sun . . .
For they were tired of weaving shadow-nets—
Weaving all day in vain . . . in vain . . . in vain . . .
Pale phantom nets to snare the golden sun !
And then I thought of how the poets weave
With shadowy words their cunning nets of song,
Hoping to catch, at last, a shining dream !

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE GAME OF WRITING

THE time has come, or nearly so, when works of fiction should be relegated to a special page, like bridge, chess and acrostics, as a game. So thoroughly have the probable and comprehensible courses of human action been exhausted in the modern novel, that the author who feels he must write or expire is driven to rearranging human nature in the form of a puzzle. Here, for example, is a book "The Letters of One," which resembles nothing so much as one of those ingenious compositions of which the "pillars" and "lights" when properly guessed yield some absurd result in words of no consequence to anybody. The fun, if it be fun, is in the finding out. The assumption that there is any fun may be rash; but if there is none of that kind of entertainment in "The Letters of One," there is nothing else the present reviewer can discover that comes under the head of literature.

Who is "One," and what is he "One" of? The Marchioness it will be remembered, declared to Dick Swiveller that Miss Sally Brass was a "one-er." In this sense "One" is a "one-er." Not that he is like Sally Brass; far from it. Miss Brass was a person of perfectly definite ideas and purposes who "went where glory waited her" and left the Marchioness alone in the kitchen. "One" of the book we are speaking about is not a person at all; he is a charade or an acrostic, but what the deuce his "pillars" and "lights" signify, we, being but poor hands at puzzles, have not the shadow of an idea.

The author, trying to get us to believe he is a real person, makes him date his letters from 4 Russell Road,

Leeds, which "One" describes as a depressing suburban thoroughfare. Here he works apparently as a journalist for a livelihood, and hence in the month of April in the year 1905 he began to address to a lady whom he "loves"—so the author calls his sentiment, but you will be able to judge of that presently—the series of letters that make up the book. The lady of his affections is described in an introductory chapter by another lady who has nothing to do with the matter. She is like this: "tall, stately, not exactly beautiful, but very fresh-looking, with a lovely complexion and fine brown hair—rather *richly coloured* altogether [italics the author's]; she has got large, kind, wide-open eyes] where she got them is not stated, but it is clear she has them, which is the main thing]; she is extremely self-possessed and serene; not exactly clever," and so on. Moreover, "she has a delightful house in the country, with no land to speak of, but with large gardens, and a few fields and woods round it; and she has quite a large income." There is an old aunt who lives with her, but she is nothing to the purpose that we can discover.

This then is the lady that "One" is said to love, and when it is added that his love is returned, you will wonder why "One" continues to live in Russell Road, Leeds, on the precarious earnings of a journalist, instead of marrying out of hand the willing lady with the foregoing attractions and possessions. Well, the reason is that he is writing a book, and when that is done must write another and another, and keep on writing because his artistic soul calls for expression, and he fears that if he married the lady, his love of her would so absorb him that his artistic soul would perish, and his deeper self come to naught. Therefore he does not marry her, and in forty-four letters extending to the month of October of the selfsame year, explains to her all the ins and outs of his soul and self until the lady, as the letter of the other lady in the introduction tells us (it seems a topsyturvy way, but it is true), goes and marries another man, something in the Army.

Now is this not a One-er? What is Sally Brass by comparison? Bevis Marks goes out of renown henceforth in favour of Russell Road, Leeds. Would to goodness that Richard Swiveller, who suffered severely from the caprices of Sophy Wackles, could come back and tell us what to think of this "One." And the Marchioness too; her opinion might throw some light on the progress of literature.

In accordance with the custom governing such puzzles we are afforded some clues in the introductory description. "One" is represented as "of the usual public-school and university type." He has written some books. "He is not quite an ordinary man to look at; he is handsome, melancholy, languid. Sometimes he is quite amusing, sometimes unutterably bored." We suspect this last was altered in proof from "an unutterable bore." For example in letter nine, after posing the question as "either art or a wife; either would be enough—but not both," "One" lays his view of marriage before the lady thus:

Of course, if I could take a less exalted view of marriage it would be different; but the personal abandonment of love, the deep, inscrutable mysteries of it, the consent to what seems lowest in our nature—it is a terrible thing to seem to cloud the sense of the stainless purity of womanhood; to learn that that is not impure in the case of one whom one holds highest and best, when one's whole life has been spent in casting away from one's thought the least shadow of desirous impulse. Why, if I may say what I think, the teaching, the example of Christ Himself seems to me to be against marriage. Why, if He was perfect Man, did He not otherwise consecrate the marriage state by entering upon it? Yet the very thought is a profanation.

This is a nice sort of style in which to address a "rather *richly coloured*" lady who has "got large, kind, wide-open eyes," and who is willing to marry you. You must be a One-er to do that. Suddenly it strikes us, what never struck us before, that the author of "One" is a woman, and the "One" is a female man. On page 13 he says to his lady that the hope of writing a sincere book

is the fiercest, strongest, deepest impulse he has; and on page 17—same letter—he declares that his love is the deepest thing he has, deeper even than that constraining impulse to create. So like a woman. Sally Brass after all was a woman, and it would appear that One-ers are feminine exclusively. And so perhaps we have guessed the acrostic and the institution of marriage is not likely to go down utterly before the desire to write a sincere book.

We hope so; but it is an undoubted fact that the birth-rate is decreasing in all civilised countries, and contemporaneously the output of novels is increasing. Can it be that the peoples of these countries are becoming "One-ers"? It seems scarcely credible: but how are we to explain statistics and books like this "Letters of One"?

O, Marchioness, O, Richard Swiveller, what a happy time you lived in. You married and begat a family, and did not begrudge Sophy Wackles her offspring, and none of you wrote a book, or worried about his or her artistic self. Yet you little thought that Miss Sally Brass, the first of One-ers, was in her virginity to typify this later age. Now lasses and lads get leave o' their dads and away to the publisher hie with their soulful novels; and the birth-rate goes down, down; and a few persons who would fain love a woman because she is a woman, and cannot to save their lives write a novel, sit in drivelling idiocy muttering, "*One-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven.*"

A. L.

FICTION

The Artistic Temperament. By JANE WARDLE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS novel is quite as tiresome as its title would lead us to expect. To label a man as the possessor of "the artistic temperament" is a facile device for escaping any further responsibility for him. It is psychology made easy. There is no necessity for the writer to trouble further in the matter. Any attempt at character-analysis is superfluous. You may make your hero do the most unutterable things, you may place him without rhyme or reason in the most impossible situations and if the gentle reader meekly asks, "What in the world did he do that for?" or "Why in the name of goodness did he say, or think this?" you reply with a smile of infinite superiority, "You see, my dear sir, he possessed the artistic temperament." It is very convenient, very. Those who do not possess this particular form of temperament may be recommended to acquire it speedily or at least to assume its outward manifestations. Miss Jane Wardle's novel will be of considerable assistance to the reader in his quest for this valuable asset. Her hero has "the artistic temperament" very badly. We are assured of this fact not once nor twice but in almost every one of the twenty-seven chapters. The truth of it is immediately borne in upon us when we are introduced to him in his Chelsea studio. He is a devil of a fellow this Stephen Cartonel, whose career we are invited to follow from the days when he painted pot-boilers to the closing period of his career in the last chapter when as P.R.A. he utters pompous platitudes on "Art and Ideality." He is a thorough-going "Bohemian" of the most conventional type of unconventionality, careless in money matters, idolised by women. He falls violently in love with a beautiful woman whose portrait he is painting. She too possesses the wonder-working temperament. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for the sake of the story, she is married to an eminently respectable hosier, who, of course, is not keen on art or he would not be selling socks. The two "artists" love and finally run away together only to be separated by the convenient arrival of a madman with a revolver—a device at which Miss Wardle must be amused in her more humorous moments. The madman

shoots—not the artist but the hosier, who, has followed the erring pair in a special train. He shoots—but not fatally. He has however achieved his purpose (or Miss Wardle's purpose) as the *deus ex machina*. Husband and wife are reunited and the reformed artist returns to the path of rectitude and marries a rich and charming girl to whom he has been engaged throughout the whole of the stormy period of his passion. It is only fair to Miss Wardle to add that Cartonel confesses his wickedness to his *fiancée*, who, however, forgives him his infidelities realising that it is not really his fault and that a man can love two women at the same time if he happens to possess "the artistic temperament."

The Eight Secrets. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE effect of this American story on the mind of the English boy will be to make him think that life in the old country is a dull affair. To be sure if his parents are farming folk without servants, an American boy has to help with the "chores," saw wood and rock the baby when he would rather be out of doors, but if the boy has an ingenious mind he will find in these unwelcome tasks so many opportunities, and when he has made a water wheel in order to flood a meadow for skating, he will never rest till that same wheel churns milk into butter and rocks a crying child to sleep. He will then be able to turn his attention to a machine for sawing wood, and after surmounting all difficulties as the youthful inventor should, he will invite his family to watch beech logs divide as if they were cheese. Every one will admit that after this he deserves a holiday, and will think it all of a piece with his glowing fortunes that he should be accused of passing false coin before he leaves the train, be helped out of his difficulties by a celebrated judge, and a week or so later rescue two children from a violent death while a whole crowd of grown-ups looks on and applauds his bravery. Thereafter, adventure follows adventure, and we are forced to agree with Mollie that Archie was bound to "climb right up and be at the very head of things in no time." Mollie was his great friend, but there are no sentimental passages between them in this volume. Whenever they two met their heads were full of interesting, sensible things.

The Belted Seas. By ARTHUR COLTON. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

MR. COLTON might have made a success of his first book if he had managed to introduce a little humour into it. "The Belted Seas" is a string of narratives of seafaring life in the two American continents, the principal character being a certain "Captain Buckingham" whose complacency at his own acumen and superiority is scarcely confirmed by a perusal of his stories. In the chapter entitled "The Kiyi Proposition" the author, for the only time, rises above the commonplace, but throughout the book there is a fatal absence of humour. Mr. Colton's dialogue is stilted, and his descriptive passages are reminiscent of the police court reporter; here and there he attempts epigram with poor results, and on the whole we have little hesitation in expressing our disappointment after reading the book. First novels are generally worth attention nowadays, but "The Belted Seas" is an exception to this rule. It is evidently an American importation and as such will scarcely add to the laurels of the Transatlantic school of novelists.

The Wheel. By M. URQUHART. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

It is sad how often the hero of a book is the least impressive character in it. In the present instance the author repeatedly assures us that Dominick Blake is an unusually brilliant and interesting person, and spares no pains in describing every stage in his mental development; but in spite of all this obvious and well-meant effort on the part of the writer, Dominick remains a shadowy and unconvincing character whose self-consciousness and conceit

completely alienate our sympathy. This is the more to be regretted as much of the character-study in the book is remarkably good. Honor, the clear-eyed boy-girl, the old Duke with his butterfly-net and astral sight, the mild-eyed vicar and his self-righteous and coarse-minded wife, all these show acute observation, and the descriptions of scenery, though somewhat full of "purple patches," are vivid enough. Unfortunately the plot is weak and obvious, and the unpleasant passages certainly cannot be excused even on the ground that they "purify the emotions"!

Doctor Gordon. By MARY E. WILKINS. (Unwin, 6s.)

HITHERTO we have not expected from Miss Wilkins stories of mystery, sensational incident, and sinister characters such as are to be found in "Doctor Gordon." Although she has the magic touch that adorns every subject she writes about, it must be admitted she has no peculiar gift for melodramatic fiction. The interest of this new departure lies in the fresh illustration of the old question, should a moral and spiritual monster, abnormal in subtlety and wickedness be allowed to exist to the menace of the common good? Again, is it a crime, or at least justifiable to cut short the intolerable agony of a dying human creature, if the conscience upholds the deed? These problems play an important part in the story of Dr. Gordon, a man naturally charitable and broad-minded, but warped by an evil influence out of his original happy attitude towards life. At a critical moment in the doctor's history, James Elliott becomes his assistant, and partner in certain tragic happenings: he also falls in love with Clemency, the doctor's niece, a charmingly quaint little person. Miss Wilkins's style is essentially that of the miniature artist. In her own line and delicate workmanship she has few successful rivals. In dealing with a large canvas she shows neither breadth of treatment nor sufficient courage; she is disappointingly apt to weaken, if not to destroy the effect of her strongest situation. The story is also overdone with physical details. Indeed, details of a humdrum sort about health, meals, and the weather are given undue importance throughout. Still, setting aside memories of other tales from the same pen, and viewed from the ordinary standpoint of this kind of fiction, "Doctor Gordon" is a capital story, with scenes and characters out of the common run.

Towing-Path Bess. By RICHARD PRYCE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THERE are fifteen sketches in this book of short stories and, though they vary in quality, there is not a dull page among them. Whether he writes of Towing-Path Bess, Mrs. Willesdon of Clarenceville or the country rector, Mr. Richard Pryce has the rare power of rousing the interest of his reader and keeping it to the very end. The sketches are short and he gives but a momentary glimpse of some episode in the life of each of his characters, but in these flashes we see the souls of living men and women. We close the book with the feeling that we have actually been in touch with the canal girls, that we should know the very voices of Mr. Keffick and the grimy Hilda, and that we could pick Mrs. During's photograph out of the heterogeneous pile on the photographer's table. After the drawn-out anecdotes which so often masquerade as short stories it is a pleasure to meet with character-studies such as these.

A Butterfly. By the BARONESS D. VON GOLDÄCKER. (Long, 6s.)

AFTER following the Butterfly for more than three hundred pages through the most amazing gyrations, it was with real relief that we saw the poor, distraught thing flutter into the candle at the end. It seemed the best place for her and it saved her long-suffering husband from the crime of murder or, at best, justifiable homicide. Never did a butterfly flutter more foolishly, or, at times, more clumsily. Added to this unpleasing habit of darting aimlessly in all directions, which she shared with most of her kind, this

one would spend long hours soliloquising on the *raison d'être* of butterflies in general. A prosy butterfly is an unheard-of thing and we felt that the sooner it was put out of its misery the better. Even the stolid husband's patience was at an end, when, after the manner of moths, she flew into the candle and peace reigned once more in the land.

Old Hampshire Vignettes. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" is a writer of whose work we see far too little. It is, if we mistake not, nearly ten years since she last broke silence. She has wit and insight and that quality gratefully and instantly recognised, yet difficult to label, the quality of saying just the thing that should be said in just the words that should express it. The power of doing this is rare and it has been called forth in these finished and entertaining portraits of Hampshire peasant folk. One of the best is the picture of Harkaway the groom. "Dismounted, he appeared an insignificant little mortal enough, but he was one of those vigorous personalities who refuse to be represented by their appearance." His looks, his ways, his delightful nature and the tragic blemish in it that brought about his ruin are all set down here without malice and without any of the false idealism that makes the majority of portraits of poor folk as unlike life as the figures in a hairdresser's window. The groom's story is told at greater length than the others, and partly for that reason stands out for notice and commendation. All the sketches are good, but we should have liked to hear a little more about some of the people in this amusing gallery.

The Return of Joe. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THIS is a volume of New Zealand stories, evidently the work of an Englishman who has been out on a sheep station there, and has acquired all he knows of the colony from that coign of vantage. Naturally his outlook is somewhat limited; he gives us "swaggers" and "sundowners" in plenty, but seldom a glimpse of the thriving towns or of those wonderful New Zealand women who have long since left the "suffragist" stage behind and become fully-developed electors. But within his limitations Mr. Koebel may be held to have achieved a measure of success; some of the tales are dramatic, others are to be valued for their local colouring. Above all else, he has a keen sense of the comradeship that subsists amongst men whose lot is set in lonely places.

Painted Rock. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash, 6s.)

THIS is a book that for due appreciation must not be read at a single sitting. For in spite of being divided into chapters, it is really a collection of ten short stories dealing with life at "Painted Rock, South Panhandle, Texas," and of these ten stories the first six are concerned with the lawless shooting of men for revenge. This monotony tends to become irksome, and even Mr. Roberts's wonderful vocabulary of synonyms for drink cannot relieve it. The other stories are more human in spirit, and certainly more pleasing in subject. Mr. Roberts's intimate knowledge of Texas and its people enables him to reproduce both the atmosphere and the personalities of that strange country. The ordinary Englishman will probably not be prepared to admit that it is "God's Country," and will sigh with relief at the thought of the ubiquitous policeman who, in spite of all his faults, does, by his presence, enable the peaceable citizen to dispense with the society of a "gun." On the other hand, if he has ever had but the slightest experience of the prairies, he will see the strange beauty of Mr. Roberts's scene, and will readily admit its fascination in spite of all its drawbacks. He should also recognise in Mr. Roberts's characters real men, whose humanity is true though primitive, and whose faults are as simple as their virtues.

Pillsbury and Gedge, the professional gamblers, Ginger Gillett, the guardian of law and order, even Ben Williams the bully, are all real flesh and blood. They may be somewhat savage, but they are at least not anæmic.

A Free Solitude. By ALICE PERRIN. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d.)

MRS. PERRIN'S books are always good reading, and are rendered unusual by the sincerity with which she follows a distinct purpose, refusing to be swayed by hysterical conventions that demand a surfeit of sentimentality. "*A Free Solitude*" is the second of the half-crown novels to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; and while it fully justifies their undertaking that these books shall be in all respects of the same standard as the six-shilling novels it outstrips this promise by its solid worth. The action takes place at the foot of the Himalayas, and the main issue of the story is the struggle between the love of a woman and the love of the country that sometimes casts such a spell over the Englishman. A great portion of the story deals with a Eurasian family as seen through the eyes of an English girl; and the picture is of peculiar interest, as it throws light on a class very little known to the average Anglo-Indian. Mrs. Perrin touches on a point which is apt to be overlooked by critics of the racial prejudices that complicate life in India. Eurasians are not "tabu" on account of their blood so much as on account of their class; and when they are of a type which would not be welcome at a dinner-table in England, it is unfair to expect the English to recognise them in India.

Conflict. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Constable, 6s.)

MISS SMEDLEY has named her book well. The key-note of the story is conflict and, if there is peace at the end, it is but the stillness of exhaustion after the fury of the storm has abated. Mary van Heyten is a born fighter, from the moment when, alone and friendless, she wrests her daily-bread from a cruel world, to the day on which, still struggling, she is appropriated by a stronger nature than her own. A conscience, much common sense, a craving for work and not even a pinch of the saving sense of humour form her chief characteristics; she is of those who walk through an obstacle rather than round it and who, consequently, come off with more than their share of the world's bruises. Miss Smedley has a fine knowledge of human nature and draws the various and diverse personalities of her large caste with a skilful hand. Mary van Heyten's first experience of the artistic temperament, her absolute inability to comprehend it and her pathetic determination to take it seriously are admirably portrayed and the book, apart from the fact that it deals with an important problem of the day, is an interesting character-study.

The Younger Woman. By GEORGE WEMYSS. (Long, 6s.)

THE plot of "*The Younger Woman*" points an excellent moral, namely, that the sinner cannot pursue his wicked way without ultimately being found out. Indeed, very few novels would ever have been written were it not for this disconcerting fact. The story hinges, after the fashion of novels, on the relations of two women and one man, the one man being a middle-aged and portly Lothario, an architect by profession and addicted to the wearing of much jewellery and red satin ties. That we are intended to regard the red tie in the light of a danger-signal, is evident from the stress that is laid upon it in the first chapter; indeed we could believe anything of one so lost to all sense of the becoming. When we hear that he is also President of the Society of the Bible versus Paganism our worst suspicions are verified. Any connection with a Bible society is fatal—in fiction. Of course his iniquities come to light in the end and, as usual, a considerate Providence interposes at the eleventh hour with a fatal accident and so avoids embarrassing complications. The plot is not original and there is nothing in

its treatment to make it so; at best it is a painstaking book.

The Obliging Husband. By FRANK BARRETT. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

A LIVELY romance of the time of Charles II. with a strong Pepysian flavour about the style of it. Like the famous diarist, Robin Fairfellow—a Fleet Street haberdasher—marries a handsome girl educated in France, has a passion for music, and gets into difficulties through his wife's maid. The fascinating Peggy makes havoc of the haberdashery business by her extravagance and her reckless habit of gadding about with certain fine gentlemen. But Peggy has a reason, and a secret, and with all her flightiness possesses an ingrained beauty of character. All the usual elements of a tale of the time are here; the machinations of the wicked peer, the snares laid for the lovely heroine, the foolish misunderstandings, and a joyous ending. For Robin and Peggy we entertain a right good will, and read their chequered story with interest and pleasure.

DRAMA

"THE VAN DYCK" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Tree in what is known as a character-part. Especially does he excel in portraying the bizarre and the sinister. There is no one like him for imparting an air of mystery and creepiness to a character. Think of Svengali and you realise his greatness. Paul Demetrius too of the Secret Service offers him a capital opportunity. *The Red Lamp* is of course an old play, and, as a picture of a Nihilist plot, a ridiculous play: but for all that it has exciting moments, and played with the swing with which it went on Saturday is well worth seeing. Its popularity is not at all on the wane: the applause was enthusiastic.

It was followed by a dramatic episode in one act by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, *The Van Dyck*, a very simple and effective little piece. Here again Mr. Tree had a part in Arthur Blair-Woldingham, which was exactly suitable to him. The play opens with his mysterious entrance to the flat of his neighbour, John Peters, a little musician, who has a valuable collection of pictures and furniture. Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays John Peters: and very funny he is, as he shows the little man's first surprise at his strange visitor changing into fear and at last into actual terror, when he becomes convinced the fellow is a dangerous maniac. Mr. Tree's performance was admirable. He kept the audience in doubt to the very end as to whether he was actually mad or not: so much so, that loud hushes of disapproval greeted the laughter which many of his remarks aroused: it was clear that a large part of the audience felt the gruesomeness of the situation more acutely than its humour. And when after the entry of his keepers and his final frenzy, which drives little John Peters into his bedroom for safety, his "Put on your gloves, boys" caused a perceptible sigh of relief to come from the house, which was strung up to a finale of slow murder at the least: and perhaps was a little disappointed that burglary alone was to be the end of it all. The rather cold reception which the episode received, showed that the audience had been taken in more completely than they could appreciate. The Van Dyck picture was the only thing which little John Peters finds left in his room, after its deft dismantling; it was not the genuine work of the master.

It is a clever *macabre* little play which gives Mr. Tree a fine opportunity.

H. DE S.

CORRESPONDENCE

"BRAKES OF ICE"

(Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. i. 39.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I cannot accept either Mr. Cunningham's emendation, or Mr. Payne's explanation, of the above passage, though I quite agree with the latter when he says that "in many cases passages have been put down as cruces owing to the inability of critics to see what was plainly staring them in the face." Now I venture to say that this passage is one of them. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. sc. iii. 215 Ulysses tells Achilles that

"The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break,"

where "breaking the ice" is evidently put for a daring, dashing, dangerous feat, which others were either too timid to attempt, or too weak to accomplish. Taking this passage for my lantern, I will not be led astray by Rowe's conjecture, pretty and plausible as it is, "brakes of vice"—thickets where vice reigns supreme—but, keeping close in *Measure for Measure* to the path marked out for me in the Folios, I will read,

"Some run from brakes [breaks] of ice, and answer none,"

and understand the words to mean that some do not hesitate to tread in slippery and dangerous places and commit the most glaring and flagrant breaches of divine and human law, and yet withal get off scot-free, frequently, easily, quickly; whereas others, if they are only once caught slipping, are condemned without mercy.

PHILIP PERRING.

March 17.

KIPLING'S NORNS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When Kipling's "Five Nations" was published you printed a note of mine on the following passage from "Fires"—a poem in that volume:

"When the Conchimarior horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to Eternity
All yesterday's modernity—"

I objected, despairingly, that the Norns' office was to spin, not usher; that they were armed with no musical instrument whatever; that if they were, a conch is not a horn any more than a sardine is a buffalo; that supposing a conch could be metamorphosed into a horn by adding such a termination as "marian" (whatever that means), even then the Norns couldn't be reboantic, supposing that word to be correctly derived from *reboo*=to bellow back. Because, you see, of the Norns (respectively The Past, The Present and The Future) only The Past could bellow back, The Future being not yet born, and The Present being incapacitated by the fact that she could not bellow back from where she wasn't to where she was, because truly, O Best Beloved, she was there all the time. O! we grew learned, metaphysical, but no light came. The author was stonily silent. Yesterday, reading Bayard Taylor's mixture of criticism, dialogue, and parody, called "Divisions of the Echo Club," I found the source of these "knotted horrors." Here is the passage which inspired Mr. Kipling:

"Have you never heard of Chivers? He is a phenomenon. Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of 'Virginia,' 'The Lost Pleiad,' 'Facets of Diamond,' etc. The refrain to a poem in 'The Eonchs of Ruby' is:

'In the music of the morns,
Blown through the Conchimarior horns,
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
To the Genius of Eternity,
Crying, "Come to me! Come to me!"'

Now I would that Messrs. Dent would reprint Chivers at the universal bob. Mr. Kipling would surely buy a copy.

JOHN BLAND.

THE LIFE OF WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Although you are opposed to my work, I think your sense of justice will lead you to insert the following remarks. Let me first say that Mr. Watts-Dunton, who is considered by

many persons to be the greatest of living critics, has declared that my two volumes "are packed with matter of the most valuable kind." I have also received congratulatory letters from Mr. A. C. Swinburne and Mr. John Payne. The fact that the first edition of the book was exhausted on the day of publication may be regarded as a tribute to the value of my previous biographies—those of Sir Richard Burton and Edward FitzGerald. The errors which you have pointed out will be corrected in the third edition, which is now sure to be called for. I am sorry you refer to my work as being "vulgar." There is certainly no vulgarity in it, and every one who knows my character (and I have been before the public as a biographer many years) knows that I abhor vulgarity above all things. You should have quoted the sentence about the Virgin Mary in full—then it would have borne a very different colour. A few of the remarks in the book which you take exception to were absolutely necessary to the understanding of various passages in Pater's work.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

[Our reviewer writes: Commendation from Mr. Watts-Dunton is praise indeed; but I regret that I cannot, in this instance, agree with that eminent critic. Fully appreciating the valuable work which Mr. Wright has done in biography, I was all the more surprised and pained to find him so far below his own level in the volumes on Walter Pater. "Vulgar" is a hard word, and not one that could be used by a responsible critic lightly, nor one that, once used, can be withdrawn. Since Mr. Wright wishes his sentence quoted in full, I will give it here: "Faun, Christian knight, satyr, martyr, Mary the Virgin, and Venus, who, apparently, was not a virgin, Aegipan and Pantheist, all hob-nobbed together amicably in his [Pater's] tolerant brain; and his conversation comported with his writings." I know Mr. Wright's other work so very well that I should be glad, if I could, to find that sentence anything but what I have called it.]

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of my "Life of St. Catherine of Siena" in the ACADEMY, making a charge of careless errors in names, and plagiarism, especially with regard to Mr. Heywood.

To having overlooked printer's errors I plead guilty; the proofs came at a time when I was in the hands of an oculist, and want of eyesight must be my excuse.

As to the far more serious charge of plagiarism, I beg to deny it altogether. Of course, I have read Mr. Heywood's valuable translation of Fra Filippo's "Assempri," and it may well be that sentences here and there lingered unawares in my memory, but Italian is as familiar to me as English, and every passage from the "Assempri" and other Italian works was translated by me from the original.

The short prefaces intended to be printed in the book, and which will appear in the next edition, contained these words: "No one can write of the Siena of St. Catherine without being deeply indebted to the works of Mr. Heywood." Owing to the irregularities of the Italian post, familiar to all who live in Italy, this preface did not reach England in time for publication.

MARGARET ROBERTS.

March 7.

[We note that the author says nothing about the many errors of fact in her book, some of which we pointed out in our review. These were far more serious than the printer's errors and not less numerous perhaps. Plagiarism is a very difficult thing to define. What we said was that the author of "St. Catherine" had used Mr. Heywood's work mercilessly, and had not even mentioned his name. The examples we gave were but two of the very numerous instances in which we are sure any unbiassed reader would have found a strange and disconcerting likeness, not only to passages in Mr. Heywood's little-known "Ensamples of Fra Filippo," but to his "Guide to Siena" (e.g., a passage quoted on page 106 of "St. Catherine," almost verbatim from "The Guide," p. 91) and his "Palio and Ponte." That any English writer can claim that Italian is "as familiar to me as English," seems to us scarcely worth discussing when she translates "che più si deletteva di uccidere gli uomini che molti le fieri salvatiche"—"who took more delight in slaying than did many wild beasts," p. 25. We are glad to see that our review has insured justice being done to Mr. Heywood in the "next edition," and we hope that any new edition will be practically a new book.—ED.]

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to the announcement that the Reading Room of the British Museum is to be closed for some months, I venture to draw attention to the fact that the Guildhall Library is open to the public daily between the hours of 10 A.M. and 8 P.M. (Saturdays, 6 P.M.), and that it always affords the Library Committee the greatest pleasure to welcome readers here. Although it is obvious that no Library can hope in any degree to fill the void created by the closing of the national collection, it may still be useful to know that there are over one hundred and thirty thousand volumes and pamphlets and the advantages of quick service at the disposal of any dispossessed students who care to avail themselves of the Corporation Library and the services of its staff.

EDWARD M. BORRAJO,
City Librarian.

"ODE TO A SUNDIAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—Can your readers supply any information as to the writer of "Ode to a Sundial" beginning:

My ear is pained, my heart is sick
When all things else are silent round
To hear the clock's unvaried tick
Repeat its melancholy sound.

Another verse is:

With joy unfeigned to thee I turn
Meet horologe for bard to love,
A lesson from thy page to learn
Whose lore is borrowed from above.

T. M. L.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE CHEAP CLASSICS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is strange that the writer of the interesting article on "Cheap Classics," in your issue of March 16, should have overlooked the class of people who, in my opinion, buy—and read—"Everyman in the World's Universal Classics." I referred to the skilled mechanic in the large industrial centres, and the collier of the Welsh Hills.

A literary man can hardly be expected to know this, but I can assure the genial gossip of "The Literary Cause," that if he entered any one of those low, mean houses, which form the streets of the working-class quarters in our large towns, he would be pleasurably surprised. He would see rows of well-worn cheap reprints, and make the acquaintance of men keenly alive to the beauties of English literature, and the problems of existence.

I have known colliers whose knowledge of the works of Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, and Mill, would put a so-called well educated man to shame. Believe me, it is not among the middle-classes that the search for genuine readers must be made; but among the toilers—the men and women who are daily brought face to face with the grim realities of life, and who snatch a living from the jaws of death.

One man, at least, who gave five shillings for the "Author's Progress," purchased his Gibbon and his Grote in shilling volumes.

JOHN CAWKER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I suggest three reasons why the mystery of cheap reprints is not, after all, such a great mystery?

(1) Many of us live in houses where space is a serious consideration. When we have bought our books, where are we to put them? Obviously an edition of Grote which takes up one-fourth of the cubic space of the original octavo edition is a valuable possession in such houses.

(2) Many people fail to realise how serious a matter the price of books is, even to students like myself. Ever since I was an undergraduate, I have yearned to possess a copy of "Modern Painters," but the price (more than three guineas) was absolutely prohibitive. Now to my great delight I can buy the whole work for five shillings. Think of all Tennyson's best poems, excellently printed, for one shilling! Why, in my young days I had to pay six shillings for "In Memoriam" alone.

(3) The number of those who can enjoy good books has enormously increased during the last twenty-five years. I have a cousin who has been Professor of Literature in three provincial towns in succession, and he tells me that his pupils have numbered from ninety to one hundred and twenty, all taken from the lower or lower middle class, to whom cheap reprints are a priceless boon. I know well a village of eleven hundred inhabitants: you would be surprised to learn how many of the young fellows in it are able to appreciate such books as "Old Mortality," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Vanity Fair."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

FIELDING BI-CENTENARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Two hundred years ago, on April 22 next, was born Henry Fielding, the great Somerset novelist, and on that day the Society of "Somerset Men in London" will celebrate the event by a dinner to be held at the Café Monico, under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is hoped that, in addition to members of the Society, many novelists and literary people will be present to do honour to the father of the English novel, the immortal author of "Tom Jones," who also as a London magistrate freed London streets from footpads and rendered the thoroughfares safe for the public.

As there may be many persons (ladies as well as gentlemen) who may like to know of this function, and whom we cannot reach by the ordinary methods, may we ask you kindly to afford this the hospitality of your columns. Further particulars of the dinner can be obtained from either of the following: J. HARRIS STONE, 4 Temple, E.C., or A. W. OSMOND, 6 South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.

THE POSITION OF LANDSCAPE IN PAINTING, AND MODERN ART CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The recent protest of Professor Herkomer against modern French "Impressionist Art" was much needed, but it is to be regretted that he did not go further, and call down the pity of Heaven upon the present chaotic and degenerate condition of British art, arising partly from the influence of Impressionism, and partly from a sickly sentimentalism, which is the direct result of the teaching of Ruskin and kindred critics.

I should say here that when I refer to "impressionist," I do not allude to every variety of picture which has been called "impressionist." Artists so widely apart as Turner and Monet, or as Corot and Harpignies, have been called "impressionists," there having apparently been much confusion as to the meaning of the word. Whatever is the authorised signification of the word, if there be one, I refer here only to those so-called "works of art" as to which the observer is supposed or compelled to bring his imagination to bear in order to find reason in the manner of delineation, or in the scheme of colour, or in both.

Now it is not difficult to reach the primary cause of this degeneration. Wild impressionism arose, and is practically maintained in landscape. True, the cult deals also with the human figure sometimes, but the pictures resulting are so (atrociously) eccentric, not to say bad, that they are quickly laughed to scorn, and the artist has to develop into realism or revert to landscape. Of course in landscape the effect is just as extravagant, but it does not appear to be so, for the simple reason that a blue oak does not look so out of place as a green man; and great blotches of paint intended to represent trees, are not so repellent as a hideous nude woman with a skin variegated with green, blue and yellow (colours). It is landscape then with which we have chiefly to deal. Now it is in the work of landscape that artists have so multiplied in late years. Compared with figure-painting, landscape is easy. Little hard invention is required, and errors in drawing or colour are not so readily noticed by the public. Hence landscape is attractive to second-rate artists and to many who should not be artists at all, while some first-rate men who should leave it severely alone cannot keep their hands from it. What is the reason that landscape has taken such a hold upon artists of late years? How is it that this inferior department of art should have practically usurped the leading place in study? There is but one answer—Ruskin. It was he, who, having confused great skill in landscape with sublime genius in art, taught that Turner was on a level with the masters of

the Renaissance; that the painting of trees and stones required as high an intelligence as the depiction of human actions; that in fact the artist could aim as high in landscape as in the human form divine. Turner was the first to improve upon Claude in his distance effects. He accomplished this by remarkable industry in endeavouring to paint what he saw; he applied his whole energy in graduating distance as it is graduated by the atmosphere. The beautiful effect of unfolding distance which resulted overcame Ruskin with astonishment, and "Modern Painters" was the result of his efforts to explain the cause. How Ruskin embodied in the most elegant language the best of teaching and the worst of criticism; how he covered the most amazing series of contradictions known in literature with the mantle of the prophet; how he utterly confused near ground with distance painting; how he exhausted the dictionary for superlatives to praise Turner, and for adjectives to condemn all landscape painters before him; how he allowed his violent prejudices to warp his judgment and twist his logic; are not all these things known wherever his book is read? True, but the gentle nature of the man, with his sincerity and his goodness, has caused them to be glossed over—hidden in the shade of forgetfulness as far as possible. But one thing remains. Details are discussed no more, but Ruskin's view of landscape painting as a high art is still with us, to the utter confusion of our art development. It is time for a caveat, and the caveat must be based upon Ruskin, because he alone of all great writers has presumed to place landscape on a high level of art.

The landscape painter must always be at a disadvantage because there is no ideal to which he can aspire. He can have no fixed aim, except for an effect which varies with each effort. He has a thousand arbitrary signs, with innumerable methods of arranging them, to produce harmonious effects more or less pleasing to the senses. But he can do nothing more than arrange these signs. He cannot create, in the sense that Raphael created an expression of spiritual nobility in the face of the *Sistine Madonna*; he cannot typify high attributes, as the grace and charm of budding womanhood are typified in the *Venus dei Medici*. He cannot exemplify the virtues, power, glory, patriotism, or in fact anything which calls into play the higher faculties. He can only copy or imitate objects which express neither mind nor soul, and which in a condition of miniature imitation appeal neither to the intellect nor the emotions. His art must therefore always remain secondary; far, far behind the art which is responsible for the representation or idealisation of human actions. Landscape art can approach no nearer to classic art than descriptive poetry to classic poetry or great drama, and the best landscape painter must remain as far removed from the greatest of the classic artists as is the author of "The Seasons" from Homer and Shakespeare.

The landscape painter must be satisfied to work without an ideal, and hence his powers are limited to comparatively small things. Claude and Turner, and in a lesser degree Wilson and old Crome, painted beautiful distance landscapes; and Jacob Ruysdael, Hobbema, George Vincent, and a few others, charmed with nearground pictures. These have reached the topmost pinnacle of landscape art as we know it. What then? The landscape artist can only aspire to equal or surpass Turner in distance or Hobbema in foliage. It is possible some are striving to do this, but the vast majority lack either the power or the industry, or both, and so content themselves with what are called "pretty scenes," or "effective bits," or "charming views"; or else wanting the ability to call forth admiration with these, they seek to overwhelm with surprise, and produce what are called impressionist landscapes. The result is that in each year thousands of landscapes of every variety are exhibited for sale by a score or more societies, or are thrown on to the market to be sold for what they will bring, and then complaints arise that the public are not supporting British art. Who wants these paintings as works of art? Some are bought for decoration, to fill certain wall spaces, and others are needed for wedding and other presents, generally for the reason that the purchaser cannot think of anything else to give. Perhaps twenty per cent. are got rid of in this way, and for the rest . . . But still they come. And not content with supplying paintings by the thousand, some landscape artists are simply flooding London with outline and other landscape etchings. The class of people who buy these etchings, except as a possibly profitable commercial transaction I do not know, but I do know that as works of art, nearly all of them are merely exhibitions of want of industry or thought on the part of the artists. Compare the average modern English landscape etching with one by Waterloo even, and how does it stand? It simply sinks below comparison. This is not always because the artist cannot etch a landscape properly, but commonly because he will not. He fails to give

the study and time to it. Who of the moderns (with three well known exceptions only) will put into an etching the work shown in Ruysdael's *Cornfield*, or Rembrandt's *Landscape with a flock of sheep*. The modern etcher commonly seeks to give some mysterious effect to his work, or presumes the soft lines of a roughly bitten etching aiding him in excusing detail. Most of Whistler's etchings are simply rough unfinished sketches and have about as much right to the title of landscape as a skeleton has to the title of human being. They are apologies for inability to work hard.

Now comes the question—how is it that all these facts being well known, no attempt is made in England to bring down landscape painting to its proper level in art, and to discourage the vast majority of artists from fruitless endeavours to acquire reputation and prosperity by means of landscape? Most of the blame unquestionably lies with the modern critics. Some of the leading British critics have consciously, or unconsciously, succeeded in imbibing the extreme of Ruskin sentimentalism, and having combined this with a spurious æstheticism arising from the pre-Raphaelite movement, colour with the mixture the whole of their work, whether dealing with ancient or modern art. Thus, instead of looking at a picture from the pure standard of art, as it has been understood for the last five centuries, or twenty centuries for the matter of that, they bring in considerations of the emotions, of psychological meanings, of matters of pure feeling, and so on. Necessarily, explanations have been required, and these have resulted in vague but persistent attempts to find in pictures, tones, expressions, suggestions, and mysterious "vibrants" and other indefinite things which nobody ever before thought of. It is not surprising that a budding artist, having failed to see in a work criticised all the extraordinary psychological meanings in it pointed out by leading critics, should think it possible that the critics might see in his own pictures qualities of which he himself was unaware, and that he should go on painting and painting until the said qualities were observed. Landscape being the simplest and easiest vehicle for the expression of these mystic qualities, and having already a long lead, this new criticism could only serve to maintain its prestige as an art to be cultivated. As far as I am aware, not one note of warning against the improper elevation of landscape has been uttered by the leading critics, though it is clear from occasional discourses by eminent artists who are qualified to instruct, that they observe and condemn the evil influence of modern criticism.

The only definite hypothesis which can be laid hold of as forming one of the bases of this new criticism is that the emotions of the artist may be, and often are, expressed in the execution of his work. Now, is there any evidence in the life of an artist which indicates that a particular picture he painted was the result of a particular emotion; that he painted the picture under the influence of this emotion, and that this influence is impressed in the work? I do not think there is. I can find no instance recorded of a painter who admitted that he had experienced such an emotion. Through all the volumes of Vasari the idea is not mooted in regard to any of the great painters to whom he refers, nor is there any single case, as far as I know, of a painter who has written upon his art, ever suggesting that particular feelings or emotions affected him in his work. Many artists have written of their lives or have discoursed upon methods of painting and drawing, upon invention, and the general principles of art, but none has attempted to show that the execution of a picture from the germ of the idea to the consummation, is anything more than the application of brains and hands in bringing about the desired result. The only influences at work upon the artist, apart from his personal endeavour, are those of his age and country, and these are involuntary, dependent upon education, association of ideas, habits of mind engendered by his surroundings, and so on. These influences may be varied only by variation of the conditions and not beyond. An Englishman may study in Rome, and the character of his work may be consequently influenced by the Italian schools, but this will not affect his sensibility, nor will study of any kind enable him to bring his emotions to bear upon his work.

It is frequently asserted by modern critics that an artist has put "feeling" or "expression" (meaning the expression of his emotions) into his work. But it is never explained how the artist has done this, and what are the signs of its having been done. Expression is the end of a picture and has nothing to do with the means. It is the duty of the artist so to paint his picture that when completed, it is found to express what he had in his mind in painting it, but he cannot put the expression of his emotions into it any more than one can put such expression into the building of a house. Nor can he put feeling into his work, in the sense in which the word is commonly used in such connection. To say that an artist puts

feeling into painting is to say that he endows his paint with mental characteristics, which is absurd. The artist works with brushes and paints to accomplish a fixed arrangement of details. He very properly mixes his paints with brains, according to the recipe of a well-known painter, but only in the sense that he uses all his intelligence in the satisfactory accomplishment of his work, and in the same way that a good dyer may be said to mix his colours with brains. A great artist must necessarily have a powerful imagination for purposes of invention, and a thorough technical knowledge of his art for purposes of execution: but he cannot do more than invent and execute. He cannot transfer his mental forces; he can only apply them.

It is a strange that art criticism of this kind should appear in our leading art publications. Sentimental and mystic writing is never indulged in by continental critics. From Dr. Bode and Professor Venturi downwards, they all maintain the great standard which centuries of judgment have consecrated. It is true that the younger generation of German artists is suffering from an attack of crude realism, and French inferiors are resorting to a still more crude impressionism, but the public taste is not vitiated, and in England alone is the rage for landscape on the part of artists impoverishing art culture. But neither Germany nor France has been blessed with a Ruskin.

MAN IN THE STREET.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

The Modern Cyclopedia. Edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. Volume vi. 6 x 8½. Pp. 540. The Gresham Publishing Company, n.p.

DRAMA

The Works of Shakespeare: The Life and Death of King John. Edited by Ivor B. John. 8½ x 6. Pp. 149. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

EDUCATION

L'Estrange, P.H., B.A. *A Junior Course of Comparative Geography.* 8½ x 5. Pp. 239. Philip, 2s. 6d. net.

T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.; Walter Murdoch, M.A. *A New Primer of English Literature.* 7½ x 5. Whitcombe & Tombs, n.p.

Blackie's English School Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. Macaulay's Essay on Clive, Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, Ammianus Marcellinus' Julian the Apostate, Prescott's Montezuma. Each 6½ x 4. Blackie, 6d. each.

Blackie's Latin Texts. Cæsar, Gallic War, ii., iii. and iv. Virgil, Georgicon i. and ii. Each 7 x 4½. Blackie, 6d. net each.

Blackie's School Milton: Paradise Lost, Book iv. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xvi, 84. Blackie, 1s.

Blackie's Little French Classics. Racine's Athalie. Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxii, 106. Blackie, 10d.

The Principles of Horticulture. A Series of Practical Scientific Lessons. By Wilfred Mark Webb. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 136. Blackie, 2s.

Le Petit Grand-père et La Petite Grand-mère. Fleur de Neige. Par Ellen C. Hainszelin. Each 5½ x 3½. Blackie, 4d. each.

Mackinder, H. G. *Elementary Studies in Geography.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 298. Philip, 2s. 6d.

German Science Reader. Part I. Compiled by C. R. Dow, M.Sc. 7 x 4½. Pp. 85. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

Dent's Further Exercises in French Grammar. By Miss F. M. S. Batchelor. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 91. Dent, 1s. 4d.

Griechische Schulgrammatik. Bearbeitet von Dr. Florian Weigel. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 162. Wien: F. Tempsky, 2k. 50h.

FICTION

Douglas, Theo. *One or Two.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 320. Brown Langham, 6s.

Rowell, Mary C. *Monsieur de Paris.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 306. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.

Hocking, Silas K. *The Silent Man.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 497. Warne, 3s. 6d.

Willcocks, M. P. *The Wingless Victory.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 411. Lane, 6s.

Diver, M. *Captain Desmond, V.C.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 372. Blackwood, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *The Man with the Amber Eyes.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Goldäcker, the Baroness D. von. *A Butterfly.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Wilkins, Mary E. *Doctor Gordon.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

"Colonel A." *The Ultramarines.* 8 x 5. Pp. 348. Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.

Paterson, A. B. *An Outback Marriage.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 277. Australian Book Company, 3s. 6d.

Fogazzaro, Antonio. *The Woman (Malombra).* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 501. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

Oppenheim, E. Phillips. *The Secret.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 317. Ward, Lock, 6s.

HISTORY

Māhāmahopādhyāya Hara Prasād Sāstri, M.A. *A Short History of India.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 128. Blackie, n.p.

[In this book Professor Shastri gives a vivid account of the various and complicated racial, religious, social and political movements that have produced the India of to-day.]

Romanes, Ethel. *The History of Port Royal.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 504. John Murray, 15s. net.

The Nineteenth-Century Series. Presidents of the United States from Pierce to McKinley. By T. G. Marquis. 8 x 5½. Pp. 476. Chambers, 5s. net.

English Church History. From the Death of Charles I. to the Death of William III. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer. 7½ x 5. Pp. 187. Clark, 3s. net.

LITERATURE

The Oxford Treasury of English Literature. Vol. ii. Growth of the Drama. By G. E. Hadow and W. H. Hadow. 8 x 5. Pp. xiii, 416. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.

Dramatic Opinions and Essays with an Apology. By Bernard Shaw. Containing as well a word on the Dramatic Opinions and Essays of Bernard Shaw by James Huneker. In 2 volumes. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 447, 466. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

[Composed of selections from the dramatic criticisms of Mr. Bernard Shaw which appeared in the *Saturday Review* under the Frank Harris régime from 1895 to 1898.]

MISCELLANEOUS

Murrow, John. *Referendum.* 6½ x 4. Pp. 60. Long, 6d.

[A little volume on how to make and keep a complete reference book.]

Snowden, Philip, M.P. *The Socialist's Budget.* 6 x 4. Pp. 88. Allen, 1s. net.

Hardie, J. Keir. *From Serfdom to Socialism.* 6 x 4. Pp. 130. Allen, 1s. net.

Yusuf-Ali, A. *Life and Labour in India.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 351. Murray, 12s. net.

Russell, G. W. E. *Seeing and Hearing.* 8 x 5. Pp. 395. E. Grant Richards, n.p.

Learmount, Rev. James. *Thirty Chats with Young Folk.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 179. Allenson, 2s. 6d.

[A series of talks to children for special days, seasons and events, many of them reprinted from various papers and magazines.]

Mure, Harold H. *Tironibus.* 6 x 5. Pp. 77. Sands, n.p.

Elbé, Louis. *Future Life.* 8 x 5. Pp. 382. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.

Sharpe, Reginald, R. *Memorials of Newgate Goal and the Sessions House, Old Bailey.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 38. Blades, East and Blades, n.p.

Rippmann, Walter. *Modern Language Teaching.* 9½ x 6½. Pp. 64. Black, 6d.

Jews' College Jubilee Volume. Comprising a History of the College. By the Rev. Isodore Harris, M.A. 9½ x 6. Pp. 274. Luzac, n.p.

Benson, Robert Hugh. *Papers of a Pariah.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 211. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.

"Rita." *Personal Opinions Publicly Expressed.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 309. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.

Bailey, Cyril. *The Religion of Ancient Rome.* 7 x ¾. Pp. 113. Constable, 1s. net.

Burrows, George T. *Some Old English Inns.* 4½ x 3. Pp. cxxxvi. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.

Slicer, Thomas R. *The Way to Happiness.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 171. Macmillan, 5s. net.

Buchanan, Alfred. *The Real Australia*. 7½×4½. Pp. 318. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

The Quiet Hour Series. By Rose Porter. *Resting in his Love; In Quietness and Confidence; Open Windows; Looking Toward Sunrise*. Each 6½×4. Alexander Moring, 1s. net each.

Carlyle and the London Library. Account of its Foundation: together with unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle to W. D. Christie, C.B.: Arranged by Mary Christie. Edited by Frederic Harrison, Litt.D. 7½×5. Pp. 111. Chapman & Hall, 3s. 6d. net.

[Describes the foundation of the library by Carlyle, and contains a collection of hitherto unpublished letters. It exhibits the prophet of Hero-worship in the unaccustomed light of a business organiser.]

Weale, B. L. Putman. *The Truce in the East and its Aftermath*, 9½×5½. Pp. 647. Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.

[A sequel to "The Re-Shaping of the Far East." Mr. Weale is of opinion that we cannot expect more than a ten years' truce in the East. A great diplomatic victory will be secured if the ensuing nine years of Anglo-Japanese alliance are able to produce a permanent peace.]

Pen Patron and the Public. 7½×5. Pp. 292. Greening.

[Deals with journalism and literary life behind the scenes and records the unpublished history of several great newspapers.]

Lee, Gerald. *The Voice of the Machines*. An Introduction to the Twentieth Century. 7½×5½. Pp. 190. The Mount Tom Press, \$1.25.

Cook, Albert S. *The Higher Study of English*. 7½×4½. Pp. 145. Constable, 4s. net.

Finn, Frank. *Ornithological and other Oddities*. 8½×5½. Pp. 295. Lane, 10s. 6d. net.

Johnson, J. P. *The Stone Implements of South Africa*. 9½×7½. Pp. 53. Longmans, Green, 7s. 6d.

MUSIO.

Breare, W. H. *Vocal Faults and their Remedies*. 9×6. Pp. 160. Simpkin Marshall, 3s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Threifall, Evelyn. *The Shore of Dreams and other Verses*. 8×5. Pp. 110. George Allen, 3s. 6d. net.

The Poetical Works of William Strode. Edited by Bertram Dobell. 8½×5½. Pp. 270. Bertram Dobell, 7s. 6d. net.

Perques, A. Joseph De. *Seven Sonnets*. 6½×5½. Pp. 15. Eliot Stock, 2s. net.

Evans, George Essex. *The Secret Key and other Verses*. 7½×4½. Pp. 204. The Australian Book Company, 5s.

Ogilvie, Will H. *Fair Girls and Gray Horses*. 7½×4½. Pp. 267. The Australian Book Company, 5s.

Pollock, Walter Herries. *Sealed Orders and Other Poems*. 7½×5½. Pp. xxxiv. Alston Rivers, 1s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The Evolution of Man. A Popular Scientific Study. By Ernst Haeckel. Vol. i. 8½×5½. Pp. 364. Watts, 1s. net.

New Classical Library. *Herodotus: Books iv. to vi.* Translated by C. Woodruffe Harris, B.A. 7×4½. Pp. 165. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

New Classical Library. *Plutarch's Lives*. Translated by W. R. Frazer. 7×4½. Pp. 244. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

Eliot, George. *Silas Marner*. 8½×5½. Pp. 363. Blackwood 3s. 6d. net.

Selections from Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." Edited, with preface and notes by W. Hale White. 6½×4½. Pp. 136. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Murray, Ion Keith. *Unto a Perfect Man*. 8×5. Pp. 127. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 2s. 6d.

McCabe Joseph. *The Bible in Europe*. 7½×5½. Pp. 224. Watts, 2s. 6d. net.

Lux Hominum. Studies of the Living Christ in the World of To-day. Edited by F. W. Orde Ward. 8½×5½. Pp. 401. Francis Griffiths, 7s. 6d. net.

Ross, the Rev. G. A. Johnston. *The Universality of Jesus*. 7½×5. Pp. 182. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.

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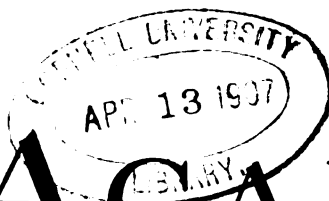
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No. 1821

MARCH 30, 1907

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LECTURES AFTER EASTER, 1907.

Tuesdays.

Professor G. H. BRYAN, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on WINGS AND AEROPLANES. On *Tuesdays*, April 9, 16, at Three o'clock.

Professor WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I.—Three Lectures on STIMULATION, LUMINOUS AND CHEMICAL. On *Tuesdays*, April 23, 30, May 7, at Three o'clock.

D. S. MACCOLL, Esq.—Two Lectures on ALFRED STEVENS (THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR AND PAINTER). On *Tuesdays*, May 14, 21, at Three o'clock.

Professor GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on MALARIA, SLEEPING SICKNESS, TICK FEVER, AND ALLIED DISEASES. On *Tuesdays*, May 28, June 4, at Three o'clock.

Thursdays.

Professor HENRY A. MIERS, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on THE BIRTH AND AFFINITIES OF CRYSTALS. On *Thursdays*, April 11, 18, at Three o'clock.

A. W. VERRALL, Esq., Litt.D.—Two Lectures on (1) EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE; (2) THE BACCHANTS OF EURIPIDES. On *Thursdays*, April 25, May 2, at Three o'clock.

H. F. NEWALL, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Pres. R.A.S.—Two Lectures on SPECTROSCOPIC PHENOMENA IN STARS: (1) CHEMISTRY; (2) MOTION. On *Thursdays*, May 9, 16, at Three o'clock.

Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I.—Three Lectures on CHEMICAL PROGRESS—WORK OF MENDELÉEFF AND MOISSAN. On *Thursdays*, May 23, 30, June 6, at Three o'clock.

Saturdays.

Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Three Lectures on STUDIES IN MAGNETISM. (The Tyndall Lectures.) On *Saturdays*, April 13, 20, 27, at Three o'clock.

Professor W. C. MCINTOSH, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on SCIENTIFIC WORK IN THE SEA-FISHERIES. On *Saturdays*, May 4, 11, at Three o'clock.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Esq., M.A.—Two Lectures on THE LIMITS OF THE DRAMATIC ART. On *Saturdays*, May 18, 25, at Three o'clock.

Sir WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on THE CONTEST BETWEEN GUNS AND ARMOUR. On *Saturdays*, June 1, 8, at Three o'clock.

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THE FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on April 12, at 9 P.M., when Professor A. H. CHURCH will give a Discourse on CONSERVATION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND FRESCOES (with *Experimental Illustrations*). Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor C. E. SHERRINGTON, JAMES SWINBURNE, Esq., SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, Signor COME. GIACOMO BONI, Professor G. CHRYSTAL (assisted by E. W. WEDDERBURN, Esq.), Professor F. A. FLEMING, A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq., Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

Persons desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply to the Secretary. When proposed they are immediately admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading Rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge. Payment; First Year, Ten Guineas; afterwards, Five Guineas a Year; or a composition of Sixty Guineas.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

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LECTURESHIP ON EDUCATION.

THE University Court of the University of Glasgow, will on June 6 next, or some subsequent date, proceed to appoint a Lecturer on Education.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE are rumours as to the formation of a new association "for the protection of authors." We do not suppose for a moment that such an association will really come into being; inasmuch as the existing "Authors' Society" seems to be well able to protect all the authors that are of consequence. On the other hand the "Authors' Society" is not without its limitations. It can deal with publishers and editors on lines which are perhaps impossible to the average author, and it can "advise" in a fatherly sort of way. But large questions involving the general welfare, rather than the welfare of the individual, seem to be outside its purview. We believe that Mr. George Bernard Shaw has described this society as a Trade Union. In effect this is exactly what it is not, and it seems to us that there really is plenty of scope for an Authors' Association organised on the trade union principle. The reason why authors are so completely at the mercy of their "natural enemies" is that there is no actual, authentic combination among them.

A member of the Authors' Society may have difficulty with his publisher, but the other members of the Authors' Society are not in the least disposed to extend to him any real support. Letters signed by the secretary of the society can be sent to the publisher and the author can be "advised" to do this, that or the other with a view to "settlement." Frequently, however, it is the publisher who gets his way, even if he be entirely in the wrong, and the author suffers accordingly. Now if a collier is unjustly treated by his master, his trade union sees to it that he is put right, and the union is prepared as the last resort even to institute a strike involving short commons for thousands of other colliers rather than see their one unfortunate fellow workman suffer unjustly. Furthermore the colliers' trade union insists that each of its members be paid the proper trade value of his work. The Authors' Society does neither of these things, nor does it make the smallest attempt to do them. A society or organisation of authors with a little greater bond of union in it, might we think achieve much that is desirable.

A copy of the First Folio Shakespeare was purchased by Mr. Quaritch on Saturday at Messrs. Sotheby's, at the gigantic price of three thousand six hundred pounds. The folio formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, and lacked the copy of verses facing the portrait. This he added later, having been obliged to give one hundred pounds for the page. The volume was then carefully

cleaned and bound in a floreated binding by F. Bedford. It measures 13 by 8½ in. At the private sale of the Locker Lampson Library the folio was purchased by Mr. W. C. Van Antwerp of New York, who sold it on Saturday. Three thousand six hundred is, by a good deal, the highest price yet reached by the folio at auction, Mr. Quaritch having given the next price, one thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds for another copy at Christie's in 1901. Previous prices were one thousand seven hundred pounds in 1899, and four hundred and twenty pounds in 1882. Another copy, in even better condition than the present, will be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's during May.

From Mr. W. Holman Hunt's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, published on March 26, it is evident that he has no intention of abating the personal claims which he advanced in his book, "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." He cannot therefore complain if those who recognise, on broad lines, the paramount influence in that movement of its great personalities show little sympathy in weighing the detailed evidence which he proposes to re-examine in support of his own position. It will be surprising if Mr. Holman Hunt ever supplants Dante Gabriel Rossetti as the great incarnation of the spirit of his school, or if the work of Ford Madox Brown does not continue to be regarded as the purest expression of its technical theories. These positions are established, whatever part Mr. Holman Hunt may or may not have taken in building them up. If his influence was so powerful as he supposes, his personality is not sufficiently marked to stamp it as his upon his companions. In order to establish recognition, in the future, of the position which Mr. Holman Hunt seems to claim, his pictures will also have to stand the test of individual comparison with works by John Everett Millais, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and even with youthful works of less known painters, such as Devereux, Collinson, Martineau, Archer and Simeon Solomon. It is much to be regretted that his venerable age expresses itself in so controversial a spirit, that he will not accept the measure of deserved recognition which he is receiving during his lifetime, and that he will not allow his contemporaries to ignore the fact that his merits have become more apparent since his far greater companions have passed away.

An exhibition of new caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm will open on April 20 at the Carfax Gallery. Max is said to have developed an entirely new style. It will be interesting to see whether the result is as unpopular as its predecessors. Max, admired by nearly every one as a dramatic critic and an essayist, has never won much favour as a draughtsman, except among connoisseurs. His humour is too subtle, his wit is sometimes too brutal, and his convention is not sufficiently obvious for the multitude, which prefers the blameless cartoons and blunted arrows of Sir Francis Gould. The English people think it blasphemous to laugh at what cannot be damaged by ridicule; they will only consent to laugh on the "right" side and reserve their grins for fallen causes, fallen statesmen, defeated governments, conquered countries, disestablished churches, and exploded reputations. It is regarded as unchivalrous and a sign of "bad taste" to satirise sound concerns and impregnable personalities.

Respectability, on whose behalf Mr. Andrew Lang recently took up the cudgels in the *Morning Post*, finds as valorous an opponent in Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who in the current *Monthly Review* writes a remarkable paper on "The Advantages of not being Respectable." Mr. Lawrence may be described as the newest exponent of the simple life. His money, if at times a minus quantity, is easily earned, so he tells us, by the writing of his "easy articles." In the summer he lives under the greenwood tree, consorts with those professional walkers known as

tramps, and hobnobs with all such persons as are sociably inclined. In winter he hires an attic in the city, lies in bed all day, soothed by the hum of toiling millions, and spends his nights in the streets, listening to the experiences of the submerged. Well, each to his taste. Mr. Lawrence likes his chosen life so much that he can see no virtues in the householder. Certainly no life could be much simpler. He who would lead it needs but two things; the first, an iron constitution: the second, a resistance to any sort of social tie as stern as that displayed by Rousseau.

The death of M. Pobiedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod in Russia, will deprive English journalism of a favourite *cliché*, and a good many foreign correspondents of a useful explanation. "The modern Torquemada" was always credited with preventing English prophecies about Russia being fulfilled. On a Monday our daily paper would inform us "that Russia was about to throw off the shackles of the House of Romanoff, the tyranny of the Orthodox Church, and the baneful power wielded by a corrupt aristocracy of Grand Dukes." But by the end of the week the "modern Torquemada" with all "the sinister engines at his command," had somehow or other stepped in, saved the dynasty and disappointed Fleet Street. As very few people were in a position to check these statements it was really a delightful method of writing modern history.

A good many of us were pleased and rather startled to learn from the Life of Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, that this "Muscovite" bogey-man, if a violent Tory and reactionary, was also one of the most cultivated and delightful of European statesmen. He was a great admirer of modern English literature and knew portions of the "Earthly Paradise" by heart. He could hardly have approved of William Morris; but, as his own "Réflexions" show, he was able to separate the man from the artist. His death is a real loss to literature and, as we point out, a very serious one to journalism, only in another sense.

Mrs. Baker Eddy's "Science and Health," which has been brought into a certain literary prominence by the publication of Mark Twain's book on Christian Science, is naturally something of a rarity on English bookshelves. Of course there are thousands of more or less professed Christian Scientists in England, and the majority of them we suppose have expended a harmless necessary guinea or so on Mrs. Eddy's work. But the booksellers do not seem to stock it and it is not favoured at the libraries. All the same, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" has attained to enormous sales. The edition before us bears proudly upon its title-page, "Three hundred and ninety-second thousand," and it is dated 1906. Quite apart from the question of its authorship, upon which Mark Twain lays such stress, the book is well worth examination. On the fly-leaf, for example, after a quotation from St. John and another from Shakespeare, we find the following cryptic verse:

I, I, I, itself I,
The inside and outside, the what and the way,
The when and the where, the low and the high,
All I, I, I, itself, I.

Mrs. Eddy (or whoever is responsible for "Science and Health") marks these lines "Anonymous." It would be interesting to know the name of the author. If by any chance Mrs. Eddy wrote them herself, we think she would have signed them. As it is, some good jinglemaker hides his light under a bushel as it were. It seems astonishing too, that nowhere in his book does Mark Twain make use of this ditty.

Right in the middle of "Science and Health," we come across a curious interpolation, which, while not exactly

foreign to the general subject-matter, is still singularly out of keeping with the author's method. We quote a portion of it:

Suppose a mental case to be on trial, as cases are tried in court. A man is charged with having committed liver-complaint. The patient feels ill, ruminates, and the trial commences. Personal Sense is the plaintiff. Mortal Man is the defendant. False Belief is the attorney for Personal Sense. Mortal Minds constitute the jury. Materia Medica, Anatomy, Physiology and Hypnotism are the pretended friends of Man. The court-room is filled with interested spectators, and Judge Medicine is on the bench.

The evidence for the prosecution being called for, a witness testifies thus:

I represent Health-laws. I was present on certain nights when prisoner, or patient, watched with a sick friend. Although I have the superintendence of human affairs, I was personally abused on those occasions. I was told that I must remain silent until called for at this trial, when I should be allowed to testify in the case. Notwithstanding my rules to the contrary the prisoner watched with the sick every night in the week. When he was thirsty, he gave him drink. During all the time he attended to his daily labours, partaking of food at irregular intervals, sometimes retiring to sleep immediately after a heavy meal. At last he committed liver-complaint; which I consider criminal, inasmuch as this offence is deemed punishable with death. Therefore I arrested Mortal Man in behalf of the state (*i.e.*, Body) and cast him into prison.

Persons with livers will find the whole allegory most amusing, and one cannot help acknowledging that if Mrs. Eddy composed it, she is a very clever woman indeed.

In Mr. David Nutt's opinion 1907 has so far proved a most disastrous season for the book-makers and book-sellers. The *Times* Book Club and the half-crown novel are largely responsible for this, he declares, for the public mind has been unsettled by visions of books at less than cost price and new novels at half the prices of old ones. As a result the six-shilling books have had a bad time of it during the last six months. Of course, this is what the lawyers would call an *ex parte* statement, but in the course of a conversation Mr. Nutt gave many sound reasons for his views. There can be little doubt that the "four-and-sixpenny" public is much the same as the "half-crown." That is, there is really no demand created by this sudden reduction, which in any case cannot be successful until all new novels are sold at uniform prices. Another general reform badly needed is the institution of the "on sale or return" agreement with booksellers. As Mr. Nutt observed, "the public will not buy a pig in a poke. They must first have an opportunity of examining new novels before putting down the money asked for them." In other words, he advocates one of the elementary rules of second-hand booksellers being applied to the trade as a whole. It is characteristic of the laxity which prevails in the trade that all authors of repute have to be paid a sum on account of royalties, because the booksellers simply will not make up their sales and returns more than once in six months.

The *fiasco* (repeated) of d'Annunzio's tragedies has made the Italian press speak of his sporting life. The author of *Più che l'amore* has a pack of twenty-eight hounds, that spread terror around the villa occasionally graced by La Duse. When peasants diminish this number of fowl-eating dogs, they are fined and imprisoned—judicial successes held logically to liken the feudal poet to Frederic II. rather than to Alighieri or to Manzoni!

The jester is more learned than he pretends, and our contemporary, the *Referee*, has given evidence of the fact in its well-known column, "Mustard and Cress." On the authority of the Rev. W. Hyamson, it corrects the vague generalisation of the "Times Century Dictionary" concerning the word "abracadabra," which that purveyor pronounces to be "mere jargon." Mr. Hyamson prefers the derivation from the Chaldean "Abra," he created, "kad," when, "abra," he created. This suggests to readers of St. Mark's Gospel an expression familiar to them, "Abba, Father." It may remind students of the Old Testament in a Reference Bible of the appropriateness of the name of

Abraham at the present moment, all over the world. It may also suggest to scholars of nothing more erudite than the Oxford "Helps to Reading the Bible," the peculiar irony of the name Absalom.

Another derivation is from the compound Hebrew word "ha-brachah," *blessing*, and "dobara," *speech*, or "Invoke the Name," that is the unutterable Hebrew name of God, represented in Greek by ΙΑΩ. Whichever derivation be correct connection is further suggested between "abracadabra" or "abraçadabra," the charm, and the name ΑΒΡΑΣΑΧ so frequently found in connection with ΙΑΩ on the engraved gems called gnostic, though not all attributable to that school of thought. A few steps further would lead us in the source of Egyptian and Hindu civilisation. The charm is first mentioned by Serenus Sammonicus, the physician of Caracalla and tutor of Gordian. It is to be carried about the person, written in a special form resembling an inverted pyramid. This is accomplished in six lines of characters, by writing the word "abracadabra" in its entirety in the first line, and omitting in each succeeding line the final and initial letters of the one before it, until in the sixth line the middle letter "A" alone remains. According to Defoe, the charm so written was still worn as a potent protection against the Great Plague. At any rate these explanations are more suggestive than the definition of the "Times Century Dictionary." It is a good thing for the peacock's feathers to be plucked from the crow. Our sporting contemporary knows well the taste of its audience, and offers gaily a learned correction which will evidently interest them; this may also be noticed as a "sign of the Times."

A writer in last week's *Athenæum* remarks: "We have not done with Nietzsche yet, and he is likely to be an influence for some time to come." Which is quite true; so true indeed that one might venture to say that it amounts to a very pretty platitude. We wonder who are the people, if any, and of what sort of intellectual calibre, who ever suggested that we *were* done with Nietzsche or that he was unlikely to be an influence for some time to come.

The dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* translates "Les Hanneçons," "the giddy ones." "Les Hanneçons" means "the cockchafers," neither more nor less. Some lines in the play explain the meaning of the name.

The Holkham Hall, Norfolk, facsimiles of binding and miniatures from Lord Leicester's library will be sold, towards the end of May, at MM. Ernest Leroux's, Paris. This collection, by M. Dorez, comprises sixty folio plates, heliogravure and phototype.

Torquemada is well known and well hated in England. His name is a byword for the cruelty of fanaticism. Few, perhaps, know that the Inquisitor "meditated," and that the cardinal's "Meditationes" (Rome, 1484) is in the catalogue of T. de Marinis, Florence. Dante is represented here, also, by two manuscript leaves of his "D. C.," by the first edition of his "Convivio" (Florence, 1490), and by the Commentary of Vellutello (Venice, 1544), with the corrections of the Holy Office.

One of our leading weekly reviews, which ought to know better, was guilty, in its last issue, of once more reproducing the time-honoured error of referring to an author's pseudonym as his "nom de plume." "Nom de plume" is not French, unless perhaps it be the French of Stratford-atte-Bow. "Nom de guerre" is the correct expression.

Mr. Digby Long and not Mr. John Long is the publisher of the novel "The Younger Woman" reviewed in our last issue.

FLAME AND ASHES

To hold a sword, keen-edged and battle-bright,
To weave a Spring-green garland for Delight,
To fight with Fate unfalteringly, and make
Surrender a vain word. For Beauty's sake
To enamel some white wall with bright dreams, set
Like gems in gold. Or cast a silver net
About strange words and fold them for men's eyes
As sweet enchanted birds from far-off skies
(So far they were but a passing note and gleam
Swift as the sigh that ends some lovely dream),
To draw embroidered curtains to the pale
Cold sky of Winter, having once cried "Hail!"
To the great Summer Sun! To lightly light,
And lightly quench, fierce torches thro' the night—
To kiss white lilies with parched lips that jest!
To wear a red rose on an ordered breast!
These things are fair,—or but those shielding masks
Which are the last gifts that the proud Heart asks.
Compassionate Death shall see what Life and Art
Found veiled,—the ashes of a ruined heart.
But kindlier Love, Lord of Dawn-lightening Lands,
Shall hold the Flame that burned it, 'twixt his hands.

ALTHEA GYLES.

LITERATURE

THE BIG HUMAN PASSIONS

Historia Amoris. By EDGAR SALTUS. (Sisley, 5s. net.)

IN the volume before us Mr. Edgar Saltus has opened up what might be an attractive vein in history. The "big human passions" is a phrase dear to the sensational novelist who says that the Alpha and Omega of his art is to let them loose. We do not suppose that he ever tried coldly and dispassionately to number and describe them. Yet the great passions that have played an important part in the development of humanity are not so many but that their individual history might be brought within the compass of a book such as this. Mr. Edgar Saltus has chosen the most powerful as his subject. It is also the most attractive to write about and by far the most romantic. Yet there are others which do not lag far behind it in importance. There is ambition, which in many individuals has proved sufficiently strong to overcome love, indeed to vanquish all the other passions inherent in the human mind. A man who has sought and attained power very often is able to extirpate all scruples, all feelings, all desires that do not help him towards his end. The historian can find many remarkable figures in the history of mankind whose ruling passion of ambition has at once lent distinction to their own lives and had an appreciable effect in moulding the history of the race. Ambition and love belong to the nobler class of passions, but the ignoble lust of gain has on occasion proved itself as powerful a factor as they and, where it is the ruling passion, all other affections and desires pale before it. Nearly every man has one overmastering passion that dominates his whole personality. The justly balanced man although capable of making the best citizen has very seldom scaled the heights of fame to which others have risen. It was therefore no unworthy task to take love and examine it at its source, and later when it had spread into a great

stream flowing over and influencing life. The idealist perhaps might find retrospection somewhat painful. Even if he does not go so far back as to the first sexual indications in primordial matter he must find the beginning of love in the lower animals. Our Simian ancestors were, so far as we know, innocent of any sentiment in the matter. The male and female, hideously ugly both of them from our point of view, casually met and mated in the wood, and then took their several ways. At first it is obvious that the care of the offspring must have devolved exclusively upon the dam; and perhaps it may have been one of the earliest discoveries of the ape developing into manhood that he could enclose his female in a cave and even force her to do things for him. At any rate, woman in the dawn of civilisation appears to have been in a position no better than that of a slave ruled over by the strong male. Even in the times that are historical we find the power of life and death exercised over women by their Roman husbands. It was no sin to kill an unfaithful wife. Yet it is obvious that as soon as mating took place for a prolonged period love in the modern sense of the term would very quickly develop. Mr. Saltus properly enough lays stress on its exclusiveness. The lower animal seems scarcely to distinguish or to prefer one male from another. But in the Song of Solomon, which is quoted here in Renan's version, we find the Shulamite woman refusing the advances of a king because her heart has already been taken possession of by her chosen lover. Constancy, therefore, was one of the virtues earliest developed from love. The passion itself has always since then found its highest expression in the singling out of an individual, to gain whom riches and ease and even honour have been set at naught. The history of love is largely a tale of its purification. As we turn over the pages of the book before us we seem to see a high ideal gleaming fitfully like a light seen at intervals by a toiling and distressed people. At times, as in the days of chivalry, something of its pure beauty seems to be caught by the best of the population. But even then the great masses had risen to no high appreciation of its capability. Marriages were not made in Heaven under the feudal system but were fixed by the earthly lord, and the women seemed to have very little choice in the matter. The years pass, and at times it looks as though a retrograde step were being taken towards licentiousness by the most civilised nations of Europe. We have France more decadent than it is to-day, we have England under the Restoration, with a state of morals that was no morals, and yet even in these times there seems to have been a remnant who were neither Puritans nor profligates, who knew that it was unnatural to suppress the feeling altogether.

In all this there is perceptible growth, difficult as it may be to recognise it at all times; but though the wave at times seems to recede, the tide is ever advancing. Love in modern times is a greater and more dignified passion than it was in antique days. No doubt it still has about it a great deal of the market-place. Women are bought and sold to-day as surely as they were in the early years of the Roman republic. They are the subject of bargain and negotiation, and to a great many, perhaps to a majority, love means nothing at all beyond that which it implies in the way of settlement and physical comfort. But in spite of that, the numbers continually increase of those who regard it in a more spiritual light. So much is this the case that it would be a distinct shock to many of the more refined minds of to-day to look back at the muddled beginnings of the passion that they cherish so highly. Mr. Edgar Saltus, to whose work we have not given that detailed attention which it deserves, sees in the future a greater scope for its fine developments than ever there has been in the past, and we cannot help thinking that he is right. The purifying influence of love has become greater as the years flow past, and it will remain one of the greatest forces of civilisation until we reach that point when retrogression begins.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH OF VIRGINIA

The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles. By Captain JOHN SMITH. Sometime Governour in those Countreies and Admiral of New England. 2 vols. (MacLehose, 25s. net.)

THERE is a big grey church in the heart of London to which, sooner or later, all good American pilgrims find their way. History and the depredations of vandals have set many ugly marks upon the building, so that little enough can be traced to give point to the noble dedication of St. Sepulchre: yet one tomb of importance remains. "Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!" And one or two monarchies have undergone strange vicissitudes since John Smith, Lincolnshire yeoman's son, secured his fame in Virginia and found his rest in Holborn.

Once more the style is the man, and a first glance at this hero's face will be an instant prelude to the respect which we all traditionally feel. Thackeray's enthusiasm—reflected abundantly in the pages of "The Virginians"—is not a thing to wonder at, even if we have heard rumours calling in question the truth of the quaint romance of Pokahontas. These rumours were long ago dispersed. Even if it were not so, John Smith's fine, cheerful, honest, manly face looks into your eyes from the printed page; his voice speaks, his industrious pen never fails, never flags; in the panegyrics of his friends he is always loyal, loving, brave. No test, in fact, needs to be applied to the story as it runs, except the test that can be applied, as in music, by a good ear—then all rings true. Criticism, of course, has already done its work in respect of this classic. It only remained to make the book accessible to the world, and to remind a public which is still trying to build something substantial on the labours of the pioneer, that these are things worth rescuing from the dusty shelves of libraries, worth studying and praising as living documents. In this pious work Messrs. MacLehose have already done a great deal; we take this opportunity of congratulating them and in the right spirit of gratitude, of asking for more.

It was in an adventurous hour, and in circumstances by no means unpropitious, that John Smith was born. His father counted on the friendship of the Lincolnshire Willoughbys, and did not count in vain. This was a case of real friendship, not patronage: but when patronage was wanted, it was not lacking. The Willoughby connection led to little, but that first visit to France in young Peregrine Willoughby's company naturally fired the keen adventurer with a desire for fresh life. Money, of course, soon became scarce. A soldier's chance lay open, and John Smith took it. Whatever scheme of thought or knowledge or progress came his way he strove to master it. His course lay much on land, but he speedily tackled the science of the sea: always a little in advance of the dullards, whom later he took it on himself to instruct, but in such a way as to make his "Sea Grammar" a thing to be commended even to the most advanced of nautical novelists. Underneath his system of energetics, lay, naturally, a keen sense of the importance of self-advancement. But there is a strength in his philosophy dictated by something more powerful than mere prudence. "To rectify a commonwealth with debauched people is impossible." "All you expect from thence must be by labour." On such maxims Smith himself strove and thrived, for once his nature had full play, authority gravitated to him, and then he set to work in the spirit of a man conscious of great issues at stake. Three years from December 19, 1606, sufficed to make the beginnings of the colony, after which Smith returned to England for a time. The rest of his days were devoted in one way or another to the cause of colonisation. These ways were very varied, and fortunately so. For the very reasons which prevented the continual stress of travel, gave him

the opportunity to become a writer, and preserved to us the priceless possession of these records.

All the indispensable touches which turn bare statements into powerful evidence for truth and progress are here. The practical mind has taken care to give us names and dates. On these very names imagination may yet build some new romance of England, of duty, of homes away from home. Our sturdiest chroniclers are often full of heart and humour, even when they wade in blood. What else would you have when obstinate forces have to be dealt with? "Will any goe to catch a Hare with Taber and Pipe?" Captain Smith was not a man to stand any nonsense from anybody. A recital of his deeds of prowess reads like an echo of St. Paul: the positions changed from passive to active when he warred with men or monsters, but like his prototype tossed and buffeted by Nature from sea to sea, his virile self ever welcomed the unequal combat, and in these briskly written pages he still lives to tell the tale. He tells it, moreover, with something of the true simplicity of art. "How much women have done for me!" he exclaims, when it becomes a matter of importance to secure the favour of an illustrious lady. "The beauteous lady Tragabigzanda, when I was slave to the Turkes, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pokahontas, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life." This last series of episodes, with the results that followed, always loomed largest in Smith's own memory, and the marriage of the blessed Pokahontas to John Rolfe, incited by himself, is of course recorded with all the gusto of large-heartedness and long-headedness. For Pokahontas became a splendid advertisement. As a matter of fact, Smith needed no advertisement when living, and needs less being dead. If some of his narrations make a demand on our credulity, if occasionally his deeds of derring-do are over-garnished, there is little from beginning to end that can be discredited or discounted, looking at the psychology of man, here revealed with the unconscious master's touch. No wonder the veneration of America follows John Smith from East Anglia to Scotland, from Scotland to the Low Countries, from thence to New England, and backwards, forwards again, till modern homage is paid him: "*here in streaming London's central roar.*" A smile may well be raised at the quaintly bombastic tone of old memorials, a smile more sympathetic will linger over some recollection drawn from these pages. The beginnings of Virginia were indubitably heroic. They stand out for all time by the touch of genius which has preserved them. Above all, they were inspired by the tenacity of hope. Pitiful, sometimes, the efforts of the pioneer in face of destiny. But characteristic the pioneer's way of meeting tragedy, and no less characteristic the comment. "And amongst all these sorrows, we had a merry English marriage." Gallant John Smith! Might England come back to merriment again by treading with thee in thought and act the pathway of the pioneer.

THUCYDIDES THE ARTIST

Thucydides Mythistoricus. By F. M. CORNFORD, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERY student of the classics has a vivid sense of the salient differences which distinguish the method of Thucydides from that of the somewhat earlier historian Herodotus. It is well put by Professor Gomperz in his *Greek Thinkers*:

There is hardly any pair of contemporaries who offer a more glaring contrast than Herodotus and Thucydides. Barely a score of years divided their works from one another, but a gulf of centuries seems to yawn between their temper and inspiration. Herodotus creates

throughout an entirely old-fashioned impression; Thucydides is a modern of the moderns. He made a clean sweep of the political and religious bias, the legendary and novelistic sympathies, the primitive beliefs rarely mitigated by the light of criticism, which marked the elder historian. The gaze of Thucydides is primarily fixed on the political factors, on the actual relations of forces, on the rational foundation, so to speak, of historical phenomena. . . . It was his constant endeavour to describe the course of human affairs as though it were a process of nature informed by the light of irreducible causality.

Most readers of Thucydides would accept this as a fair description of the historical method of Thucydides as distinguished from that of Herodotus. But a perusal of Mr. Cornford's able and brilliant *Thucydides Mythistoricus* will lead him to modify his opinion considerably. Thucydides himself declares that his plan was to write a plain narrative of events and the way in which they acted on the minds of the many remarkable men who shaped the fortunes of the Peloponnesian War, which he regarded as the most important conflict that the world had yet seen. But Mr. Cornford has made a very good case for a theory that at a certain point in the course of the work a certain informing conception began to grow which gives to his history an artistic aspect absent from the narratives of Diodorus, Ephorus, Polybius, and even Xenophon, but present in Herodotus. The latter wrote a prose epic of the struggle between the East and the West. Thucydides modelled his work on the tragedies of Aeschylus. Hence he is not merely *Historicus* but *Mythistoricus*. We congratulate Mr. Cornford on writing correctly "double sure" in the following passage. The erroneous "doubly sure" is well-nigh universal:

He chose a task which promised to be wholly within the sphere of positively ascertainable fact; and, to make assurance double sure, he set himself limits which further restricted this sphere, till it seemed that no bias, no preconception, no art except the art of methodical inquiry, could possibly intrude. . . . But it came about that even his vigilant precaution allowed a certain traditional mode of thought, characteristic of the Athenian mind, to shape the mass of facts which was to have been shapeless, so that the work of science came to be a work of art.

Educated almost exclusively in the study of the poets, it would have been little short of a miracle if he had adhered to what would now be called the strictly scientific view of human history, though he had an admirably scientific temper, which is well illustrated by his temperate rebuke administered (i. 20) to Herodotus (whom he does not name) for two misstatements which he could easily have avoided by no very recondite inquiry, namely that the Spartan kings had two votes, and that there was a territorial Spartan regiment called "the Pitane."

Mr. Cornford finds the Thucydidean account of the origin of the Peloponnesian War inadequate, as also the current views, that it was (1) fomented by Pericles for personal reasons; (2) that it was racial, between Ionians and Dorians; (3) that it was political, a conflict between oligarchy and democracy. On the last point he makes an illuminating observation:

The old names, Whig and Tory, oligarch and democrat, which stand for the aims of parties in one generation, go on being used in the next, when the lines of cleavage have really shifted, and parties are divided on quite other issues. A democrat was a revolutionary under Peisistratus, a radical under Cleisthenes, and in the time of Pericles a conservative.

It is very remarkable how Thucydides almost completely suppresses the boycotting of Megara as one of the main causes of the war, though it is put forward with equal humour and force by the contemporary poet Aristophanes, and dwelt on subsequently by Plutarch and by Diodorus, who ascribes the obnoxious decrees to some petty personal rancour on the part of Pericles, a feeling of which Thucydides knew him to be incapable.

Mr. Cornford finds an explanation in the theory that the boycotting decrees were part of a policy which had not been originated by Pericles, but forced upon him against his will by the large and growing population of the Piræus, who furnished the bulk of his then majority,

their object being to supplant Corinth in her trade with the West by establishing a trade-route across the Megarid from Nisaea to Pegae. So long as Pericles lives Thucydides preserves silence about political relations with Italy and Sicily, not mentioning the founding of Thurii, and barely alluding, six years after the event, to the important alliance concluded by Athens with Leontini and Rhegium.

The history of Thucydides was intended to cover the whole twenty-seven years of the war. The eighth book deals with only twenty, not being carried beyond the year 411 B.C. It is divided into two nearly equal parts. The division occurs at bk. v. ch. 20. Part I. contains the ten years' war. Part II. begins with a fresh introduction, bk. v. ch. 26, chapters 21-25 being a connecting link.

Why does Thucydides reiterate that the Athenian success at Pylos was all due to luck, while we can easily see that it was largely due to the strategic genius of Demosthenes? He had no ill-feeling, nothing but admiration for that great general. It has been hinted that he might have had a grudge against Athens which had exiled him, but he tells the whole of his own failure without any attempt at extenuation and without bitterness. And surely the historian of the Athenian disaster in Sicily loves Athens and deeply sympathises with her in her downfall. Mr. Cornford's suggestion is that Thucydides thought he really saw an Agency called "Fortune" in the Pylian episode. He is convinced that

Thucydides does not mean by "Fortune" simply the operation of unknown *natural* causes, the working of ordinary causal law in the universe. He is thinking of extraordinary and sudden interventions of non-human agencies, occurring especially at critical moments in warfare, or manifest from time to time in convulsions of Nature.

It is in this view, which he traces to the dramas of Aeschylus, that Mr. Cornford finds the informing conception which transforms the history from a scientific treatise into a work of art. He does not find in Thucydides scepticism so much as an undogmatic agnosticism:

Vulgar superstition is nothing to him, except at the few points where it stands in the path of knowledge; there he can treat it with cool irony. He could respect the piety of Nikias and love the man, while gravely condemning his credulity in one fatal matter where it blinded him to a definitely ascertained fact. He will note with grave severity how in times of stress men who profess religion fall short of their ideals. . . . In his attitude towards religion (which must not be confounded with the quackeries of strolling oracle-vendors) there is never a trace of lightness or irreverence.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE MIDDLE AGES

A Short History of Medieval Peoples from the Dawn of the Christian Era to the Fall of Constantinople. By ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.A., D.C.L. (Hodder & Stoughton).

DR. SOUTTAR has followed up his *Short History of Ancient Peoples* by a similar volume on *Mediæal Peoples*, the middle volume, we presume, of his series. It covers the period from the accession of Augustus in B.C. 43 to the fall of Constantinople in A.D. 1453, practically 1500 years, the duration in one form or the other of the Roman Empire. When we remember the "voluminous page of Gibbon," as Sheridan said he called it, which only covered a part of the time, but occupied a series of volumes, it shows how the modern idea of summaries has "caught on" for us to have all we want to know, or rather which it is necessary for us to know, in a volume of just under seven hundred pages. Possibly the greatest praise we can give the book is that, notwithstanding the compression, it is not only not dull, but in fact very readable, not like the author's own description of early Roman literature, "historic annals so bald and imperfect that they are of little use even to the historian."

Dr. Souttar begins with a survey of Latin literature up to the beginning of the Empire. Here he is not at his best; indeed, it is difficult to see how he could be when his account of Cæsar runs only to half a page and of Lucretius

to a page and a half. We don't think he quite appreciates Horace: a real lover of Horatian poetry would not limit his praise of the odes to "beauty of form and language"; there is something much more than that something that no one else has possessed in quite the same degree, the Horatian spirit. Dr. Souttar tries to whitewash various historical monsters: he begins with Tiberius. He will not have it that the retirement at Capri was what it is always represented to have been, a gigantic debauch, but alleges it was merely a search after peace. It may have been so, but the evidence is all the other way. Indeed Dr. Souttar is rather inclined to reconsider the popular verdict as to the twelve Cæsars. Caligula he gives up, but Claudius he says was an "earnest worker and a persevering man"; even for Nero he says that historians have not always dealt fairly with his memory. He regards him in a new light as the earliest Free-trader and says if his proposals had been carried out the history of Europe might have been changed. It is certain that Dr. Souttar has a way of his own in dealing with popular judgments. He does not appear to think much of Antoninus Pius, and still less of Marcus Aurelius, whom he condemns for his persecution of the Christians, adding that

until comparatively modern times the writing of history was in the hands of the official and ecclesiastical classes . . . who doubtless considered the attitude of Marcus Aurelius towards Christianity all that could be desired.

But Dr. Souttar's ideas of the Roman historians are distinctly original. Speaking of Tacitus he says, "as a historian he leaves much to be desired." We had always considered Tacitus the greatest not only of Roman but of all historians. The same may be said of satirists, for of Juvenal he says his verses are forcible but often coarse. As to Suetonius Dr. Souttar says his stories about the Emperor are "scandalous, mostly exaggerated, often untrue." It would be interesting to know on what material these judgments are founded, for the book is remarkable for one thing, not one single authority is cited whereby the statements can be tested. It would be wearisome to follow Dr. Souttar step by step through the Roman Emperors; on the whole he thinks better of them than is usually done. This is a matter of opinion, and every one is entitled to their own view; what we regret is that we are not given the means of testing the accuracy or inaccuracy of Dr. Souttar. To use a well known old tag, it seems to a large extent to be "sic volo sic jubes stet pro ratione voluntas." Constantine is one of Dr. Souttar's favourites, he was he says, "a good man and a great king," we should have preferred to substitute astute for good, for whatever else he may have been Constantine was an opportunist; indeed, Dr. Souttar's description of the builder of Constantinople shows it, "Born in Servia, bred in Asia, crowned in Britain, Rome was to him a foreign city." Julius is another of Dr. Souttar's favourites. "He was a sincere idolator and should not be called an apostate, a name which prejudices his character." The description of St. George is very neat, "a defaulting army contractor who took to theology and embraced Arianism." Dr. Souttar will not have at any price the story of Julian's death-bed exclamation, "The Galilean has conquered," which he says is without foundation. Indeed, for a destructive criticism of the legends we were taught at school thirty years ago Dr. Souttar's book would be difficult to surpass.

St. Ambrose also falls under the author's lash. The celebrated sermon in which the great Milanese bishop compared the Emperor Theodosius, who was one of the listening congregation, to David in his treatment of Uriah and Bathsheba is said to have been impertinent, and the following comment is made on the well-known scene:

When a bishop, and more particularly a Catholic bishop, speaks thus, his action is not brave but the reverse. He knows well that his position makes retaliation impossible.

We do not pretend that Ambrose was an ideal even of

a Bishop still less of a Saint, he had his faults, but until we read Dr. Souttar's book we should never have said that cowardice was one of them. It is enough to make the author of the "Church of the Fathers" turn in his grave.

Another great ecclesiastic, Basil, is not one of Dr. Souttar's favourites :

A proud man, very masterful, having implicit confidence in himself. . . . He did much service at a critical time, was a valiant defender of the faith, and but for his self-sufficiency and the crookedness of his methods at times, he might have had a claim to greatness.

This is hardly a satisfactory description of the founder of the monks of the East. The description of another saint, Jerome, is still less fair on the Bethlehem hermit. Jerome's letters in their way are perhaps the best description we have of social life at the end of the fourth century, granted his objection to marriage and his habit of calling a spade a spade rendered him a dangerous person for young ladies, either to know or correspond with, but it is rather startling to be told that Jerome

in his youth had led a sensual life and knew little of any higher. His style of argument did not make matters easier, for he was always supercilious and often scurrilous.

Yet to some degree Dr. Souttar does him justice :

Concerning his extraordinary diligence, his tenacity of purpose, and the high value of his labours, there can be no two opinions.

The author of the Vulgate, a book that has had and is having a far greater effect on mankind than any other, is at least entitled to this somewhat faint praise. While so many legends are disbelieved by Dr. Souttar, it is refreshing to find him adopt one that modern Celtic scholars hold to be rank heresy, that Pelagius is the Greek form of "Morgan," yet it is said :

Pelagius was a Briton—perhaps a Welshman from Bangor University. The name has the same significance as Morgan sea born.

This is the first time we have heard that Bangor ever was a university. It will be pleasing news for the modern Welsh University College, there, to say it was a university in the fifth century. We have given so many of Dr. Souttar's views on different persons that we hesitate to give more, but we cannot refrain from referring to the way he stands up for the Empress Theodora. Her husband

was not a truly great man, only able, versatile, industrious, and clever at choosing his servants.

We seem to remember a passage in another author beginning :

The fame of Justinian victorious has long crumbled into dust, but the fame of the legislator remains as a firm and lasting monument ;

and then follows a very different appreciation of Justinian. But as to the Empress, Dr. Souttar dismisses what he calls "the gross and often palpably ridiculous tales about her," and adds that Justinian, who was far from being a fool, deliberately married her after having obtained the repeal of the law forbidding a senator to marry an actress. Dr. Souttar may be right, but it is doubtful if the most beautiful woman on the Constantinople stage at a time of avowed licentiousness was "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow."

The account of Mohammedanism does not do justice to the character of its founder. The description of Mohammed as a man "who had his chance and missed it," seems hardly adequate for a man who founded a religion that has lasted over twelve hundred years and shows no sign of dying out. This endurance puzzles Dr. Souttar; he says :

The wonder is that in the twentieth century there should still be found educated men reverencing the memory of one so worthless. . . . It is idolatry of a peculiarly degrading type, the worship of a bad book and a bad man.

This may be so, but the man who set it up can hardly be accurately described as having missed his chance.

One of the most startling things in the book is the map of the widest limits of Moslem rule before Byzantium fell. It is coloured in red and black, and when first looked at makes one feel ill; a stupid printer's error stating that the Moslem territory is coloured red when it is really coloured black adds to the puzzle.

We have not space to follow Dr. Souttar through the Crusades or the later Byzantine empire, yet it is worth while for any one to do so. His own estimate of the characters of the different actors is not less remarkable than in the earlier part of the book.

We cannot part with Dr. Souttar without thanking him for his book; it is a very readable summary of a period of history much of which is little known and of which there is no other book which exactly fills the place of this. We have not hesitated to point out subjects on which we differ as much from the author as he does from all past writers, but we none the less think his book will supply a decided want, and no one who reads it can fail to be impressed with the great labour bestowed upon it, the skill with which the materials are arranged, and the pleasant way in which the story is told.

AN INTERPRETER

Littérature Italienne. Par HENRI HAUVETTE. (Paris : Armand Colin, 5 fr.)

FROM the first to the last page of a literary history is usually a weary pilgrimage. Few people who have had much experience of this class of book will feel tempted at first sight to read consecutively through a volume which, starting with the earliest monuments of the vulgar tongue, brings the story of Italian literature down to the works of Carducci, D'Annunzio and the other contemporary writers. We dread, before opening the book, to find those dull summaries of political history, those conventional little biographies, those strings of names and dates, those time-honoured classifications of schools and periods—in short the mass of heterogeneous matter which forms the substance of most handbooks of literature, leaving them, it may be, full to the brim of information, but devoid of vitality and interest.

Let the reader who may approach "*Littérature Italienne*" in this apprehensive frame of mind be immediately reassured. M. Henri Hauvette has written a book whose effect is rather to suggest than to teach, not so much to chronicle the phenomena of literature as to interpret them. He is more author than pedant; and while no doubt his book may be found useful by those who like to acquire their information at second-hand, it will make its real appeal to readers with some previous knowledge of the subject, who yet cannot fail to be interested in what a genial and widely read critic has to say about their favourite authors. He has not aimed at a completeness impossible in a volume of five hundred pages, but by a process of wise selection and subordination he has managed in that small space to write a clear and continuous appreciation of practically everything which is immortal in the literature of Italy. He has therefore achieved the only unity to which it was possible to attain. He is not microscopic or patchy; from his point of view there is a broad outlook on to the field, and the important objects stand out clear and in their proper proportion. He has thus made it as easy as he could for the student to pick out the greater, secondary and least important writers and to distinguish the main currents of inspiration and the enduring and fruitful tendencies in thought and taste. Nearly half the volume is taken up with the study of some sixteen great men, around whom are grouped those of less originality.

In the introduction the author gives a short sketch of the chief periods into which he divides the study. This contains some pages which, although they are addressed mainly to French readers, are full of significance for us

on this side of the channel, as they serve to show how different in many ways was the development of literature in Italy from its growth in any other country. The term "Middle Ages," for instance, means in France feudalism, scholasticism and, at the same time, a strong strain of national inspiration in the poetical production of those centuries. The literature of the period is a perfect reflection of the young nation, "the offspring of Latin and Christian civilisation on Gaulish soil, whose social system had been changed by a fighting aristocracy of Germanic origin." In Italy, on the other hand, it was not under feudalism but under the guilds and communes, the enemies and conquerors of feudalism, that literature first became original. Till then, men thought only of Rome and her glory whose eclipse they felt must only be temporary. Paris taught theology, the scholastic study, but Bologna the Roman science of law. The Divine Comedy—the climax and the end of mediæval literature—may perhaps be called the most original and personal, and at the same time the most retrospective poem in the world, not only on account of Dante's learning, but because his ideal can be summed up in the word Rome—Rome Christian and Rome Imperial, pure and well governed. Consequently the Renaissance, which in France, and to a less extent in England as well, meant a complete abandonment of national mediæval traditions and a sudden impetus of classical imitation, meant something very different in Italy. In the first place, men had never lost sight of antiquity and so could not suddenly return to it. The Italian Renaissance was not brought about by any external influence, but by the gradual evolution of the consciousness of the people. Secondly, it is equally out of the question to talk of the abandonment of mediæval tradition; for the "Orlando Furioso"—the type and centre of Italian Renaissance literature—goes for its plot to the stories of Charlemagne and his heroes, in other words, to French mediævalism. Pure classicism came, but later; and it meant, not new birth, but decay. Finally, not to insist too much on this theme, take the word Romanticism. In France and England it meant roughly speaking the revolt against the rigid laws of the "classical" school: it was an artistic movement. But in Italy it meant patriotism, nationality, political revolution, the unity of Italy. Such, in brief, is the author's general view of Italian literature. Throughout the main portion of the book, in which these ideas are never quite lost sight of, M. Hauvette will be found a most interesting and suggestive companion.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Complete Fisherman. By WALTER M. GALLICHAN. (Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.)

ANGLING has developed so much during the last thirty years, both in theory and in practice, that it would be impossible to make good the claims of this title within a compass of two hundred and sixteen pages; but the present book is perhaps as nearly exhaustive as it could be under the circumstances. It is a miracle of compression. The author has already written guide-books to fishing in Spain, Wales and Derbyshire, and is an adept at compiling accurate details and useful information. Not only does he aim at giving the beginner instruction in every branch and style of fishing, but he gives him most admirable advice about the tackle and baits that he will require for each kind of fish. Nothing is taken for granted. Whoever has mastered this little book should be able, in theory at least, to catch every fish that swims with us in river, lake or sea, from salmon to soles. The all-round fisherman requires a most alarming quantity of tackle: six rods at least, viz., a salmon rod, a sea-trout rod, a ten and a half foot fly-rod, a trolling rod, a sea-fishing rod, and a roach pole. His flies will be legion, his baits without

number; he must have floats in endless variety, and a perfect arsenal of leads and sinkers. For further information, see "The Complete Fisherman." But be not misled, oh sanguine youth, into fancying that the perfection of equipment of itself will fill your creel; and do not believe that Dame Juliana Berners wrote "The Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle."

Papers of a Pariah. By FATHER BENSON. (Smith, Elder.)

ANOTHER quasi-polemical book is this "Papers of a Pariah," by Father Benson. The "Pariah" is an actor, who had been educated however at Rugby and Oxford, and the "Papers" reveal the mental process by which he finally arrived at the Catholic Faith. We seem as we read to have already met with his arguments in one place or another, but we are certain we have never seen them put with greater humour and wit. Father Benson protests that the Father Thorpe of these "Papers" is not himself, and clearly the "Pariah" is not Father Benson; but to Father Benson we suspect both belong as children of his brain; and if only he could bestow his style, and humaneness, and clearness of exposition on converts we would wish him many of them as the result of this brilliant little book.

THE SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES

THERE is a chapter still to be written in the history of moral philosophy. It is the chapter showing the transcendent sincerity of the twentieth century. In seven years we have done more than seven times seven previous centuries to see ourselves as we are and to shape our moral course by the knowledge. The eighteenth century—admirable, hard-headed age of fact—climbed some way towards our eminence; but its gentlemanly doctrine proves a poor compromise, and its efforts to follow it less than half-hearted by the side of our own wisdom and progress. "Whatever is, is right"—so one of their poets wrote; but, hampered by his Popish training, he did not half understand what he wrote. Then came nineteenth-century sentimentalism, woman-worship, scientific progress and other developments, to confuse or cloud the issue for us. It is the twentieth century that has discovered the full philosophic meaning of Pope's words, and put them into uncompromising practice.

The Catholic Church, absorbing, as was her right, all the wisdom of the previous ages of all the world, taught the doctrine of the Seven Deadly Sins. Those who have never heard of them before—a class which will include at least nine-tenths of those who are not Catholics—may be interested to read a learned but not too stiff account of them in a book by Mr. Frederick Rogers, recently published by that lover of all that is quaint, old and superseded—like poetry, scholarship and the humanities—Mr. A. H. Bullen. The Catholic Church found a fairly close consensus of opinion in the ancient world as to what were the failings incident to human nature. Some of them, she said, are worse than the others; and with her unerring moral shrewdness she put her finger upon seven; *Superbia*: Pride; *Luxuria*: Lechery; *Invidia*: Envy; *Ira*: Wrath; *Avaritia*: Covetousness; *Gula*: Gluttony; *Accidia*, or *Pigritia*: Sloth. She said in effect to man; "That is what you are! You are conceited, lecherous, envious, bad-tempered, grasping, gluttonous, and idle." And she drew him pictures of himself—a peacock for pride, a goat for lechery, a yelping cur for envy, a hog for gluttony—the better to instruct him in his own nature. And, so far, no one has been found to disagree with her openly. Man has always admitted that he is all that.

He has not enjoyed admitting it, of course; and until recent years the history of moral philosophy is a history of his attempts to wriggle out of the admission. He does not like that trick of saying: "That is what you are!"

It is not good manners to point and to call names. The wriggles began with the Reformation. Tired of contemplating his familiar deformities, man set to work to invent some others; and such a healthy new crop of sins, of which no one had ever heard before—gaiety, laughter, play, music, dancing, good works, and others—came into being, that the seven old sins were completely neglected. There were other reasons, too, for keeping silence on that subject. It was difficult to be personal about hogs and goats when the first lay Head of your Church looked like the one and behaved like the other. *Superbia* would have been a touchy subject with Elizabeth—the peacock soul that perished of her pride; and James I. had a crowd of ambitious persons—*Græculos esurientes*—in his train, which made references to certain other of the Church's sins a little dangerous. So the old seven were left to flourish like a green bay-tree. Poets, indeed, found the imagery convenient, as Mr. Rogers shows; they were nothing now but "superstitions of Popery," and it was open to any one to use them for what purpose he would. So, when Edmund Spenser, to curry favour with one queen, who left him unrewarded, wished to insult another queen—unfortunate, beautiful, betrayed, and afterwards murdered—he chose his imagery from the Seven Sins, and added unspeakable filth of his own. Besides such indignities as this, the Sins suffered a certain diminution of honour, which befell them more distinctively in the seventeenth century. Anger, lust, avarice worse than other sins? The notion was clearly absurd. What about dancing round the maypole, singing a catch, going to see a play of Shakespeare's? As to pride, it had become a virtue, and humility a vice; unless you squinted down your nose, unless you were convinced of your own "election" and nearly every one else's damnation, you were certainly damned. And in the eighteenth century we find that doctrine of the equality of sins carried into practice in the penal code. You were hanged for murder: you were hanged no less for stealing a pennyworth of bread. There is no denying that the eighteenth century was logical.

Its mistake, of course, was that it did not go far enough, or rather that it did not see far enough, to attain the perfect wisdom of the twentieth. It had a glimmering of the truth, and Pope, with the privilege of genius, put it into words without seeing his own meaning. "Whatever is, is right," is a dogma so radiant, so directly flashed from the very fount of light, that he may be forgiven for being a little blinded by its glory. The great mistake committed by the Catholic Church was, as we see clearly enough nowadays, that she remained (and remains) a hopeless Idealist. She only said: "That's what's *you* are!" in order to be able to go on to say: "And this is what you can be if you choose," adding her counsel as to how the transformation (which she continues in her old-fashioned way to believe desirable) could best be brought about. Opposite the list of Seven Sins, she set of a list of Seven Virtues: against Pride, *Humilitas*: Humility; against Lechery, *Castitas*: Chastity; against Envy, *Caritas*: Love; against Wrath, *Patientia*: Patience; against Covetousness, *Eleemosyna*: Bounty; against Gluttony, *Abstinencia*: Abstinence; against Sloth, *Vigilantia*: Vigilance. The eighteenth century, feeling a little uncomfortable in its new doctrine of *το ὄν*, tried to blink the issue by inventing a convenient kind of *το πᾶν* for its spiritual ablutions. It talked of Reason, Law, Nature and so forth; and when people begin to use abstract words with capital letters, it nearly always means that they are out of their depth. And so, whilst, for the "lower orders" they carried the old doctrine of the equality of the offences into practice, the philosophers and polite persons among themselves went without a moral code altogether. If a man made a *faux pas* himself he excused it under the heading of Nature; if his enemy made one he invoked *bon ton* or Manners.

Such a condition of things indicates a dangerously lax morality. And when the nineteenth-century clouds to

which we have referred had finally rolled away, the twentieth, born the son of light, heralded by all the ages as the possessor of final truths the last enemy of shams, sprang forward, like a figure in a fresco by Besnard, to point the simple, the beatific. The twentieth century has discovered that the old Seven Sins of the Church are the real Seven Virtues of man.

Nothing less—and nothing greater—has been its message. In some lights it seems too simple to be of any value; in others too difficult, too revolutionary, to be true. That is the way, however, with the great truths. This great truth could be expounded in a page, yet three hundred volumes could not do it justice. For our own purpose the exposition must be brief. Let us take the "Sins" and their opposite Virtues one by one.

Superbia: Pride. It is difficult to see now, in the light of the teaching of Nietzsche, how the opposite of this—*Humilitas*—can ever have been supposed a virtue. If you are a Superman, you cannot understand the meaning of the term; if you are not, it is your duty, as Louis Dubedat saw, to be as like one as you can, and you will never do that unless you cheat or kick aside any one smaller than yourself. Besides, advertisement is the secret of success in life; and that no one has any master but himself is a truth which the dullest pupil in the Socialist Sunday Schools has learned. *Luxuria*: Lechery—we need scarcely dwell on this. Every one knows that instinct is the only law. But it sounds nicer if you call it love. *Invidia*: Envy, with its opposite *Caritas*: Love—in the other and now discarded sense. It is almost inconceivable that this pestilent vice of *Caritas* should ever have been taken for a virtue. Every boy of seventeen has learned that nothing does so much harm in the world as self-sacrifice; that it is degrading to the doer and useless if not pernicious to the receiver. Little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love are dastardly attacks on progress. Besides, has it not been proved that self-sacrifice is logically impossible? The notion of loving one's fellow men is, of course, exploded. It is our duty to love the men of the next generation but six, and their interests can only be consulted by a consistent and virtuous disregard of all the men weaker than ourselves now living. The same applies to *Patientia*: Patience. Even the Bishops of the Church of England have realised that our present civilisation cannot be carried on on the principle of turning the other cheek. The opposite of *Avaritia*: Covetousness is, of course, *Eleemosyna*: Bounty. It is extraordinary how long the world laboured under the immoral notion that it is good to give a penny to a starving beggar. It used to be supposed that it was better to send a cheque to a hospital. Both courses are now recognised as profoundly immoral and opposed to all true laws of political economy, which, of course, is the science of virtue. It is well known how degraded the beggar feels as he gnaws his crust, and how a labourer's child whose broken arm has been set for nothing is ruined for life. Even actors, we understand, have begun to realise that charity *matinées* and benevolent societies (their principal means of subsistence) are degrading. *Gula*: gluttony, has for opposite *Abstinencia*. There is some excuse for the stress laid in old days on the necessity for a slight restraint on the appetites. While the superstition that man had a soul still lingered, it was pardonable to believe that it benefited by the subjection of the body, and the still benighted East must be forgiven for clinging to the notion. Western moral science has proved that the only offence is letting any one else have more to eat than you. And as to *Vigilantia*, the opposite of Sloth, our proclamation of an Eight Hours' Day as the panacea for all the evils, and the Trade Union law that no workman shall work faster or better than the laziest and least competent in his trade are a sufficient reply to the claims of so antiquated a principle as that of hard work.

For the first time in history we are sincere. And, once looked straight in the face, the obstinate difficulty of these Seven Sins has vanished. We are, we admit, hogs, goats,

curs and the rest; wisdom lies not only in admitting it, but in boasting of it. To be what we are is the only true virtue, the sole obligation. Meanwhile, the Catholic Church still dreams of making us something else. Poor old dreamer!

H. C.

VANISHING PARIS

It is not so much that the old landmarks are disappearing from Paris as that its atmosphere has changed. Structurally speaking, Paris alters less from year to year than does London. This is due to the fact that London is principally built of mud (in one form or the other, brick, or stucco), while Paris is so largely constructed of stone. Now and again one hears of some elderly building with more or less interesting associations being torn down in Paris, but the instances are comparatively rare or of minor importance. The block of houses at the corner of the Quai d'Horloge facing the Seine have recently been condemned, and not a few artists of talent, notable among them Mr. Frank Boggs, whose exhibition at the Grand Palais was so successful a few years ago, hurried to the spot to note down the final aspect of those withered walls before the "entrepreneur des démolitions"—the undertaker as it were!—had accomplished his dull work of carting them away. The Auberge du Cheval Blanc in the Rue Mazet, where Manon and the Abbé des Grieux stopped for a few hours on the eve of their immortal elopement, and which for generations has been the favourite hostelry of some of the greatest heroes of French fiction, including of course, D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers," has just been laid low. Its mighty oaken rafters, three centuries old, supporting the low smoke-blackened ceiling over the heads of market-gardeners, the only faithful customers of its ultimate days, have been sold to the manufacturers of seventeenth-century furniture in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Its ancient stable-yard, from which the Orléans coach used to start, the mounting-stones flanking the vast entrance, are gone. The souvenir of an exceptionally fiery *eau de vie de marc*, and of a wonderful Cantal cheese—so closely resembling Cheddar as to prove without a shadow of doubt that Cantal is the French ancestor of Cheddar, and that the receipt for Cheddar must have come over with William the Conqueror (so many of the Conqueror's followers were Celts from the South)—is all that remains, apart from an illustrated post-card, to remind us of the thoughtful and fruitful moments which we have spent in that dilapidated and melancholy inn. And though nothing of it has so far been touched, Rousseau's house in the Quai de Passy, with all the garden-ground about it, and the neighbouring restaurant Touchard, with its fish-tank of Seine fish in the window and its ivy-clad roof, are now advertised for sale. At present the Quai de Passy is, so to speak, marking time, but sooner or later—alas! sooner than later—this historic house must become the prey of the modern building society. The extending of the Boulevard Raspail through the Rue de Fleurus to the Rue de Rennes has transformed one of the most interesting portions of the Montparnasse suburb; the last vestiges of the ancient Carmelite garden, from which the architects of Marie de Medicis carved out the Renaissance plots and paths and terraces of that vast park surrounding her palace, which is now the Jardin du Luxembourg, have entirely disappeared in company with the faded red-brick *vacherie*, or dairy-farm, which was at the corner of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and was frequented at the earliest hours of the morning by poets and philosophers of the last generation, notably by the ill-fated Gérard de Nerval, athirst for the last word and the last drop, were it merely of milk, after the wine-shops had been closed.

One could multiply these trivial details to infinity. Laveur's pension in the Rue des Poitevins, where Gambetta and most of the founders of the present French

Republic took their meals as students, when the Quartier Latin was something more than a name, or less than a misnomer, has gone elsewhere—goodness knows where—and modern houses, six stories high, with plain faces, have taken the place of the old mediæval street with its Gothic gargoyles and niches from which the saints had long been hacked away, and of the ancient Hotel de Thun, the first floor of which Laveur had occupied, and whose wrought-iron staircase the ill-fated Comte de Thun had descended on his way to the scaffold. The last stones of the Chateau d'Orléans at Issy—the Duc d'Orléans of the Fronde—had disappeared without leaving the shadow of a trace when we passed that way a little while ago, and we had the sorrowful satisfaction of reflecting that probably the only existing relic of that admirable Louis Quinze building was in our own possession—an old Delft tile which we had appropriated (it had fallen on the floor)—with the consent, or rather the complicity, of the concierge.

But the real change has been in the atmosphere. And this is, in a chief measure, due, we are convinced, to the creation of the Métropolitain railway—the Paris "tube." The Métropolitain has had the same effect upon the different quarters of Paris as the Channel Tunnel, were its construction once permitted, would have upon England. It has broken down barriers. It has abolished inter-regional frontiers, and destroyed distinctions. At one time, owing to the peculiar omnibus system established in Paris, all communication between the north and the south of the city was entirely suspended, except for passengers on foot or in cabs, during the busiest periods of the day. And when the Parisian had been able to secure a seat in an omnibus, after proving by various official documents his temporary claim upon this mode of locomotion, at least half a morning would be spent in reaching his destination, supposing it to be at all remote. The consequence was that the great majority of the inhabitants of Paris rarely left the various quarters in which they were born. Their insularity was almost complete. It was much greater than that of the Englishman, who after all is an indefatigable traveller. Thus of the varied elements which made up the atmosphere of Paris each retained its pristine quality.

All this has been swept away. The very odour of Paris has changed. Its subtlest scents have been killed by the icy breath of Progress. Every great city is characterised by certain odours of its own. It is only the provincial towns that all smell alike, or, at least, come within the scope of comprehensive categories of smells. The prevailing odour of Berlin is of Russian cigarettes, smoked sausage, disappointed diplomacy and pine-wood. The smell of London, in so far as it is describable in print, suggests hansom cabs, smoke, asphalt, lucifer matches, church hassocks and Virginian pipe-tobacco, animated by a whiff of the sea, and punctuated by coal tar. The dominant note in the odour of Paris was that of the kitchen, a rich smell of *frisure*, of butter of the very best quality surprised in the very process of frying. One felt at once, on alighting at the Gare du Nord that here was the home of gastronomy. As our experience of the city became more comprehensive, we were conscious of other equally delicate and characteristic odours. In the aristocratic faubourgs of St. Germain and St. Honoré there was a still lingering fragrance of the eighteenth century, a perfume of former magnificence, which repeated itself in the antiquity shops with which these suburbs abound, modified, however, by the intrusion of inferior odours from the sale-room, the museum, and the *mont de piété*. The Luxembourg, the Bourse, the Louvre had the odours of their respective functions. And from this symphony of smells, to quote Zola's famous phrase, there was developed a general odour for each quarter of the city, and these in their ensemble made up the mistress-odour of Paris in which nothing was common, and everything was unclean.

But that which was symphonic has become chaotic. The Métropolitain, burrowing in all directions, and at

every quarter of a mile or so, drawing in air from the surface of the streets for the ventilation of its tunnels, acts like a vast electric fan, driving all these affrighted perfumes from their natural foyers into a hideous confusion, and an odious promiscuity with one another. The atmosphere of Paris has become a thing of shreds and tatters, a motley, an *olla podrida*, in which, as the French say "it is impossible to find oneself again."

Nor is this all. Just as the rusticity of the country side for eighty miles round Paris has fled before the hoot of the automobile, so the Métropolitain has profoundly changed the manners and customs of those inhabitants of Paris who, dwelling in its outlying quarters, have been as provincials with respect to the central parts of the city. Aided by the new law upon "Weekly Rest" they invade the boulevard on Sundays, and by constant contact with a cosmopolitan civilisation, they are rapidly losing all their sincerity, all that has given them hitherto quality and charm. They are even abandoning their national costume. The ignoble cricketing cap has largely taken the place of the three-decker, or *trois ponts*, which used to strike so picturesque a note in the Villette and Montrouge districts. Around the Sorbonne, the *plat bord*, the tall silk hat with the downward slanting brim—the hat of the philosopher and the *savant*—is rarely if ever seen now. At Montmartre and at Montparnasse the very artists are ceasing to be eccentric. They no longer feel themselves to be at home. The boulevards, in the train of the Métropolitain, are spreading themselves everywhere. That this revolution in the manners of so interesting and artistic a people as the Parisians must have further and far-reaching consequences cannot be disputed for a moment. With the Left Bank practically suppressed by the tunnelling operations beneath the Seine, one trembles for the ultimate fate not only of the Quartier Latin, which has already lost so much of its erstwhile influence and prestige, but for the whole of that erudite and reposeful "city of the soul" of which the Sorbonne and the Pantheon are the two most typical and conspicuous monuments. Time, with its inevitable changes, must in some measure be blamed for this impending decadence. But that the Métropolitain, with its rapid inter-communications, is the chief cause of the ruin already accomplished is obvious to all. Whether some powerful hand will be raised to avert further disaster cannot for the moment be foreseen. Fortunately there are still a few omnibuses running.

ROWLAND STRONG.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

M. BERTHELOT

SCIENCE, particularly French Science, has lost much in recent months. Only a few weeks ago it was by the death of M. Moisson, known to the world generally as the manufacturer of artificial diamonds by means of the electric furnace. Scarcely a year ago it was M. Curie, the conjoint discoverer of radium, who by an ill-fated accident in a Parisian thoroughfare found his way into an early grave. And now it is M. Berthelot the greatest of French savants of the present day, who after a unique career as a man of science, statesman and philosopher, has closed the book of life for ever. Though full of years and of honours, his end was as tragic as it was dramatic.

For one within a few days of eighty years of age as he was, the shock of his wife's death overcame him so, that its effect was almost instantaneous, and he too passed away into the unknown, leaving great legacies of thought to his nation and to mankind. The end, particularly unhappy, was yet that which he and many in such circumstances would naturally have wished for most, when struck with so heavy a blow of deep affliction. Since

M. Berthelot was not merely a savant and a philosopher but above all else a man. That he was human his melancholy end has proved indeed. And quite apart from his science which placed him easily in the highest place amongst the chemists of our time, M. Berthelot was also a deep thinker and a man of action, a Minister of State and a friend of Renan. The most distinguished of French writers since Voltaire found in him a nature that was at once literary and profound.

The famous man of Science, whom Renan encountered almost immediately he left St. Sulpice, may be said to be part author of his works. Four years younger than his comrade, M. Berthelot was in character and convictions stronger and more settled, and in range and activity of imagination more daring. Deficient, however, in philosophy and critical restraint, he was studying the positive sciences with that Baconian confidence in the ability of the human reason to master all the problems of the universe which is one of the distempers of learning, that if left to itself, affects the mind with incurable materialism.

So wrote Mr. Edward Wright in the *Fortnightly Review* not so very long ago.

But Renan remarks in one of his letters about this time:

Who has not felt in certain moments of serenity that the doubts that one raises against human morality are only fashions of exasperating oneself, or seeking beyond reason what is within reason, and of placing oneself in a false hypothesis for the pleasure of torturing oneself? . . . Extreme reflection thus leads to a kind of satiety and light scepticism, from which humanity would perish if it were imbued therewith. Of all frames of mind it is the most dangerous and the most irremediable. . . . One is never cured of refining one's thoughts.

When M. Berthelot complained of suffering from melancholy and want of ardour in study, his friend replied:

Perhaps you condemn yourself to too great an abstinence from æsthetic enjoyment. . . . If you were a Christian the æsthetic part of Christianity keenly appreciated would amply suffice to satisfy your wants. Because in reality this is all that religion is, the ideal part in human life.

This was during his Italian travels when Renan thought once more that he had found in the Madonnas the faith of the race, "an incomparable height, of poetry and ideality." But M. Berthelot, though doubtless not blind to these conceptions, was seldom carried away to soar in the lofty region of such religious and artistic sentiment, he still believed in Science itself as a religion almost with superstitious fanaticism; he succeeded in converting Renan to these and to the adoption of the democratic principles of society and well-being, to which the French Revolution had given birth.

As a statesman he possessed no mean character, and was twice Minister, firstly of Public Instruction in the Goblet short-lived Administration of 1886-7, and later as a member of the Bourgeois Cabinet of 1895-6, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Like Liebnitz and Lagrange he exhibited a strange admixture of rare qualities, which if one may put it so seemed at once both human and divine. The very antithesis of the narrow specialist he was, perhaps, in the subject for which he was most famous the greatest of specialists, and the founder of synthetic chemistry.

His epoch making work "The Organic Chemistry based on Synthesis" was published a year after the "Origin of Species" in 1860, and a year before Pasteur's great work which laid the foundation of pathology. He claimed to have shown that the dividing line between the organic and the inorganic is a mere fiction of the mind, and that "vital force" is non-existent. Here he appears to some of us at least to have been carried away by that enthusiasm with which in some matters the Celt may be imbued. It is quite possible that he was right. But there appears to be a tendency to revert once more to the earlier views of Johannes Müller and to seek for the mystery of the directing power of living matter in some hitherto undiscovered property, potentially stored up in the inorganic, and capable of manifesting itself in certain of its forms, to an extent that we must not dwell upon here.

With an imagination which saw vast possibilities when

despondent criticism might have seen none, he looked forward to the time when the artificial synthesis of life would be an accomplished reality, as much so as that of some of its products which he has so ably produced by laboratory methods. He lived to see some of the dreams of his youth evolve from the systematic labours of his manhood and develop into the practical fields of actual utility: Though given to flighty speculation, he was none the less the most practical of men. It has been said that he never had time to make money, but that with an inventive genius so rich in ideas and so evenly balanced in its reasoning powers, wealth with all its elusiveness might have found an easy passage to his scanty purse. And yet all his time was devoted exclusively to the employment of his great powers for the benefit of humanity. It was he who held out a few years ago the delightful vision to the humanitarian, though not perhaps to the epicurean, that the day may come when all our food will reach us from the laboratory; when the "flocks that range the valleys free" will have the same right to live that all superior beings possess. Nay, that not even vegetable life will be required to supply food, and the farms of the humble labourer will be converted into majestic parks for the amusement of the leisured and refined, and the recreation of the peasant from his hours of toil. Mankind would learn to walk a freer and a nobler earth, and life acquire a higher meaning in our eyes. Explosives would become so terrific in their violence that to use them would be impossible, and man would be forced at last to lay down arms and take recourse to arbitration as the final mode of settlement of disputes between all civilised states.

M. Berthelot's love of ancient lore, particularly of the alchemists, gave vent to his scholarly instincts which resulted in his translation of several texts from the Latin, Greek and Arabic; and his book, "*Les origines de l'Alchimie*," is well worthy of the perusal of all scientific students; he was likewise responsible for some historical works of considerable value. Such amazing energy and achievement indeed revealed a mind of great order, system and instant concentration.

It is difficult to say how much more he would have done had he confined himself entirely to chemistry. Some may think that science would be the richer if he had devoted himself exclusively to it. But they are bad psychologists, I fear. It is quite possible he might not then have done so much, or anything at all. There are natures which can only put their best energies forward in a particular line, when they have other interests to counteract the intensity of the energy they thus display in each direction. Constrain them in one groove and they cease in a short time through lack of balance to be animated.

Berthelot was beyond doubt one of these. He was by nature versatile, and only by his versatility did he live. This free and genuine nature lifted him above mere partisanship or narrowness in any shape or form, to the exclusion of all pettiness or lopsidedness. A Radical no doubt in principle and aspiration he most assuredly always was. But a true aristocrat of the Intellect none the less.

Though honours were poured lavishly upon him: the two distinctions he might well have prized most were perhaps that he was for years the secretary of the "Institute of the Immortals," and above all else the life-long friend of Renan.

They were both enemies of Christianity. The question is whether a Christian should resent such enmity, if he knew it was sincere.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

FICTION

Disciples. By MARY CROSBIE. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is the book of the master—in this instance the heroine—rather than the book of the "Disciples," to whom justice has hardly been done. Choosing an unconventional character for her main figure, Miss Crosbie has also chosen one that is unconvincing. Denise Bourke is as un-Irish as a foreign upbringing could make her, and is, besides, the prig, the "pedant piece of foolishness" she declares herself to be. It would be hard to make a prig—however detached, egoistic and cold—really attractive as the centre-piece of an otherwise remarkably interesting study of a phase of Irish life and character, and if Miss Crosbie does not awaken admiration of the beautiful Denise, she can and does awaken for us the "clear call" of brown bog and the ring of many a homeland voice, sad-sweet as sorrow's laughter. When she is writing of the common affairs of every-day—of a half broken-in colt in Maev's strong young hands, or Maev's vague dreams reaching out beyond her grasp and the simple measure of her child-like mind—she is at her best. And her best is so good that we do not wish to ask for better. In her pages there is the blending of the strong and the weak, the lofty and the low; of roughness and love, passion and coldness, storm and stillness, which is the common heritage of our common humanity. There is, too, an elemental wave of tragedy with its accompanying pathos.

A Knight of the Holy Ghost. By EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN. (Watts.)

IF what journalists call "topicality" makes for success—and certainly it is a powerful factor—then "*A Knight of the Holy Ghost*" should in these days of militant "Suffragettes" attract a large number of readers. An introductory note declares that the "narrative is based on a study of the past, before the Woman Movement had raised the condition of women; and it is produced now in view of a strong reactionary tendency towards re-subjection." As a story it is too highly wrought for our taste, not in the action, of which there is little, but in the matter of emotion. But that is the way with most tracts of fiction. The author writes with great assurance and expansiveness, and displays a most varied facility of allusion and quotation.

The Ultramarines. A Story of Colonial Life. By "COLONEL A." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THERE is generally a plea for indulgent criticism underlying an author's statement that his book has been "written in leisure moments," but "Colonel A." need not have been so modest: his half-serious, half-romantic story is well written, and possesses a distinct attraction of its own. The environment has novelty, the series of episodes illustrative of political and social life in a tropical colony bear evidence of the author's intimate knowledge, and there is warmth and colour in the picturesque description of Ultramarine, an island that "contains features taken from several of our possessions." Our acquaintance with this earthly paradise begins and ends with Lord Edgehill's mission to investigate the question of an Imperial loan to the sugar-planters. He is accompanied by his daughter, Lady Maud Hillier, a disturbing influence both in love and business affairs. The author slyly contrasts pretty Denise, a rich sugar-planter's daughter who never talks of sugar or loans, with Lady Maud, ambitious and dominant, convinced that her honest, stolid father is incapable of bringing his mission to a successful issue without her active intervention. The result of her unofficial assistance is amusing and unexpected. "Colonel A." deals with colonial government and colonial grievances with fairness and considerable shrewdness, yet lightly and pleasantly enough to interest the ordinary reader in a variety of questions not usually discussed in the pages of a novel.

The Wingless Victory. By M. P. WILLOCKS. (Lane, 6s.)

MR. JOHN LANE is to be congratulated on having discovered Miss Willocks, and if her latest work is not a great success it will not be creditable to the discernment of the reading public. Miss Willocks is the stylist of the emotions. She knows the moods and temperaments of both sexes, and while we saw this in her first novel, "Widdicombe," that book was after all only the promise of which "The Wingless Victory" is the fulfilment. The story is really simple, dealing with primitive persons in unalluring surroundings. It is a case of one woman and three men, or perhaps two men and a boy, for Archelaus Rouncewell is scarcely old enough to be classified as a man when he falls under the influence of Wilmot Borlace, the eccentric syren whose character dominates the book. She has married mainly because she is tired of single life, and although the union with the village doctor starts without any love on her side, she has an idea that she can make him into a hero. What opportunities for heroism he could have found in a dull Cornish village it is difficult to say; but Wilmot is, nevertheless, disappointed, and after a dangerous flirtation with Archelaus, "takes on" with a Roger Hannaford, and is about to elope with him when conscience, aided by the intervention of a disreputable woman, Johanna, saves her, and she returns to her husband, repentant and ashamed. Then follows a period of penance, for Dr. Borlace has to leave Challacombe, and he deliberately selects another village where there is a plague of sickness. Here Wilmot works out her salvation, and when the end of the book is reached we find that everybody concerned has also come to a haven of rest and satisfaction. This is necessarily a very brief sketch of the plot, but it will suffice to show that Miss Willocks depends more upon her own skill in delineating and analysing character than in describing the sensational or the morbid. The fact that she has not avoided the conventional happy ending and has yet been successful indicates her genuine strength. A writer who can justify the conventional is an artist in words, and Miss Willocks deserves this distinction. She can be epigrammatic without being superficial, and she can moralise without being prosy. Her descriptions of scenery are amongst the finest passages in the book, even if they fall short of her incisive phrases when dealing with the small hypocrisies of human minds. One sentence may be quoted; that summing up the fanatical devotion which we call "a mother's love." Mrs. Rouncewell, one of the subsidiary characters, is made to say, "Every new child a woman gets is like a new patent medicine: she always thinks it will do something wonderful for her, and it never does." Miss Willocks will be told that she shows the "Hardy influence," but this will be an injustice. Talent such as hers was not and never could be acquired in any of the ready-made schools of fiction. It bears the stamp of originality.

The Wife's Revenge. By GEORGE R. SIMS. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

WE can see him now that aged Baronet, in the present case Sir Mark Brettingham, of Draycott Hall, Kent, as the curtain rolls up. His hair is white, aged, and his features, which he inherits from a long line of ancestors, are drawn with pain. "Yes, Harold," he says to his sympathetic son, who is equally well-known to all theatre-goers, "there is a dread secret in my life," and in broken tones he proceeds to disclose it. Nobody will be surprised to learn that the first wife of Sir Mark Brettingham, a governess whom he had married in his young officer days in India, left him in a fit of mad jealousy taking with her to England their baby son. In England she sank to the life of a tramp, left that baby boy in a barn, and died in a workhouse. The boy, the heir to the baronetcy and to the broad acres of "one of the fairest estates that lie among the Kentish hills" (fine question for a school-boy: Name the chief hills in Kent?), is brought up by the former, who owns the barn, and by his wife. Needless to

say that one of the sons is bad, very bad, while the other is virtuous. Very needful to say, however, that in this case the true heir, the son of the mad governess, is the bad one, and he is horrid. He robs the farmer, runs away, enlists, forges his officer's name, is convicted and consigned to Dartmoor. Enter Bertram Hank, private detective, formerly of Scotland Yard. He has, as usual, not a trait missing. The reader will learn with deep gratification that he assiduously tends the flowers in the customary back-garden. Him Sir Mark has employed to find out if his lost son is alive. Hank discovers the young convict in Dartmoor, enables him to escape, and brings him to London and the prospect of twenty thousand a year, out of which Hank is to be liberally rewarded. Of course the baronet dies, after a few chapters, of the malady which pricked his conscience regarding the missing son. The son enters upon his legal own, and the widowed Lady Brettingham and her son take a fond and heart-broken farewell of the ancient acres. But—act iii.—the new baronet is an escaped convict, and he has a wife; and, further, the police know he has a wife. That wife is the sweetest and most charming young woman that ever rambled through a melodrama. Although out of place, let us reveal that in the end she marries a young and clever novelist who fell in love with her in the boarding-house in Kennington. In the same boarding-house lives the well-known maid-of-all-work, Petunia—her father was a gardener and named her after his favourite flower—and Tunia has a policeman for temporary young man. This comic relief cheers the heart like balm in sermon-time. Well, detective Hank gets rid of the past of the new baronet by putting up a gravestone in a country churchyard to the memory of John Wilson, the said baronet's name while unknown and a convict, and that baronet sets up as a young man about town in London, and engages himself to marry an actress who used to be in the same millinery shop as his wife, and—there you are. The villain meets his doom, and the virtuous are rewarded. Everything is as wildly familiar as it should be, and the price is half a crown, net, from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, or of all booksellers. It shows one how true after all is melodrama, for is not the author, Mr. G. R. Sims, said to be one of the first authorities on how people live in London? Has he not studied the question profoundly; and does anybody dare think that he would re-write this venerable tale, endeared to the minds of so many thousands of theatre-goers and novel-readers, at the low price of two shillings and sixpence net, while Miss Marie Corelli gets six shillings, subject to discount, if it were not true, or at least probable? No; that baronet, that missing son, that private detective, that deluded but most amiable wife are the very fibres of the being of the British public. And seeing that the Adelphi Theatre has closed its doors on melodrama, it is refreshing to find the glorious tradition of our ancient fiction so faithfully continued in a book. May Mr. Sims live to write the story anew on many more occasions; and may readers never fail to encourage the old, old tale and its tellers, whoever they may be. English literature must not perish.

One or Two. By THEO DOUGLAS. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE authoress of this book did well to take the vague and imperfectly understood science of spiritualism as the basis on which to found her story, for by no other means could she have found an excuse for such an extraordinary plot. Mrs. Bethune, as the result of following the advice of one "beyond the veil," manages to bring about an incarnation of her former self. Her husband, whom she has not seen for some years, suddenly returns from India and finds awaiting him an apparently middle-aged woman who bears but a faint resemblance to the wife from whom he parted, and the young girl whom he wooed in the old days. The inevitable happens. He falls in love with the bride of his youth, practically disowns the real wife, who conveniently dies, and all ends well.

The Secret of Moor Cottage. By H. R. CROMARSH. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

ACCORDING to the *Virginian* in the book of that name the author of a detective story plays a game with his reader. If he succeeds in maintaining the mystery until the last chapter he wins; but if on the other hand the reader guesses the secret early in the book, the author has lost. Judged by this method Mr. Cromarsh is fairly successful. There is no certain clue to the mystery at all, until it is deliberately explained. When this is done the book should naturally end, but unfortunately Mr. Cromarsh has chosen to gather up the threads and in two chapters gives the subsequent history of such of the characters as are left living. This is a distinct blemish, which might easily have been avoided. Of the book itself it may be said that it is neither better nor worse than many another of its class. It is certainly not as good as "*The House on The Marsh*," but it compares very favourably with many modern "successes." A lonely cottage on a Yorkshire moor is quite a good setting for a "mystery," and Mr. Cromarsh uses this material for all it is worth. In it he places what are locally equally mysterious inhabitants. Any stranger is a mystery in a country place, and an uncommunicative stranger is naturally an object of still greater suspicion. The Clarke family certainly fulfil every requirement for Mr. Cromarsh's purpose. They are strangers; they know no one; they make no friends; and are by no means eager to disclose any past that they may have had. Another mysterious stranger, who might be mistaken for the hero if he only married the heroine, interests himself in the cottage, and by his mistaken zeal hastens the culminating tragedy. Then, as has been said, the mystery is fully explained; and then, to the great disappointment of the reader, it transpires that, so far as the book itself is concerned, there is no real mystery at all. It is all ancient history. A Russian Count has been killed by his wife. The police are in pursuit of the Count's private Secretary, and suspect the inquisitive stranger. But neither the real secretary nor the Countess really appear in the book at all. The latter certainly exists, but no suspicion of her existence is aroused until the explanation is made. The characters who *are* known to the reader, are not really mysterious at all, nor are they in any way criminal, except in so far as they conceal the guilty Countess. This will assuredly be a disappointment to readers, for lovers of this style of novel like to have a personal acquaintance with the criminal of fiction, however much they avoid him in real life. They will also be not altogether pleased with Mr. Cromarsh's method. Instead of allowing the mystery to deepen gradually and then resolve itself equally gradually, he chooses to tell his story through the medium of two different characters, one of whom sets down the facts while the other explains them. This personal method of narrative is not altogether desirable, even when the same person is the "I" all the way through; it is distinctly undesirable when there is more than one "I" to be reckoned with.

The Secret of the Square. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (White, 6s.)

THE fault we have to find with the "*Secret of the Square*" is, that after the first ten chapters, to the moderately intelligent reader it is a secret no longer. We find a mysterious stranger hovering outside a certain mansion in a dark square, we learn that the house in question is occupied by a rising physician and that the young doctor's bitter enemy, a wicked stockbroker, lives in the same "block." When, after a sensational jewel robbery from a country house in which doctor and stockbroker are guests, the stolen gems are discovered in the table drawer of the former, we are not surprised to hear that his enemy has put them there. With the aid of the police and a stalwart though somewhat bungling friend, the doctor proves his own innocence and unmasks the

villain, who turns out to be a successful burglar in disguise and meets with a well deserved, and singularly unpleasant, end.

DRAMA

THE STAGE SOCIETY

THE production of *Les Hannelons* by the Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre last Monday provided a very interesting afternoon's entertainment. At first sight the play seems to reveal M. Brieux in a new phase. Brieux the preacher, Brieux the propagandist, seems to have given place to Brieux the man of the world, who finds in human weaknesses a theme for laughter rather than for moral indignation. But I am afraid the change is more apparent than real and those good people who are always so angry with M. Brieux for preaching and who would welcome with enthusiasm his conversion from earnestness to levity are doomed to disappointment. M. Brieux is as earnest as ever only he has disguised his sermon more cunningly than ever. "Life does not cease to be serious because people laugh," says somebody in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Nor does M. Brieux cease to be serious because he makes his audience laugh. M. Brieux writes his plays because he has something to say, in *Blanchette* about education, in *Les Bienfaiteurs* about philanthropy, in *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont* and *Maternité* about marriage. In *Les Hannelons* he has something to say too though on this occasion he says it in the key of farce.

The story of *Les Hannelons* is this. Pierre, an ordinary selfish sensual sort of man, neither better nor worse than the average, is living with Charlotte to whom he is not married. He explains with engaging frankness to a friend the beauty of this arrangement. It has the advantages of matrimony without its drawbacks. The boredom of respectability, the cares and expenses of a family are avoided while there is some one waiting for you when you come home in the evening to warm your slippers or look after the dinner. Unfortunately this method of ordering your life, which sounds so excellent in theory, breaks down hopelessly in practice. Charlotte is capricious and unreasonable and has the temper of a fiend. She makes her lover far more uncomfortable than any wife would dare to do and yet he cannot leave her. Her hold upon his senses is too strong. However, there comes a day, a joyous day, in Act II., when he finds himself a free man again. There has been an even more violent quarrel than usual between the pair and she has left him. Poor Pierre heaves a sigh of relief and thanks heaven for the chance of single blessedness again. But alas his freedom is short-lived. Finding that he shows no desire to have her back and actually returns her letters unopened, Charlotte at once desires to come back. Her method of doing so is ingenious. She throws herself into the Seine from the Pont Neuf in an ostentatious manner and when rescued gives Pierre's address. She is borne, very wet and dragged, to Pierre's flat by a sympathetic crowd. Pierre in vain pleads that she has left him and has no longer any claim to occupy his premises. His protests are ignored, he is even rebuked for his heartlessness, he has to pay the boatman who rescued her an extravagant sum for his services, and when the curtain falls Charlotte is once more firmly established on his hearth. We have a dismal certainty that she will take good care never to be got rid of again.

One can picture how the average playwright, the dramatist without a mission, would have treated this theme. He would have been irresponsible and frivolous and suggestive and light-hearted. The tragic side of this sort of irregular *ménage* would never have been hinted at. And in the last act, if the lovers were reunited, we should have only been shown the absurd spectacle of the prisoner hugging his chains, the amorist forgetting past misery and joyfully welcoming back his tyrant. But M. Brieux has a

mission. And so in place of a light-hearted flippancy of this kind he gives us a tragic farce, a farce in which all the laughter (of which there is abundance) and all the rollicking humours, cannot disguise the irony, the hideousness of the central situation. "Men are all beasts. And women—they're queer creatures too," says one of the characters. "Men are all beasts." That is the conclusion of most of the plays of Brioux. But it makes an odd text for a farce.

The acting in the principal parts was extraordinarily good. Miss Mabel Hackney played Charlotte with immense spirit and cleverness and Mr. C. V. France, always specially good in Brioux plays, was admirable as Pierre. He contrived to make one laugh at the man and despise him, and yet pity him in turn, and sometimes all at once; and that is what Brioux intended. To have succeeded in carrying out that intention was a great feat. Miss Dora Barton, Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Nigel Playfair were also excellent. The reception on Sunday night was enthusiastic.

ST. J. H.

AESCHYLUS AND BARKER AT TERRY'S THEATRE

THE Literary Theatre Society gave a most interesting *matinée* on Saturday afternoon. The experiment in dramatic metre, as Mr. Granville Barker describes his little one-act play, *A Miracle*, made an admirable prologue to *The Persians*. It created an atmosphere of mysterious aloofness, from which the imagination settled with comparative ease upon the ancient Greeks, and the lesson which Aeschylus desired to give them in their hour of victory. For the *Miracle* is of no time, and the place is a top-room in a turret-tower. It is a beautiful fancy; but the fancy has not been caught and happily expressed. Quite rightly it is vague and mysterious but the mystery is managed too deliberately; the situation ought to have produced it as naturally as a flower its perfume. Probability is not ignored quietly but with defiance. Baptista has been hidden away for her ugliness in a turret-room: she is a hunchback but she has a beautiful spirit; she understands the beauty of sacrifice. To her comes Margaret in the pride of beauty—and she is about to die. The virtue has gone out of her. As she tells Baptista the story of her loveless life, and how death is even now upon her, the idea comes to Baptista that all her life's pain would be rewarded if she could give her understanding of love to this glorious child of beauty; and she prays to the Virgin that her spirit may pass into Margaret. And the Virgin grants her prayer. She kisses the dead lips, and dies; and Margaret revives to new life. The piece was very pleasantly rendered by Miss Fraser and Miss Bishop, and the colour-scheme of the room in the high turret was a constant delight to the eye.

Mr. Ricketts was even more successful in the effect he gained with the dresses and scenery in *The Persians*. He makes Mr. Gordon Craig's theories of staging practical: the beauty of the scenery helped the effect of the play immeasurably. The one fault was that the brazier did not give out sufficient light, and in consequence the stage was too long wrapped in darkness, which the brazier's feeble glow did not lighten, but made visible. The beauty of the scenery creates a standard up to which the players must live. Anything little or undignified of appearance or movement becomes doubly apparent before such a background. Dignity and beauty, however, are enhanced by it. It was impossible not to feel that, in Miss Penelope Wheeler's performance of the Queen Atossa. Her playing of the part was remarkable for its beauty and delicate strength. Every gesture was carefully studied and rendered with quiet effectiveness. Though her movements were cramped by the smallness of the stage they were always stately—she moved like a

Queen. Moreover, she spoke her lines with absolute understanding. When Atossa learns the news of her son's disgrace, she stoops for a moment from her pride to ask the old men not to deal harshly with him. Miss Wheeler conveyed the pathos of the Queen's sorrow at that moment with great beauty. She was not well supported. It has been said of Mr. Robert Farquharson that he either hits the mark or misses it. There is nothing intermediate for him. As Herod in *Salome* he hit: as the Messenger he missed. Mr. Arthur Way and Mr. Frederick Morland were good as the first and third leaders of the Chorus. The appearance of the ghost of Darius was exceedingly well managed; and Mr. Lewis Cusson, who played the part, spoke his lines in a fine voice with distinction.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

TRAITS AND TENDENCIES AT SUFFOLK STREET

LIKE the pianist of pathetic memory, Mr. Alfred East is so obviously trying to do his best with the society over which he last year was called upon to preside, that the second exhibition under his auspices at Suffolk Street seems hardly a fair mark for the critical sharpshooter. Although the bulk of the work shown is of too commonplace a character to justify an optimistic view of the society's immediate future, signs of improvement are visible in the current exhibition. It is true the improvement for the present is not so much in the things shown as in the manner of the showing, since it is less easy for the president to change his material than to make the best show he can with the material at his disposal. Real improvement can only come when the British artists have the courage to throw out the weakest work of their weaker brothers, and call in the strongest outside talent they are able to attract.

None the less what was able to be done and has been done deserves acknowledgment. A very few years ago the work of Messrs. J. D. Fergusson, Fred F. Foottet, and Wynford Dewhurst was badly skied or hidden in dark corners. Now to these and other of the more promising members places of honour have been assigned in the principal gallery. Grouped together Mr. Foottet's large landscape, *The Passing of Spring* (228), and Mr. Dewhurst's *Blossom Time; Valley of Argæes* (226) and *Barriers of the Côtes du Nord* (229) give an air of distinction to the south wall on which they are hung, and set an example of honest endeavour if not of actual achievement. Mr. Foottet's one exhibit is not, perhaps, the best thing he has done, and the mysterious draped figure in his meadow might have been omitted with happier effect. But taken as a whole, the work is an attractive variation of his favourite colour-scheme of blues and greens and white, and is a personal and romantic rendering of the moment in the early morning when the earth is nearly clear of mist. Equally characteristic of the artist is Mr. Dewhurst's daring record of pink blossom against a blue-green background, a favourite scheme which skirts and escapes the border of perilous sugariness. Not quite so successful in its observance of values and less attractive in the quality of its paint, Mr. Dewhurst's seascape is an honestly seen and directly painted impression, recalling in its prismatic colours the marines of Renoir rather than those of Monet, whom Mr. Dewhurst is popularly but erroneously said to have ever as his model.

Effective as these works seem in relation to one many commonplace and weakly imitative landscapes, they do not mark so distinct an individual advance as *The Mauve Feather* (247) of Mr. J. D. Fergusson, one of the best portraits that has yet come from his brush, built up solidly with an economy of sure strokes, yet securing

freshness and spontaneity in the end without any swaggering display of the means. *The Fur Hat* (351) and a third girl-portrait, *Light Effect* (321), are not carried so far and are less reticent in their art, but they are refreshing as straightforward records of a personal vision. Gracious in colour, Mr. Fergusson's *In the Castle Gardens, Dunoon: Evening* (254) is a pleasant tribute to the memory of Whistler's *Cremornes*, but too derivative to do full justice to the original powers of this promising young Scotsman:

If the president appears to lean for hopes of present success on these three artists—whose work, if not faultless, has a way of making that of their fellow exhibitors look tired and laboured in comparison—he also may be suspected of looking towards Cornwall as his future hope. At the two elections since his presidency, Cornish painters have been conspicuously successful, and the latest recruit from this quarter, Mr. W. Elmer Schofield, makes a very creditable *début* with a fair-sized snow-effect, *Winter* (195), pleasant in the quality of the paint, decorative in the arrangement of the bare trees through which are seen the gray-green river in the middle distance and the snow-clad plains stretching to the horizon. The values, if not actually faulty, are a little lacking in subtlety; but the painting is full of promise, and evokes a wintry feeling by an appeal direct to nature without the intervention of any other painter. Another recent recruit from Cornwall, Mr. Louis Crier, is represented by a nocturne, *The Pool of Sleep* (249), romantic in conception and capably executed, but a shade too black and a little near Böcklin to give complete satisfaction. Blue night-effects are also given in *The Haven Under the Hill* (246), by Mr. Tom Robertson, a painter of poetic feeling who always seems on the point of a great achievement, and in a still more indigo marine, *Night* (241), in which we dimly discern a tug and sailing-vessel, by Mr. Arch H. Elphinstone, who does not quite fulfil this year the promise of last.

Mr. Graham Robertson's portrait, *Turquoise and Silver*, contains among its well-painted accessories an admirable rendering of mother-of-pearl inlays. The work of this accomplished artist deserves higher praise than is usually accorded to it. In low or brilliant tones he shows a sense of colour peculiarly his own. His drawing is accurate and spirited, and his power of composition evident in all his work. It is to be hoped that the fascination which he feels for book-illustration—a fascination which his illustrations equally exercise—will not divert too much of his time from oil-painting. Mr. W. Kneen's carefully characterised and discreetly coloured portrait of *A Huntsman* (340), and Mr. Lewis G. Fry's two rural subjects, *A Threshing Gang* (339) and *A Saw-Mill* (336), faulty in parts but praiseworthy in right endeavour and in sober record of effects of light and beauties of colour, are among the most distinctive of the remaining oil pictures. Among the water-colours little calls for comment. Mr. Louis Weirter honestly and not ineffectively tackles a Melville subject in *A Matinée at the Hippodrome* (114), and Mr. Romilly Fedden makes a bid for distinction with his originally seen hoarding, *Advertisements* (134), but the majority of the practitioners sadly maltreat their medium, troubling their colour till all freshness and purity is lost. The most satisfactory works in this section are Mr. John Muirhead's *The Road from the Ferry* (55), and the two contributions from the president, whose water-colours are often more distinctive than his oils. In both his water-colours (9, 13) Mr. East essays bright sunny effects with some success, but in both the sky is put in crudely and comes too far forward. There is a juster observation of values in his one oil picture, *A Winter's Dawn*, in which a stretch of flat country is very accurately rendered and interpreted with sincere emotion. Far more truthful and less artificially arranged than most of his later landscapes, this austere vision of a desolate land has a strength which attests a real advance on the part of the painter, and raises a hope that he is breaking away from a self-imposed convention which, however attractive, has long seemed to bar his way from further progress.

MUSIC

THE NEW GROVE'S DICTIONARY—VOLUME III

THOSE musicians, professional and amateur, who are eager to possess the complete new edition of Grove's Dictionary (and who among us is not?) are inclined to grumble at its slow appearance, volume by volume: but any one who takes the trouble to make a detailed analysis of the new work which the third volume contains, is likely to change his point of view somewhat. The second volume, covering the letters F to L, appeared fairly early in last year; the ACADEMY of May 19 contained a review of it, scarcely eleven months since. Even supposing that the third volume was well on its way when the second was issued, the vast amount of work which the revision of the letters M to P has contained makes it surprising that it should be completed so soon.

The contents may be roughly classified upon a basis of length into three kinds: first-grade articles, which deal with important musical subjects or biographies, and range from six to sixty, or even seventy pages of double-column print; second-grade articles of a page and upwards, and notes, varying from four lines to a column or so. In a notice of this kind there is a temptation to refer only to articles of the first grade on the supposition that they contain the most important contributions, but to do so is manifestly unfair. Many of the shorter, second-grade articles contain the compressed results of profound research, while in the notes the editor exercises one of his most important functions. It must be said that few of the new notes, whether written by the editor, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland or others, have that grace of brevity for which those by Sir George Grove were distinguished, for the latter had the rare gift of going to the root of a matter in a single sentence. Of the value of most of the new information, however, there can be no doubt. One of the main difficulties of bringing such a work as this up to date is to know who and what among present-day persons and things is of sufficient permanence to be worth recording. It is evident that, at any rate as far as the biographical notes are concerned, the editor has preferred to include all who are of interest at the present time, or who have given evidence that their work may become of permanent value. This is a generous standpoint, but in some cases it has had the result of bringing into the dictionary details of the early careers of a number of persons who have as yet scarcely merited the honour, and who might as well be found in "Who's who" and such-like publications. Of the second-grade articles we can mention only a few which are either new or have received such material alterations and additions as to take rank as original work. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild has contributed a biography of Mascagni, which, since the writer has quite as low an opinion of Mascagni's compositions as most educated musicians take, seems rather disproportionately long. Mr. Alexis Chitty has done much valuable work in the field of short biographical notices, while Mrs. Rosa Newmarsh's writing on Russian composers is important as an instance of special study, well applied. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has written a concise article on the American composer MacDowell, as well as interesting ones on "New York Musical Societies," and opera in the United States, while Mr. D. J. Blakley again has dealt cleverly with such articles on wind instruments as fall within the scope of the volume, such as "oboe," "ophicleide," etc.

While it is true that the efficiency of the work as a musical dictionary depends upon the careful and accurate treatment of these and like subjects, the old "Grove" had another aspect which was no less important. Besides its value as an encyclopædia of musical learning, it contained a number of essays of deep critical insight and high literary value, either dealing with the lives and works of the greatest geniuses of the past or with wider historical subjects. In the section covered by this volume were "Mendelssohn" by Sir George Grove, "Opera,"

"Oratorio," "Plain-song," and other articles by W. S. Rockstro, "Mozart," by C. F. Pohl. The first of these happily remains with very little alteration; Mr. F. G. Edwards has added some details, chiefly in connection with the English episodes of Mendelssohn's career. Few things strike one so forcibly in looking over the dictionary as the indefatigable nature of the work which Rockstro accomplished for its first edition. It is of such sterling quality that generally it has been deemed wise to keep it and add to it rather than to replace it. In the cases of opera and oratorio, however, the rapid march of modern events and the still more rapid change of modern outlook upon the subjects, has necessarily called for very extensive additions. Rockstro's work has been placed under the headings of "Classical Opera," and "Ancient Oratorio" and the history of "Modern Opera" and "Modern Oratorio" has been undertaken by Mr. Streatfeild and Dr. Ernest Walker respectively. Mr. Streatfeild's work is a faithful history, though we should be glad of something more illuminating on the subjects of the modern French and Italian Schools; the latter is, however, augmented by the same writer's article on Puccini, and that on Mascagni, already mentioned. Nowhere does he display very clear critical insight and he appears to share with certain other English writers the fallacious idea that it is popular taste for foreign opera that strangles the efforts of native composers in this direction. In strong contrast to this is Dr. Ernest Walker's clear and penetrating article on "Modern Oratorio." It is not only by far the most important critical utterance amongst the new work of this volume, it is the only one which rises to the same level as the articles of Rockstro, Sir Hubert Parry and others, which made the first edition the greatest monument of English musical criticism. Dr. Walker parts the true from the false in dealing with Handel, Mendelssohn and the English attitude towards oratorio in a way which would be ruthless were it less just. Each composer is truly placed according as his oratorios have been important in the development of the form, and while of course Dr. Walker's view is entirely emancipated from old-fashioned standards of judgment, he is equally superior to the extravagance of the reactionary critic. It seems a pity that so lucid and forcible an essay upon a subject of such general interest should not find wider distribution than can be hoped for it in so large a work.

The article on Mozart is emended by Mr. Hadow, chiefly in two notes. The first, on Mozart's place in the development of the concerto, is so direct and to the point that one cannot but wish, as in the second volume, that his share had been larger. The second note is a wonderfully complete catalogue of the portraits of Mozart. There are other first-grade articles which should receive more than a passing word; Dr. Abdy Williams's account of notation, Mr. Thomas Elliston's additions to Dr. Hopkins's article on the organ, and the editor's contribution on piano-playing and on Purcell are among the most important. Unfortunately, however, we must be content to take a rapid survey of the principal contents of volume iii., and to close this notice with a whole-hearted expression of admiration for the way in which the work is being carried through. Such a task is beset with complexities which make it in some ways even more difficult than that of the compiler. It has been planned upon a broad, general scheme, and carried out with fine discrimination and sense of proportion.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A VOLUME recording the visit of the Eighty Club to Hungary in September of last year will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title of "Hungary: Its People, Places and Politics." The writers are various members of the deputation. Mr. Unwin also announces a new edition of Signor Fogazzaro's novel. "The Woman (Malombra)," and a work

entitled "Sex and Society" by Mr. William Thomas, Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago.

Messrs. Methuen announce a new edition of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's book "The Countess of Maybury."—The next volume of the Arden edition of Shakespeare to be published by Messrs. Methuen will be "King John." The Notes and Introduction have been supplied by Mr. Ivor B. John, who had the assistance of the late Mr. W. J. Craig in preparing the book.—Miss Betham-Edwards's entertaining book "Home Life in France," is now to be issued in a cheaper form.—Sir Oliver Lodge's book "The Substance of Faith allied with Science: a Catechism for Parents and Teachers" was published about a fortnight ago by Messrs. Methuen and has already reached its fifth edition.

"The Art of Counterpoint and its application as a decorative principle" by Dr. C. H. Kitson, will be published after Easter by the Oxford University Press. The author points out that those who have had some experience in teaching the science of Music will have found that the general crudity of students' work in applied counterpoint, that is, in fugue and in modern polyphonic writing, is due to the ignorance of the origin, premisses and aims of scholastic counterpoint. By showing the historical status of this and by tracing principles which are true for all time, Dr. Kitson seeks to prove that scholastic counterpoint is the foundation of all progress under harmonic conditions.

Messrs. Watts and Co. are issuing a second and revised edition of "The Churches and Modern Thought."

Mr. G. H. Lewes has written, and Messrs. Greening are publishing a book dealing with "Goethe's Life at Weimar" during the years 1775-1779. The book contains much new information, and is a valuable contribution to Goethe literature.—"The Scarlet Pimpernel," which, both as book and play, has had an immense success, is now to be issued by Messrs. Greening and Co. in cloth covers, with illustrated frontispiece, at a shilling.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an interesting book for Messrs. Jack entitled "Poets' Country." The contributors include Professor Churton Collins, Mr. W. J. Loftie, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, and others, and will deal with the various places in Britain associated with the poets, tracing their indebtedness to nature and their own immediate environment. The feature of this book will be its fine series of reproductions from coloured drawings by Mr. F. S. Walker who has recently travelled all over the country identifying and depicting the sacred places of the poets. The book will be issued in May.

The new portion of the "Oxford English Dictionary" issued by the Oxford University Press is a triple section by Dr. Murray, and it extends from Piper to Polygenistic—5536 words illustrated by 20,848 quotations. Among the more important words are Play (17 columns), Plough, Plum-pudding and Police. Special mention may be made of Point, which in English represents two French and Romanic words, never confused in those languages; about 88 senses in which this word is used as a substantive are given, as if, Dr. Murray remarks, to satirise the Euclidean definition "a point is that which hath no parts." The total number of words in the Oxford Dictionary so far as it has gone is 215,128, illustrated by no fewer than 1,024,554 quotations.

Messrs. Jack announce a new series of books entitled "The Library of the Soul." These will consist of carefully edited selections of the greatest devotional writers, and will include volumes on "St. Augustine," by the Bishop of Southampton, "Thomas à Kempis," by the Bishop of Ripon, "St. Francis de Sales," by Mr. Baring-Gould, "Savonarola," by Canon Benham, "Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Meynell, and others.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce the early publication of "The Man of the World," the second of Fogazzaro's famous trilogy of novels. The story is concerned with the earlier life of Piero Maironi, afterwards "The Saint," and carries the narrative down to the issues—social, religious and political—of the present time.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE DANCE OF MACABRE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of December 29 A. H. Mayhew asks for the etymology of *macabre*. Many years ago I also thought that the word was derived from the Arabic *magbareh*, plur. *magabir*, a graveyard, burial-ground; but I have never been able to find out how the word could have come to France, and, besides, what could have been the *raison d'être* of a "grave-

yard dance?" The Germans called it *Todtentanz*, the "dance of Death." Representations, more or less theatrical, of the dance by monks and others are mentioned in the twelfth century. The earliest pictorial representations of the dance date from the first quarter of the fourteenth century, I believe; Holbein's *Todtentanz*, a series of forty wood-cuts, was first published in 1538 by the brothers Trechsel, of Lyons, with the title, "Les simulacres et historiées faces de la mort"; the series was also called *imagines mortis*—why not *Danse Macabre*? Littré (Dict., Paris, 1873, vol. iii. sub. v. *Macabre*) is against the derivation from the Arabic and is in favour of *Machabée*, the correct form, he thinks, as in *chorea machabaeorum* quoted by Ducange. In the *Supplément*, which appeared in 1886 with a preface dated 1877, Littré has: pour surcroît de preuve à l'étymologie de macabré pour machabée: XII. siècle: Dedans la cambre l'ont mené: Très le tans Judas Macabré; ne fut veue autresi faite.—Perceval le Gallois; where macabré evidently stands for machabée. In French argot machabée also signifies "a corpse," or, as we might say, "a stiff-un."

A. HOUTUM-SCHINDLER.

Tehran, Persia,
February 28.

A PROPOSED REFORM IN THE STUDY OF GENERAL SOCIOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Belgian Society of Sociology has already given many proofs of its activity, the latest of which is the production of a new journal, entitled "Le Mouvement sociologique international." The first number of this periodical has just been published by De Wit, of Brussels. The leading contribution to it is from the pen of M. Cyrille van Overbergh, the Chief Secretary in the Department of Public Instruction and a well-known authority on all questions of higher education. Mr. van Overbergh asks the question: "Why sociologists should not adopt the practice of comparative study which has been introduced by several recent international congresses?" He follows up his question by stating what cannot be denied, that the diversity of systems and the variety of terminologies perplex the public and make it disinclined to take up the science of sociology. Only synthetic minds freed from the trammels of the schools have, after protracted analysis, discovered under different phrases the same common ideas. They have compared the positive parts of systems and laws, and they build up little by little a new science. In order that the convictions formed by these few diligent workers should pass into the spirit of the partisans of different schools and of conscientious and independent seekers of the truth everywhere, it seems to Mr. van Overbergh that the best means of attaining this end would be to reconstruct, for the information of all, the demonstrations made by a few students and to discover a simple and practical procedure which would permit any one to acquire full knowledge at any moment of the work in course of realisation down to its smallest details.

Mr. van Overbergh's plan, briefly put, is that this procedure might take the form of a list of questions, both general and precise, of which he has drawn up a plan. He suggests that the answers should be given in the first place by the voluntary collaboration of authors, and that secondly the work would be helped by the accidental collaboration in giving these answers which would result in the eventual rectification of the work done, or in supplying information otherwise lacking; while lastly, through interesting by their own participation in the work their best pupils or truth-seeking specialists a continuance of the record would be assured. These answers should, he contends, be published periodically and in such a way that each of the persons using this inventory might always be able to complete it and to subdivide its contents so as to suit his own special study. With a view of putting his finger on the possible result of such an investigation in the science of general sociology, Mr. van Overbergh gives an instance of the kind of application to which he would subject his system, and for this he selects the treatise of "Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, the well-known American sociologist. That work, as is generally admitted, is very obscure. In a series of tables systematically drawn up Mr. van Overbergh gives from this work the answers to the first six questions in his interrogatory, which are (1) definition of sociology, (2) history, (3) its place in the classification of science, (4) method, (5) classification of social structures, and (6) how they are formed. The answers supplied by the author bring out the real teaching and essence of Mr. Ward's book, and go far to demonstrate the practical value of the new method proposed.

If it has been possible to dissect with so much precision

Ward's cumbrous and involved treatise, a similar task with regard to the works of Comte, Marx, Spencer and others would be relatively easy. The "Mouvement sociologique international" will continue to publish these analyses of sociological systems. When the work has been carried out by the aid of all leading sociologists, men of science will find themselves in possession of a unique collection of documents which will supply them with such complete information on each question that they will only have to compare the several elements to note where they agree or disagree, and to weigh the arguments for each before arriving logically and with full knowledge at their conclusions. But in order that the proposal of Mr. van Overbergh may be crowned with success it is necessary that the sociologists of the whole world should lend him their support. He therefore invites their co-operation and will be glad to hear from all interested in the question at either the office of the organ of the Society of Sociology or the Department of Public Instruction in Brussels.

D. B.

A QUESTION OF BIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Wright, in a letter appearing in your issue of the 20th instant, refers approvingly to his own "Life of Sir Richard Burton."

Any one who has read that diffuse and curious work will realise that it is really an attempt to exalt the comparatively obscure Mr. John Payne at the expense of the famous Richard Burton. In all Mr. Wright's "Biographies" he seems possessed with the idea that his hero has "cribbled" from some mysterious entity. In Burton's case it was a Payne, in Pater's career there appears to be a Jackson.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ!

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

March 25.

"AS MANY LIVES AS PLUTARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor Tyrrell last week gave an excellent *gaffe* of an Irish peasant who thought Plutarch was a cat-like possessor, not inditer, of lives. Our local *Ouest-Eclair* here in Brittany, the other day, speaking of assassination, called the swordsman "Ce jeune Damoclès," an exactly parallel "howler."

Not quite similar, but good in their *genre*, are the actual *Ministre des cultes*, with his confusion of *Le combat des trente* and *Le concile de Trente*; the *Ministre des Colonies*, with his attribution to botany of La Grande Comore (France has just annexed the Comores); the translators of Mgr. Montaguini's papers, who took Cardinal Parrochi for "parishes"; the *Times*, which the other day said that a certain act was putting the "needle in the camel's eye," and the *Daily Mail*, which, in August last, reduced the Ten Plagues of Egypt to seven.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Université de Rennes,
March 25.

THE CENTENARY OF POE'S BIRTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your front page of current issue it is said that the centenary of Poe's birth has been celebrated in America, together with those of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Emerson. Hawthorne was born in 1804 and Emerson in 1803, and Longfellow in 1807, so the birth centenaries of the two former are long past; but surely there is an error as to Poe. He was only born in 1809, so we are two years yet from his centenary.

May I ask your readers a question as to *Vannessa's* age? Chambers says she was born in 1692, which would make her thirty-one only when she died in 1723; but Sheridan in his "Life of Swift" makes her thirty-six in 1721, which would throw her birth back to 1685, would it not? and make her thirty-seven or thirty-eight at her death. Stella died in 1727-28, I fancy. I should be very glad to know the exact dates here.

F. B. DOVETON.

[It is a generally admitted fact that Poe was not born till 1809. Our note was based on an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Bliss Perry, in which that gentleman stated that the hundredth anniversary of Poe's birth had been "duly celebrated." Is this another example of American "hustling"? It is "up to" Mr. Perry to explain.—ED.]

"THE POSITION OF LANDSCAPE IN PAINTING AND IN MODERN ART CRITICISM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With much that the "Man in the Street" says under the above heading, in your issue of March 23, all must agree: but I strongly disagree with the position he assigns the landscape painter. As a painter of both figures and landscapes I am in a position to give an unbiased opinion on this point. There are many people with little or no art training who can blot, daub, smudge or smear colours on paper or canvas and produce sketchy or impressionistic landscapes, who could neither draw nor paint anything correctly; yet if the work is only clumsy enough it will be lauded as "masterly" by certain critics. This kind of landscape painting deserves all that the "Man in the Street" says of it; but when we come to really fine landscape painting, then it should rank with fine figure-work. It requires as high, or a higher, order of intelligence. Historically, landscape painting was a later development; as the problems of figure-painting were comparatively simple compared with the bewildering complexity of landscape. The old masters painted figures vastly better than landscape; and there have been many more great figure-painters than there have been great landscape painters. Gainsborough, a great master, almost divided his time between figures and landscape, yet he painted the former very much better than landscapes.

Light, colour, atmosphere, and the bewildering multiplicity of details present problems of greater complexity than those confronting the figure-painter; and to handle them as Turner did required the very highest genius. My own opinion is that Turner was the greatest genius that ever handled a brush; certainly the rarest.

"Sentimentality" is apt to be little more than a gibe thrown by soulless simpletons at men of finer fibre than themselves. Sentiment is one of the great moving forces of humanity; and without sentiment, feeling, or emotion no work of art can be great. Your correspondent says: "To say that an artist puts feeling into painting is to say that he endows paint with mental characteristics, which is absurd." It is just as absurd, neither more nor less, as to say that a poet puts feeling into his ink and the hieroglyphics he makes with his pen in writing a poem that may express and stir the profoundest emotion. The "Man in the Street" is right in stating that painting requires high intelligence; but it requires some things still higher—inspiration, intuition, feeling, and emotion; the expression of these give that indefinable something we call "poetry" in a painting. The purely intellectual painter, who can explain the why and wherefore of all he is doing, does nothing worth explaining.

Your correspondent has done well to open these questions, as it is time we took our bearings; the "New" movements are now old and bankrupt, having utterly failed to fulfil their promise. What the Newists took for progress is seen to be decadence. Their supporting critics instead of correcting such deplorable blunders have been blinder than the artists; and the "Modernity" movements, as I pointed out years ago, are strictly analogous to Anarchism in the political world. We need a "Higher Criticism" for Art.

E. WAKE COOK.

March 24.

EMERSONIAN PHILOSOPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is not so very long since one of your reviewers had the effrontery (I can call it no less) to stigmatise Haeckel's philosophy as "imposture," and now another of them (or may be the same) is found writing of Emerson's "shoddy optimism" (ACADEMY, March 16, 1907, page 267).

There is the possibility that your critic is hitting at some of Emerson's followers rather than at that great man himself. If that is so, I am not concerned to protest, since I know of no Emersonian school nor even of a distinctively Emersonian philosophy. If, however, your reviewer intends to call "shoddy optimism" that spirit of virility and hope which Emerson's writings breathe, I can only say that such a dictum is astounding.

Surely I have misunderstood your contributor's meaning, else must I perforce suppose that he has profoundly mistaken Emerson.

Emerson's "shoddy optimism"! Emerson "impoverishing the conscience of the English-speaking races"! The more one thinks of them the more utterly silly do such pronouncements appear. It must be that your reviewer never meant his re-

marks to be read in that light; but why, in the name of English conscience, did he not make himself clear?

J. B. WALLIS.

March 23.

"ODE TO A SUNDIAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In answer to T. M. L.'s inquiry as to the authorship of "Ode to a Sundial" in the ACADEMY this week, I enclose some verses which appeared in *T.P.'s Weekly* on March 15, 1907, which seems to attribute them to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of the last century.

W. F. I.

March 25.

The following are the verses referred to:

TO A SUNDIAL

My ear is pained, my heart is sick,
When all behind is silent round
To hear the clock's unvaried click
Repeat its melancholy sound.
'Tis irksome in the dead of night
To have Time's progress thus made known,
And his irrevocable flight
Proclaimed in such a sullen tone.

Better I love—since time must pass—
To witness in the light of day
The noiseless sand-grains in the glass
By slow succession drop away.

With still more joy to thee I turn,
Meet horologe for Bard to love;
Time's sweetest flight from thee I learn,
Whose love is borrowed from above.

The worldly use of time may need
Less cumbrous things its course to tell—
I love thy massive tome to read,
To read—and—feel its voiceless spell.

I love in some sequester'd nook
Of antique garden to behold
The page of thy sun-lighted book
Its touching homily unfold.

On some old terrace-walk to greet
Thy form, a sight which never cloys,
Is more to thought than drink and meat
To feeling, than Art's costliest toys.

These seem to track the path of time
By vulgar means which man has given;
Thou, simple, silent, and sublime,
But show'st thy shadowy sign from heaven.

BERNARD BARTON.

[R. W. P. also writes to the same effect.—ED.]

"CONSENTANEOUS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You may be interested to know that Charles Wesley used the word "consentaneous" in a hymn published in his "Hymns and Sacred Poems" (vol. ii. No. 243) in 1749. This carries it back a quarter of a century further than your date. The verse has been omitted from the present Methodist Hymn Book. It is one of the Hymns for Christian Friends:

"See the souls that hang on Thee!
Sever'd though in flesh we are,
Join'd in spirit all agree;
All Thy only love declare;
Spread Thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise."

JOHN TELFORD.

March 24.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—You comment in one of the opening paragraphs of your issue of 23rd inst. on the "rare" word used by Sir

Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his speech on the Women's Suffrage Bill.

It is strange that the daily papers should have been so puzzled—one of them actually taking upon itself to help out the meaning by changing a letter. You yourself date the word from 1774, but a reference to Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" shows it to have been used as long ago as 1625.

If we turn to the substantive "consentaneousness," we find it used in Mill's "Liberty" and in Richardson's "Clarissa." The dictionary apart, a fine example of the use of the noun may be cited from a poem by Mr. William Watson, whose passion for rolling words is well known:

"Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone,
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him and around and at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world."

What, by the way, is this noble singer about in these days? One hears all but nothing of him, and those who have ears to hear regret the silence.

JOHN HOGBEN.

March 25.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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Muther, Richard. *The History of Painting*. From the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. In two volumes. Each 9×6. Pp. 406, 800. Putnam, n.p.

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Queux, William Le. *The Secret of the Square*. 8×5. Pp. 307. White, 6s.

Leighton, Marie Connor. *Her Ladyship's Silence*. 7½×5. Pp. 371. Cassell, 6s.

Bradley, Shelland. *An American Girl in India*. 7½×4½. Pp. 284. Bell, 6s.

Stevenson, Philip L. *A Gallant of Gascony*. A Romance of Marguerite de Valois. 8×5. Pp. 363. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Lawson, T. W. *Friday the 13th*. 8×5. Pp. 226. Heinemann, 4s.

Cromarsh, H. R. *The Secret of the Moor Cottage*. 7½×5. Pp. 285. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Dale, Darley. *Naomi's Transgression*. 7½×5. Pp. 306. Warne, 6s.

HISTORY

Lang, Andrew. *History of Scotland*. Volume iv. 9×5½. Pp. 621. Blackwood, 20s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Thomas, William I. *Sex and Society*. Studies in the Social Psychology of Sex. 7½×5½. Pp. 325. Fisher Unwin, 6s. 6d. net.

Farnell, Lewis Richard. *The Cults of the Greek States*. Vols. iii. and iv. 9×5½ each. Pp. 393, 454. Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 32s. net.

Galton, Arthur. *Church and State in France, 1300-1907*. 9×5½. Pp. 290. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.

Eliot, Sir C. *Letters from the Far East*. 9×5½. Pp. 188. Arnold, 8s. 6d. net.

The Pocket Charles Kingsley. By Alfred H. Hyatt. 5½×3½. Pp. 220. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.

Progress of Education in the Century. By James L. Hughes, and L. R. Klemm. 7½×5½. Pp. 508. Chambers, 5s. net.

George, W. L. *Engines of Social Progress*. 7½×5½. Pp. 312. Black, 5s. net.

Omond, T. S. *English Metrists*. 8×5. Pp. 274. Oxford University Press, n.p.

POETRY

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

PARTICULARS are now to hand of the Cambridge History of English Literature, which is to follow the plan of the Cambridge Modern History. The work will be published in fourteen volumes of about four hundred and fifty pages each, and will cover the whole of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. As in the Cambridge Modern History each chapter will be the work of a writer specially familiar with the subject, and the History will give a connected account of the successive movements, both main and subsidiary, treating minor writers adequately and not allowing them to be overshadowed by a few great personalities. Vol. i. will cover the period from the origin to Chaucer, vol. ii. from Chaucer to the Renaissance, vol. iii. Elizabethan poetry and prose, vols. iv. and v. Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, vol. vi. Jacobean poetry and prose, vol. vii. the Caroline age, vol. viii. the age of Dryden, vol. ix. the age of Swift and Pope, vol. x. the rise of the novel, vol. xi. the earlier Georgian age, vol. xii. the Romantic revival, and vols. xiii. and xiv. the Victorian age.

There has been a great to-do in a certain section of the Press about a forthcoming book on "Extinct Birds," compiled by Mr. Walter Rothschild. One halfpenny paper devoted about a column to it, and the *Spectator* shortly afterwards followed suit. The great point insisted on by these distinguished critics was that it was supposed to have cost Mr. Rothschild twenty thousand pounds to produce. Mr. Rothschild now writes to the *Spectator* to deny that it has cost anything like that; "not even a fourth of that sum," are Mr. Rothschild's words, "and the actual printing of plates and text will only amount to two thousand one hundred pounds." Really, as Mr. Vincent Crummies remarked, "it is extraordinary how these things get into the papers." We fail to see how or why the cost of producing a book should be supposed to produce any effect whatever on those who are to read the book. Hitherto we have left to the Americans the gentle art of telling the public the price of the dinners given by Mr. So-and-So, or the conjectured value of the furs worn by the footmen of Mrs. Somebody Else. Who cares what the book cost? The only point worth considering is whether it is a good book or not—and that remains to be seen, as it has not yet been published.

A remarkable collection of early-printed books and manuscripts on vellum is being offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheran. The greater portion of this library—the total value of which is estimated at, roughly, forty thousand

pounds—was formed by the late owners some seventy years ago, and perhaps the most important item is a perfect copy of Caxton's "Golden Legende," first edition. It is probably the only complete copy in existence, and is catalogued at four thousand pounds. A set of the first four Shakespeare folios, almost all in perfect condition, are catalogued at seven thousand pounds—surely a modest price when it is remembered that a set recently realised ten thousand pounds. A fine and tall copy of the Coverdale Bible, 1535, the first edition of the Bible in English, is priced at six hundred pounds. It is exceedingly rare, and with the exception of the Osterley Park copy—which, however, had the title dated 1536—no perfect copy is known to exist. An early block-book, the "Biblia Pauperum" (ante 1450), slightly defective, figures in the catalogue at two thousand pounds.

The library contains a unique York Breviary, 1533, no other copy being known to exist. It is in almost perfect condition, and is catalogued at twelve hundred pounds. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," first edition, in three volumes, figures at two hundred and twenty-five pounds; and the story as published in the original *London Post*; or *Heathcot's Intelligencer* (Nos. 125-289) at five hundred pounds. Other rare books are Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," a unique copy on large paper (one hundred and forty-five pounds); Wynkin de Worde's edition of "Dives and Pauper," 1496 (one hundred and twenty-five pounds); Ben Jonson's Works, 1616—the edition it will be remembered which gives the names of some of the actors of the plays, including Shakespeare—with a presentation inscription by the author (one hundred and five pounds); Lyson's *Environs of London*, four volumes, extended to twenty-six volumes quarto by the addition of nearly five thousand extra portraits and views (three hundred and fifty pounds); a superb Persian manuscript of Firdausi on seven hundred leaves of native glazed paper, with sixty illustrations (five hundred pounds); Spenser's "Complaints"—a large paper copy, probably unique (two hundred and fifty pounds); and many Shakespeare Quartos and valuable early manuscripts.

A great deal of pious excavation has been going on recently. Every few months Letters from Dead Authors to their nursemaids and greengrocers have been carried upstairs with the coal or dug up in the back garden or behind the backs of sofas, and after having been exhibited in the drawing-room for the benefit of envious friends, have found their way into the daily press and afterwards to Wellington Street. The nadir of absurdity was surely reached on Tuesday morning, when a responsible newspaper reported the "find"—in the Powysland Museum, Welshpool!—of a letter to his brother from the late lamented Mr. Charles Dickens, "author of a work, I believe." Having printed this letter:

Office of Household Words,
Thursday, Fifth February, 1857.

Dear Frederick,—I am sorry to be obliged to reply to you as before.

I cannot lend you the £30. Firstly, because I cannot trust you, and because your bad faith with Will and Austin makes the word "lend" an absurdity. Secondly, because, if this were otherwise, it would do you no real good, and would not in the least save you against creditors who have already power of taking you in execution.—Affectionately, C.D.—

it proceeds gravely to discuss, in an article nearly a column in length, the identity of "Will and Austin," the possibility of "caligraphic" errors, and so on. Could inanity further go?

What is the height and depth of the general sense of humour? In front of one of the Strand theatres the management thereof displays a number of small posters

with pictures on them and a legend beneath. The particular piece of stagecraft thus advertised is entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," and we take it that herein we have a dramatised version of the story of that name. In spite of the savour of burlesque in its title, "Mrs. Wiggs" as a book was a human and fairly humorous piece of writing. For aught we know to the contrary, it may not have suffered in process of adaptation to the stage. But the posters of the management above-mentioned indicate that from the theatrical point of view the piece glitters with gems. On one of them there is a picture of a man and a woman examining a pair of trousers. Underneath we read, "I don't care about their being worn; a spike-tailed coat will cover that." Here surely is humour of the deepest British dye, and we should not be surprised to hear that passers who happen to come across it fall immediately into hysterics of laughter. And as if the trouser-joke in all its splendid richness were not enough, the theatre people have written up for us, in letters of flame as it were, the following excruciating sally:

Don't you know that every bride should wear something new and something old?

Which on the face of it is pure, unadulterated meaninglessness—though the public is doubtless expected to laugh.

The numerous influences which tend to make authorship an uncomfortable profession might not inappropriately be turned to account by some industrious wielder of the pen who happens to be hard up for a subject. In this country, authors, as a body, have the gift of remaining very dumb about matters which hurt them. They appear to have taken the advice of one Longfellow closely to heart. "Know how sublime a thing it is," warbles the American nightingale, "to suffer and be strong." The author knows. Whether he is strong or not is another matter. Authors abroad, however, decline to suffer—at any rate lying down. When they have a grievance, be it ever so slight, they take care that the world shall hear of it.

An instance in point reaches us from one of the colonies. A woman writer, who has produced three books which have been "enthusiastically received by press and public alike," has lately published a fourth book which "has not received a single notice." And the reason according to the author is, that her publisher has omitted to send out the usual review copies. This is clearly a most uncolonial omission and the aggrieved author is most angry about it. She wishes to know if she has no remedy. We do not desire either to make trouble or to stimulate litigation, particularly as we doubt whether the lady has a claim that is worth pursuing. In England, at any rate, unless review copies are expressly stipulated for in an agreement, the publisher sends them out, or refrains from sending them out, at his own option and discretion. And there are authors in the world who, if they can help it, will not have a review copy sent out on any account.

According to the *Daily Graphic*, President Roosevelt has the happy faculty of "coining words and phrases." As examples of this "happy faculty," our contemporary cites the following phrases: "A strenuous life," "a big stick," and "Molly Coddles," a term which we are informed "he launched" in a recent speech at Harvard. We can assure our contemporary that these phrases were in existence and in constant use many years before President Roosevelt was born or thought of. Mr. Roosevelt may, for all we know to the contrary, possess a happy faculty for "coining" phrases and "launching" them, but his reputation in this direction, if it is to be

sustained, will have to rest on surer foundations than the employment of phrases and words which have been in common use among millions of English-speaking people for at least a hundred years.

According to the *Bystander* the Australians are "graphomaniacs," and "every second dwelling of the middle class is cumbered with unfinished and unpublished manuscripts." We are afraid the Australians are not alone in this respect. There is not a publisher in London who could not produce at this moment a pantechicon-load of unpublishable stuff warranted to be the work of a middle-class household. Nearly every middle-class woman in London is even now engaged on a work of fiction which is to make the fortune of her dearest male relative—father, husband or brother, as the case may be. Further, to judge by the very large percentage of manuscripts which are written on expensive paper with the Government stamp at the top of it, the whole strength of the Civil Service is engaged in the important work of literary production. We hope that this is not so in Australia.

A clergyman at Newcastle has been recently "creating a sensation" by reading a poem of his own composition to his congregation in place of the usual sermon. One of our contemporaries reproduced the text of this effusion, and we were thus able to enjoy a faint echo of the original "sensation" as supplied to the congregation. It was most unpleasant. Bad poetry is a disagreeable thing at all times, but one is generally able to avoid coming into contact with it by exercise of judgment as to what one reads, and by avoiding the society of bad poets and leaving the room "in a marked manner" when any suggestion of "a recitation" is made by any one whom one is not sure of. But now it seems we are liable to be decoyed into church by false pretences, and then morally "pinned down," while reverend gentlemen fire off their own verses at us. This is rather too bad.

Monsieur Bremond's book, "The Mystery of Newman," which has recently been translated into English, contains the following statement: "Newman's father, a London banker, was descended from a Jewish family, which settled in Holland shortly after the death of Spinoza."

It is a fact that Cardinal Newman was descended from a family which had settled in Holland about the period indicated by Monsieur Bremond. However, John Newman the banker was not descended from it, and there is no trace whatever in it of Hebrew origin. The Cardinal's mother, Jemima, was a daughter of Henry Fourdrinier. Henry's father, Paul, was born at Gronigen in Holland, settled in England, and was buried at Wandsworth on February 8, 1758. Before leaving Gronigen he had married Susanna Grolleau, like himself a native of that place and also like him a descendant of a family of Caen Huguenots. Her father, Louis Grolleau, was naturalised as a Dutchman in 1682. Henri Fourdrinier, the father of Paul, was born at Caen and had fled with his whole family to Gronigen, while the father and grandfather of Henri, also both named Henri, had lived and died at Caen, the last mentioned, born about 1575, having been some time Admiral of France. There is therefore no sign of Hebrew origin on this side of the Cardinal's family.

We quote these details on the authority of the painter of the Cardinal's portrait which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, Miss Emmeline Deane, who kindly allowed us access to a dated genealogy of the family of Fourdrinier, from which she is herself descended, her

mother being a first cousin of the Cardinal. We believe that Monsieur Bremond did his best to obtain information, but owing to ill luck failed to do so directly. No doubt he afterwards heard some details of the kind indirectly, and confused the history of this family with that of Newman, thus unintentionally contributing to "the making of history" on which Mr. Ward remarks in his letter to the *Westminster Gazette* of March 23.

It is known that the English Fourdriniers became a family of engravers. It is therefore likely that the Pierre Fourdrinier of the early Biographical Dictionaries is identical with Paul, the great grandfather of the Cardinal. Pierre is described in those works as having lived for over thirty years in London and as having died in 1758, the year of Paul's burial at Wandsworth. He engraved the plates to "Villas of the Ancients," published by Castell in 1728, seven years after the date of Paul's marriage to Susanna Grolleau at Gronigen. This would leave time for his establishment in England. Pierre Fourdrinier the younger is also described in the Dictionaries as a talented engraver of architectural subjects. His death is chronicled as having occurred in 1769. He may possibly be identical under a second name with Henry, the Cardinal's grandfather, who died on January 11, 1799. The name Pierre does not occur in the Fourdrinier genealogy, but no second Christian names are given.

Dr. Emil Reich thinks that London men are "proudly unintellectual." This distressing accusation may be partly due to the very small number of men who attend his lectures at Claridge's, where the fairer and, of course, more intellectual sex predominates. We should like to see a type of the man of whom you can use the adverb and the epithet. He must be delightful. The proud and unintellectual are old friends of course. Englishmen, however, especially if they have been at a University, do not go about thinking aloud, and it is just possible that a stifled yawn at Dr. Reich's conversation may have given rise to the supposed existence of this strange hybrid. If Dr. Reich will give lectures for "Men Only" he can count on a large audience from the proud, the humble, the intellectual and the unintellectual.

M. Lepine has ordered the Morgue to be closed to the public. The wonder is that his predecessors did not do so. "Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned," wrote Browning (who rhymed with Morgue—with what vocable, indeed, did he not rhyme?) Possibly: but the Seine possesses other and less grisly titles to renown. One may be glad that Browning visited this "celebrated building," for it inspired his "Apparent Failure." But such sights as it contains are not good for "the man in the street," and he is just the person who frequents them. Poets and moralists (on presenting their cards), M. Lepine might admit; for they have a knack of sucking edification out of matters which only do harm to ordinary mortals.

Spurgeon's sermons, e.g., that against swearing and that on the *facilis descensus Avernii*, can be traced to their sources. The first was by a *curé francomtois*, the second by a Capucin monk. The "curé, prêchant contre les blasphémateurs, quelque temps avant la Révolution, débuta ainsi avec beaucoup d'onction: 'Nom de Dieu, sacré nom de Dieu! comme ou vous outrage!'" The Capucin, on the day of the Transfiguration, fell down the pulpit steps he was mounting, but instantly recovered his equilibrium and began: "*Nemini dixeritis visionem*" (Matt. xvii. 9). These "Predicatoriana" are of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and were published at Dijon in the Roaring Forties.

LITERATURE

INGENIOUS DR. STRODE

The Poetical Works of William Strode, 1600-1645. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. (Published by the Editor, 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT meagre heading does Mr. Dobell an injustice. Let us give his title-page in full: "The Poetical Works of William Strode (1600-1645) now first collected from manuscript and printed sources: to which is added The Floating Island, a tragi-comedy now first reprinted from the original edition of 1655. Edited by Bertram Dobell, with a memoir of the Author.

His body sleeps, but not his better part,
And death is vanquished by victorious art.

Published by the Editor, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., 1907."

That is something like a title-page. It proclaims a discovery, gives some information about the contents of the volume, and lends a smack of the flavour of them before ever you begin to read. Moreover, it constitutes a pretty plain warning to the Laodicean reader, who will realise at once that there is no emotional titivation and no dinner-party display to be got out of Bertram Dobell and his William Strode.

Who was William Strode? He was the son of a good Devon house, and we have learned already from the title-page that he was born near the close of the reign of Elizabeth. Devon is a prolific county, and there were so many Strodes that even Mr. Dobell cannot say exactly where his William comes in. Westminster—Christ Church—B.A.—M.A.—B.D.—proctor—Public Orator—absentee rector of country parishes—Canon of Christ Church—D.D.—death—the shades—resurrection by Mr. Dobell: that is his entirely respectable and uninteresting history. The only "romance," as the newspapers would call it, comes right at the end, when Mr. Dobell, already famous as the keeper of the best old-book-shop in London and the discoverer of the Traherne pocket, hit upon and worked the Strode vein. Not twice in a lifetime, even to such daring and persistent diggers as Mr. Dobell, does it happen to a man to light on a Traherne pocket. The ore in the newly found vein is not nearly so rich, and there is a very great deal more rubbish mixed up with it. Still, the gold is there, and Mr. Dobell is only following the etiquette of the mining prospectus when he rings the bell (his merchant's mark) and clucks as loudly as ever he can over the egg he has laid.

Our metaphors are becoming sadly mixed. It is William Strode's fault; but to explain how, we must go back a few years.

Fat soil, full spring, sweet olive, grape of bliss,
That yields, that streams, that pours, that dost distill,
Untilled, undrawn, unstamped, untouched of press,
Dear fruit, clear brooks, fair oil, sweet wine at will!

Those lines are not by Strode, but by a poet who was hanged at Tyburn for "treason" five years before Strode's birth—Robert Southwell. It was written in prison, with no thought of publication, and by a man whose last notion was to cultivate the Muse for the Muse's sake. In other words, it was the utterly sincere expression of the secret thoughts of a practically dying man—and yet it takes the form of similes painfully ingenious laboriously piled one on the other in antithesis. The single instance is sufficient to show the tyranny of a poetical form. Take the case of a writer who is not breathing his inmost thoughts to his Maker on the eve of death, but writing complimentary verses for the gratification or commemoration of the large circle of friends who delighted in his agreeable manners and pleasant wit—and that at a time when the fashion followed by Southwell was waning to its setting—and we should be prepared,

before reading the works of Strode, to vow that it could not be worth our while.

That would be to reckon without the truth of which Strode's work is a capital instance—that a man of mere accomplishment can, in certain conditions, produce poetry that is real poetry and not merely good verse :

One pitt contains him now that could not dye
Before a thousand pitts in him did lye ;

Such a beginning to the epitaph on a gentleman who died of small-pox seems to the modern reader as funny as the delightful manuscript variant recorded by Mr. Dobell, which gives, instead of "pitts" in the second line, the word "pills." To say of a lady who had suffered from the same complaint that :

Love shott a thousand darts
And made those pitts for graves to bury hearts,

seems little less unpleasantly fantastic than the statement made by another poet of the same century that the eruptions were weeping (*i.e.*, exuding matter) for the pain they caused their victim. And, once more, was it kind or poetical to write thus of a very stout man recently deceased ? :

Because of fleshly mould wee bee
Subject unto mortality,
Let noe man wonder at his death,
More flesh he had, and then lesse breath.

Had you but seene him on his way
To Church, his last blest Sabbath day ;
His struggling soule did make such hast
As if each breath would bee his last.
Each bricke hee trod on, shrinking strove
To make his grave and shew its love.

There we see the very worst of the ingenuity, the "wit," which had started with Lyly and the Euphuists, had dominated much of English poetry for a hundred years or more, and was only to be rejected after the Restoration, partly by the prevailing sound sense and partly by the diversion of wit into other channels. There, too, we learn the worst of Strode. It was (good, academical man!) his duty to write epitaphs for his friends, as it was the duty of their relatives to put up those monstrous, black-and-painted Jacobean and Caroline monuments which we see in country churches; and the days had gone by when, even in epitaphs, men could not write but with excellence. "Underneath this sable hearse"—it would not be fair to William Strode (1600-1645) to go on. Equally unfair would it be to quote the most glorious stanza of glorious John: "Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies." There are moments when 1600-1645, or at any rate 1620-1645, Strode's working years, seem the saddest period in our whole literary and national history. A decaying drama, the Elizabethan chorus of bird-notes failing voice by voice, a Puritanical land and a rebellious people, and the black January of 1649 growing terribly nearer.

The period, for all that, had its literary beauties, neither small nor few, and it is a pleasure to turn to that in William Strode which makes him worth Mr. Dobell's labour in printing his manuscript discoveries and searching the miscellanies of his day, makes him, indeed, almost worth the praise Mr. Dobell generously lavishes on him. Even his epitaphs can be good.

Sleepe pretty one: oh sleepe while I
Sing thee thy latest Lullaby:
And may my song be but as shee,
Nere was sweeter Harmonie:
Thou werste all musicke: all thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes
To prayse thy Maker. In thy browe
I read thy soule, and know not how
To tell which whiter was or smother.

This is ingenious, but it is true "wit" and good poetry, and it shows very clearly that the accomplished versifier needs only to be touched by some genuine emotion to lift his accomplishment to something higher than itself.

Here is another instance of the just meeting of a thought and its expression.

O when will Cupid show such arte
To strike two lovers with one darte?
I'm ice to him or hee to me;
Two hearts alike there seldom bee.

If thrice ten thousand meete together
How scarce one face is like another!
If scarce two faces can agree
Two hearts alike there seldom bee.

The tendency of such poetry is always towards the epigrammatic, the pointed statement of clear-cut thoughts. What we miss in it is the "inevitability" of an Elizabethan lyric. Here we can see thought and expression fitting themselves to each other; they may, like the panels in a fine cabinet, be absolutely flush, but it is clear that they have been fitted together. An Elizabethan lyric seems to have sprung to life in one indivisible whole. Again, we miss in most of Strode's lyrics and those of his day the peculiar singing quality which in lyrics of the prime remains an unmistakable mark of direct descent from the world-old marriage of poetry and music. Even in Wyatt we hear the lute through the words. We can only catch it now and then in Strode; for instance in the song, "When Orpheus sweetly did complayne," or that "In Commendation of Musick," both delightful things and purely lyrical.

It is unfortunate for Strode and Mr. Dobell that there should be some little doubt about the authorship of two of the best poems in the volume. Part, at least, of the poem "To his Mistresse," "Keepe on your mask and hide your eye," has always been attributed to Carew; and Carew and Strode, as far as we are concerned, may fight it out between them. It is a question of pure scholarship. The case of the well-known poem on Melancholy, "Hence, hence, all you vaine delights," is a more serious matter. This poem appeared first in 1635. In 1647 it appeared again in the play *The Nice Valour*, which was partly Fletcher's work, and since then it has been commonly ascribed to Fletcher. Malone, however, was convinced that both this poem and the reply, "Returne my joyes, and hither bring," were Strode's, and he points out that Milton evidently took the hint of his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" from them. Mr. Dobell, who marshals his arguments clearly, is strongly in favour of Strode, but cannot make out a convincing case from external evidence. The internal evidence is a matter on which every student of poetry is at liberty to form his own opinion. Our own feeling, after further consideration of Strode's reply and the test of his other poetry, is that he was not up to the level of this almost magical poem. And for this reason: vivid, graceful and musical as Strode can be, he is never great. His work never has the mysterious quality of great poetry, by virtue of which it opens windows, as it were, suggests the illimitable, excites not pleasure so much as wonder, as awe in the sudden presence of the universal. We find that quality in "Melancholy," and nowhere else in this volume.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with many of Strode's interesting features—his study of the country for its own sake, his jolly, humorous Devonshire poem, forerunner of a host of descriptions of the rustic in town, his delightful Chimney-sweeper's song, the academic jest on "Capps," and the historically interesting verses on the windows at Fairford. His play, too, which was acted before Charles and his Queen at the University and delighted Charles and bored the rest of the audience, is well worth study, partly for its sound blank verse, written in an age when blank verse was mainly too rugged or too sloppy, partly for its remarkable political wisdom.

The volume as a whole is a valuable addition to the literature of the first half of the seventeenth century, and we cannot but congratulate Mr. Dobell on the result of his labours. There will soon have to be a new word on the model of "graingerise": to "dobell."

PLUTARCH AGAIN

New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. EMIL REICH. Plutarch's *Lives*, vol. iv. Translated by W. R. FRAZER. (Sonnen-schein, 3s. 6d. net.)

TEN of the *Lives* of Plutarch have already appeared in this series, which has been fortunate in securing as its editor the learned and brilliant Dr. Emil Reich. The *Lives* contained in this volume are those of Sertorius, Eumenes, Demetrius, Antonius, Galba, Otho—not among the most striking of the biographies except the last three. *Galba* and *Otho* have a great value as standing beside the narrative of Tacitus, but independent of it, though evidently flowing from a common source, probably Cluvius Rufus or C. Plinius. But by far the most interesting is the life of Mark Antony, by reason of the fact that the greatest of all poets drew from it so largely in his *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Whatever other laurels the sage of Chaeronea has won—and they are many—his greatest boast is that he uncurtained the ancient world for Shakspeare. North's translation was first published in 1579, without which literature would have incurred the irreparable loss of those three amazing pictures of ancient Roman life, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The biographies of *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, and *Mark Antony* fired the imagination of the English poet and finely touched his spirit to fine issues, though he was twice removed from the original Greek: for North's version is not taken directly from Plutarch, but from the French translation of Amyot.

It is a delightful exercise for the mind to observe the way in which the great genius of the Elizabethan Age dealt with his materials. Sometimes he does little more than versify the English of North, as in the incomparable passage describing the death of Cleopatra (*Ant.* 85), which we give in the version of North:

Her death was very sudden, for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran hither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired, and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women which was called Iras dead at her feet: and her other woman called Charmian half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, "Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well" said she again, "and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

We add Mr. Frazer's rendering, which is not inadequate, but lacks the *pretiosa vetustas* of the above:

The tragedy had been swift. The messengers came running up; and, finding that the guards had noticed nothing, they opened the doors and discovered the Queen already dead, stretched on a golden couch and decorated with the royal insignia. Of her women, the one called Iras was expiring near the Queen's feet, while Charmian, already staggering and stupefied, was arranging the crown upon the Queen's head. Somebody exclaimed angrily: "This is a fine business, Charmian!" "Very," she replied, "and befitting the descendant of so many kings." Then, without another word, she fell where she stood beside the couch.

Our readers will remember how the well-known Shakspearean passage reproduces all the grandeur of the Greek, not even omitting the soldier's protest:

Charmian, is this well done?

and the answer of "noble Charmian":

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Sometimes North furnishes a mere hint which the poet elaborates, as in Mark Antony's funeral oration. North tells us how:

To conclude his oration he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and cursed murderers.

The Shakspearean passage is familiar:

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd.
... This was the most unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the time ran blood) great Cæsar fell.
... Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you, here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

The statue running blood is taken from another passage of Plutarch; the rest is the embroidery of the words quoted above.

The scene of Cleopatra on her barge is almost literally reproduced with here and there a delightful added touch. We wish we had space for the English (*Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 2, 195-222):

She sailed up the River Cydnus upon a gilded barge, with purple sails expanded to the breeze and rowers plying their silver oars to the tune of a flute accompanied by pipes and lutes. The Queen herself reclined beneath an awning of cloth of gold, adorned like Aphrodite in the pictures; and on either side of her stood little boys, got up like the Cupids represented in paintings, and engaged in fanning her. Her women, all striking beauties, were dressed as Nereids and Graces, and stationed, some at the helm, others at the ropes. The wonderful scents of a hundred different kinds of incense pervaded both banks of the stream. A crowd of people from the riverside accompanied the ship along either bank, and another crowd flocked down from the city to see the spectacle. The throng streamed forth from the forum of the town, until at last Antonius, seated upon the tribunal, was left alone. The word ran through every lip that Aphrodite was coming to revel with Dionysus for the good of Asia.

The rendering is spirited but not quite as dignified as the Greek. "Got up like Cupids" rather vulgarises "Ἐρωσιν εἰκασμένοι." But much worse is "flabbergasted" (ch. 62), for *θορυβουμένων*, a word quite free from any taint of vulgarity. On the other hand, "persiflage" is too polite a rendering of *βωμολοχίας* (ch. 59), which seems to mean what would now be called "ragging." In ch. 57 there is a very happy rendering of the particle *ὅτι*, "he was, if you please, an Athenian citizen." In the *Sertorius* (ch. 8) there is a pretty passage which seems to have struck Wordsworth when he alludes to a Roman who

Sick of life
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
On some green island of the western main.

These are the words (Mr. Frazer's version) in which is described an aspiration not characteristic of the storm and stress of ancient life. The islands referred to are probably the Canaries:

Here he met some sailors who had lately returned from a voyage to the Atlantic islands, which are two islands separated by a quite narrow strait, distant about 10,000 furlongs from Africa, and called the Happy Isles. Rainfall is there infrequent and moderate; and the winds are usually soft and humid. The land is not merely good and rich for agriculture and horticulture, but even produces fruit spontaneously and of sufficient abundance and lusciousness to maintain a population in idleness without toil or trouble. Thanks to the temperature and moderate variation in the seasons, the climate which prevails in the islands is never severe. The north and east winds, which blow off this continent of ours, having to travel so long a distance, are lost in the vast expanse, and fail before they reach the islands; while the south and west winds, playing about them, occasionally bring up from the sea mild showers, but usually refresh and gently nourish the earth by moisture-laden air. Hence arises the firm belief, which has penetrated even to the barbarians, that in these isles lies the Elysian Plain, and the home of the Blest, about which Homer sang. When he heard stories like these, Sertorius was seized with an extraordinary longing to dwell in these islands and live in peace, far removed from tyranny and unending war.

In another noble sonnet Wordsworth seems to have had in his mind the extraordinary passage in which Plutarch exults over the liberty given by Flamininus to Greece,

and proclaimed at the Isthmian games. It is strange that Plutarch should not have seen that liberty, which is presented to a country as a gift, and which therefore may be taken from her again, is no real liberty; there cannot be

A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

The excellence of the *Lives* is on the ethical side, not the political. One could not gather from Plutarch's *Gracchi* a conception of the real nature of the Gracchan revolution, nor from his *Cicero* of the Catilinarian conspiracy. In *Ant.* 70 there is an amazing digression on the famous misanthrope Timon, in the course of which we read that

During a meeting of the Athenian Assembly, Timon is said to have mounted the platform—a proceeding so unusual that it produced profound silence and an air of great expectancy. Timon then spoke as follows: "Men of Athens, I have a little garden patch, and in this garden patch there grows a fig-tree, from which ere this many 'citizens' have dangled. As I intend to build on this spot, I want to give public notice of the fact, so that any of you who wish may dangle from the tree before it is cut down."

Mr. Frazer naturally remarks that it is hardly credible that the citizens of Athens habitually resorted to Timon's tree for the purpose of hanging themselves. Hence he thinks that there may have been figs called "citizens," as we call oysters "natives." The suggestion is ingenious and would be tenable if the Greek word had been *ἐκρεμάσαντο* or *ἐκρεμάσθησαν*, but unfortunately it is *ἀνήγγελλοντο*, which could not be applied to figs dangling from a tree.

The following extract from the narrative of Otho's suicide should be compared with the account of Tacitus (*Hist.* ii. 47-49). It will be seen that the two narratives are independent of each other, but have a common source:

Then, as soon as the man had left him, he held the sword, point upwards, beneath him with both hands, and fell upon it, giving no other sign of his anguish but a single groan, which was heard by those without. His slaves raised a loud wail, and instantly the whole camp and the city were filled with lamentations. With loud shouts his soldiers hastened to the doors, full of contrition, full of sorrow, reproaching themselves for not having guarded the Emperor and prevented him from dying for their sakes. Though the enemy were close at hand, not one of Otho's men deserted him. They laid out the body in state and built a pyre; and then, after vying with one another for the honour of shouldering and carrying his bier, they bore forth, through lines of armed soldiers, their Emperor to the tomb. Of the rest, some flung themselves upon the corpse and kissed the wound, others seized the nerveless hands, while others, afar off, prostrated themselves. Some, who had received no signal benefit from the dead and had no fear of being harshly treated by the conqueror, put a torch beneath the pyre and then slew themselves. Indeed, it seems as if no King or tyrant was ever filled with such a strange, mad passion to rule others, as these soldiers had to be ruled by Otho and obey him. Even when he was dead, the infatuation did not cease, but remained rooted in their hearts and turned at last to a deadly hatred against Vitellius.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

JOURNALISM

Pen, Patron and Public. A Critical Survey. (Greening, 5s.)

THE author of this survey of the immediate past of English journalism is evidently familiar with his subject. He subjects it to a critical survey, excellent in all respects save that it leads him to a nebulous conclusion. Society journalism, of which he makes rather too much, appears to have had its day. When the *World* and *Truth* were established, society was exclusive and select. Paragraphs about its doings leaked into the papers, mostly from the back stairs. But Mr. Labouchere and the late Mr. Edmund Yates found means to change this. They were aided by the fact that the balance of influence was being shifted. Land fell in value, and many of its aristocratic owners were glad to journalise as an aid to livelihood. The new people emerging from commerce had no scruples against being advertised. Personal paragraphs were freely contributed by individuals who were in Society. The result has not been favourable to the newspapers which lived on

that kind of thing. After a generation of "celebrities at home" and all the phrase implies, the doings, habits, and modes of dukes, earls, barons and baronets have become so generally known that the best column of "Court and Society news" is no longer the draw it once was. Hence the Society papers of to-day have ceased to command any very great attention. What strikes us most on looking back is the greater individualism of the editors who now have ceased to hold the reins. J. T. Delane during his tenure of office governed the *Times*. "The sequel of his departure," says our author, "was chaos in Printing House Square," and he goes on to give it as his opinion that while the accuracy of its commercial information and its demonstrable incorruptibility still render its position unassailable, the absence of a strong directing mind is evident. To Mr. W. H. Mudford, of the *Standard*, he scarcely does justice. During his prime there was not an abler, more vigilant, more enterprising Editor. His life and character were in direct contrast to those of Mr. Douglas Cook, a still more renowned Editor, whose death once more proved that the greatness of a journal often depends on an individual. Our critic quotes the *Spectator* as another example. It came to its kingdom in the day of the late R. H. Hutton. Since then he considers that it has sunk into being the "Mrs. Gummidge of the Press." He points a similar moral from the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, its establishment by Mr. Frederick Greenwood and its subsequent editorship by personalities so diverse as those of Mr. John Morley, Mr. W. T. Stead, and Mr. Harry Cust. The mere names of the men we have alluded to suggest a striking contrast between them and those who sit in the editorial chairs to-day. It would appear that the energies of the latter have been directed into an entirely different channel. No one who knows them would say that the men of the 'sixties and 'seventies were lacking in business ability, but what distinguished them still more was the power to mould and shape public opinion. Alike in matters of politics and literature their word carried weight if it were not always law. Ministers had to take Printing House Square into account, and even a Bismarck thought it worth a sacrifice to secure the friendship of a London evening paper. But the Editor of to-day is not like that. After the last election Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is said to have addressed a great newspaper proprietor in words like this—we write from hearsay, and do not guarantee verbal accuracy:

Yes, you have succeeded in your desires, you have a circulation of millions, you have amassed unbounded wealth, there is not one of your wishes but you can have fulfilled and yet—your influence is not worth that!

with a snap of his finger. The reason is that the energies of newspapers are concentrated on the collection and presentation of news. Each department is done by its own expert. Where sport, for instance, was often reported in the old days by some one who had risen from the case and knew nothing of his subject, to day we have the old footballer and cricketer and tennis player and oarsman reporting each his several pastime. From important foreign affairs to the petty cases at the police-court the doings of men are chronicled with a copiousness and general accuracy unreachd by an earlier generation. So much is this the case that the collector of "dilapidated scraps of *gobemoucherie*" takes himself seriously as responsible for "matter laboriously acquired and skillfully treated." The newspaper of to-day is run on more commercial lines than its predecessor. Journalists used to have a high, sometimes an inflated idea of the importance of their calling. They either worked their paper for the furtherance of political and moral principles or they pretended to. Our generation is more cynical and frank. It is stated plainly of the best newspapers that they are run for gain and nothing else. To order the collection of news on one side and that of advertisements on the other is the whole duty of those who fill the shoes of knights errant of the press, many of whom made every personal and pecuniary sacrifice in order that the ideas dearer to

them than worldly prosperity should prevail. To-day gain is the frankly avowed object of the modern newspaper proprietor, and the results are not very satisfactory to any but those who have no other than the commercial standard. It is not very reassuring to watch the tireless industry with which morning, evening and weekly journals garner and present to their readers "dilapidated scraps of *gobemoucherie*," only instead of dilapidated scraps huge slabs would be a more correct rendering in the case of the worst offenders.

AN APOSTATE'S APOSTROPHE

Church and State in France, 1300-1907. By ARTHUR GALTON. (Arnold.)

THE familiar line, "Woodman spare that tree!" might serve as the text for a complete treatise for the use of woodmen upon the multiple and, until within recent years, little suspected evils of deforestation, in which it would be pointed out that the woodman, after felling and uprooting the Tree for the purpose of making a small clearing of cultivable land whereon to grow wheat or potatoes for the support of himself and his family had, in all probability, been ignorant of the real significance of his act; and this because he knew little or nothing of the history of the tree, of the part that it had played for perhaps a thousand years, and, at the moment of its destruction, was still playing in the economy of nature. With a deplorable absence of the historic sense the woodman would have hacked and hewed, congratulating himself that he was getting rid of a useless, old, or rotten tree, which had never served any more definable purpose than that of preventing the rays of the sun, by its ample foliage and sturdy branches, from reaching the soil below; and it would have to be explained to him that Swift's famous maxim as to the supreme gratitude owed by humanity to the man who made a blade of grass grow where none had grown before was no longer universally accepted by men of sense or science; that the Tree, though the woodman might not be aware of it, was more important to civilised society than himself; that its destruction might tend to changes in climatic conditions which would be dangerous to agriculture, including the potato crop; that the systematic destruction of the Tree had, strangely enough, some subtle connexion with the lowest and most bloodthirsty forms of religious fanaticism; witness the deforestation and consequent ruin of Greece by the Turks, and of Algeria by the Arabs. Then the woodman would be told of the zealous propaganda carried on of recent years by M. Pierre Baudin, an eminent French Radical politician, and a former Minister of Public Works, who in the press and on public platforms is constantly urging the reforestation of France, being backed up in his appeal by an important union of French economists and agriculturists, who from investigation and bitter experience know too well that the destruction of the Tree stops the proper alimentation of rivers and causes them to silt, whereby navigation is interrupted and industry and commerce are threatened with ruin. And he would learn also of "Arbor Day" founded in the United States by a philanthropic Yankee for the purpose of educating by means of popular *fêtes*, children, and particularly woodmen's children, in the love and veneration of the Tree, part of whose semi-divine task it is to hold up mountains, and call down the blessed rain. But the chances are that all such arguments would rattle vainly on his skull, because he would have no conception of the past, or prevision of the future: he would, in fact, be totally lacking in the historic sense.

It is this traditional attitude of the woodman with an axe that Mr. Galton adopts towards that mightily ancient and most venerable tree of faith whose shadow is spread over every civilised quarter of the globe and a goodly proportion of the uncivilised remainder, and which is the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Galton has but one cry in his heart:

Down with the Pope! And he draws a lurid and altogether too black a picture of the Vatican, whose mistakes and follies and crimes, extending over the last eight centuries, he relates with a never failing gusto, to the exclusion of any recognition of the good that it has done or even tried to do. That the Vatican, whatever faults may be charged against it, has, nevertheless, been the faithful custodian of those great religious and moral truths or principles upon which modern Christian society is based—a treasure which might otherwise have been lost—is an extenuating circumstance in its favour, which should, one would imagine, influence the mind and attenuate the verdict of the most uncompromising Protestant. The impartial historian certainly cannot overlook this side of the question. But Mr. Galton does, and he does so with such patent sincerity and straightforwardness that we cannot for a moment accuse him of wilfully misrepresenting facts. He is simply the woodman with the axe, hewing and hacking, principally hacking, at the roots of that great ethical and political institution the Roman Catholic Church; blindly and even madly, for he forgets that if his one-sided story were true it would constitute the most terrible requisitory that has ever yet been written, not only against the Papacy, but against Christianity and humanity at large. It was the clergy, Mr. Galton tells us, unconsciously plagiarising a well-known passage in *The Importance of being Ernest*, who were responsible for "the worst excesses of the French Revolution."

But Mr. Galton's chief complaint against the Papacy is its absolutism and reactionary spirit. "It knows," he says, "that it must dominate human liberty, or abdicate and disappear." And he would have us believe that this principle is at the basis of its dispute with the French Government, and the inspiring cause of the recent disestablishment of the Church in France. In order to demonstrate this theme Mr. Galton has written a brief and sprightly account from the "no-papery" point of view of the relations between France and Rome since 1300. To this task he has brought no special knowledge from independent investigation or research; he is erudite only in the sense of having read and easily digested a large number of books by other writers, some of whom, however, notably M. Debidour, who is his French oracle, are by no means the prophets in their own country that Mr. Galton represents them to be. In this review of eight centuries of French ecclesiastical history Mr. Galton makes but one original discovery, namely, that the "constitution civile du clergé," which he reproaches Carlyle for overlooking, was the purest expression ever formulated of the Gallican ideal. "It made a logical application of those principles by which the Gallican Church had been administered for many centuries." And, of course, Mr. Galton blames Pius the Sixth for condemning it. This question of Gallicanism, however, constitutes, so it seems to us, the hard knot in the tree, by striking which Mr. Galton, perfervid woodman, has effectually blunted his axe. It is noticeable that he has practically nothing to say about Americanism—the word does not even figure in his index. And yet Americanism, which is an ever growing force in the Catholic Church, and to whose secret influence the election of the present Pope was due, is a living proof that Catholicism is an evolving and not a reactionary institution. Strictly analysed, of course, the expressions "Gallicanism" and "Americanism" contain a contradiction in terms if applied to a Catholic faith, for it is obvious that no church which is specifically Gallican or American can at the same time be Catholic. But while Gallicanism, which was never more than the present individualism, and therefore rightly condemned as incompatible with the Papal authority, is now only represented by the pitiable schism of M. Hyacinthe Loyson, the particular views of Cardinal Gibbons, of Archbishop Ireland, and of Bishop Spaulding in America, shared in France by Abbés Klein and Loisy, and to which the designation of "Americanism" has been loosely applied, represent a real and progressive movement in Catholicism to-day. The "American"

theory, first dimly indicated by Lamennais and elaborated by Hecker, proclaims that once Papal infallibility has been definitely established as the basis of the Catholic faith and the Church by that dogma secured in its authority, the Pope can grant those concessions to modern liberalism which he has hitherto been obliged in self-defence to withhold. Let it be understood that we hold no brief for this doctrine or indeed any other. It is undoubtedly viewed with disfavour by the present Pope, having been condemned by the Jesuits, but its existence shows the power of evolution which even ultramontanist possesses; and when the Vatican obtains a little breathing space from the results and respite from the attacks at present being made upon it from so many different sides, Americanism may well be introduced within the sphere of practical Romanism. The Papal claim to infallibility represents to the impartial observer, though we fear not to Mr. Galton, a distinct and most important evolution in Catholicism, which it would be false and even puerile to describe as reactionary. It is, in fact, a gigantic step in advance upon the old incongruous Romanism which left the Church weak and almost defenceless against the assaults of her enemies. It brushes away many of the doctrinal cobwebs of the middle ages, and is as much an advance upon the theology of Leo X. as is the Imperialism of Mr. Chamberlain upon that of Cromwell. The claim of the Papacy to exercise international jurisdiction in matters spiritual, which are always in a measure inseparable from matters temporal, implies nothing, moreover, which any one can describe as reactionary, or which is not, in point of fact, intensely modern. Every day internationalism is substituting itself more and more surely for a narrow nationalism in the affairs of the world. The Jews, with their racial and religious freemasonry, exercise international jurisdiction in the matter of finance and in all the great political problems, and these are the vast majority with which finance is bound up. The Lodges are international, and no one can deny the occult command which they exercise in the French Chamber. Socialism is also an international power. M. Clemenceau is far too experienced and practical a statesman to have dreamed for one moment that by disestablishing the Church in France he would efface, or even lessen, the influence of the Pope upon French public affairs. His chief aim, as was that of M. Combes, was to ingratiate himself with certain political groups for the sake of securing, and then remaining in, office. No one in his senses could accuse M. Ribot, M. Rouvier, or M. Delcassé, all of whom looked with disfavour upon the Separation Law, of approving a situation which, according to the Rev. Mr. Galton, tended to hand over France, bound and helpless, into the clutches of the arch enemy of Human Liberty.

It is a lack of the historic sense which is the fault of the Rev. Mr. Galton's work on the relations between Church and State in France. He has written an elaborate pamphlet rather than an historical study, but his special pleading constitutes a clear and precise *exposé* of the case which the plaintiff French Government has brought against the Pontiff of Rome, and which it is for Christians in all countries to judge, so far at least as its moral and social aspects are concerned. He is an eloquent *advocatus diaboli*, he wields his woodman's axe with eloquence and skill, and being also an accurate compiler and translator, his book deserves a place upon the student's shelf. It would have been more complete had he noted the fact that the Separation Law has not been extended to Algeria and given us the reasons why.

"MALOMBRA"

The Woman of Malombra. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE justification of the publisher's issue of a new translation of the novel "Malombra" is to be found in the interest that has been awakened in Antonio Fogazzaro

by the success in this country of "The Saint." The appeal of the Italian writer to English readers is not without its significance. Curiosity about "The Saint" was, of course, stimulated by the fact that the book was placed on the Index Expurgatorius. But although the Papal censure frequently proves an excellent advertisement for a bad book, it seldom suffices to create a demand for a good book. Antonio Fogazzaro is essentially a serious writer. He has not the art of the novel as we understand it in England. With him the story is not the main thing. It is a vehicle for expressing certain definite ideas and convictions. Religion with Fogazzaro is a matter of supreme importance. All else is secondary and subservient. An atmosphere of devotion, of reverent and genuine piety pervades the pages of his books. It is impossible to escape it.

But although the author's main purpose in writing is to teach he brings to his work other qualities than those which inspire the ordinary preacher. Deeply concerned as he is with man's spiritual side, he is a close and accurate observer of the life about him. He does not shut his eyes to hard facts. He is a strange admixture of realist and idealist, a combination of artist, poet, philosopher and man of the world. He is alive to the brute in man and has sounded dark depths of painful thoughts. He is painfully aware of the inanity of human nature, but he sees more in things than lie on the surface. He pants for the unknown and feels within himself an immensity of longing that earth cannot satisfy. Conscious of the underlying sadness of things he is keenly sensitive to beauty. He feels the charm of evening, of great cities, of forests, of immense lonely spaces, no less than the charm of a face, of a word or a smile, of an action or movement of the soul. There is nothing immature in his work. A vast wealth of material is at his disposal, and although reticence can hardly be claimed as a quality of his writing, there is subtly conveyed to the reader the impression that behind his utmost exuberance lies genuine power, that he has in fact more to say than he can or will ever quite reveal. With so many and varied excellences it is not surprising that the novels of Fogazzaro should make a profound impression on those who expect to find in their fiction nothing but the flippancies of the fleeting hour. We have, of course, our "serious" novelists in England, and the work of Fogazzaro may be claimed to have some affinity with that of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Mallock, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, and others. But there is a wide humanity of sentiment about the work of the Italian novelist which marks out its essential difference from those of our writers whose appeal is mainly to "the elect."

As a novel "Malombra" does not exhibit Fogazzaro at his best. It is less mature than "Daniel Cortis," the story following it which brought the author immediate fame, less absorbing in its interest than "the Saint." Although it deals with the great and universal passions of mankind common to all races and countries, it is rather with what may be called the local aspect of them that the story is concerned. The idea of the vendetta, the thirst for revenge persisting through the ages is not one which makes an immediate appeal to the Anglo-Saxon people. It is too remote from their ordinary experience. To the Latins, however, with the past ever at their elbow, the idea is natural and perennial. In "Malombra" Fogazzaro works out the theme relentlessly and remorselessly, never shrinking from the situations of horror to which he is led.

In the splendid gloom of its setting, in the inevitableness of its happenings, the story has something of the dignity and haunting power of Greek tragedy. The action takes place at a lonely mysterious castle inhabited by an old noble, Count Caesar d'Ormengo. After a life of some wildness he has settled down as a recluse to devote himself to scientific research. A disturbing element is, however, introduced into his home when he adopts his orphan niece, Marina di Malombra, a beautiful, highly strung girl

steeped in modernity. Filled with the joy of life she finds herself cramped on all sides by the monotony of her new life. Thrown back upon herself she spends her time in reading and self-analysis. A book on metempsychosis fires her imagination and she enters upon an anonymous correspondence with its author. Shortly afterwards it happens that this same author, Corrado Silla, comes to the castle as secretary to the old count. By a trick of coincidence he learns the identity of his anonymous correspondent whom from her letters he has already come to love. But love is not for Marina. Another and a fiercer passion has taken possession of her. She has conceived a deadly hatred for her uncle, and of this hatred Corrado Silla also obtains his share. The flame of her passion is fanned by the traditions of the castle. Some years ago—in the very suite of rooms which Marina has chosen for her own—was imprisoned the unhappy lady Cecilia, of the race of Malombra. For some trifling indiscretion her husband had shut her up in the castle where at last she had died mad, it was said, breathing vengeance on the race of Ormengo. In a secret drawer of an escritoire Marina comes across a letter from Cecilia declaring her intention to reincarnate herself in the body of some living woman and thus execute vengeance on the hated family. The idea possesses Marina until she comes to believe herself the reincarnation of Cecilia charged with her mission of vengeance. From this point horror succeeds horror. Marina kills the count, shoots Corrado Silla, and finally throws herself into the lake.

Told thus in bare outline the story would appear merely a morbid tragedy. It is the treatment of Fogazzaro that redeems it and gives to it distinction. There are several points in the story which are especially characteristic of the author. He does not exalt the love of woman to the place of supreme importance in man's life. It is only a step in the development of a celestial passion. Man must work out his own salvation through bitterness and disillusion. He must fight a manly fight, falling every now and again, but rising once more wounded to renew the contest. Of the ultimate victory the author is in no doubt, and he closes his book of gloom with a note of hope.

He knew [he writes of Corrado Sella] that he was going to his longed-for rest and he knew also, in that clearness of vision to which he was now attaining, that he was loved at last in accordance with his dreams on earth by a strong, tender heart which would be true to him till the end. In the light beyond the grave the injustice of this world yielded place to a vision of order and benevolence and wisdom.

This is the note of divine idealism which sounds in all Fogazzaro's work. It is to this invincible faith that he owes his power.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Oxford Treasury of English Literature. By G. E. Hadow and W. H. Hadow. Vol. II.: *The Growth of the Drama.* (Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d.)

THIS volume of well-chosen selections from the works of English dramatists starts from the Miracle Plays and Moralities and goes down to Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*. The period covered from the first miracle play quoted to the end of the volume thus amounts to only rather less than four hundred years. It begins when English dramatic literature becomes articulate and follows it in its growth and development to the period of its greatness and splendour which culminated in Shakespeare. No plays of Shakespeare are included in the selection because it is explained that the plays of Marlowe, Webster, Ben Jonson and the other Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists should be read in each case concurrently with one or two plays of Shakespeare. The volume is in fact intended as a companion to the study of Shakespeare, and is therefore classified into three divisions—Tragedies, Comedies

and Histories. In all, selections from eighteen plays are given. The introductions to the various parts of the book are most valuable and scholarly, and contain a really noble and stimulating appreciation of Marlowe and of Webster, that wonderful sombre genius whose place is surely on the very level of Shakespeare himself.

The editors show their taste and judgment by giving the *White Devil* rather than the *Duchess of Malfi* as the greatest example of Webster's genius. It is undoubtedly the finer play of the two, and in its own line has never been surpassed by anything in English literature. No apology is needed for the omission from the volume of any work of Cyril Tourneur. His best play, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, is very poor stuff indeed, and the coupling together of Tourneur and Webster in the "Mermaid" series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists edited by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds has always seemed to us misleading and uncritical. They have really nothing in common except that they both wrote tragedies. One was a superb creative genius and the other was a second-rate playwright. Mr. Symonds, for all his charm and great erudition, had an irritating trick of patronising great men of genius. He exercised it in the case of Webster as in the case of Benvenuto Cellini. Messrs. G. and W. Hadow are pleasantly free from this vice of the editor. Their book is everything that it should be, and will be of the utmost value to all intelligent students.

The Making of a Merchant. By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM. (Nash, 2s. 6d. net.)

This is the most vital book on business ever published. It sets forth the principles which have made millions and a great firm world famous. Never has so valuable a guide to fortune been offered to the young man entering mercantile life.

THUS, the publisher, on the cover of this book, advertises his wares with all the grace and elegance of the vendor of an Omnipotent Pill, guaranteed to cure a fractured collar-bone, appendicitis or housemaid's knee. Is there some subtle connection between this forthright English and the precepts which the author of this Panacea for Poverty sets forth? We look for the imprint and fail to find one. Our surmise is, we believe, correct: the blatant self-advertisement comes from the land of tabloids and dollars. And the book is written in terms of dollars, not in terms of life—not even in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. It is not "the most vital book on business ever published"; and a more valuable guide to fortune has been "offered to the young man entering mercantile life." The "most vital book on business" and the most valuable "guide to fortune"—we do not say dollars—which can be "offered to the young man . . . etc." is the Bible and his own moral sense, if he possess one. The book before us is unlikely to prove of the slightest value to anybody. It may, on the other hand, make dollars for the author. Does life, to him, mean anything else?

The Parson's Burden. By the Author of "The Perplexed Parson." (Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS delightful little volume contains nine papers on subjects of vital interest not only to the parson, but to every one who considers seriously the things that matter. The author is a man of wide understanding, if not of wide knowledge, and his rare humour and breadth of mind save him from the charge of being commonplace or dull on subjects that figure usually in literature that, to the average layman, is commonplace and dull. He is a parson who is fond of Ruskin and equally fond of Browning, and he has all Browning's sublime optimism and spaciousness in dealing with great and simple facts and beliefs, and something of his crabbedness in dealing with great and abstruse facts and beliefs: he will, for instance, upon occasion, spoil an open-air effect by placing in it a hot-house plant. This defect, however, is seldom noticeable, and though his style is often crude, much may be forgiven him for the insight which he shows into every subject he

touches on. For the most part he is content to drive home simple truths which, from their very simplicity, are apt to be overlooked, but here and there, as in the first and sixth essays, he has much to say that is valuable and suggestive. Perhaps the best essay in the book is "Gallio and the Schools," but we would advise every parson—every minister of God, rather, whether he belong to the Plymouth Brethren, the Church of England, or the Church of Rome—to read "Potted Talk." It is not the most profound of the author's discussions, but it is—with the possible exception of "The Father in God"—the most vital. With all that he says we are not in agreement, and we think that he underestimates the value of personality in the pulpit and out of it (for Potted Talk is not by any means confined to the pulpit); but it will make men think. The book, indeed, is one which we would not willingly have missed. It is human; the book of a man who knows that the man who—to adapt Browning's lines—can :

bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into light, having based him his palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs,

is a greater than he who is spotless, never having encountered temptation.

BLUNDERBORE

IDEAS, especially ideas connected with the Fine Arts, are quite often born in England; but a fresh idea about anything is always branded as illegitimate with us and dies from strangulation or neglect, unless sent over to be weaned in France, that dear country and benign foster-mother of intellect. The young bastard grows up strong and well and then is smuggled over one day when no one is looking, just as if he was one of the Tauchnitz edition. Like the Irishman, he gazes on his native shore for the first time, but he does not recognise it; the cut is reciprocated; English criticism brings out a sort of unrepealed Aliens Act from the recesses of its hollow mind; it invokes the public to resist the insidious *French* idea, which, it foresees, will undermine all that is "best and brightest" in English literature. Thus we greeted the Barbazon painters, those natural children of Constable when they first crossed the channel: thus we greeted the impressionists, Monet and Sisley, who claimed Turner for their august parentage: thus we greeted the humbler art of colour-poster printing learned, according to a French authority, "at London in the atelier of Monsieur Edmond Evans." One of our chief debts to France is that she nourishes our ideas, transforms them, makes them her own, just as she transplanted and transmuted the flower of the Renaissance in an earlier day. With all our national vanity we never dispute the parentage. It is only territory and diplomatic prestige and commerce about which we quarrel with our "sweet enemy." Paris is the cradle, or rather the intellectual crèche of Europe. We can leave our ideas there with perfect safety, and they will come back to us in all the radiance of youth—royalists, socialists, chauvinists, clericals, freethinkers—but citizens of the Third Republic. How grievous, therefore, to find Paris turned into a dispensary for quack nostrums which we rightly discarded long ago. We are inventing others. America is our only lawful competitor.

If Dr. Max Nordau after his success with "Degeneration" (in which he rivalled the fat boy of Pickwick) had come and lived in the land of Alfred Austin and Hall Caine and Mr. Wake Cooke, and written his new book ("On Art and Artists," Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) in English, all would have been well. A people which welcomed Gustave Doré as a great painter will welcome Max Nordau as a great philosopher and a great critic. A graceful method of returning the courtesies of France, to

which I have referred, is to offer ourselves as a waste-paper basket and a voluntary dust-bin for Paris. But "Art and Artists" is entirely spoilt for us owing to the super-scription, "translated by W. F. Harvey, M.A." The translation is so admirable that, taken with the sentiments, and the folly, and the moralising, and the platitudes, and the shallow erudition, the book might have been written in English, for English readers only, to be translated one day for a French public. Why spoil the illusion by the intrusion of a translator's identity? I claim Nordau for England; I annex him; let London be his Zion: our people shall be his people: our god is his god. I will send Mr. Zangwill to Paris instead. He is much too clever for us. He ridicules Zionism. Naughty, naughty Mr. Zangwill.

As everybody writes on Art, and even a superficial knowledge on the subject is a positive embarrassment, there is no reason why Dr. Max Nordau should not have his innings. But I suspect him of painting in water-colours, a peculiarly English accomplishment which we know to be a passport for "really knowing about art": just as if an ability to swim made you an authority on marine zoology. Still, he might have been more amusing and more sensational as in the fearless old fashion of "Degeneration." His first chapter, entitled "The Social Mission of Art," suggests vast reflections under which the ordinary intelligence staggers. Dr. Nordau's is no exception: like an unskilful porter he sways beneath some one else's luggage; the weary pigmy reels on. He meets well-worn statements with commonplace negatives, and reiterates the commonplaces of the art historian and archaeologist. There is hardly a line of criticism in the whole book which is therefore impossible to criticise. "The theory of Art for Art's Sake," he says, "I deem false and a hall mark of crass ignorance, for psychology and the history of civilisation and art, the history of all arts prove irrefutably the vanity and worthlessness of the concept that denies to art any other task and mission than that of being beautiful." This is Mrs. Gamp scolding Betsy Prig. Dear, dear is all I can say. "The hall mark of crass ignorance" is, in this graceful sentence, awarded, unconsciously perhaps, to most French critics, to our own Walter Pater, to Whistler and a number of Dutch and Venetian artists needless to name. The rest of the essay is a sort of refutation of the limited, but brilliant exposition of an artist's function given by Whistler in his famous "Ten o'clock." But this does not prove that Dr. Nordau ever read the lecture. The thoughtful reader should now skip a few chapters (which can be studied subsequently) in order to read the portentous nonsense entitled "Whistler's Psychology." The two articles were probably written for different newspapers; it is the "hall mark" of the successful journalist that he should always be able to adapt himself to the orders of his editor and the feeling of his proprietors. Perhaps Dr. Nordau had not "got up" his Whistler when he was writing the "Social mission of art." He is still rather "rocky" about the English pre-Raphaelites who "imitate the tone of old frescoes and faded Gobelins." Here it is quite easy to trace the genesis of error. Some one has told Dr. Nordau, though he does not say so, that Puvis de Chavannes is the "French Burne-Jones" a favorite periphrasis flung by critics at this painter when they had not used it for Gustave Moreau. Puvis undoubtedly painted in a low key, as Dr. Nordau is always reminding us. He also painted on canvas as a substitute for fresco. In France, Burne-Jones is the best known of the pre-Raphaelite school and William Morris is well known as a maker of tapestries. There you have this intricate error, unpacked. Fancy poor Morris being accused of imitating Gobelins; imagine Millais, Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt with his rainbow palette being accused of imitating faded frescoes! No wonder the art of Gleyre appears severe and painfully upright to Dr. Nordau; while the recent exhibition of Ruskin's exquisite drawings at the Fine Art Society comes as an almost ironical comment to the statement "that Ruskin appreciated only draughtsman-

ship, his mind never went beyond contour." In short Dr. Nordau plumps for Whistler but I shall be glad to know what some of his sitters, happily still with us, think of the following passage.

These perverted whimsical beauties wear remarkable and personal toilettes which except the face and often the hands, reveal not a finger's breadth of skin, yet, in spite of the interposition of silk and lace cry out for the fig-leaf. They are bundles of sick nerves that, from the crowns of their heads to the tips of their fingers, seem to thrill with Sadic Excitement.

I have quoted this passage because it is the pivot of all Dr. Nordau's writing. He is always anxious to extract unpleasantness from unlikely subjects. He is the drawing-room phonographist. In the shop windows of booksellers formerly resident in Holywell Street you may still see "Degeneration" on a little shelf along with the adventures of "Miss Hill," "Maria Monk," the "Fruits of Philosophy" and other engaging works. But they are all expurgated editions, and might safely be ordered at the *Times* Book Club. I can hardly promise such an immortality for "Art and Artists," and if readers will turn to the seemingly insolent essays on Rodin or Puvis de Chavannes they will hear the pathetic cry of the papal soprano, the wail of the incompetent man railing at his more capable contemporaries. "How *future* generations will laugh over all this buffoonery of nerve art," says Dr. Nordau. He protests too little. His buffoonery, though it has its pathetic side, is quite as ridiculous now as it is ever likely to be in the future.

ROBERT ROSS.

NURSERY RHYMES

THERE is hardly any form of literature which makes so universal appeal to us all as the nursery rhyme. Nursery rhymes are the first things we learn and the last things we forget. They are the common ground on which every one meets. The man or woman who never reads a line of poetry and to whom the fascination of rhyme is a sealed book, will yet remember these infantile jingles. "Lives there a man with a soul so dead"—that he has never felt a slight thrill of gratified and grateful emotion when the words of "Baa baa Black Sheep" or "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" were suddenly brought before his eyes or waited to his ears? I trow not. I confess to being very sensitive about nursery rhymes and to resenting very strongly the only too common mutilation of the words as I knew them. Whether the version originally imparted to me is the correct one or not I have no means of knowing, but at any rate I cling to it and regard it, and shall continue to regard it, as the authentic one in every case. For example in the rhyme of Simple Simon, I remember the two last lines of the first verse as follows: "Said the pieman unto Simon, 'Show me first your penny,' said Simple Simon to the pieman, 'Indeed, I have not any.'" In the collection of nursery rhymes before me (The Nursery Song Book collected, edited, and harmonised by H. Keatley Moore, Mus. Bac.) the words are altered into, "Sir I have not any" instead of "indeed I have not any." The change is very trifling but it is quite enough to spoil the version in my eyes. Little Jack Horner again surely "pulled out a plum" while in the present collection we are told that he *took* out a plum, which is obviously a debased and corrupt reading, wantonly and needlessly sacrificing the alliteration. Again the rhyme as I have always heard it is: "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" not "Mistress Mary quite contrary." I don't pretend to know that my version is right, but it is surely the usually accepted one and any one who alters it should produce good authority for the alteration. It is much to be regretted that there is not one authorised version of these rhymes to which every one who proposed to reissue them could turn. It is, of course, probable that most of the nursery rhymes were originally handed down by oral

tradition, and that it would be impossible to come to an exact decision as to what is the true text in each case. But one generally accepted version could be compiled and the alternative readings which have any weight of age or tradition to sanctify them could be appended. At present the nursery rhymes are at the mercy of any one with an imperfect memory or a bad ear for rhythm. Every year scores of volumes of them are turned out, and in some cases they are altered almost beyond recognition. The collection in question is, on the whole, better than most of those recently issued, but it is not satisfactory. The illustrations by Mary Sandheim are not remarkable, though quite inoffensive, and the traditional tunes have been kept, but they are harmonised without skill or feeling. It would be most unfair to pick out this particular book for reprobation; it is certainly no worse than many, but it falls very far short of what a nursery rhyme book might be. It is most curious that no scholar on the one hand and no musician on the other has taken in hand a really careful selection and arrangement of the rhymes that our children are still brought up on. As an example of what can be done in this direction I should like to draw attention to a collection of French rhymes. It is called "Sonnez les Matines; chansons de jeu et rondes enfantines." It is illustrated with real taste and beauty by George Delaw, and the way in which the old traditional melodies have been arranged by Gabriel Pierné is nothing less than masterly. The old words and the old airs have been religiously respected, and adorned with apparently childish simple accompaniments which are nevertheless pure masterpieces of cunning counterpoint. Anything more skilful and pleasing than the arrangement of "Il était une Bergère" it would be hard to find, and equally charming is the arrangement of "A Paris, à Paris, sur un petit cheval gris." This latter is, of course, intended to be sung to a child on one's knee, and at the end of each verse the singer says "au pas, au pas, au pas; au trot, au trot, au trot; au galop, au galop, au galop," in each case imitating the action of the horse. English parents who try it on their children will be surprised to find how popular it is, and what a universal thing language is to the very young. Those of us who lived in France as children, or cherish memories of French nurses, will always feel the charm of these old French songs, with their tenderness and their wistful gaiety. Could anything be better or more pleasant for children of any nationality than to learn them, and sing them, and play the games that they illustrate, for they are nearly all games, as in the case of "Mon beau château," which is played by children dancing in a ring, "A ma main droite j'ai un rosier," which is a variant of the same game, or "Les Chevalier du Guet," which is played by two companies of children, one representing "La Garde," and the other "Le Chevalier" and his followers, and which with its splendid tune and fascinating refrain, "Gai, gai dessus le quai," is one of the gems of this collection? The little volume is prefaced by Madame Edmond Rostand in a quaint rondeau which is a *tour de force*, worthy of the best efforts of the facile pen of her distinguished husband. I wish that this delightful book would stimulate some one, or rather some two or three, in England to do the same sort of thing for our English nursery rhymes. We want an editor of taste who is also a scholar and who will give the time and trouble necessary to secure the best and most authentic versions of the text of the rhymes; we want an illustrator who possesses humour without vulgarity and who realises that it is possible to be what children call funny, without ceasing to be what grown-up people call "pretty," and *vice versa*; and, lastly, we require a first-rate musician who is not heavy handed and who does not want to "show off." Is this too much to expect in "this so-called twentieth century"?

A. D.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

So it has come. The worst has happened. We might have hoped that this at least would have been spared to us. But it was not to be. The ballet has been captured by the enemy. It has become a medium for advertisement. We have for some time watched with horror the encroachments of the modern shrieking advertiser. We have seen the daily papers one by one succumbing to his insidious tempting. We have looked on while the best positions in the papers were gradually usurped by him. We have tracked his trail in leading articles and in general news. We have found him triumphant in the pulpit and heard up-to-date bishops booming bad books. We have gazed with horror from the railway carriage window at landscapes defiled and scenery spoilt. In the streets we are confronted by dreadful hoardings at every street corner, while if we gaze heavenwards our eyes are shocked by sky-signs and suspended balloons. At night great dazzling, blinking legends confront our weary eyes. Even at restaurants we are not immune, and we recognise the mark of the beast in the wine-steward's recommendation of some inferior brand of champagne. Our theatre programmes, for which we are still usually charged sixpence, are a flagrant fraud, inviting us to purchase so-and-so's magic powder or Madame D.'s marvellous corsets. In musical comedies the comedians sometimes introduce an artful gag for which the advertiser has paid, and any well-known actress can obtain her dresses at a substantial reduction by putting in a word for the firm who supplies her. And so it goes on. There is no escape.

But ballet, at any rate, has been free from the taint. It has remained up to now one of the few possible escapes from the sordid realities of life. The mystic haze of romance surrounds it. Here youth and beauty—however far the journey and hard the road—will at last triumph over sordid eld and ugly prosperity. In its remoteness from life, in its suggestion of a world altogether fairer than that we live in, the ballet has remained a refuge to which men might come as a sort of sanctuary. It is a thing of pure fantasy. Here are goblins, elves, fays, sprites and grotesque phantoms. Here the strange men and women who intermingle with these mysterious creatures are themselves of the stuff of which dreams are made. They exist intensely in their unreality—beings absolutely detached from life. And in a world of ugliness where blatant insistency is the predominant note the ballet has been essentially a thing of beauty. It has no other ends but to express a beautiful idea beautifully. In its form and matter are inextricably interwoven. By gesture, movement and elaborate symbol it conveys its meaning. Everything works to its pre-ordained end, obeying some law of fitness inherent in men. There are none of the ghastly paradoxes of real life where comedy ends in tragedy and tragedy in farce. In the ballet poetic justice is done and Beauty is lord of all.

It has remained for the management of the Alhambra to introduce the sordid element into this glowing, beautiful thing. *Queen of Spades* is intrinsically a ballet of considerable merit. It is well conceived and well executed. There is the same glut of colour, the same elaboration of gorgeous detail. Youth, in the person of a beautiful sculptor, has to make the eternal choice between the easy path of Virtue, as represented by his golden-haired *fiancée*, and the hard and stormy ways of Vice, as depicted by the wicked and fascinating Parisian dancer, L'Etoile. To gain the dancer the sculptor gambles heavily, only to lose coup after coup, the fatal card against him being always the *Queen of Spades*. When he has lost all L'Etoile leaves him, and he seeks oblivion in the wine-cup. While he sleeps he dreams, and in his visions, which are presented to us on the stage, appears persistently the *Queen of Spades*—now as the mocking figure of L'Etoile, now as the Demon of Gambling, and now as one of his own sculptured figures. And it is during these

visions that the offending feature makes its appearance. There are shown on the stage three huge green bottles with the name of a much-advertised table-water upon them. It is indeed subtly suggested that had the sculptor resorted to nothing but this water he would not have had these disordered visions. And the same table-water is to play a considerable part in the plot. The form of the sculptor's *fiancée* is suddenly revealed as his Good Spirit. She drives away the Demon of Gambling and presenting a goblet of — water, restores the sculptor to consciousness. After that we have a tableau showing the "Nymphs' Grotto of La Source." In order to drive home the brutal truth beyond the possibility of mistake there appears above the nude figure from whom the water trickles the name of the firm in large illuminated letters. The curtain falls amid the triumphant chords of the orchestra on this example of the apotheosis of the advertisement.

Well, the evil has been done and it remains to be seen how far the example of the Alhambra will be followed at other places of entertainment. Perhaps in the not distant future our slender stock of dramatists will be bought up by some advertising Trust, and we may have to listen to plays whose interest centres round the merits of Pears' Soap or Cadbury's Cocoa. Sir Charles Wyndham would be very impressive on Carter's Little Liver Pills, while Mr. George Alexander would no doubt pack the St. James's Theatre with a play written round the excellences of the Harmsworth Self Educator. Mr. Beerbohm Tree might add to his income by introducing a few remarks on Salomon and Gluckstein's cigars, while Mr. Cyril Maude's play, *Toddles*, could by a few deft touches be easily converted into a graceful advertisement of that valuable material for pyjamas "Viyella."

These things may yet come to pass, but for the present our table-water ballet must suffice. Time was when the appearance of such a ballet would have caused indignant remonstrance from all parts of the theatre. It would have been realised that it is grossly unfair not only to the audience but to the players. Artists ought not to be exploited in this way. The perpetrators of this outrage on the ballet ought to be banned by bell, candle and book. That such a production at the Alhambra—"the home of ballet"—has been allowed to pass unchallenged and almost unnoticed is the saddest sign of all. It shows how low we have sunk. The cursed spirit of commercialism has indeed caught us!

A. E. M. F.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ON JAMES LEE'S WIFE

BROWNING always insisted that his poetry was dramatic in principle—"so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine"; and his attitude is akin to that of the next poet in "At the Mermaid" who says:

Which of you did I enable
Once to slip inside my breast
There to catalogue and label
What I love least, what like best.

This may well be: the light, however, which he brings to bear upon his characters is not "the unobtrusive light of day which reveals other objects not itself; but the manifest light of great personality which impregnates everything,—diction and form and matter alike." By his immense humanity Browning seems to reveal himself: more than any other poet he "rouses a feeling of intimacy, a feeling of affection." In no poem is he more dramatic and more human than in this series of nine poems; called "James Lee's Wife." He takes a commonplace incident of daily existence, and by his treatment he lifts the subject from its commonplace level.

Without forcing any note, without violating a single probability he quietly transforms pettiness to grandeur, and reveals, as he loved to reveal, the godlike element in human nature.

The situation is simply that of a plain woman who comes to realise that she has lost the love of the husband whom she loves. She is a woman to whom love means everything. Despair and bitterness assail her. Her power of love, however, is real and does not die: it raises her above despair.

We see in mould the rose unfold
The soul through blood and tears.

In the first poem the suspicion intrudes upon her mind that James Lee no longer loves her—the kind of suspicion that is knowledge consciously unrecognised. But she drives it away: she tries to deceive herself. It is the world has changed; Summer has stopped, and she cries out:

Look in my eyes
Wilt thou change too?

stifling the answer in her own heart.

In the next poem she sits by the fireside regarding the naked truth. Her mood is relentless and bitter. She looks into the fire and the burning logs are to her the remains of wrecks, the dim dead woe long ago. "The sailors took their chance, well, and I take mine." She laughs bitterly to think how the light shining from the windows may rouse envy in the hearts of men at sea for the peace and safety of the happy householders. The idea of the ship runs on in her mind and she wonders if a man and a woman started love's voyage full sail in the house before she came, wonders whether that woman watched the planks start and hell open underneath, wonders whether that woman watched love die. Not even in her first despair are her thoughts centred wholly upon herself; it does not help her to know that that misery is widely spread; on the contrary it increases the bitterness of her own misery. The power to think of others is nevertheless the germ of the divine in her which will develop and bring her comfort: but not yet.

She is standing in the doorway. She touches the lowest depth of despair. The whole aspect of life and nature is tainted by her personal misery. The water looks to her like a black snake, spotted white with the wind: the wind's infinite wail moans to her her own conviction that good fortune has gone, leaving disaster behind: the branches of the fig-tree are like a shut hand: the vines writhe in rows, each impaled on its stake, and her heart is shrivelled. Her whole soul rebels against the injustice of it and she cries out, "Why is it? It is not right." As yet her high theory of love is, in her agony, beyond her power of practice.

Oh live and love worthily, hear and be bold!
Whom Summer made friends of, let Winter estrange!

Gradually Wisdom—man's armour against the blows of Destiny—comes to her, and as she walks along the beach her fierce mood fades before a certain gentleness. One feels she whispers, "And so I did love, so I do." That line of infinite pathos contains the secret of her strength, the knowledge that her love is living and will live, though her love is not returned, even though her love turns now to a fault. For she is not rendered familiar with sorrow. She does not succumb to resignation. Her life is active, and she is bound to see new points of horror, and, above all, that the love, which is torturing her past endurance, is to him merely a nuisance. His was the light light love which has wings to fly at suspicion of a bond. She does not deceive herself now. She is glad to love in spite of all, and with the growth of love her understanding grows.

As she lies on the cliff she is able to see the beauty even of this light love. She watches a cricket, gay with his films of blue, and then a red butterfly, settle on the parched cliff and transform it, as love transforms the

mind of man. We are left to imagine how soon they will fly away. Browning's mastery of effect is memorable here. We do not realise at once that these glorious transformations have been wrought by just a butterfly and a cricket: we cling to the idea—as James Lee's wife clung once in her own mind—that the beauty is lasting and complete. But she has seen the truth of the matter and has had the great wisdom to cherish all the beauty there is in the momentary transfiguration of the bare rock.

In the next poem she is reading a book under the cliff; the verses of a young man who in the happy prompt instinctive way of youth thinks he knows the secret of the wind's lament, who sees

In failure and mistake
Relinquishment disgrace on every side
Merely examples for his sake
Helps to his path untried.

But the wind has become, as it were, her friend, and no longer the mocker of her agony, as it had once been. She feels that she has learned its message, which has no little personal element in it, but wails the old woe of the world, that nothing can be as it has been before,

June to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled,
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!

And at the moment she has bravely recognised and understood this truth, the terror of it overwhelms her, and she adds without a trace of bitterness

For himself, death's wave:
While time first washes—ah the sting!—
O'er all he'd sink to save.

Without bitterness because her sorrow has become one with the sorrow of all humanity, and has lost in consequence its personal piquancy. Suffering has opened her eyes to the meaning of life. She puts her book under her arm and walks among the rocks. No longer is her vision of nature distorted. She understands nature's beauty more fully than she has ever understood it before. Her words come, soothing as a caress—

Oh good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This autumn morning!

Sorrow has not blinded her to beauty; but made her more responsive to its appeal.

Browning does not leave her here. She must learn what is the real beauty—her last lesson. Her mistake has been to prefer her idea of what things should be to the reality, which she did not trouble to seek. She must learn that the true artist is not one who, tired with the ugliness of life, tries to create his own and a better thing—in his presumption: but that he is the man who is so enamoured of the beauty of life that he yearns to express the beauty he has seen, and "counts it crime to let a truth slip": what Keats realised when he wrote

Beauty is truth, Truth beauty, that is all
We know on earth and all we need to know.

She has learned her lesson. In the last poem, which in some ways is also the most beautiful, of the series, she is on the deck of a ship that is taking her away from her husband. She does not think of the new understanding that has come to her in the train of sorrow, of her future loneliness, of her sacrifice, she thinks merely (and this is one of the passages which make one worship Browning):

Could I fancy "As I feel, thus feels he
Why fade you might to a thing like me
And your hair grow these coarse banks of hair,
Your skin, this bark of a gnarled tree.
You might turn myself! Should I know or care
When I should be dead of joy, James Lee?"

H. DE S.

FICTION

The Twelfth Hour. By ADA LEVERSON. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

It is not always a safe assumption that the later of two books is necessarily derived from the former, especially as regards a peculiar vein of wit. It should not be difficult for a critic to detect which is the original, even though he meets with it last. If the keen eye of Mr. Claude Phillips could be deceived by a copy of a lost "Old Master" his mistake would merely serve him to decide the genuineness of the original as soon as it were subsequently found. If this is so in painting it should be equally possible in literature. Mrs. Leverson's new book "*The Twelfth Hour*" is especially welcome because it supplies the stream of her admirable wit direct from the source. We get it undiluted far too seldom. It flows so freely that it has offered a continual temptation to more industrious authors, for theft or loan. More than one author has quite obviously derived from her, and obtained success for himself by doing so:

"*The Twelfth Hour*" stands out from among other amusing novels, in that the characters are not taken from other books but from people, each one being entirely fresh and new. The observation which Mrs. Leverson shows is derived from life not from literature, it is a diagnosis of the quick, not a dissection of the dead. The writing also is on a high literary level and the humour depends not on laborious jests and epigrams, but grows naturally out of the situations and the characters. The writer has not concentrated herself on the hero and the heroine but has given a particularly subtle study of the minor characters, such as the old father "Sir James" and "Aunt William."

Sir James was liable to the irritable changes of mood that would nowadays be called "neurotic" or "highly strung," but was in his young days merely put down as "bad temper." He had a high estimation of his mental powers, and a poor opinion of those who did not share this estimation. He took a special pride in his insight into character, and in that instinctive penetration that is said to enable its fortunate possessor to see as far through a brick wall as most people. (A modest ambition, when all is said and done!) His contemporaries liked him; at least, they smiled when his name was mentioned. He was warm-hearted and generous; he had a curious mania for "celebrities"; was a hospitable host, a tedious guest, and a loyal friend. His late wife (who was lovely, but weary) had always described him in one word. The word was "trying."

This is the *milieu* of Aunt William:

If there were a certain charm in the exterior of this old house—solid and aggressively respectable—its interior gave most visitors at first a nervous shock. Aunt William still firmly believed "aestheticism" to be fashionable, and a fad that should be discouraged. Through every varying whim of the mode she had stuck, with a praiseworthy persistence, to the wax flowers under glass, Indian chessmen, circular tables in the centre of the room, surrounded by large books, and the "rep" curtains (crimson, with green borders) of pre-artistic days. Often she held forth to wondering young people, for whom the 1880 fashions were but an echo of ancient history, on the sad sinfulness of sunflowers and the fearful folly of Japanese fans. Had the poor lady been but a decade or two more old-fashioned she would have been considered "quaint" and "up-to-date." (A narrow escape, had she only known it!)

The slight intrigue is entirely kept together by the diplomacies of the boy Savile who is really the principal character in the book. He succeeds in reconciling his sister Felicity with her husband, when they were drifting apart; and in smoothing the way for the marriage of his father's secretary Woodville with Sylvia the heroine. This is the description of Sylvia:

Her beauty was of other days, not of the "Summer Number." She was not, however, to do her justice, intentionally picturesque. She did not "go in for the artistic style"; that is to say, she did not part her hair and draw it over her ears, wear oddly-shaped blouses and bead necklaces, and look absent. The iron had obviously entered into her hair (or into every seventh wave, at least, of her hair), and her dresses fitted her as a flower its sheath.

Hence she was at once the despair of the portrait-painters, who had never as yet been able to help making her look on canvas like a bad Leighton in a Doucet dress, and the joy of the photographers, who in

her honour set aside their pillars and their baskets of flowers, their curtains and their "picture hats," being certain that she would pose herself exquisitely, and that her "lines" were so "right" that not even a photographer could improve on them.

Savile is an Eton boy of sixteen "with a determined expression and generally with an air of more self-control than is required for the occasion." He is consumed with a hopeless passion for Madame Patti, while being rather encumbered by his engagement to Dolly, a school-girl of fourteen, who is always bothering him about Charles II.

"No work of art can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself: whether or not it be consistent with itself is the question," and judged by this standard Mrs. Leverson's book should prove a brilliant success; we have quoted sufficient to show that it is full of the wit of true comedy.

The Man with the Amber Eyes. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long, 6s.)

WHEN a story begins by relating how a respectable elderly gentleman saw a mysterious stranger at Waterloo, and turned white and shook, and was afterwards shot at in his grounds, an early indiscretion may be guessed at of the kind which Kipling calls "art misunderstood." When the aforesaid gentleman is murdered in his own house, and a man is found crouching on the doorstep in a suspicious manner, the plot thickens; and when Miss Florence Warden's name is on the title-page, we know we are safe to have plenty of excitement before all is finally cleared up. Her present story is interesting and ingenious, and her heroine, Naomi, is charming. If Miss Warden ever wanted to murder any one she would have her choice of all the most ingenious methods she has invented, and if she were as unsuspected by even the reader as is the real villain of "*The Man With the Amber Eyes*," up to the last chapter, Scotland Yard would have to break its record to apprehend her.

The Madness of Gloria. By FRED WHISHAW. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

RURITANIA has lured Mr. Whishaw from Russia, and he gives us revolutions and lost heirs and conspiracies in almost Weyman style. But we liked him better in Russia. Although the present story flows fairly smoothly, the thing which impresses the reader most is the really refreshing touch by which Mr. Whishaw makes the lost prince, unconscious of his identity, turn traitor to his own cause—and get shot for his treachery by one of those patriots who are risking their skins for his sake. The persons of the tale are unconvincing, but this departure from the usual melancholy Aiglon type is worth much.

Maid Molly. By A. G. HALES. (Treherne, 6s.)

"THE rush and roar of battle may seem to some men the sweetest thing on earth." The first chapter of "*Maid Molly*" opens with these words and we can only suppose them to be true or the book would never have been written. We turn over the page and are confronted with a detailed and spirited account of the capture of the Royalist guns by my Lord Essex at Ashby. Another fifty pages and we are brought face to face with one of whom we are told: "Molly knew, the moment she set eyes upon him, he was no common man," one whose voice is harsh, face heavy, "bent brows lowered and full fleshy jaws grimly set;" . . . "a sort of grey granite man." This individual, we are surprised to learn, is none other than Oliver Cromwell and he behaves as Cromwell is expected to behave, in fiction. After a short lull, the brawling begins once more and battle, murder and sudden death take their turn until Phineas Marwell weds his "*Maid Molly*" at the end. We are introduced to all the historic characters of the day; Cromwell cracks grim jokes with our heroine; Prince Rupert gay ones with our hero, and General Ireton and Lord Essex are here, there and everywhere.

The Silent Man. By SILAS K. HOCKING. (Warne, 3s. 6d.)

THE least exciting of Mr. Twidle's illustrations to this book is the one inscribed: "she rushed to the door and said: 'Now go!'" The others represent the hero and heroine escaping from a fire over burning roofs, the hero and another hanging over space among the girders of a bridge, and the hero pulling miners out of a hole in a colliery amid explosions. Add to this that the hero was a marked man on account of his silence with regard to his past, that he reformed an entire camp of navvies, and that he was the guardian angel of a young man who had spent all his money, and the central figure of Mr. Hocking's tale may be divined. It would not be fair to reveal the reason for his silence anent his past. The lady was only part of it. The unsympathetic young man of the book is the eldest son of an earl, who, however, has no courtesy title, but is referred to throughout as "The Hon. George." Not once has Mr. Hocking slipped into calling him "Mr. Duncan." A subsidiary love-story is inserted which is connected with the main trend of affairs by the hero's skilful management of it.

A Dragoon's Wife. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON ("PEROUNE"). (Greening, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a few of the atrocities committed in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth by the First Dragoon Regiment, known as Bouffler's Own, in their efforts to subdue the Huguenots in the neighbourhood of Fontevault. The "Dragoon's Wife" is Iseulte du Terrail, wife of Philippe Marie du Terrail, and her efforts to promote her husband's advancement by dint of petty intrigue is the principal theme of the book. Her scheming, which involves the murder of a Huguenot friend, and the sacrifice of his daughter, is of no avail and she repents of her treachery too late to save her husband from the very fate against which she has been striving. The book is carefully and conscientiously written and gives a good picture of France in the seventeenth century. If anything, it is a shade too instructive for the class of novel it represents and abounds rather too freely in information of the foot-note variety. However, this is a fault in the right direction.

An American Girl in India. By SHELLAND BRADLEY. (Bell, 6s.)

THERE is of course fiction and fiction—the kind which aspires to be a fine art (and so seldom, alas! attains its aspiration) and that which aspires among other small things mainly to amuse (so often failing too). To the latter class belongs "An American Girl in India"; but far from being a failure, this novel contains so much knowledge of character, and such a light and sure touch in the sketching of passing personalities, that we regret the trivialities which condemn it to a place in the second category. When we have recovered from the expectant boredom which accompanies the discovery, on the second page, of that terrible "small brother"—who seems, in the realms of fiction at least, to be endowed with perpetual youth—and find that he is not to be regarded as more than the gnat-like inconvenience of a moment, we read on, as the heroine and teller of the tale would say, "right away," and find much that is amusing; for the "American Girl," unlike her maid, Ermyntude, really has a sense of humour, and knows how to use and how not to use it, for not the least of her merits is the brevity which accentuates the lightness and certainty of her sketches. A votress of her national (feminine) sport—the hunting of "big game"—she does not bore the reader once in her pursuit of it; and though we feel hardly any interest in the plot—if it is fair to call it one at all—we feel a good deal in the narrator and her apt, amusing and shrewd comments on people and things, and so are quite content to let her literally husband-hunt from cover to cover and to use so antiquated a hunting-field as the Durbar for the final capture of her duke, if the doing of it keeps her in so gay and prattling a humour. It is not

only here and there that we come across the writer's skill in sharp and telling descriptions or small vivid sketches; it is kept up in an easy flow that makes the book very readable, even if we do find it harder to believe in the virtues of "Peter" than in the vices of "Fluffy." If merit is rewarded, the American Girl may rest assured of success in her particular style; and if her creator should follow the suggestion of his (?) amusing little puppet and allow her to write her "book for women only"—"the book that men could not be trusted not to read"—we can safely prophesy that its circulation would be as large as she "guesses."

The Tracer of Lost Persons. By R. W. CHAMBERS. (Murray, 5s.)

THERE is great versatility in Mr. Robert W. Chambers. "The Tracer of Lost Persons" is to Mr. Chambers's serious novel, "The Fighting Chance," what "Cardigan" was to "A Young Man in a Hurry." All the light side of his nature, the fun and the cleverness, go into such a collection of stories as this, and the world is the better for getting so much wholesome laughter and tender sentiment. "The Fighting Chance" was ambitious, and not nearly such delightful reading. Mr. Keen, the tracer of lost persons, is a sort of spiritualised Sherlock Holmes. He does not track murderers and thieves with supernatural acumen, though he is guaranteed to find any one in the world that is wanted. He finds mostly the ideal women for anxious young men, who in the upper ranks of American society are restlessly pursuing the phantom of pleasure. The dream that a man has in his heart Mr. Keen discovers for him in the flesh. He in fact personifies for the searcher that one who seems to each the world's desire:

No, not a dream or ghost
No, but divine
She that was loved and lost
Waits to be thine.

It is difficult to say which of the stories are best. They are all so good and all full of delicate raillery and laughter. There is one which is a frankly impossible one, though we do not realise it till the *dénouement* which deals with an extraordinary case of a mesmerised dancing-girl in the time of the Pharaohs and of how she was awakened. It is the only unsatisfying one. Perhaps the cleverest, which is most ingeniously worked out, is that concerned with the extraordinary experiences of Captain Harren. If it could be verified telepathy might reveal much of the ways of that modern entity, the sub-conscious self.

The Long Road. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen, 6s.)

SIMPLE-MINDED readers may possibly find considerable enjoyment from a perusal of "The Long Road." The story moves smoothly along, and the more idyllic passages have a certain charm of atmosphere, but the incidents, piled one upon another, are of a sadly conventional nature. The face of a first love seen in childhood and remembered for years, the wicked governor (repeatedly described as the devil), the poor but honest peasant, the family group of the "child angel" order, the attack of the wolves, the sudden softening of the avenger's heart, are all used like so many counters in a game of skill. The writer makes no pretence at style save in the use of repetitions, which, in his hands, produce a mechanical effect. But when all is said, it remains a straightforward narrative capable of giving pleasure to a not too exacting or critical public.

A Human Trinity. By RONALD MACDONALD. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is an interesting story—fine matter expressed finely by convincing personalities. The drawing of the characters is free from all affectation, and sincerely, simply, and, especially in the case of Mary Frozier, even beautifully handled. This study of a really delightful woman is a

very careful and intimate one. The reader is strongly attracted to her in the first part of the book, when she in her quiet studio seems at first almost only a restful background to the vivid youth of Anthony le Dane; but in the last chapter of this part, where she comes forward and takes her place beside him, it is the woman who fills the picture. The reader feels quite grateful to the author for the true, dignified and tender treatment of the situation. The beginning of the second part contains some of the most charmingly written pages of the book, and deals with the fresh and pleasant youth of Mary. The naturalness of it is remarkable, and the descriptions, which give the impression of being the outcome of a vivid feeling for the subject rather than the ordered force of words, are most convincing. This element of intenseness gives to the writing what it lacks in actual style. The author is certainly a psychologist of no mean merit, and as well as the real insight into the temperament and heart of the woman whom he presents to us as so really lovable in character, he gives us an interesting study of the mind of another type of woman, through the medium of the unsatisfactory love-affair between Anthony and Elmira Corder. The other characters, too, are drawn with the feeling of an artist and not those of a mere writer of a story, although in this aspect also the book is essentially a tale told—a tale with a very interesting motive, which is admirably dealt with in the telling.

A Bunch of Blue Ribbons. By GEORGE MORLEY. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS is a very unsatisfactory novel, the more so because it is a kind of hotch-potch of the methods, subjects, and even incidents, of one of the greatest of living writers of fiction. The smock-frocked shepherd and red-shoed shepherdess are brought on to the stage amidst scenery which is as determined to be realistic as is that of His Majesty's Theatre, and the reader is tired out by the incessant use of a few favourite "effects." The people are ridiculously out of the picture, though it is difficult to say exactly where they ought to be—at least to say it politely. We are wearied to boredom by a shepherdess heroine who has "fair hands" a "fluty voice" and "dainty shoes," and who writes of her rejected lover as her "sweet playmate" and "courtly companion," and who possesses as aunt a "wide woman" who has also a fluty voice and talks "with the echo of sweet seventeen in it," in "her prettiest manner," and beguiles a Parson of the beloved-by-all type into a declaration of love, and to almost Bacchanalian romps on Fair day! We feel quite relieved when we come across "dumb shadows" and know that they anyhow—even in these pages—cannot talk in fluty tones; and still more relieved when the much-used horn lantern goes out finally and the curtain drops on these tiresome people who, to use one of the "property" words, "raggle" to fill the thirty chapters of this very unatmospheric novel.

A Gallant of Gascony. By PHILIP L. STEVENSON. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IF Mr. Stevenson has done nothing else in this book he has at least violated all the accepted canons concerning the hero and heroine of Romance. For, according to tradition, the hero should be faithful through all temptations to his lady-love, while the heroine should pass unstained and unscathed through the most profligate court that imagination can conceive, or that history has presented. Mr. Stevenson's "Gallant of Gascony," however, is by no means a Galahad; he is on the contrary quite as successful in the lists of love, as he is brave in war: in fact, he might appear to some harsh moralists as a libertine. But if Mr. Stevenson has been courageous in his choice of a hero, he has been absolutely audacious in the matter of his heroine. Queen Margaret of Navarre is too well known to students of history, serious or otherwise, to need any introduction. It would be difficult to choose any character more unlike

the typical heroine, and yet in spite of everything against her—her profligacy, her treachery, her utter worthlessness, Mr. Stevenson succeeds in attracting our sympathy and in keeping it right to the end. For this, if for nothing else, Mr. Stevenson merits admiration, but he has a far juster claim on our approval than this. "A Gallant of Gascony" is really a good romance. There is plenty of love and plenty of fighting. The picture of the age that Mr. Stevenson gives is not pleasing—it is probably none the less accurate for that reason. Of all his characters not one of any importance—except perhaps Chicot the jester—presents any desirable qualities. Henry III., devoted to his lap-dogs and his mignons, does not make a very kingly figure; his brother of Navarre, with his innumerable mistresses, is little better, while the women are, if possible, more contemptible than the men. The Queen-mother, vicious and cruel, and Margaret, whose conduct shocked even her contemporaries, and who did not restrict her *affaires* to her own class, find but half-hearted defence even at the hands of such an earnest apologist as Mr. Stevenson. The whole age was rotten, and not even the glamour of romance can conceal the truth. Yet in spite of its glaring faults, in spite of an entire absence of ideals, the age in Mr. Stevenson's picture had a distinct charm of fascination.

The Dreams of Simon Usher. By ALGERNON GISSING. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

SIMON USHER escapes from a drunken father and the uncongenial surroundings of factory life to the fishing village of Dunscar Haven, where he falls in love with Mrs. Redmayne, a widow, twice his own age, a devotion that colours his whole existence. To avenge Mrs. Redmayne's wrongs, Simon works his way into a partnership with her enemy, Cuthbertson Glead; even the fact that he loves and marries Glead's handsome daughter, Leah, does not deter him from his purpose, nor lessen his adoration for the spiritual-minded widow. It is a thoroughly human, yet terrible story. Glead's deliberate wickedness and ferocity and the youthful cruelty and arrogance of Simon's methods are fascinating in their truth and vividness; but there is no single person in the book who touches our sympathies. Mr. Gissing is a master in the delineation of intricate feminine characters, and although both Mrs. Redmayne and Leah are finely drawn, they are among the least attractive of the author's numerous heroines. Simon keeps the wayward petulance and unreasoning violence of youth too long, and his enduring infatuation for Mrs. Redmayne, despite her maternal attitude, and her second marriage, is not very convincing. In fact, everything is subordinated to the development of the antagonism between Simon and Glead; out of this Mr. Gissing makes a sombre, impressive story.

FINE ART

BRITISH MASTERS AT SHEPHERD'S

By a praiseworthy attention to the lesser masters of the Early British School, Messrs. Shepherd have succeeded in giving a distinctive character to their half-yearly exhibitions, and a visit to these King Street galleries usually results in extending our knowledge of English painting. The present collection is no less interesting and instructive than its immediate predecessors, its principal feature being a puzzling version of Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I. Smaller than the original, about half life size, this version differs from the National Gallery picture in having its greater measurement from side to side instead of from top to bottom, and this lateral extension enables the painter to give the figure of the page behind the horse in full, while to the left there is a greater expanse of landscape and sky. The treatment of this last,

which is finer than the sky in the original, and the swinging handling of the foliage suggest that the author of the work was Gainsborough, and this attribution finds a confirmatory detail in the thistle introduced into the extreme right-hand corner, exactly where Gainsborough placed a thistle in his equestrian portrait of *General Honywood*. It is well known that Gainsborough made several copies after Van Dyck—seven were found in his studio after his death—and it is extremely probable that he copied a masterpiece he intended to emulate, and it would be characteristic of the painter to take in his rendering liberties the ordinary copyist would shun. An alternative theory is that Messrs. Shepherd's picture is by Van Dyck, but the work is carried too far for a preliminary study, and it is unlikely that Van Dyck would have enlarged the characteristic small head of the Flemish charger, though Gainsborough might well have done so to secure a juster proportion and more pleasing effect.

Three painters, who despite their premature deaths bequeathed to their country works of a value not yet adequately appreciated, are well represented in this collection. By William Dobson (1610-46), whose brilliant career was ruined in the wreck of the Royalist cause, is a charming child-portrait of *Lady Elizabeth Middleton*. By William Muller (1812-45), who promised to become the Diaz of England, is a jewel-like rendering of a *Turkish Burial-Ground, Smyrna*, which, painted from nature, is not incomparable to those Eastern subjects the Frenchman only dreamed of and painted from imagination. Greater than either of these, R. P. Bonington (1801-28), whose meteoric appearance and lasting influence on British art have only been paralleled in our own time by Aubrey Beardsley, is admirably represented by his oil-painting, *Abbey of St. Bertin, St. Omer*, a tone-poem of sunlight played among grey ruins beneath a summer sky.

Though the high prices recently paid in the sale-room indicate a growing appreciation for the pastels of Daniel Gardner (1750-1805), this able *protégé* of Reynolds has hitherto found new admirers outside frequenters of the Ashmolean Museum. *Lady Rushout* is a surprising witness to his vigour in oils, the paint being freely handled and fine in both colour and quality. Another surprise is a remarkable picture by Richard Cook, R.A. (1784-1857), of an unknown classical subject, possibly Ulysses in Hades, a group of figures being dramatically posed against a fiery background, the whole effectively composed and rich and deep in colour. Jock Wilson's *Old Pier, Cowes*, a brown and grey seascape not unlike an early Turner, and J. A. O'Connor's *Woody Landscape* are instructive examples of two little-known early nineteenth-century Scottish and Irish painters.

Opie's portrait of the eighteenth-century critic, *Dr. Wolcot*, better known as "Peter Pindar," and a portrait of *Flaxman in his Studio*, attributed to Romney, have their chief interest in their subject, and there are greater artistic merits in Zoffany's *Earl of Craven*, a good, freely handled example of this underrated portrait-painter.

Crome's *Scene in Cumberland*, which apparently dates from about the same time as his *Slate Quarry* in the National Gallery, an oil sketch by De Wint, and two Italian scenes by Richard Wilson are the most important of the remaining landscapes, while an early Reynolds—*Mrs. Kenrick*—is an item which must not go unchronicled in any review of this stimulating collection.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE new volumes of the World's Classics to be published this month by Mr. Frowde include Goldsmith's *Poems*, with introduction and notes Mr. Austin Dobson; Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, with introduction by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson; Carlyle's "French Revolution," in two volumes, with introduction by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher; Palgrave's

"Golden Treasury," with additional poems; and the fourth volume of Burke's Works.

"A History of the Ancient Society of Cogers," by Peter Rayleigh, was issued some years ago for private circulation and has long been out of print. Mr. Elliot Stock is about to issue a new edition with additional matter and fresh illustrations.

"The Making of a Miracle" is the title of a new work on the rise of New Pompeii to notoriety as a rival to Lourdes, by Mr. Thomas W. S. Jones, also published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It gives an account of the method adopted in making the shrine one of the most frequented in Italy and the superstitions connected with its use.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue shortly a novel by Agnes Grant Hay entitled "Malcolm Canmore's Pearl." They have also in the press a novel by Miss Braddon, which is rather more sensational than the recently published "The White House." It is to be called "Dead Love Has Chains."

The interest of Mr. T. E. Kebbel's book of recollections, "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories," is less predominantly political than might be gathered from the title. A considerable part of the volume consists of reminiscences of editors and writers, of sportsmen and agriculturists whom he has fraternised with, and there are also chapters on rural life sixty years ago which have the charm of an idyll. The volume is to be published in April by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. John Davidson has finished "The Triumph of Mammon," the first play of a trilogy which he is writing under the general title of "God and Mammon." This book will be published shortly by Mrs. E. Grant Richards.

Mrs. E. Grant Richards also announces a novel entitled "The Message," by A. J. Dawson. The story is purely English, but it hits one away from the rut of familiar English life.

During the month of April Mrs. E. Grant Richards will publish Mr. Frank Richardson's "Love and All About It," Mr. George Ade's "In Pastures New," a reprint of the Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, and a sixpenny edition of Mr. Horace Wyndham's "Audrey the Actress."

"The Story of Minstrelsy" will be the next and ninth volume in the Music Story Series, which Mr. Crowest, the author of "The Great Tone Poet," etc., projected and is editing for The Walter Scott Publishing Co. Mr. Edmondstone Duncan, the well-known composer and music arranger, has taken up the subject and has produced a most attractive illustrated volume.

Last year Mr. Alston Rivers introduced a new Dartmoor novelist by means of "A Pixy in Petticoats." This was the anonymous work of a new author, but the title-page of a new volume from the same pen which is announced for immediate publication is inscribed with the name of John Trevena. It is called "Arminel of the West." Towards the end of April the same firm will issue a new novel by Marjorie Bowen, author of "The Viper of Milan," entitled "The Glen o' Weeping."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishing two little books by notable American authors. "Madame de Treymes," by M. s. Edith Wharton, is a story which contrasts the civilisation of aristocratic French families with the free and unsophisticated outlook of a young American girl who marries into one of them. The scenes are laid in Paris. "How doth the Simple Spelling Bee," by Mr. Owen Wister, is an amusing satire on President Roosevelt's attempt to introduce phonetic spelling.

They also announce "William Allingham: A Diary," edited by Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Ernest Radford. It covers a period of special literary and artistic interest, including the early days of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and the later ones of Tennyson and Carlyle.

A second edition will be ready soon after Easter of "The Apocalypse of St. John," the Greek text, with introduction, notes and indices by Dr. H. B. Swete, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. The first edition was published last autumn and was quickly exhausted.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue directly a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Frederick Courteney Selous's "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa." This book was first published in 1881, and has always held a distinguished place among records of sport and travel.

CORRESPONDENCE

A DISCLAIMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was somewhat disconcerted to find in your last issue (p. 308, col. 2), the substance of a discursive conversation with

a member of your staff crystallised into a string of boldly dogmatic assertions lacking the qualifications which any one familiar with the subject would supply. In any case I must disclaim all responsibility for the final statement: "It is characteristic of the laxity which prevails in the trade that all authors of repute have to be paid a sum on account of royalties, because the booksellers simply will not make up their sales and returns more than once in six months." Considering that the practice of supplying books on sale and return does not yet obtain in the English book trade, its use as an explanation of the system of advance royalties would imply on the part of publishers an "unintelligent anticipation of events" to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

Having pen in hand may I refer to the opening paragraphs in your last issue? You note, with apparent regret, that the Authors' Society is not a Trade Union. May I suggest, somewhat diffidently, to the editor of a literary paper, that authors cannot have a Trade Union on the same lines as colliers, because authors are, for the most part, men and women of letters and not colliers. I am aware that a certain number of authors seem desirous by the mechanical nature of their output and their entire disregard of all artistic considerations to assimilate themselves, as much as possible, to colliers or bricklayers. But I hardly thought this movement would have the approval of the ACADEMY.

Authors (one must really apologise for stating the obvious) cannot form a Trade Union like colliers because their aims and interests have not the same simplicity and unity as those of colliers. To take but one instance. The most widely spread grievance of authors is that their works are not reviewed at sufficient length and with sufficient appreciation. Well, it is hard to conceive the novelists of England headed by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Meredith, by Miss Warden and Mr. Hall Caine insisting on their respective publishers boycotting the ACADEMY because the latter had not given twelve columns of laudation to Miss Corelli, or Mr. Hirst withdrawing his books from Mr. Fisher Unwin because the latter refused to bully the *Nation* into giving favourable notice of Professor Hewins. Nor again do I see Mr. Richard Marsh going on strike because this or that halfpenny paper had declined to pay Miss Stanton more than a pence per word. Meanwhile it may be some comfort to authors haunted by visions of a triumphant Trade Union to know that publishers are quite as incapable as they themselves are of forming such a union. Whether it be matter for regret or no, the fact remains that the Publishers' Association is less of a Trade Union in so far as the material interests of its members are concerned than is the Authors' Society.

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our point was that authors should not mistake the Authors' Society for a Trade Union. The question as to whether they could not form an association on Trade Union lines cannot be dismissed so easily as Mr. Nutt would have us believe. It is obvious that authors are not colliers, but neither are doctors nor members of the bar. Yet both these professions have organisations which amount practically to trade unionism. The publishers have an association which is a Trade Union. This Association has fought the *Times* Book Club with Trade Union weapons, and publishers are not colliers.—ED.]

DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to make two suggestions on disputed passages in Dante?

(1) "Paradiso," Canto xiii. 127-129.

Si fe' Sabellio ed Arrio, e quegli stolti
Che furon come spade alle scritte
In render tosti li diritti volti.

May not this be a reference to Jerem. xlii. 15 and mean that Sabellius, Arius, etc., were like the fear of the sword which drove the remnant of the Jews under Jeremiah "to set their faces" to go down to Egypt? If so it might be rendered. "Thus did S. A. and those fools, who to the Scriptures played the part of swords and set the faces of the good awry."

(2) "Paradiso," Canto xviii. 110, 111

da lui rammenta
Quella Virtù, ch'è forma per li nidi.

What does li nidi mean? In Ecclesiasticus i. 15 the literal translation is, "with men wisdom nested (*ἐνδoσευρε*) an eternal foundation." The Vulgate goes utterly astray: but Dante may have come across a Latin translation such as "apud homines nidos posuit fundamenta eterna": if so, "from Him comes to mind that power, which is the formal

cause for the nests," would mean, "from Him men's minds derive that wisdom, which laid among them its eternal foundations as a bird lays its nest": or shortly, "from Him men learn that Power, which built them her eternal nest."

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

CATHERINE CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention is called to what follows by Professor H. H. Wilder of Smith College in this city.

A genealogical table representing one Simon Manning of Codham as married to Catherine, "sister of Geoffrey Chawcer, knight, the renowned English poet," occurs in H. F. Waters: "Genealogical Gleanings in England" (Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society 1901).

Catherine Chaucer is not mentioned in any other work that I am acquainted with. Even the thorough dissertation by Dr. Kern on "The Ancestry of Chaucer" (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press) makes no mention of her. Further information on the subject, especially information touching the authenticity of the entry in the above-mentioned table would undoubtedly be welcome to many.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

Northampton, Massachusetts,
March 21.

"BRAKES OF ICE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

(Measure for Measure. II. i. 39, "Some run from brakes of Ice.")

I

SIR,—Mr. Payne's virtuous indignation, in your issue of March 16, in defence of what I repeat is perhaps the grossest and most intractable crux in the Folio has led him singularly astray. What he is pleased to call my "ingenious parallels" are the essence and lifeblood of Shakespeare's meaning. This he will confess when he has really mastered what Shakespeare is driving at in this play. For elementary Elizabethan syntax I can only refer him and his "tyro among Hindoo Baboos" to Abbott's "Grammar" or other work of the kind. Mr. Payne and his "tyro" perhaps find no difficulty in such constructions—to quote from this play alone—as are found in I. iii. 40-42, III. ii. 275-296.

Mr. Payne's indignation has led him to miss my point in regard to the pronunciation. Ellis I know, and Sweet I know, but who is Victor? Am I to be under the painful necessity of "emending" Mr. Payne, and suggesting that he probably refers to the "Shakespeare Phonology," 1906, of Professor Viëtor, of Marburg? This book I also know, and I venture to say (although I do not for a moment recognise the authority of any foreigner on a point of this kind) that Mr. Payne cannot find anything whatever in Viëtor, and still less in Ellis or Sweet, to impugn my assertion as to the pronunciation of "brake." Possibly Mr. Payne may have heard of Master William Shaxper of Stratford-on-Avon, Gentleman? In fact he admits my point when he says, so far correctly, that *a* was then sounded like *a* in "father." That is ample for my purpose, which was merely to distinguish for the purposes of the emendation, between the long and short sound of *a*; and to show *how*, so far as one may conjecture, the mistake of the printers of the Folio arose.

In my article of February 16 I stated that "the misprint of the letter 'r' for 'c' in 'backe' is one of the commonest in the Folio." Strong confirmation of this may be found in the contrary conception in *The Comedy of Errors*, I. i. 117. "Had not their bark been very slow of sail," where the Folio prints backe. Mr. Payne would probably defend this.

Mr. Payne in his third paragraph also says that "brakes are surely bits, curbs or restraints." Why "surely"? Although the word does occur with that meaning in authorities which may be found in the "New English Dictionary," he cannot produce any single passage in Shakespeare in which the word bears that meaning. The chances are therefore dead against that meaning in this passage. How does he obtain the force of "throw aside" out of "run from"? In no single passage in Shakespeare has the latter expression any other meaning than the plain and ordinary meaning which the words afford.

The use of "ice," as indicating chastity, is quite beside the point, as indeed are all Mr. Payne's easy and obvious references. The real question is, What is Shakespeare's meaning? What aphorism did he intend Escalus to say?

We can only gather this from a close and accurate study of the play itself. Shakespeare is his own best interpreter.

In his first paragraph Mr. Payne speaks of "a crux like 'Brakes of Ice.'" In his third paragraph he "submits that the passage is not a crux." Which does he mean? No wonder I say that his indignation has led him astray. The bare fact is that "the inability of critics to see what was staring them in the face" has lasted now for two centuries, as a reference to the Cambridge Shakespeare will show; and it has, forsooth, been reserved for Mr. Payne to see what has been veiled to the skill of all other critics and commentators. For example, the distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Mr. H. C. Hart, the latest editor of *Measure for Measure*, is evidently puzzled by this passage. In his note thereon in the "Arden" edition, 1905, reading "brakes of vice," he says, "a passage, as Schmidt says, that seems hopelessly corrupt." Nor does the illegitimate alteration to "vice" render the meaning obvious. Two or three pages of attempted explanations will be "found in Steevens's 'Shakespeare.'" They are so much waste of ink. If 'vice' be the accepted reading, the meaning would be: "Some thrive in a tangle of vicious courses without rendering account to any one, while others, for a single fault, are ruined."

II

Sir Philip Perring's letter in the issue of March 23 hardly admits of a reply. As Dowden remarks, "We cannot tug at the end of a rope of sand." The passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 215, which he "takes for his lantern," will, I fear, prove a veritable will o' the wisp, and will certainly land him in all kinds of bogs and "brakes." The plain meaning of the passage in *Troilus* is entirely different from that of the passage in question.

Finally, I would quote from another eminent Shakespearean textual critic and scholar, Mr. A. E. Thiselton, who, in his "Notulae Criticae," 1906 (p. 10), commenting on Mr. H. C. Hart's explanation and speaking of this passage as "the great textual crux of the play," says, "It is surely the obvious duty of criticism to re-examine the corrupt passage in the hope of finding some indication of a reading which might prove its legitimacy by its accountability, intelligibility and consistency with the context-marks, the necessary combination of which none of the many who have hitherto essayed the task have succeeded in establishing in the case of this venerable *mumpsimus*." Nothing can possibly be sounder than this remark, with every word of which I cordially agree, and I think it furnishes an ample vindication of my effort. It has, however, been reserved for Mr. F. J. Payne and Sir Philip Perring to assert that the views of two centuries of critics and scholars are utterly astray, and that the difficulty—which is no difficulty—only arises from the "inability of critics to see what was staring them plainly in the face." *Credat Judaeus.*

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

JOHN PAYNE AND WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Dodge, perhaps I ought not to have referred "approvingly" to my "Life of Sir Richard Burton," but I was on particularly good terms with myself that morning, having just heard that the book had gone into a third edition. So I hope he will pardon the weakness.

I must defend myself, however, from Mr. Dodge's second charge against me. He says that my "Life of Sir Richard Burton" "is really an attempt to exalt the comparatively obscure Mr. Payne at the expense of the famous Richard Burton. In all Mr. Wright's 'Biographies' he seems possessed with the idea that his hero has 'cribbed' from some mysterious entity. In Burton's case it was a Payne, in Pater's career there appears to be a Jackson."

I am sorry Mr. Dodge refers to the distinguished scholar, poet and translator, Mr. John Payne, in these terms. Surely Mr. Dodge is aware that Mr. Payne is the translator not only of "The Arabian Nights," but also of Villon, Boccaccio, Omar Khayyam, Hafiz and Bandello, and that his "Flowers of France" (now proceeding from the press) is the delight of scholars. Mr. Payne is not only one of the first of living poets, but also the greatest translator that England has ever produced. The beauty of his prose and of his poetry has drawn encomiums from Mr. Swinburne, the Earl of Crewe, Dr. Ward (editor of the forthcoming "Cambridge History of English Literature"), Dr. Garnett and a host of others. Had I not been an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Payne I should not have founded the John Payne Society. Every reading man knows Mr. Payne as a great scholar, poet and translator.

And now let me put the case of Burton and Payne in a nutshell. Mr. Dodge, let us suppose, has four manuscripts (differing greatly from one another) of the Old Testament. He makes a translation taking now from this one, now from that. His work is published. Two years later a Mr. Brown publishes an edition of the Old Testament founded upon the same four manuscripts (he also picking and choosing at discretion), and it is found that the two translations practically coincide—that, indeed, whole pages are alike—word for word. Now if Mr. Dodge and Mr. Brown had used only *one* original, their translations might in parts almost tally, and no one would be surprised. But would it not be a miracle if, say from Numbers to Malachi, the two were practically alike, a word being changed here and there? Burton's "Arabian Nights" is the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature. If any one doubts my word let him go to the British Museum and compare the two translations, taking a page or two from any volume except the first (in which Burton "cribbed" from others as well as from Payne). I am a profound admirer of Burton as an anthropologist, but he had no gifts as a translator. His edition of the "Nights" is valuable only on account of the notes—that is to say it is very valuable, indeed. If Mr. Dodge has not come under the influence of Mr. Payne's charming prose I will, with pleasure, send a small volume of selections for his acceptance if he will give me his address.

Now as regards Mr. Jackson in my "Life of Walter Pater"; this is an entirely different matter. There is no parallel. Pater stole nothing from Mr. Jackson. Everything that Pater did was original. Let me explain. Mr. Jackson was a rich man, a lover of literature and art, with a wonderful collection of rare and valuable books. Pater became acquainted with him. For seventeen years (a big "slice" out of Pater's thirty-three years of manhood), they were bosom friends—constantly discussing Latin and Greek poets, gods, goddesses, Dante, the Renaissance, and art and literature generally; going hundreds of excursions together in search of literary treasures. A rich friend is useful to most persons, he is useful indeed to a lover of art. Then as to the St. Austin's episode. Pater, having made Mr. Jackson's acquaintance, was introduced by Mr. Jackson to the St. Austin's brotherhood. Father Nagée (another rich man) had, at enormous cost, reproduced in Walworth the surroundings and ritual of the early Christians. Pater became a frequent visitor there, and his acquaintance with Mr. Jackson and what he saw at St. Austin's led him to write "Marius the Epicurean." The inspiration then came from Mr. Jackson (whom he often called Marius) and Father Nagée. Pater was inspired by Mr. Jackson just as one friend is often inspired by another. Nobody blames Pater for this. A hundred years hence (and I'm quite looking forward to the time), my book (like Boswell's "Johnson") will have blessings instead of curses.

One contemporary, and one only, really understood Pater as a writer—namely, Lady Dilke. She could see that Pater's knowledge of most of the subjects upon which he wrote was superficial. In short, he was to Art very much what Goldsmith was to Zoology. He was not a deep student. He picked up his knowledge haphazard as he went about. He did not go to the root of things. But he was more than a scholar. He was a man of genius. He illuminated everything he touched. I love the man (deploring, of course, the one lamentable stain on his life) and I love his works, but I should only have stultified myself had I described him as a profound student of Art. A hundred better men than I would instantly have ridiculed me. When writing a book I never ask myself whether any fact I may have disinterred tells for or against the person who forms the subject. In goes everything. Some persons like my method, others do not. My motto is "Truth at all costs."

THOMAS WRIGHT.

March 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Calvert, Albert F. *Murillo*. 7½ × 5. Pp. xiii, 186. 165 Plates. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

The Life and Work of Richard John Seddon. By James Drummond. 9 × 5½. Pp. 392. Siegle, Hill, n.p.

Newton, John. *W. S. Caine, M.P. A Biography*. 9½ × 5½. Pp. 349. Nisbet, 10s. 6d.

DRAMA

- The Playboy of the Western World.* A Comedy in Three Acts. By J. M. Synge. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 86. Maunsell, 2s. net.
- Supposes and Jocasta.* Edited by John W. Cunliffe. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 441. Heath, n.p.

EDUCATION

- Le Manuscrit de Ma Mère avec commentaires, prologue et épilogue.* Abridged from A. de Lamartine by Lucy E. Farrer, B.A. 7 × 4½. Pp. 62. Arnold, 1s.
- De l'Angleterre par Madame de Staël.* Edited by W. G. Hartog, B.A. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 126. Arnold, 1s. 6d.
- Epochs of English Literature.* Volumes vi. and vii. *The Johnson Epoch* and *The Pope Epoch.* By J. C. Stobart, M.A. Each 7 × 4½. Pp. each, 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d. each.
- The Royal University of Ireland Examination Papers, 1906.* 8½ × 5. Pp. 774. Dublin: The University Press, n.p.
- Mundy, Randal. *A Primer of Biology and Nature Study.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 259. Holland, 2s. 6d. net.
- Milton: Paradise Lost, Books 1, 2.* Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A. 7 × 5. Pp. 88. University Tutorial Press, 1s. 6d.

FICTION

- Jones, Constance Evan. *The Ten Years' Agreement, An Experiment in Matrimony.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 292. Nesbit, 6s.
- Pryce, D. Hugh. *Deyncourt of Deyncourt.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Gould, Nat. *Charger and Chaser.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 286. Long, 2s. 6d.
- Stanton, Coralie; and Heath, Hosken. *All That a Man Hath.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 380. Long, 6s.
- Hales, A. G. *Maid Molly.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 326. Treherne, 6s.
- O'Donnell, Elliott. *Dinevah the Beautiful.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 314. Greening, 6s.
- Thompson, E. Perronet. *A Dragoon's Wife.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 317. Greening, 6s.
- Maturin, Mrs. Fred. *Petronel of Paradise.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 319. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
- Gissing, Algernon. *The Dreams of Simon Usher.* 8 × 5. Pp. 325. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- Askew, Alice and Claude. *Lucy Gort. A Study in Temperament.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 424. White, 6s.
- Maxwell, W. B. *The Countess of Maybury.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 307. Methuen, 6s.
- Bottom, Phyllis. *The Imperfect Gift.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 341. Murray, 6s.
- Barron, Elwyn. *The Triple Scar.* 8 × 5. Pp. 352. Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Calvert, Albert F. *The Escorial.* 7½ × 5. Pp. xxiii, 77. 278 Plates. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.
- Simon, D. W. *The Making of a Preacher.* 6½ × 4. Pp. 61. Melrose, 1s. net.
- Higinbotham, H. N. *The Making of a Merchant.* 8 × 5½. Pp. 210. Eveleigh Nash, 2s. 6d. net.
- Mach, Richard Von. *The Bulgarian Exarchate. Its History and the Extent of Its Authority in Turkey.* 9 × 6. Pp. 105. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
- Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.* 9½ × 6. Pp. 120. n.p.
- Moore, H. Keatley, illustrated by May Sandheim. *The Nursery Song Book.* 8½ × 6½. Pp. 63. Routledge, n.p.
- Brownlie, Rev. John. *Hymns from the East.* 8 × 5. Pp. 141. Alex. Gardner, n.p.
- Fox-Davies, A. C. *Heraldry Explained.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 126. Jack, 1s. net.
- Petre, F. Loraine. *Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 319. Lane, 12s. 6d. net.
- Hayward, F. H. *The Meaning of Education.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 217. Ralph Holland, 2s. net.
- Sellar, E. M. *Recollections and Impressions.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 335. Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net.
- The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel, 1907.* Compiled by the Travel Editor. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 530. Cox, 2s. 6d.

POETRY

- The Pearl.* A Middle English Poem. Edited by Charles G. Osgood, jun. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 202. Heath, n.p.

Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Frederick Morgan Padelford. 6½ × 4½. Heath, n.p.

The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited with an introduction by Colles Ramsay. 6 × 3½. Pp. 460. Routledge, 1s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- In Memoriam.* By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 7 × 4½. Pp. 185. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- Dumas, Alexandre. *The Three Musketeers.* 6½ × 4½. Pp. 602. Nelson, n.p.
- Vachell, H. A. *The Pinch of Prosperity.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 291. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Venice.* By Beryl de Selincourt and May Sturge Henderson. Illustrated by Reginald Barratt. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 185. Chatto & Windus, 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- The Parson's Burden.* By the author of "The Perplexed Parson." 7½ × 5. Pp. 123. Chapman & Hall, n.p.
- Glover, Don. *The Simple Faith.* 8 × 5. Pp. 148. Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Blackie's *Latin Texts: Cæsar, Gallic War*, ii., iii., iv., *Virgil, Georgicon*, i., ii.—These five volumes, published under the editorship of Dr. Rouse at 6d. each, "are intended for use in the first two or three years of the study of Latin"; and "a new and important feature in the introduction is a brief note on the manuscript and the principles of textual criticism." When school editions are turned out in such unnecessary numbers there is an obvious temptation to strike a new line merely for the sake of having something new, regardless of either educational value or logical sequence of subject; and we are inclined to think that something of the kind has happened with regard to the books before us. The introductions to these little volumes seem to us to be quite above the heads of those for whom they are intended; well thought out and carefully put together, they aim at too much or too little; and they run a very probable risk of encouraging that superficiality which is the one great curse of our present system of education which demands too many subjects for boys and girls to tackle with any benefit to their mental culture. There is, to our mind, one great point about these little books which editor and publisher pass over in silence: it is the absence of voluminous notes and vocabularies and exercises for retranslation, which have tended to make thinking an almost forgotten art with average boys and girls, and personally we give a hearty welcome to every effort which promises to bring back the old-fashioned system with which we were once familiar—the plain text fought out with dictionary and grammar, difficulties overcome by being definitely faced in class, interest quickened and sympathies widened by the living personality of the teacher who has made the subject his own.

Blackie's *English School Texts*, edited by W. H. D. Rouse Litt.D. 6d. each.—The numbers before us contain such old friends as Macaulay's *Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings*; they are clearly printed and furnished with a short introduction of the life and character of the author. The "corrective" that is suggested points to its being intended for the teacher rather than the pupil, unless the latter is as voracious a reader as Macaulay himself; but such, among average boys at any rate, we seldom meet. The reprinting of the story of Montezuma from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* was a good idea and ought to prove popular. We venture to think, however, that a short digest of some of the preceding chapters would have been an advantage. We can quite understand the editor's difficulty in cutting down Prescott's fascinating pages: is there no other way of encouraging people to read good English? Holland's translation of "Julian the Apostate" seems to us a singularly ill-advised selection. A translation has a definite function to perform; it brings the reader into touch with the thought of others who would be inaccessible to him otherwise. But the "genius" of a language is untranslatable, and consequently a translation, be it ever so good, can never be a sound means of conveying instruction in language. We take it that the object of these school texts is to foster the study of English, and with such rich abundance to draw upon, to introduce a translation seems to us an almost mischievous work of supererogation.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER APRIL

- Egypt To-day. By Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G.
Mr. Haldane's Dream of a "National" Army. By Colonel the Earl of ERROL, K.T., C.B.
The Evil of Ignoring Minorities. By the Right Hon. Lord COLCHESTER
A Colonial Study of London Civilisation. By Mrs. GROSSMANN
Some London Children at Play. By ROSE M. BRADLEY
Children's Competitions. By EVA M. MARTIN
Women and Politics: A Rejoinder
(1) By CAROLINE E. STEPHEN
(2) By the Hon. Mrs. CHAPMAN
A Fifteenth-Century Feministe. By Mrs. W. KEMP-WELCH
M. Clemenceau as Writer and Philosopher. By the Abbé ERNEST DIMNET
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THE LITERARY WEEK

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE would be more than human if he did not feel some satisfaction at the universal congratulations called forth by his seventieth birthday (which occurred last week). His noble preference for retirement and privacy has no doubt prevented some more public expression of a general sentiment. But there is little doubt that on the continent the occasion would have been seized by enthusiasts for an apotheosis of the most distinguished living poet. Among contemporaries only Count Tolstoi and D'Annunzio can be said to occupy the European position enjoyed by the author of "Atalanta in Calydon." Even Paris, the most conservative literary dovecot, has acknowledged his pre-eminence. To a translation of the "Poems and Ballads" the late Guy de Maupassant contributed a delightful and amusing preface.

The news one day came to the French novelist, staying at his favourite Etretat, that an Englishman who was bathing was being carried away by the tide; it was Mr. Swinburne. Maupassant started out in a boat to the rescue, and happily found that he had been anticipated, but he accepted an invitation to déjeuner and found the English poet domiciled with a certain Mr. York Powell (not the historian). The meal is said to have consisted of *singe à la broche*. According to Maupassant, Mr. Swinburne regarded the "Poems and Ballads" only as *péchés de jeunesse*; but we may be excused for regarding them in a very different light.

Very few people can handle the small green edition of the Ballads published by Moxon without a feeling of genuine literary emotion. No volume of poems published in the latter half of the last century created more excitement, and none has had a wider influence. The storm which the book created induced Tennyson, so the story goes, to indulge in a not very graceful act of literary treachery. He is supposed to have threatened Moxon to change his publisher unless the poems were withdrawn. At all events the volume was "called in," and appeared later with the firm of Camden Hotten, afterwards Chatto and Windus. The Moxon edition is now a bibliophil's rarity, but some dishonest person bought a number of his Camden Hotten volumes and forged a Moxon title-page, in order to palm them off as first editions.

The real Moxon edition should contain the publisher's cipher on the green cover, and on page 222 the following

lines are printed in different type to the rest of the poem, "Félice":

O lips that mine have grown into
Like April's kissing May.
O fervent eyelids letting through
Those eyes the greenest of things blue
The bluest of things grey.

If you were I and I were you
How could I love you, say?
How could the rose-leaf love the rue
The day love nightfall and her dew
Though night may love the day?

Many libraries which boast a complete set of Swinburne's first editions really possess the forgery of Poems and Ballads. It should be remembered that the book was also privately issued under the title of *Laus Veneris*, and this in a sense constitutes the first edition of all. But a genuine Moxon is a great rarity.

Again, quite apart from the new harmonies devised by Mr. Swinburne in his book, the circumstance that it was dedicated to Burne-Jones, afterwards recognised as one of the supreme artists of Europe, gives it an additional interest. Few young poets are fortunate enough to select the name of an intellectual peer to adorn the flyleaf of their poems. While the only two other contemporaries mentioned are Rossetti (one of whose pictures, now in the possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray, suggested "A Christmas Carol"), and Whistler, whose "Before the Mirror" inspired one of the most beautiful lyrics. When the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, the verses appeared on the frame. Of all the giants of those days, Whistler had to wait longer for recognition than any of the sons of Anak.

The change in public opinion regarding Mr. Swinburne is illustrated in an amusing story told by Mr. Michael Rossetti. Professor Legros exhibited in the Academy of 1868 a picture called the *Refectory*, one of his typical ecclesiastical studies in which there appeared a cat. Of this picture the poet wrote "a splendid cat, its fur beautiful with warm black bars on an exquisite ground of dull grey, its expectant eye and mouth lifted without further or superfluous motion." The purchaser of the picture, on hearing that the cat excited Mr. Swinburne's admiration, had pussy painted out of the composition! Such was the feeling for art in the "brilliant 'sixties."

It is much to be regretted that Watts's portrait of the poet is by no means one of his successful renderings of eminent men, and let us hope that some more worthy presentation has been executed unknown to the general public. William Bell Scott painted a most delightful little likeness of him as a young man—seemingly more truthful than the ill-natured pen-portrait of the "Memoirs." This precious little work afterwards passed into the possession of Miss Boyd. A fantastic portrait also appears in the early *Adoration of the Magi* by Burne-Jones, and Rossetti has idealised his head for the lover in *Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee*, Mr. George Meredith appearing as the Christ seen through the window.

Only a few years ago a member of the Italian Government was opening a new post-office, or unveiling some hideous image of Victor Emmanuel, and referred to the great English poet Swinburne, whose verse had done so much for the cause of United Italy in Europe. The announcement was received with vociferous cheering, and the local papers next day had a complete and fairly accurate account of our countryman whose identity was perfectly familiar to them. We wonder what the effect on the mayor and corporation of some English towns would be if Mr. Augustine Birrell spoke of Petrarch, or D'Annunzio, or even Mr. Swinburne himself. There is a

sort of natural culture even among uneducated Italians. All the Education Bills, Free Libraries from Mr. Carnegie, and State aids to information have failed to introduce among us even the culture attained by Scotch peasants.

Controversy still rages over the so-called Peruginos in the National Gallery. Time has reversed Goldsmith's epigram. To be regarded as an authority on art you must not praise the works of Pietro Perugino, you must cast doubts on their authenticity. It is of course perfectly obvious, as Mr. Herbert Horne pointed out long ago, that the original pictures are at Rouen, and even if these did not exist, the works in the National Gallery are obviously by a later hand. They do not seem to us forgeries, as some one has alleged, but seventeenth-century adaptations. Perugino always retained a sort of esteem among connoisseurs long after the taste for mediæval art had vanished. The Rouen panels were in the possession of that keen collector, Queen Christina of Sweden, a very typical seventeenth-century character, and what more likely than that copies of some of her treasures were executed for friends—as a little present for some one who had executed her wishes on some undesirable acquaintance?

However, it really is not much use scolding a former director of the National Gallery for any errors. Mistakes are inevitable, as we know from Paris. Let us congratulate ourselves that in Sir Charles Holroyd we possess a careful and enthusiastic official, under whose care great strides ought to be made in perfecting the collection from an æsthetic and historical point of view. Our only fear is that he will be hampered by lack of funds and by the unfortunate differences of the Trustees. There is room for sweeping reform in the constitution of our museums. Cæsarism is essential for making a fine collection. The galleries of the world were founded by cardinals, princes, noblemen and merchants; not by committees.

An old landscape, *The Chalk Pit*, by the late Arthur Tomson, has been presented by his widow to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it has been hung temporarily on the staircase leading up to the Art Library. This official recognition of a refined and poetic landscape-artist again emphasises the broad-minded attitude which happily prevails at South Kensington, for it is an open secret that the Trustees of the National Gallery refused an offer of two pictures by Tomson for the Tate Gallery. Millbank's loss has thus become South Kensington's gain, and it is to be hoped that arrangements will soon be made for the grouping together of this work, exhibited at the New English Art Club in 1890, the late Arthur Melville's *Little Bull Fight*, and other works at South Kensington by modern painters whose art the more conservative Trustees of the National Gallery have failed to appreciate.

"The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland," by J. A. R. Marriot, published by Messrs. Methuen, will be welcome as a tribute to the memory of a very striking and noble figure in the troubled days of the revolution in England. Clarendon said of his friend: "At the battle of Newbury was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so glowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss it must be odious to all posterity."

The fact that Messrs. Macmillan have just issued a seventeenth edition of Sir Edward Creasy's "Rise and Progress of the English Constitution" testifies strongly in favour of the usefulness of this valuable work. It has

been recognised as a standard text-book for students for upwards of fifty years and forms the most popular prelude to the study of the works of Stubbs, Freeman, Green, Anson, and Dicey. Some obsolete matter has been removed from the present edition and the later chapters have been revised and brought up to date.

With reference to the physiognomy of Cardinal Newman we print a letter which we have received from Sir William Blake Richmond. The pencil sketch in profile of the Cardinal by his father George Richmond, and the portrait of Robert Browning by George Frederick Watts, both in the National Portrait Gallery illustrate Sir William's valuable remarks. Miss Emmeline Deane's portrait there, being full face, does not afford such clear evidence, but her studies for the picture are very instructive in this connection. It would be interesting if these and other portraits could be collected together in London and be made available for comparison.

It would also be interesting to know on what authority Mr. R. H. Hutton based his statement that John Henry Newman and Benjamin Disraeli played together in the garden of Brunswick Square. We recall the speculation that they might have done so, but we have never heard any evidence that they did, or that their parents were even acquaintance. At a period when families of unconcealed Hebrew origin were already marrying Gentiles, the acquaintance of the two families would be no sign of Hebrew origin in the Newmans.

The majority of our contemporaries characterise Dr. Campbell's already famous book, "The New Theology," as neither new nor theological. In the accurate sense of those terms they are no doubt correct. Otherwise, they approach the book in a most sympathetic spirit. For the present we would only congratulate Dr. Campbell on his well-deserved success. It is surprising that any abstract idea, especially in the regions of divinity, should create so much interest in a period and in a country devoted to material progress, and Dr. Campbell has shown himself a master in the arts of attracting the attention of his audience, a knowledge without which the other gifts of oratory are useless. If the impression which "The New Theology" has produced on the Press and its followers—the audience to which it is primarily addressed—be an indication of its permanent effect, Dr. Campbell's publishers are also to be congratulated on the publication of a book which bids fair to be the greatest success of the decade.

Dr. Horton writes on this subject in the *Christian World* in characteristic terms. He waits as a paranymphe eager to deck Dr. Campbell for a sacrifice. He burns to salve the wounds of a new martyr to "the rancorous abuse and the vile reflexions of the vulgar mind," to brace a potential heresiarch "to face the crucifixion of the orthodox world"—not, let it be observed, as a spectator this time. "No bribe," he tells us, "would seduce" Dr. Campbell, "just as the howling rage of theological opponents does not make him blench."—Dr. Horton also is the master of his audience. "Dr. Campbell," he continues, "is not iconoclastic," and he bids "those who see their cherished dogmas and most venerable authorities set aside as unnecessary or misleading" restrain their indignation "until they see the structure which is rising on the ground which is thus implicitly cleared." According to Dr. Horton, the world with its pagan tendencies need now take no thought for its idols; Dr. Campbell has already levelled the site where the structures which contained them formerly stood. In Dr. Horton's terms (unfortunately for him and for the Dr. Campbell that he pictures) idols are old and tough. They haunt museums of dusty antiquities. They re-collect after they have been *implicitly* reduced to powder. The

ideas which animate them, like Dr. Campbell's Risen Body of Christ, adapt themselves to new dimensions.

The old Puritan disposition to believe in the omnipotence of the Devil still lingers. His hands are surely too full to take such violent measures as Dr. Horton anticipates in the private affairs of the City Temple. The World also is not accustomed to plunge so rashly in the market as to bid for the integrity of a blameless and successful Congregationalist clergyman. If Dr. Horton's impressionistic language be intended to imply divergencies of opinion among the congregation of the City Temple, it must be admitted that Dr. Campbell's modes of expression do seem fairly antithetical to those of his predecessor, the late Doctor Parker. But surely this is the affair of the congregation exclusively. If it affects any one else, we may perhaps learn what the term "Congregationalism" actually means.

"Servanda Carthago!" cries M. Pottecher, against the Elder Cato of to-day. For centuries Carthage has been the quarry, in every sense, of modern vandals. Even Pisa Cathedral and San Lorenzo, of Genoa, besides all those neighbouring villages and fortresses, have drawn on the ruins. Our Temple, Sir Thomas Reade and Rev. Mr. Davis, are Elgins of Dido's town. (It is not exact to say, as M. Pottecher does, that Hannibal "revint mourir" here. The writer visited the great Barca's tomb, a mound overlooking the sea, near Guebzah, Asia Minor.) Carthage is now to be made a "station estivale"; the *forum* walls have gone and those of the temple of Cœlestis. The spirits of Châteaubriand and of the author of *Salammbô* must surely shudder at this hideous resurrection of the Punic capital as a summer resort.

The Exhibition of Danish Art at the Corporation Galleries was opened on the 15th. It would be more correctly described as an exhibition of works of art produced by Danes. There is no modern Danish art, unless Thorwaldsen, an Icelander, can be reckoned as an example. There are, no doubt, many Danes who are accomplished painters of other schools, such as Herr Kroyer and Herr Hammershoj. Curiously enough very few have settled in England. The work of the Baron Arild Rosenkranz, both on canvas and in stained glass, should be better known, but though it has distinct evidence of individuality, it has nothing especially Danish about it except the name and nationality of the artist. With this exception there is scarcely a Danish artist at present settled amongst us, or whose work is known here. We go to Copenhagen to see one thing, the splendid collection of Scandinavian Antiquities, and our ideas of Danish art are confined not unjustly to that, for since the periods covered by it there has been very little.

In an article in the *Monthly Review* Mr. Herbert Horwill delivers a crushing blow to the much-advertised supposed "smartness" and "railway speed" of American journalism. There is a prevailing belief that the American newspapers and the American trains leave their competitors in "poor old Europe" panting helplessly in the rear. Those who have any practical experience of the American trains and American newspapers can endorse what Mr. Horwill says as to the utter falsity of this idea. American newspapers are undoubtedly, on the whole, the worst written and the least reliable in the world, and their trains are not much better. The class of paper which in the United States obtains an enormous circulation would simply not be read in England much less in France. There is something consoling in this reflection to those of us who rightly deplore the decay of good journalism in England. We have sunk pretty low in certain notorious halfpenny directions, but we are still a long way removed from the mental degradation to which the American Yellow Press has reduced its victims.

THE STORM

WHAT do they hunt to-night, the hounds of the wind?
I think it is joy they hunt, for joy has fled from my heart.

I only remember the hours when I sorrowed or sinned,
I only remember the hours when I stood apart
Lonely and tired, in difficult dreams entranced,
And I forget the days when I loved, and laughed and danced.

Grey hounds of the wind I hear your wistful cry,
The cry of unsatisfied hearts hungry for happiness,
The house is full of whispering ghosts as you hurry by,

And my soul is heavy and dark with a great distress,
For heaven is far away, and hope is dead;
And the night is a tomb of tears, and despair, and dread.

O hunt no more wild hounds of the wind and rain,
For my soul is afraid of the sound of your hastening feet,
And surely under the stars a beautiful joy is slain?
Fly! black wings of sorrow . . . wet wings of the night
that beat

At the shuttered windows and swiftly fly away,
Before the Sun-God gathers the golden flower of Day.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

LITERATURE

AN EDINBURGH CIRCLE

Recollections and Impressions. By E. M. SELLAR. (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.)

It is usual to say that "the modern Athens" was at the zenith of its literary fame in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but this volume shows that even in our time the glory has not altogether departed from it. William Young Sellar was Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh from 1863 to 1890, and during that period was constantly in touch with the greatest intellects of his time. His widow, to whom we are indebted for this charming book of memories, was born in 1829 of a great mercantile family, her grandfather being James Dennistoun, a Glasgow captain of industry, who, in Carlyle's opinion, "did more good, and helped more men to rise to the eminence they attained than ever will be known." He was an intimate friend of Edward Irving and Dr. Chalmers. Her father was a quiet, thoughtful man, who at one time represented Dumbartonshire in Parliament. Mrs. Sellar herself is an essentially Scottish lady with all the Scottish love of an "ell of pedigree" and interest in "my grandaunt's cousin twice removed." In this feature of her character lies a thread that enables us to trace her connection with many literary celebrities. Thus her aunt Elizabeth was the mother of Mrs. Cross, whose son, Mr. J. W. Cross, in 1880 married George Eliot. Mrs. Sellar and her cousin were affectionate friends. Professor Sellar on his side added literary ties of an interesting kind. While staying at Texford Rectory, near Doncaster, just after leaving college, he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Lushington, the friend of Tennyson

and one of the Cambridge "Apostles." After leaving Glasgow University he went to Oxford, where Benjamin Jowett formed with him a long enduring friendship. Sellar was married to Miss Dennistoun in 1852, and the young couple, after making a tour in the Highlands, went to Selkirk, where they stayed with the Langs. "Mrs. Lang was my husband's eldest sister." Here she met her nephew, Mr. Andrew Lang, "a handsome dark-eyed boy, handsome and somewhat farouche, evading his new aunt's affectionate advances and fearing her kisses." Thus are the actors gradually introduced into the play. During the season after their marriage they went for a while to Homburg, where they made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun, who were destined to become life-long friends. Among the forbears of Professor Sellar was Patrick Sellar of Ardtornish—a delightful place in the West Highlands, famous to-day among agriculturists for its model dairies and splendid cattle. Octavius Smith, grandfather of the celebrated Florence Nightingale, in those days lived at Achranich, and during summer the two families were in close touch with each other. The most delightful episode connected with Ardtornish was the visit of Tennyson and Palgrave in 1853, when the former was in his best form and full of impromptus, as thus:

We sat with the water falling before us like a silver veil.
Mr. Tennyson said it was a great pity we had not brought food with us, and so need not have hurried home; and then, almost immediately he chanted:

We had smoke, but we hadna wine,
And we had nothing whereon to dine;
But there was Dennistoun's daughter;
And Crosskin sang a song of mine
Behind the falling water.

All the way going home he was making the most absurd nonsense-ballad verses, generally in Scotch, but so rapidly uttered and so inconsecutive were they, that it was impossible to remember much of them, even at the time, and now only two verses remain in my memory:

They found her buried in the moor,
Shut out from every hope;
And her bonny little noseling
Was as brown as Windsor soap!

There came a cobbler to the town,
And he was ane o' the clippers;
And he took the skin of her brown bodie,
And made it into slippers.

A very different sort of visitor was entertained at Achranich by Mr. Smith and seldom have we read a more diverting sketch of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who vowed that he was not caviare but cod-liver oil to the general.

He was full of fads and theories about his health; was afraid to get into an argument lest it disturbed his "somniferous faculties"; and once when Mr. Jowett was staying with us and we were going to spend the afternoon at Achranich, Mr. Smith's place, so great was his fear of an encounter of wits that he lay down with indiarubber balls on his ears—an invention of his own, which proved so successful that he fell to sleep, and when he awoke, like a giant refreshed, Mr. Jowett had come and gone!

Later at a marriage banquet in 1870 Mrs. Sellar sat next to Mr. Spencer and naturally began to recall the pleasant times they had spent together at Ardtornish, when the following characteristic talk occurred:

"Yes, Mr. Spencer," I said, "we have lived and loved together through many a changing year!"

"We have *lived*," he corrected, with decision.

"Ah," I said, "you can't answer for my feelings!" upon which he grimly smiled!

It is impossible to do more than indicate briefly in the space at our disposal the names of a few of those who formed the circle of which Professor Sellar and his wife were the centre. At St. Andrews there were those two distinguished Scottish scholars and men of letters—Shairp and Tulloch. In Edinburgh there was Mr. Sandars always full of good spirits and fun, who, when asked what was the best kind of woman to marry, replied that it was one "with whom you could have a little fun in the evenings." He himself wherever he went brought with him

plenty of fun in the evenings. There was the witty Mr. Henry Davidson, father of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who lived at Muirhouse about three miles from Edinburgh. We quote a single example of his wit:

I remember a funny little anecdote of his once coming down the stairs of his own house and meeting a young woman going up whose face he did not know. "Who are you?" he said. "Please, sir, I'm between the cook and the housemaid." "God help you!" and he passed on.

Robert Louis Stevenson's mother was an old friend of Mrs. Sellar. When her son became famous she kept a scrap-book in which she pasted all notices of him good or bad. On it there was for motto:

Speak weel o' my love,
Speak ill o' my love
But be aye speaking!

Here, for our Scrap-book is a riddle made by Lord Bowen: "Why is a step-father an inexpensive article?"—"Because *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*." Of Mr. Andrew Lang we hear much though not as much as we would have liked, but there is room only for a fishing anecdote:

One afternoon Andrew Lang was fishing there (at Kenbank) and John, our gardener—quite a character—was fishing at the other end. Andrew had been whipping the water for some time with no result, and looking up saw the sun setting in unwonted glory behind the western hills. "By Jove, what a sunset!" he exclaimed. "Hae ye grappit yin?" came in a stentorian voice from the other side of the tarn. "I said *sunset*, not a *trout*," was Andrew's irate reply.

Here is an example of Mrs. Ferrier's wit which is very characteristic:

My husband had gone on a short cruise with my cousin, Mrs. Hamilton. I knew they were going to Arran, so my economic soul was rather disturbed by getting a telegram for which I had to pay 2s. 6d. (New Galloway being then the nearest telegraph station) telling me they were at Lamlash. "Pretty expensive," I said, "to pay 2s. 6d. for 'piper's news!'" "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Ferrier; "wire back 'We have had lamb hash for luncheon!'"

Of a graver sort is a saying of Tourguénief met on a visit paid to the Master of Balliol at Oxford:

He was very easy and eloquent in talk, and spoke much of happiness. "If it did not come, why pursue it? It is like health: when you don't think of it, it is there. Happiness has no tomorrow, no yesterday; it thinks not on the past, it dreams not of the future."

We were particularly glad to come across some reminiscences of Mrs. Gordon, a lady of such a fine and gentle character that it seemed impossible for her and her good deeds to go down into oblivion unrecorded. To those who did not know her the following may seem to be a mere excess of sentiment, but such as have any memory of her delightful personality will recognise the woman in it:

Feeling and even what we call sentiment, were stronger in her than in any one of her age I have ever known. Mr. Ruskin was a kinsman of her grandchildren; and on one occasion paid a visit to Kenmure accompanied by his cousin, Mrs. Severn, and her husband. After dinner we were all sitting listening to Mrs. Severn's charming singing of "There grows a bonnie brier-bush in oor kail-yard," when I noticed Mrs. Gordon get up and leave the room with a little air of agitation. One of her grand-daughters slipped out after her, and on her return I asked if anything were the matter. "Dear old grannie, I found her in her room a little overcome. 'I haven't heard that song,' she said, 'since I heard it sung by the only man I ever loved.'"

Mrs. Gordon was one in which happiness lay in giving, but she was also witty and a perfect hostess of a somewhat old-fashioned type.

Such disjointed and scrappy remarks do little justice to one of the most agreeable books of memoirs we have read for a long time. Mrs. Sellar is not only interesting but she discusses with a fine taste and courtesy. Nought here is set down in malice and the authoress has the inestimable faculty of making us acquainted with each individual in the long train of celebrities which it has been her privilege to meet.

HERODOTUS TRANSLUCED

New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. EMIL REICH. *Herodotus*, Books iv.-vi. Translated by G. W. HARRIS, late Exhibitioner of Caius College, Cambridge. (Sonnenschein, 8s. 6d. net.)

WHEN a translation issued under the auspices of a distinguished scholar shows utter incompetence, it is the unpleasant duty of reviewers to speak out. The translator of these three books knows very little Greek, and he has not taken the trouble of consulting commentaries, comparing other translations, or even looking out for words in a dictionary. He flounders heavily on, sometimes printing downright nonsense, sometimes omitting a sentence which has puzzled him, and not even taking the pains of revising his proofs. Most of his errors arise from sheer ignorance, but we may assume, perhaps, that on p. 43 (iv. 139) "as you oppose" is a misprint for "as you observe," seeing that the Greek is *ὡς ὁρᾶτε*. Sometimes one can make a guess at what the Greek term was for which he mistook the word in the text. In iv. 28 Herodotus says:

Thunder-storms do not occur in Scythia during the winter, as in other's climates; but in summer there are violent thunderstorms.

Absolutely without meaning Mr. Harris writes:

When thunder occurs in other countries, it is not found in this district. In summer it is ambiguous.

Did he mistake *ἀμφιλαφεῖς* for *ἀμφίβουλοι*, or has he no Liddell and Scott? In the same happy-go-lucky fashion on p. 21 (iv. 70) *κύλικα μεγάλην κεραμίστην* is translated "a large *mixing* bowl" with a vague reminiscence of *κεράννυμι*, the meaning really being "earthenware." In the next chapter *κυπέρων* is "cypress." In iv. 74 Scythian hemp is described. Mr. Harris (p. 23) thus renders:

There is a kind of hemp which grows in this country very much resembling flax except in size and thickness, for it is much larger. It grows both wild and cultivated, and the Thracians make garments of it which look very like linen. Unless one rubs the seed very much, it is almost impossible to distinguish between this seed and flax: in fact any one who had not seen this hemp would call it flax.

The words italicised by us (the italics are ours throughout) of course mean "unless he is quite an expert." Mr. Harris has apparently never heard of the adjective *τρίβων* "versed in," and only knows *τρίβων* the present participle of *τρίβειν* "to rub." Of the next chapter he makes absolute nonsense by translating *πυρή* (which he mistakes for *πυρά*) "a pyre" instead of "a vapour-bath," and confusion is worse confounded when we read that "they never wash the whole of their body with water," the real meaning of *τὸ παράπαν* being "at all, by any chance." In ch. 77 *ἄλλως πέκασται* does not mean "it was a pure fabrication" but "it was a silly jest"; and in the following chapter when Herodotus says *Opoea ἦν ἀσθή* he means "she was a Scythian by birth": the rendering "she was a citizen" is meaningless. In ch. 79 *ἐπετέλεσε τὴν τελετήν* is "he completed the rite of initiation," not "he fulfilled his vows," while *οὐκ οἶκός ἐστι θεὸν ἐξευρίσκειν* is "that it was not reasonable to invent a deity," not "that no god ought to exist." However, we should be thankful to Mr. Harris for not rendering *οἶκός* "house."

Sometimes it is difficult to guess the source of the blunder. In iv. 5 we find in Mr. Harris's version:

The eldest saw this, and went next to take hold of them, but the gold burst into flames at his approach. He retired and the second came forward, and the same phenomenon occurred. The flames sank to rest when the third and youngest came forward, and he took them to the house. Recognising the true inwardness of this, the two elder brothers handed the kingdom over to him.

Here Mr. Harris omits the only words which present the slightest difficulty, "the burning gold drave off the elder brothers." The italicised words should be "he conveyed it (the gold) to his house." The rest of the passage should have read

Then the two elder brothers agreed together and made over the whole kingdom to the youngest,

We admit that *συγγνώμης* might mean "recognising" (the significance of the miracle); but the modern slang "true inwardness" is intolerable in Herodotus. Mr. Harris, however, revels in modernisms and vulgarisms, such as "scintillates with brilliancy," p. 20 (which moreover is a mistranslation), "different to" (p. 39), "not having the vaguest idea" (p. 47), "their stratagems were rendered nugatory" (p. 62), instead of "they beat back their assaults." "Have everlastingly invaded" (p. 5) is a strange way of expressing "were continually attacking." Sometimes as we have said it is very hard to find the source of the error. In a well-known passage iv. 30 Herodotus says "my work has always affected digressions." This appears in the book before us as "After most careful observation." Can he think that *προσθήκας* means "observations"? Here, too, is a passage where it was hard to go wrong (iv. 69):

The following is the method of execution. A waggon is loaded with wood and oxen harnessed thereunto; the soothsayers are bound with their hands behind them, manacled and gagged. They are then enclosed in the midst of the faggots, fire is put to it, the oxen are terrified, and the executioners retire. Many of the oxen are burnt with the seers, many escape very much scorched when the pole is burnt through. Seers are burnt for other reasons also, and stigmatised false prophets. A regicide is slain with all his male relatives, the females being untouched.

Yet it is full of blunders. Not to speak of minor inaccuracies, "the executioners retire" should be "They start the oxen"; and "a regicide" should be "when the king puts a man to death." But Mr. Harris does not pause to consider the difference between a man who kills the king and a man who is executed by royal warrant. Sometimes he catches hold of a modern interpretation, and then it is a wrong one. In iv. cix, *φθειροτραγέουσι* has always been understood to designate "lice-eaters," and our readers will remember them in Flaubert's *Salammbô*. But C. Ritter, who is followed by Stein, understands *φθεῖρες* to mean "fir cones," and cites Photius in favour of his view. Now, whatever the word means in other writers, it is certainly "lice" in Herodotus, as is plain to any one who turns to iv. 168.

Important sentences and phrases are omitted in book iv. chaps. 67, 128, 139, book v. 12, 20, and no doubt in many other places. I have not thought it necessary to examine closely books v. and vi.; but in glancing over the translation one finds it full of errors: e.g., *εὐδαιμόσι* v. 7 is rendered "happy"; it really means "well-to-do," a well-known usage of Herodotus. We cannot guess why he translates *χώρης* "distant land" in v. 10; but it is easier to see why Timo (vi. 134) is called the under-priestess of "the local deities": yet one would have thought that most schoolboys would know that the *χθόνιοι θεοί* were the deities of the nether world.

To recur to book iv., the fine answer of the Scythian King (iv. 127) to the ultimatum of Darius concludes in some such words as this:

As for lords, I acknowledge only Zeus my ancestor and Hestia the Queen of the Scythians. Earth and water I will not send, but such gifts as shall be more suitable (see ch. 131). In return for thy calling thyself my over-lord, a murrain on thine insolence.

The last words are *κλαίει λέγω*, a well-known curse, which we meet again in Horace's *jubeo plorare*, and which should be rendered as above or by some such phrase. It is utterly lost in

I call Zeus, my forefather, to witness and Hestia, Queen of the Scythians, that they and they alone are lords of the Scythian hearts. Instead of earth and water, I will send you such gifts as you deserve, and you shall bitterly repent that you called yourself my overlord.

A Christian might say "to blazes with you!" but to the poor heathen is denied those energetic expressions of which Christianity is the source. Moreover, "I call to witness" is not the English of *νομίζω*. In ch. 129 "loud braying" of asses appears in the journalese garb of "exultant vocalisation," and the last words of the chapter should be, "this gave the

Persians some little advantage," not "this was really of nugatory effect." In ch. 144 we are surprised to read that Byzantium had been founded seventeen years before [before what?] by the Carthaginians! What Herodotus says is that *Chalcedon* had been founded seventeen years before the settlement of Byzantium, and that the Chalcedonian settlers must have been blind not to see the superior advantages offered by the situation afterwards occupied by Byzantium. By carelessly reading *Καρχηδονίους* for *Καλχηδονίους* he has introduced a town as alien from the context as Chicago.

We find throughout that places and persons are mis-called and wrongly transliterated: Epios, Noudios, Pavion (probably a misprint for Parium), Selinon, Thespia; Sauromates for Sauromatae, Aegaeus for Aegeus, Aegiales for Aegialeus, Cynosargos for Cynosarges. We wonder on what principle the name of Arcesilaus is always given in the Ionic form Arcesileos. Mr. Harris would not write Themistocleēs nor Priepus nor Artemisié; nay, even he does not give Apries but Aprias, and sometimes he departs wantonly from the Greek form, as in writing Arcady for Arcadia.

A note here and there would not have been amiss; for instance a reference to the fragment from the *Cresphontes* of Euripides, well translated into Latin by Cicero, would have been interesting in connection with the following passage describing an institution of the Trausi (v. 4):

The Trausi are in all other respects not to be distinguished from other Thracians, but their practice in the case of birth and death is peculiar. A new-born child is the subject of lamentation to its relatives, for they think of all the sorrow through which it must pass, feeling that man is born to sorrow. But a dying man is the centre of merriment, and he is laid with joyfulness in the ground, for they consider that he has escaped from a vale of woe into a sphere of happiness.

In the delightful scene (vi. 129) in which Hippocleides "danced himself out of his marriage" with the daughter of Cleisthenes by standing on his head on a table and flourishing his legs in the air, there is classical authority for an Irishism. "I am after my dinner" in the mouth of an Englishman would mean that he was in quest of that meal; an Irishman means that he has just dined; and Herodotus endorses the Irish usage in the words *ὡς ἀπὸ δείπνου ἐγένοντο* (vi. 129), "when they were after their dinner."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited with an Introduction by RAMSEY COLLES. (Routledge, The Muses' Library, 1s. net.)

THE poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes share with those of George Darley and some others an obscurity quite disproportionate to their merit. In prose it is common enough to see pompous or hysterical charlatans blocking the way of the fine writer. In poetry, a good man seldom gets overlooked, and it is the more surprising, therefore, that not only Beddoes's works but his very name should be outside the acquaintance of many, indeed of most, readers of poetry. Part of the reason for this may be found, no doubt, in the fact that he did some of his best work in a bastard form, that of the library play. The man who sits down to write a play for reading, not for acting, does what no one dreamed of doing from the beginning of the world until about a hundred years ago. It was then that, on the revival of the study of the Elizabethans by Hazlitt, Lamb and Coleridge, the curious learned to read these plays, and having found them so interesting and vivid that even the troublesome and annoying process of reading what was never meant to be read could not disparage them, they allowed the idea to come into being that it was possible to write a play "for the study," a play that should be read instead of acted. The idea is only a little less foolish than would be that of

a musician who wrote the scores of concertos, and published them to be read, not played; but it is an idea which has brought into the world many a monstrous birth, and subjected many readers to considerable pain. And Beddoes was one of the first offenders. But there is this to be said in his favour; first, that he did not write plays that never possibly could be acted so much as plays that no one was likely to try and act unless the theatre of Elizabeth came back; and secondly, that Beddoes was a poet; and even when a poet wilfully hampers himself by using a form of literary art for the wrong purpose, his poetry, in spite of himself, will come to his rescue and turn his bungling to success.

There is nothing else in Beddoes that can account for his very limited vogue, unless it be an element in his poetry which the ordinary comfortable citizen, however much he may care for poetry, can soon have "had enough of." To understand the force of that element it is necessary to take a brief glance at his life and death and the influences that moulded his work.

Beddoes was born in 1803; had mastered the Elizabethan drama while a schoolboy, and had written and published poems of his own while an undergraduate at Oxford. He was largely instrumental in securing the publication of the abortive edition of the "Posthumous Poems" of Shelley in 1824. After taking his degree he went to Göttingen to study medicine, and gradually transformed himself into a German. Twice he visited England, and his old friends found him on the last occasion rough, cynical and eccentric. After his return to Germany came a queer friendship or infatuation (which Mr. Colles not inaptly compares with that of FitzGerald for "Posh") for a young baker named Degen; thereafter illness, depression and finally, as Dr. Gosse discovered, suicide at the age of forty-five.

In the story of that strange life we can see clearly enough the three influences that went to mould the poetry of Beddoes. His was a mind (like many that are of a stronger individuality than the common run) peculiarly susceptible to influence. It was, very obviously, an intense—or, if the word is preferred, a morbid mind. It was a mind which, feeding on the Elizabethans in early youth, assimilated in particular one element out of that vast storehouse. If the Elizabethan loved life and gloried in a beautiful world, he was also very powerfully fascinated by the thoughts of death and corruption, of crime, remorse and punishment. He invented, indeed, the peculiarly outrageous kind of hero who loves villainy for its own sake, and positively wallows in wickedness—the type that Shakespeare did to perfection and without extravagance in Iago. It is the later Elizabethans, Webster, Ford, Marston, Tourneur and others, in whom we find this trait most prominent; and it was to this that Beddoes turned instinctively. We must add the influence of Shelley, whom Beddoes admired passionately in that teeming age of revolutionaries and poetico-politicians—an influence not a little dangerous to any one who should try to achieve Shelley's exaltation and rapture without having Shelley's wide knowledge and extraordinarily clear head. Last comes the influence, on a man who spent most of his life in Germany, of the German Romantics. Even more than our Elizabethans did the Schlegels and the rest love charnel-houses, vaults, bones, coffins and corruption, while their taste for a real villain, a black, blighted soul, was hardly less keen.

That note of the charnel-house, then, is struck very often and very loud by our poet. There is nothing in *Romeo and Juliet* or *Measure for Measure* that can touch Beddoes when he is most full of his subject. In his principal and best work, *Death's Jest-Book*, one of the characters is the ghost of a murdered man, and the last scene of the last act, which is "the ruined cathedral, the sepulchre, and the cloisters," includes a Dance of Deaths, two processions with dead bodies on biers, one murder, and one suicide, while it ends with the summoning of a living man into the tomb by the ghost of a man whom he

had murdered. It contains, too, the not unknown song of "Old Adam, the Carrion Crow," with its refrain :

Is that the wind dying? O no;
It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

And the intrigue of this wonderful play is as lavish, as elaborate and as highly coloured as anything ever drawn from the Spanish and treated by one of our Elizabethans. Crime, horror, revenge are its motives and death and corruption its goal.

What stamps Beddoes, however, as indubitably a man of genius is the manner in which he lifts the story above its own horrible or sordid details. He finds room in it for passages of supreme beauty, especially on the subject of the love of women, of which our romantic, after the fashion of his kind, makes a mighty lot. His early play, *The Bride's Tragedy*, is an even better instance than *Death's Jest-Book* of the way in which a poet can lift an intrigue, poor and sordid enough in its naked details, into regions of beauty and universality. We feel, as we read it, far more tremendous issues at stake than the life and loves of the pining and wretched Hesperus; while his *Floribel* is worthy of a place beside *Perdita* or others of the maidens of Shakespeare.

It is curious to note that Beddoes, like many other poets, really had very little notion of what he was at. He was "convinced that the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow—no creeper into worm-holes—no reviver even, however good." And he goes on to say "we had better beget than revive. . . . Just now the drama is a haunted ruin." So it was; but Beddoes, in his attempt to fill it with life, never thought of going to the life about him, as Ibsen and later dramatists have done, to reveal its extraordinary complexity, interest, and moment. He went back, back to Elizabethans, and back, through his Germans, to mediævalists; and gave us something which, vigorous, alive and forcible as it is, is after all a *re-vival*, and not a new creation. Only the strength and splendour of his imagination, the intensity of his feeling and the passionate variety and beauty of his language rescue it from the death which has waited, as dead Wolfram waited for living Duke Melveric, to drag the common drama of his day into the vault.

When all is said, perhaps Beddoes will live by his lyric poetry, not his dramatic. The plays are dotted with lyrical outbursts of extraordinary beauty, and though he too often suggests Shelley without Shelley's magic—the frenzy without the interpretation—there are songs of his that will never be forgotten. The best of all is the inimitable "Dream-Pedlary," of which the very title is delicious.

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death had no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

There is his constant preoccupation sweetened and timed to perfect beauty and exquisite form. That poem alone would ensure immortality for its author; and, since Dr. Gosse's edition is not to be had by all, we offer a hearty welcome to the little reprint before us. May it sell far and wide, and bring Beddoes many new admirers.

THE MYSTICISM OF ST. PAUL

Paul the Mystic. A Study in Apostolic Experience. By JAMES M. CAMPBELL, D.D. (Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.)

It is surely not without significance that an age so avowedly materialistic as our own should exhibit such intense interest in mysticism. The subject is one which refuses to be excluded from the domain of human investigation. However loud and long materialists may rage there seems to remain in mankind an underlying consciousness that experience includes more than comes through the five senses. As a practical spirit mysticism has passed "like night from land to land" in unexpected places finding out its own. It has laid its finger upon its chosen and in them has given the modern world well-nigh its most admirable type of character. The tendency of modern mysticism is in the direction of practicality. In many ways it is the direct converse of the *via negativa* of the philosophical and speculative mystics which had its natural outcome in quietness. It has little in common with that attitude which William Ralph Inge describes as "an attempt to reach the universal by wiping out all the boundary lines [of the particular, and to gain infinity by reducing self and the world to zero."

In bringing into prominence the mystic characteristics of St. Paul Dr. James Campbell is careful to guard himself against misconception. He has no sympathy with the more emotional or ecstatic misinterpretation of mysticism.

Many mystics [he writes] have been spiritual wantons, ravished with love divine. They have found in the Song of Solomon a vehicle of expression for an amorousness which they imagined to be all of heaven, but from which erotic elements were not wholly absent. Their "spiritual nuptials" and "divine caresses" had often the suggestion of a fleshly taint.

In describing Paul as a mystic the author wishes to dissociate his use of the term from any such ideas. Mysticism for Dr. Campbell expresses the search of man for the inward reality wrapped up in the outward symbol, "for the living heart of the microcosm in which the macrocosm is mirrored." The desire to affix definite labels, to register hard and fast distinctions, has always been a characteristic of the theological mind. In the accepted classification St. John has always stood as the representative of the mystical type of religion. St. Paul has always been regarded as the apostle of definiteness, the upholder of a crystallised theology. Dr. Campbell aims at disentangling the mystical elements in Paul's character from the dialectical side which has so long overshadowed it. To him mysticism was the one essential thing about Paul. The other aspect of him was merely subsidiary. Paul, he writes :

had an intuitive perception of truth which never can be proved, a conviction of knowing the unknowable; a consciousness of "partaking of the ineffable"; a sense of personal contact with the ultimate realities which lie behind all outward religious phenomena.

For this view of the apostle's character he makes out a convincing case. He shows how this tendency in Paul's mind is exhibited in his life and teachings. Lord Rosebery once felicitously described Oliver Cromwell in the phrase "a practical mystic." Dr. Campbell applies the term to Paul. "He was a man of vision, yet not a visionary man; a man of insight, yet a man of foresight: a man of faith yet a man of affairs . . . and a man who 'summered high in bliss upon the hills of God' and who toiled and sacrificed in his Master's cause on earth."

In the elaboration of his thesis Dr. Campbell exhibits considerable scholarship. He has an intimate knowledge of Pauline literature and his references to it are apt and well chosen. It is a pity that a volume of such character should be vitiated by two well-defined flaws. Dr. Campbell is almost rabidly anti-Roman. He introduces quite gratuitously and unnecessarily little sneers at Roman Catholics. Heedless of the fact that the Catholic Church has at all times been the great preserver of the spirit of mysticism he professes to be unable to understand how any one can "hunt with the hounds of mysticism while running with the hare of sacerdotalism." The Catholic mystic he considers must necessarily be "a mystic in bonds." "Ritualism is religion made easy," and the sensuous tendency has always been "especially strong among the Roman Catholics." And existing side by side with these unnecessary jibes are occasional lapses of taste in diction. The preacher is always somewhat prone to rhetorical excesses, and it may be that Dr. Campbell has previously used in sermons much of the material in his book. But whether spoken or written such "flowers of speech" as the following would have been better omitted: "A whiff of the divine afflatus"—"Materialism with its gospel of dirt"—"We look upon the angels as having gone out of business"—and "Paul was a mystic of the first water."

We trust that in future editions of the book the author will remove these blemishes. They detract from an otherwise valuable contribution to Pauline literature.

JOLLY ABSOLON

The Parish Clerk. By P. H. DITCHFIELD. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

In the front rank of races of men and holders of offices that are alike dying out stands the parish clerk. He is a being seldom met with in these degenerate days—be sure that they are degenerate, they always are—and it is fitting that he should have his monument. Originally a man of learning, of culture and refinement, a man who aspired to and often reached the dignity of holy orders, he has passed through many strange vicissitudes. There have been times—notably when pluralism was rampant—when, though the proceeding was, strictly speaking, illegal, he baptised young and possibly old, took the marriage and burial services, read prayers, and "churched" women. He was probably as competent as, or more competent than, the parson he hoped to succeed; but complaints reached the bishop's ears, inquiries were instituted, and our worthy aquæbajalus was, metaphorically, hauled over the coals. Still, though robbed of these opportunities to add inches to his stature, he had many duties to perform. He conducted a crude orchestra; selected the hymns and psalms; read the lessons; carried round the holy water and asperged his parishioners:

Censing the wives of the parish fast:
And many a lovely look he on them cast;

was usually ready with his responses and Amens; whipped the dogs out of church; generally slept soundly beneath the old three-decker while the sermon was proceeding; and often, in addition, like Chaucer's Jolly Absolon: "Well could he letten blood, and clip and shave." Times changed, and a new order of parish clerk took his place: a less-educated order, who maintained the dignity of office through body rather than mind. With the change came, inevitably, a curtailment of privileges, and the relation of parson and clerk became that of master and man in place of that of companions, or at least of social equals; and to-day the last remnants of the power of the parish clerk are vested in the verger or sexton.

It is well, therefore, as we have said, that he should have his monument; but it is not well that it should be the monument which Mr. Ditchfield has erected. Our

aquæbajalus has played a part important in social and ecclesiastical history; and he should have been treated seriously—not as a provider of mirth for the million. Not that we would be understood to sneer at mirth—we object to his being set up as an object for laughter. Mr. Ditchfield's book consists mainly of instances of unconscious humour on the part of the parish clerk, with perhaps one or two of conscious humour. There is very little history, few records of manners and customs, practically nothing, in fact, of the office of the parish clerk and its significance. True, he gives us chapters on "The Antiquity and Continuity of the Office of Clerk"; "The Mediæval Clerk"; "The Clerks of London: their Duties and Privileges"; and so on; but there is nothing new in them, and for the most part they are mere pegs to hang anecdotes on—magazine articles rather than component parts of a serious piece of history. The chapters themselves are badly arranged; repetitions are frequent; the style is jerky and colourless; and anecdotes have been dragged in with little regard to probability. As an instance of this last, we may take the story—a very good story in its way—of the clerk who, through failing eyesight, found a difficulty in reading the first line of the Psalm. "My eyes are dim, I canna see," he exclaimed; and the congregation promptly repeated the words after him. With a fine sense of the fitness of things, he spluttered angrily: "Tarnation fools you all must be"; and of course the congregation faithfully repeated his exclamation. The story, too, of the man who, when visiting a "ritualistic" church, was walking into the chancel when he was stopped by an official, has nothing to do with the parish clerk. "You mustn't go in there," said the official. "Why not?" "Oh, because I'm here to stop you." "To stop me? Oh, I see. You're what they call the rude screen, aren't you?" asked the gentleman. Mr. Ditchfield, in short, shows himself to be a cook who can make up a rechauffé at a moment's notice; and lest we seem ungenerous, let us say at once that it is a very delectable vegetarian rechauffé, though one occasionally finds in it an onion masquerading as a peach.

Seldom has our aquæbajalus proved a poet of any consequence, though Richard Furness wrote some very creditable verse. Of a different order was the Somersetshire clerk who revised Tate and Brady's metrical rendering of Psalm lxvii. when the Lord Bishop of the diocese visited his church, and announced it as follows:

Let us zing to the praze an' glory of God part of the sixty-zeventh
Zalm; zspeshul varshun zspesh'ly 'dapted vur t'cazshun:

Wy op ye zo ye little ills?
An wot var do ee zskip?
Is it acause ter prach too we
Is cum'd me Lord Bishop?

Wy zskip ye zo ye little ills?
An wot var do ee op?
Is it acause ter prach too we
Is cum'd me Lord Bishop?

Then let uz awl arize an zing,
An let uz awl stric up,
An zing a glawrious zong uv praze
An bless me Lord Bishop.

A similar effusion, composed by another clerk when the Lord Bishop of Exeter held a confirmation in his church on the fifth of November:

This is the day that was the night
When the Papists did conspire
To blow up the King and Parliament House
With Gundy-powdy-ire,

deserves to go down to posterity.

Our aquæbajalus was generally an accomplished maker of epitaphs and an advertisement issued by one of his tribe is worth quoting:

John Hopkins [it runs], parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and prices. Shaves neat, and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn, and the *Salisbury Journal* read gratis every Sunday morning at eight. A school for Psalmody every Thursday evening, when my

son, born blind, will play the fiddle. Specimen epitaph on my wife:

My wife ten years, not much to my ease,
But now she's dead, in caelo quies.

Great variety to be seen within.

Canon Rawnsley used to tell a pathetic story of a parish clerk—whose life was not a bed of roses—who begged him not to read the services so fast; "For you moost gie me toime, Muster Rawnsley," he said; "you moost i'deed. You moost gie me toime, for I've a graaceless wife and two godless sooners to praaay for." Another clerk, who felt the burden of the matrimonial yoke and was in difficulties over the word "Mesech," read with marked feeling; "Woe is me that I am compelled to dwell with Missis."

We quoted a short time ago the story of a clergyman who left his sermon at his manse and set the congregation to work on the hundred and nineteenth psalm while he galloped off to fetch it. Inquiring how they were progressing on his return, "They've got to the eend of the eighty-fourth verse," he was informed, "an they're just cheepin' like wee mice." Mr. Ditchfield has an equally good anecdote of a parish clerk who was secretary to the races committee and was wont to hurry out of church to attend their meetings. This came to the knowledge of the rector and he prepared a very lengthy sermon, to be delivered on a day on which the committee met. The first half-hour passed, then the clerk began to get restless. Another half-hour went by, and the clerk looked up anxiously; but the rector was "getting set." At last, finding that it was too late to attend the meeting, our worthy aquæbajalus resigned himself to the inevitable. The sermon over, he rose with a broad smile on his face and gave out; "The 'undred and nineteenth Psalm from yend to yend. He's preached all day and we'll sing all neet."

The anecdotes we have quoted have about them an element of probability, but we fail to see what purpose is served by dishing up such stories as the following of a clergyman whose dog emulated the achievements of Newton's "Fido" and tore and devoured some leaves of his master's sermon. The parson had to take duty for a neighbour, and fearing lest his mutilated sermon should have appeared too short, he consulted the clerk. "Was mysermon too long, to-day?" he asked. "Nay," was the reply. "Then was it too short?" "Nay, you was jist about right." Much relieved, the parson confided to the clerk the story of the dog's misdemeanours. The clerk scratched his face solemnly, and then; "Ah, maister," he said, "our parson be a grade sight too long to please we. Would you jist gie him a pup." The story is obviously an invention, and it is not even "a fond thing vainly invented." Jolly Absolon, in the course of many hundred years of activity, surely could have provided sufficient matter for an interesting book. It was scarcely fair of Mr. Ditchfield to label the volume before us "The Parish Clerk." It is little more than a scrap-book.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Heraldry Explained. By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. Jack's Scientific Series. (Jack, 1s. net.)

ON the whole this is the best book Mr. Fox-Davies has yet written. His opinions upon the matter of heraldic laws, and his emphatic manner of stating those opinions, are too well known to call for much comment in a notice of this, the third book from his prolific pen to appear since the beginning of the present year. "Heraldry Explained" is an elementary handbook, addressed primarily to a public unversed in technicalities, and the views of the author are accordingly expressed briefly and dogmatically, the controversial attitude being barred by

limitations of space. Mr. Fox-Davies as an instructor is more convincing—and less aggressive—than as a controversialist, and the first chapter, entitled "What is a coat of arms?" is excellent, apart from its somewhat peculiar English, and one other fault inseparable from the writings of this gentleman, namely, the persistent advertisement of his previous works.

In the second chapter, "How to prove a right to arms," Mr. Fox-Davies becomes genially intimate with his reader, whom he addresses in the second person, warning him against the insidious wiles of those bold bad folk who would persuade him that the Colleges of Arms are not the sole repository of the "genuine" coat of arms. The opinions of these villains he dismisses with the single sentence, "Such a standpoint is manifestly absurd," without troubling to explain either how it was that the Heralds' visitations fell into contempt, or to what finality of authority the admittedly incomplete records of the Heralds can lay claim. But as he truly says, in a handbook of this size there is no space to prove the correctness of his position.

It is when we come to the consideration of modern heraldic usage in the three Offices of Arms that we find Mr. Fox-Davies's real strength. He knows thoroughly, and he states plainly, just what every one wants to know about the process, limitations, and cost of obtaining a grant of arms at the present day. This chapter (iii. How to get a coat of arms) is the best of its kind that we have ever read.

Indeed from this point onwards the little book is excellent in every way. The parts of a heraldic achievement are severally explained, with more artistic common sense than we had hitherto known Mr. Fox-Davies to display; and the suggestions for the appropriate use of heraldic decoration are sensible and to the point. The same may be said of the chapters upon quartering and marks of distinction. One or two slips should be noted. We do not recall any style of decoration called the "Adams" style, though we have heard of the brothers Adam. The label of *five* points as the difference for the eldest son of an eldest son is surely not authentic; and in stating that a bend sinister never occurs in English heraldry with any other meaning than that of illegitimacy, Mr. Fox-Davies has over-looked the modern arms of Burne-Jones, in which a bend sinister purpure figures without that meaning.

The short chapter upon tinctures and charges compresses a great deal of information into small compass, though we fancy that poor Thomas Moule would turn in his grave at the statement that "Fish do not play a very important part in heraldry." But as Mr. Fox-Davies does not know the meaning of the word "hauriant," and, apparently, has never heard the word "uriant," what he meant to say was probably, "fish do not play a very important part in my study of heraldry."

The general appearance of the book is beyond praise. The type is large and clear, the illustrations are numerous (over a hundred in all) and of high artistic merit, though they are "peppered" over the pages in somewhat haphazard fashion, without much regard to the matter of the text, a detailed description of all the figures being in a separate section before chapter i. There is a good little index, the only fault of which is that reference is made to the illustrations by numbers only, the page not being mentioned. The binding is smart and attractive, and, indeed, the marvel is that such an excellent book should be obtainable for so small a sum.

The Stones of Venice, Unto this Last, and Modern Painters. By JOHN RUSKIN. Everyman's Library. (Dent, 1s. each.)

THE requirements of "Everyman" seem to be tolerably wide judging from the books which Messrs. Dent are including in the library of that name. The latest edition is Ruskin in seven volumes of which the freshest interest is found in the introduction. That for "The Stones of Venice" is contributed by Mr. March Phillipps

who tells us how he was lured into staying in Venice by reading "The Stones of Venice" for the first time. "Every night," he says, until the closing of the Library, "I sat up filling note-books with definitions and descriptions, or with diagrams of arches and capitals, and all day I rowed from church to church and palace to palace, comparing, examining, and from time to time adding certain profound reflections of my own to the ideas with which Ruskin had supplied me." Yet he tells this same story which every critic has told of Ruskin, namely that his influence was immense in the time in which he lived, but few of his critical estimates "will stand permanently." Ruskin stirred up the intellectual life of his time, but it is doubtful if he will appeal in anything like the same degree to future generations. The same story is told by Sir Oliver Lodge in his introduction to "Unto this Last." The general conclusion at which he arrives is that in economics the great critic was visionary and impracticable. Sir Oliver Lodge finds it difficult to swallow the doctrine enunciated by Browning and reiterated by Ruskin that all service ranks the same with God. He who comes at the eleventh hour does not always deserve the same pay as he who has borne the burden and heat of the day. Mr. Lionel Cust writes the introduction to "Modern Painters," and that in itself is a guarantee of liberality and learning. Perhaps here the note is too much one of admiration.

IMPATIENCE

In fact my form's the bloomin' utter.—W. E. HENLEY.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE some time ago started a dramatic school for the training of young actors—an experiment which more than justified the sanguine hopes of our most enterprising managers. Could he be induced to start a school for dramatic critics? That there is a crying need for some such institution, the dramatic notices in the daily press afford a melancholy proof. My complaint against a particular class of journalist is not that his point of view is stupid or old-fashioned. It is only fair that stupidity should have its recognised mouthpiece on the staff of every paper, especially on a question of such commercial importance as the drama. The majority of plays are written down to the intelligence of the dramatic critics: A play, even when it is a failure, is seen and discussed by persons who never think of reading the other lies in a newspaper. Old-fashioned people, numerically less than the stupid, are also of considerable importance. Age does not wither for them, the Robertsonian drama, nor does custom stale the infinite Variety stage. Age has nothing to do with prejudices and predilections. The old-fashioned are intellectually important because they remind us of what our fathers had to fight against and what our children may become. They emphasise for us that there is no finality in art and that old-fashioned people will exist forty years hence, clinging with the tenacity of youth to ideas which have ceased to be intelligent or to have significance, because the environment has changed. The paradox of the first generation becomes the truth of the second, the commonplace of the third and the platitude of the fourth.

The man who first said "'Boh' to a goose," was probably a great innovator and in his day a hero who received the freedom of his city and the thanks of the community in the shape of a flint arrow-head—the Victorian Order of the period, awarded for acts of conspicuous bravery. Mothers told their children of his daring and sages lamented the lack of spirit and enterprise of good old days when speech was freer and courage held of more account. Then some horrid little boy, bored with tradition, chose a favourable opportunity, when every one could both see and hear him, for repeating the words to a flock of geese, which paid not the slightest attention. His family con-

sidered he should have been awarded a flint arrow-head, but as there was a moderate majority on the council, the motion for the grant was lost by one vote. Certain ill-feeling was engendered. And to cut a short story shorter he was the ancestor of all old-fashioned people. Who will deny that such a venerable pedigree does entitle the family to be represented by dramatic critics? The cackling geese are still guardians of the Capitol and safely preserve us from any attempt at Gallic or Norwegian invasion, of a dramatic kind; and Mr. Redford is always there with anserine watchfulness to give the alarm. It is right that they should be stupid and old-fashioned. But it is the ignorance of the dramatic critics to which I take exception.

A short time ago the Stage Society produced *Les Hannelons* of Brioux. You would have thought that the meaning of the play was made sufficiently clear by the superb interpretation of the actors; or if they failed to convey any meaning to ears long inured to the blameless dramas of Mr. Sutro and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, a reference to a natural history book and a French dictionary would have given them the explanation for which they are at a loss. Yet they nearly all declared of this bitter little comedy that its moral purpose was to show that an irregular *ménage* leads to unhappiness! And some of them added reflections on the superiority of wedlock! Now was this astonishing opinion due to delicacy, to hypocrisy, to stupidity or to ignorance? They praised the play, to do them justice; and they praised the acting. I am inclined to think that in most cases it was due to virginal ignorance and incapacity. If this is the case it is a tribute to their private lives. On reflection I hesitate to invite Mr. Tree to corrupt them with the fruits of his namesake. But it is the untruthfulness generated by ignorance to which I take exception.

The brilliant revival of *Patience* has served as an occasion for a deliberate perversion of facts. *Patience*, we are told by one critic, is a kindly satire which effectually killed æstheticism. Another critic expressed mild surprise, not very complimentary to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, that the opera had lost nothing of its piquancy although æstheticism meant nothing to this generation! Another refers to the *lash* of Mr. Gilbert's satire which drove the æsthetic movement and all it meant into obscurity. Another of them recorded that it put an end to the "extravagant worship of the beautiful roused in the bosom of some foolish people by the successful posturing" of the original of Archibald Grosvenor. There were, however, a few honorable exceptions; notably the *Times* critic who pointed out acutely that one of the reasons that *Patience* amused us now is due to the fact that æstheticism is still a living force in our literature and art. But most of the critics spoke as if they were critics twenty-six years ago. Probably they were. The thoughts of the dramatic critics to-day are the grandchildren of their wishes at the time. They are as false and illusive now as then.

When I think of the men who were rightly branded as æsthetes—Morris, Pater, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Whistler, and Mr. Swinburne, some of whom never came into their own until long after *Patience* had ceased to run—I am amazed at the ignorance and the falsehoods of these old gentlemen. *Patience* is one of the most delightful and beautiful satires ever composed. I should not call it "kindly," but that is a matter of opinion. I am only concerned with dull facts. Bunthorne, the fleshly poet, was a combined caricature of Whistler and Mr. Swinburne, whose seventieth birthday has been recently celebrated in the papers (and I hope in the hearts of every educated man and woman in England). To the great painter of *Miss Alexander* a statue by Rodin is about to be placed on the Chelsea Embankment. At the Tate Gallery may be seen the beautiful *Cophetua* of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose feminine types were burlesqued in the *Patience* chorus. I refer the dramatic critics to Christie's catalogues for the record prices fetched by his pictures

some fifteen years after *Patience* was produced. I refer them to any bookseller for a list of rather dreary books on the great painter and poet Rossetti, and to the wonderful collection of drawings at Birmingham. On the outside of the new Victoria and Albert Museum there has been recently erected a grotesque image of William Morris, which must be intended to illustrate the line "Oh! South Kensington" in Mr. Gilbert's text. Finally, I would remind the critics that Mr. Archibald Grosvenor, who at the end of the opera discarded æsthetic costume, became some years after the first of English playwrights. And I shall be reminded that he was afterwards put in prison. In Germany, rightly or wrongly, he is considered the peer of the other æsthetes, and one of his works is the most discussed drama in Europe. Its operatic form has turned American journalism into a colosseum. In a short time Messrs. Methuen will be bringing out I understand a uniform edition of "Mr. Grosvenor's" works. But it will be very expensive, and, I fear, above the purse and the intelligence of the average dramatic critic.

CHRISTIAN FREEBORN.

IRRESPONSIBLE MUSING

I ANSWERED "thank you" to the tapping, sufficiently awake to wonder how it had been possible for a sane man to pin on his door overnight "Please call me at 6.30," and buried my face in the pillow. But something stirred within me, some subtle influence that left my body in its soft repose, while it set high thoughts welling up from my mind like bubbles from the quiet depth of a pool. And what else was it but the moral sense—so kindly yet so maligned—that would not allow mere oblivion, but roused, without disturbing, me to the full relish of my position. Simple people may think it difficult for one cheek of a man to smile when the other is pinched; but that nip is precisely what humanity needs to be able to smile with any conscious pleasure, and conscious pleasure is man's great attribute, lifting him above the brutes who frolic and purr and caper because they cannot well do otherwise. I lie and enjoy the warmth, like a hare in her form: but the occasion is improved, for I feel that the powers of good and evil are in deadly combat around me and that I have become a great issue. How charming is my own philosophy! or can it be divine? That matters not to me: let the scholiast decide.

My body is at rest; my mind broods and one idea predominates—gratitude for the possession of moral sense, with which truly I was born, which is indeed the chief blessing we may inherit from our parents. Nothing is so stable and satisfying, nothing resists the onslaught of time in the same unflinching way, triumphant after vitality has begun to wane; when wealth has palled, and beauty has passed away. This moral sense is subtle in its working; situated near the conscience it acts as a reflector not of truth—but what is far more convenient—of what other people have accepted as truth: with great and subtle qualities, for it enables a man to know without thinking, to judge without seeing, and to live without really sinning. It has a noble reliance upon authority and a fine respect for what is respectable; it vests the trivial with importance and treats matters of moment with a light touch, hardly acknowledging their existence unless when they are rolled in farce and sugared with sentiment. And oh! it makes our life simple, so *vivat* let us sing—*vivat*!

Get up? To rise and work when such great thoughts are with me would be impious. No, I will not obey the selfish call of duty; thoughts like these may not visit me again. I will sacrifice myself to a worthier end and lie a little longer yet. The lovely bubbles are coming—from a deeper depth.

Moral sense makes life so sweet and easy that there is

a silent understanding among all wise men and good women to adhere strictly to its dictates; and this is even possible for those in whom the sense is only present as the reflection of a reflection, as the shadow of a shadow of an opinion. Moreover, there is nothing like moral sense for showing unmistakably how much better people are than they would appear to be on the surface. Take what is called scandal for an instance: what is scandal when you come to think about it seriously? Merely part of the great conspiracy to diffuse that life-giving essence, to spread the influence of the good cause; some talk scandal, others point out the malice of talking scandal, but all are prompted by the same unselfish desire to keep a fellow man from the painful dulness of being the sole judge of his own actions.

Mere common sense is very vulgar. "Lie here if you will as long as you like. It matters to no one but yourself." It hissed in my ear and went. Common sense is like a brusque, rude fellow—no, stay—more correctly it resembles a clever woman without a charm or attraction and with the irritating knack of seeming to seem right into your soul and then turning away with a look of contempt. Whereas the other is a jovial old gentleman—a capital master of the ceremonies—easy-going and always ready with an excuse for a foible, no matter what it may be, with a beautiful motive pat for an action which might otherwise have seemed folly, or even wrong. He speaks in a low and soothing voice to me: "You ought not to be in bed; but there—the noble thoughts . . . you'll work better too . . ."

But reverence—reverence—what is this? old gentleman—easy-going—Once more I bury my head in the pillow. Ill-advisedly I have touched an unwarmed place in the sheets. Ugh! how cold it is; and I see through the window that snow lies on the ground. Snow in London, a fine background for the Scot! How warm and comfortable I am where I am! Moral sense lends me such aptitude for appreciation. Truly I have three delights instead of one: the joy of sensibly slipping along the downward path, the joy of thrusting out the break of a heel for recovery, and most poignant of all, the joy of righteousness as I rise and shiver into the bath-room. My deity frowns as I turn on the hot tap, and smiles when I turn it off; for each act of mine is glorified with the halo of significance, unknown to the poor creature who is guided by that enemy of ease, common sense, with its attendant the comic spirit, that last manifestation of the evil one.

Meanwhile I have dressed and cheerfully take upon my shoulders the burden of another day.

H. DE S.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THAT benign pirate, Mr. Thomas Mosher, of Portland Maine, performed a great service to literature when he published in a beautiful little book the original text, as it appeared in "The Germ," of "The Blessed Damozel," together with all the emendations made by Rossetti between the appearance of the poem in "The Germ," in 1850, and 1886, when it finally assumed its form as we now know it. Mrs. E. Grant Richards has recently published a little book called "Early Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," in which the original "Germ" text is reproduced; but this strikes one as being not quite fair to the poet, who for nearly forty years went on changing and always improving this wonderful poem, which, if not admittedly Rossetti's masterpiece, has certainly serious claims to be so considered. Oscar Wilde in the course of a controversy carried on in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the early 'nineties, made use of the phrase, "no artist improves. The artist revolves in a cycle of masterpieces, the first of which is no less perfect than the last." On being congratulated by a friend on having written "a

splendid piece of nonsense" in that sentence, he retorted by inquiring whether the friend thought that Rossetti had ever written anything which he would definitely characterise as finer than "The Blessed Damozel." The friend replied that on the whole he thought not. "Very well," replied Oscar Wilde, "Rossetti wrote that poem when he was seventeen; isn't that a proof of the truth of what you call my 'splendid piece of nonsense'?" The friend, as behoved his position in what he now recognised as a short but trenchant Socratic dialogue, admitted that it did. He might, of course, have argued that the poem was not really completed when Rossetti was seventeen, and that the fact that he went on altering it during practically all the rest of his life was, on the contrary, a proof that the artist does improve. In which case it might have been replied that though the poem was subsequently altered and improved it was actually conceived and written when Rossetti was seventeen, and that the alterations, although admittedly improvements to the poem, did not imply that Rossetti improved, but merely that he had given longer time and more thought to it; and the latter is, I think, on the whole the truer aspect of the case. At any rate, there is enough of truth in it to show stupid people that it is rather unsafe to say, of a brilliant thing said by a brilliant man, that it is nonsense, simply because one does not happen to understand it. Brilliant people do not generally talk or write nonsense even when they engage in controversies in the daily papers.

Not all poets have possessed this faculty that Rossetti had of improving what they emended. Tennyson made several unfortunate changes in the later editions of his works. To take only one example. The lines in the "Palace of Art,"

Or else flushed Gannymede his golden thigh
Half buried in the eagle's down,

he afterwards changed and spoilt by substituting "rosy" for golden; "his rosy thigh." Golden is infinitely finer, more beautiful and more classical in the right sense of the word. Compare Rossetti's changes in "The Blessed Damozel." In the first stanza he had originally:

Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water even.

Six years later he improved it into:

Her eyes knew more of rest and shade
Than waters stilled at even;

and finally, fourteen years after that, came the perfect:

Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at even.

Here is an object-lesson in the way to write poetry, and a rebuke to the foolish and the ignorant who imagine the poet as a sort of inspired gramophone "pouring out" beautiful words as a nightingale pours out beautiful sounds. Real poets never "pour out" words, they coin them painfully and slowly and lovingly "with fire in the soul and ice in the brain," they leave the "pouring out" of words to journalists and stump orators and "distinguished statesmen"; rather they exercise an exquisite economy of words, those "shadows of created Beauty," those children of Thought and patient Selection.

Let us take again Stanza 8 as it originally appeared:

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Playing at holy games,
Spoke gentle-mouthed among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

The first emendations are—in the first line:

She scarcely heard her new sweet friends,

and then in the third line:

Softly they spake among themselves,

which really are not much better, if at all, than the original lines. In 1870, twenty years after the lines were written, Rossetti was still hunting and groping for the right words. He changes

Playing at holy games,

into

Amid their loving games;

which does not seem a great improvement, but the third line he changes into:

Spoke evermore among themselves,

which gave him the clue to the last perfect version sixteen years later:

Around her lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names
*And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.*

How splendid, how perfect! And yet remember this in support of the "cycle of masterpieces" theory that the two last lines, which I have italicised, have not been altered at all. They were there from the beginning, and they are the lines of the stanza, perhaps of the whole poem, both from the splendour of the image they evoke and the cunning skill of using the epithet "thin" for flames. Almost any one else would have said "red flames" or "curled flames," or something else which would have spoilt the perfect beauty of the stanza.

Thin flames!—but I must stop, although I have only dealt with two of the stanzas of the poem. (Every stanza, with the exception of three, was altered by Rossetti, and in every single case the alterations were improvements.) I am reminded how dangerously narrow is the border line between the language of true admiration and emotion, and the language of gush. I don't want to gush if I can help it; but I would rather do that than not say what I think, or be patronising of great men which seem to be the Scylla and Charybdis of most of our hebdomadal critics, when they are not taking the other and still more usual alternative of being merely dull and dismal. This alternative is perhaps suggested to them by the lines in the "Duchess of Malfi":

Come let us sing a heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl!

At any rate, that appears to be the sort of spirit in which most of the gentlemen who discourse in weekly magazines devoted to literature sit down to write. They appear to forget that the lines in Webster's play are put into the mouth of a madman, and are not intended as "advice to those about to write an article." Or is it the editors who forget, or perhaps (*horresco referens*) the proprietors; and is it they who are responsible for the perverted alchemy which transmutes brilliant talents (and London is to-day full of brilliant talents) into dull metal? I don't know. But I do know that there is a theory (emanating from Fleet Street) that it "doesn't pay" to be brilliant, and that "the public doesn't like it." I think the theory is a mistaken one. Need I say that these remarks do not refer to the journal in which I have the honour to write? I hope not. I can detect notes as well as any man living, but as to beams, I have never been able to see any except, occasionally, moonbeams. I am a poet.

A. D.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

WOMAN'S CHANCE IN LITERATURE

IN a recent issue we opened up the inquiry as to what becomes of the multifarious editions of cheap classics that now flood the bookshops. Some interesting solutions were offered by our readers. Further light was thrown on the question by an observation of our own the other day.

Into a tramcar in Peckham there entered two attractive school-girls. This is probably the last year in which they will be called girls; next spring, alas! they will be ladies. We say alas, for a full-grown school-girl sparkling with health and tingling with romance, is surely the most beautiful embodiment of humanity. But that is not our present theme. They each carried a hockey-stick and a bundle of books, and among the books were in one case a volume of Tennyson, and in the other Bacon's Essays, in shilling editions. To speak truth and shame whomsoever ought to be shamed in the matter, the talk of these budding women was of hockey. But as hockey is a transient influence in a girl's life, which declines at the approach of a lover and fades utterly before the presence of matrimony, no great heed may be paid to the preference apparently given to it. And in any case the hockey-talk of these girls was clearer and more grammatical than the golf or motor-talk of the average man.

The real point, however, is that here we saw the destiny of a considerable proportion of the cheap classics. And therefrom spring a number of most interesting, and it is to be hoped, fruitful speculations. Presumably these charming English school-girls—would to goodness this paper were on the subject of English school-girls—were on their way to be lectured on some poem of Tennyson's and some essay of Bacon's. Most likely also the lecturer is a high-school mistress, the product of Girton or other similar college, and of many University Extension men-lecturers and text-books. If we do her injustice and she is a person who keeps her understanding clear of these influences and uses her intelligence and knowledge of life to interpret Tennyson and Bacon in her own way, then we humbly beg her pardon and wish her godspeed. Because, unless our observation is utterly at fault, Tennyson and Bacon, and all the rest of the classics, yea even the *Merchant of Venice* and Cicero on Friendship, not to speak of Cæsar's Gallic War and Cornelius Nepos, are to women, whether they be spinsters or matrons, schoolmistresses, housewives, or authors—mere books. And if the classics were to be had for twopence instead of a shilling, and the present kind of lectures on them were to be brayed forth by megaphone in every high street, books, and only books to women, they would still remain.

Within the last twenty-five years the course of education for girls has been entirely changed. The days of the Clapham Academy for Young Ladies have gone for ever. Girls now are educated exactly like boys, and the result has been to increase largely the number of women-authors and women-journalists. But the remarkable and unfortunate thing about this change is that it has produced no corresponding change in the substance or nature of books. In novel-writing particularly, all the outworn and weary conventions of men have been adopted by women, and the only difference between the average man-made story and woman-made story is that the woman's is the more unreal and artificial. Now this is very surprising, and not what the world had a right to look for. It seemed reasonable to suppose that when women had all the avenues of male education opened to them and the ban of impropriety was removed from ordinary knowledge, when they were encouraged to play hockey and golf, wear low-heeled shoes, walk with long strides, talk slang and discard stays, they would in recompense tell the men in many a piquant novel or book of essays how the world appeared to them—the women. It was to be expected that they would avenge the wrongs of many centuries of man-made literature and justify their emancipation from the curriculum of Clapham; instead of which they go about—if not exactly stealing ducks, at best doing as men do as near as they can hit it. True that in hockey and golf it would be undesirable to introduce any specifically feminine element. We do not expect women to tie rosettes on their rackets or powder the faces of their drivers, but in literature, which deals or ought to deal with human thought and action, the world does have a ground for claim that women should declare

authentically without regard to the theories and conventional beliefs of men, exactly how life in all its varied aspects appeals to them.

At intervals an enthusiastic man-reviewer of some man's novel comes forward and solemnly declares that the delineation of a woman in the story is marvellous in its fidelity. What a piece of presumption! How does he know? He never was a woman. There is nothing more certain than that men and women are largely mysteries to each other. Yet if in the hope of getting some enlightenment on a dictum of this kind you ask the opinion of a woman-critic whether the said character is "marvellous in its fidelity" you will very likely get for answer a batch of latter-day bookish phrases. If you push inquiry on the essential point of the truth about woman, your woman critic wraps herself in the mystery of her sex or calmly continues with more literary lingo. And all the while the world is waiting for the woman author, who need not be great but only natural and downright, to reveal to it (as a male world) the true inwardness of a woman's nature, her feelings towards other women, what attracts her in men, and what repels, how she really feels when she is kissed by a man, and how she feels when she is not kissed, and a thousand other things which a man author can only guess at and in no case can expound.

Here surely is a chance for a woman writer. In spite of the enlarged curriculum for women in education, sport, business and pleasure, the mystery between the sexes deepens every day. We verily believe that this mystery began with the beginning of literature—whenever that was. Before the days of books, Babylonian tablets or rock-paintings, we are convinced that men and women knew each other perfectly well. Their springs of feeling, modes of thought, and principles of action were then, we feel sure, common knowledge. But when the men began to record things and the women saw themselves in danger of being truthfully but ungenerously described as they were, without the power, or, it may be, wanting the desire to retaliate, then it seems probable that the whole body of womenkind retired within their inner consciousness, and became the mysteries they have since remained. That is what clay-cylinders, papyri and books have done for us—alienated the sexes, perhaps for ever. If we are to judge by the farcical unreality of modern novels the mystery is increasing. Women are adding to it by slavishly adopting the conventions of men and making new stories as one designs fresh wall-papers. Indeed, the bunches of grapes that clamber in conventional repetition up drawing-room walls will change to life and succulence sooner than we shall extract any nourishment from the dreary iteration of modern novels. And to think that women with all the splendid chances lying open before them are taking part in this empty mockery. We have more than a suspicion that if it continues there will be separate heavens in the world to come for men and women. In a common paradise the shock of truth would be so great that the sexes could not face each other. By no stretch of imagination could there be happiness amid such a revelation of hypocrisy. In *this* world the men who write novels—which to-day are our sole literature—have settled down into dreary conventions. Where is the woman who with the cheap classics, plus hockey and golf, to aid her, will dispel the mystery and save the literary race from senile decay?

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

Our Lady of the Beeches. By the Baroness VON HUTTEN. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THERE seems to be an epidemic of letter-writing among the novelists. It is as if they had suddenly discovered the value of the letter as a medium of story-telling. Ever since the publication of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" innumerable volumes of epistles have poured

from the press. Letter-writing is an art in itself and requires a very deft touch. Unskilfully done it is intolerable. And unfortunately it is just the medium to appeal to incompetence. It looks so easy. Nothing comes amiss in a letter. Scraps of conversation, opinions on literature, travel impressions, extracts from every one's commonplace book can be introduced without doing violence to the medium. In "Listener's Lure" Mr. E. V. Lucas gave us an excellent example of a story told completely in letters, and since his we have had other delightful volumes. The idea of the moment seems to be a correspondence between two people who have not met and who learn to love each other from letters. Falling in love at first letter appears to be the latest variant of falling in love "at first sight." Mr. Thomas Hardy used the idea with great effect in one of the best of his short stories and quite recently in "Susan" the theme has been admirably exploited by Mr. Ernest Oldmaston. In "Our Lady of the Beeches" the Baroness von Hutten gives us a series of letters which pass between a man and woman who desire to carry on a sort of disembodied friendship by correspondence while preserving a strict anonymity. She is an American woman with a love of nature and a dislike of society. He is the author of a scientific work which has attracted her. She from her beechwoods writes to her "dear pessimist" in his laboratory. Her letters are the more entertaining and give the reader more vivid glimpses of her personality. Her love of scenery is a little overdone and sometimes seems a trifle forced. It is as though the writer had set out conscientiously to register impressions. Take this typical passage, "A wood in winter is very beautiful. The white quiet was not yet broken by the thaw, though the branches gleamed black in the moist air; all little twigs seemed sketched in ink against the snow. The sun behind me threw a red glow for a second over it all, edging the shrivelled leaves clinging here and there, with fire." . . . It is all very pretty, but with its wealth of adjectives a little reminiscent of the descriptive reporter. The author of "Pam" writes always with grace and charm, but "Our Lady of the Beeches," while essentially readable, lacks any particular distinction.

Deyncourt of Deyncourt. By DAISY HUGH PRYCE. (Long, 6s.)

MISS PRYCE can tell a story agreeably when it is all laid out before her on familiar lines, but apparently she is afraid to trust her imagination to furnish new incidents, or fresh treatment of old ones. Here is a leisurely tale of an unhappy young baronet, changelings, a ghost, and private theatricals, all of the most commonplace order, and of a past fashion. With her characters the author is more successful: the ill-bred scheming Breakespeare sisters, husband-hunters both, are lifelike photographs of girls of their type. They do all the requisite mischief in the usual way, and meet their deserts. The ancient castle of the desponding baronet is situated in the near neighbourhood of Middleminster; the author evidently feels no admiration for University society, and indulges in candid and uncomplimentary observation on Middleminster dons and their wives.

Petronel of Paradise. By MRS. FRED MATHURIN. (Nash, 6s.)

"PETRONEL of Paradise"—a story of a summer in Guernsey—opens merrily with the wild pranks of the Patrick girls and their cousin Jack. The first part sparkles with fun and gaiety, the Patricks are delightful as long as they keep to their innocent tricks and frolics. But the story grows more and more sentimental, more and more gushing. Peril Patrick is a pretty selfish flirt, and nothing beyond; Petronel seems to see, hear, and know things happily hidden from those of denser clay. Childhood's dreams have revealed to her a vision of the man she will love, his name, even the little name used only by his mother. A bit of an angel with a spice of the devil is this strange island maiden, and of her an anxious friend

remarks; "I never see Petronel with a worldly man but I tremble." No girl of her temperament does resist the inevitable worldly man whose "smile is childlike in its sweetness," whose "shoulder looked as if it was made for a woman to lean her head against"; who enjoys a reputation for success with women, preferably married ones. Petronel cannot resist him. The midnight of his arrival at "Paradise" she sails out into the bay with him, confesses her love for him, all modestly, and in her sleep. After that anything is possible, we cease our silent protests, and drift down the author's stream of muddy sentiment and half-irritated, half-amused, wonder how far it will carry her. The setting of the story is charming, Mrs. Mathurin knows the foibles of the "Fifties" and "Sixties" of exclusive Guernsey society in and out, and makes capital use of it, and her young people are unusually attractive.

Monsieur de Paris. A Romance. By MARY C. ROWSELL. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

PARIS—eternally Paris; and, eternally, the Revolution, the guillotine, the aristocrats, the people, and Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. We grow rather tired of it all. A dozen times a year it is dished up, cleverly, stupidly, indifferently; and eleven times a year, for a day at a time, the unfortunate reviewer is on the rack. We confess to having had a bad time with "Monsieur de Paris." Monsieur de Paris, as a matter of fact, figures very little in the book. It is a tale of mean people, who go creeping and crawling and cringing along, lacking character, lacking reality, lacking life. We gather that all the pother is about the Dubarry, and a marionette gyrates when Miss (or Mrs.) Rowsell manipulates the wires; but we are never illuded into believing that marionette to be the Dubarry, and the story itself suggests nothing so much as charades at a "charity" entertainment. It is a commonplace, colourless, tedious affair.

The Ministry of David Baldwin. By HENRY T. COLESTOCK. (New York: Crowell, \$1.50.)

No doubt there are many amiable young men of the type of David Baldwin to be found in America and elsewhere, and we cannot be thankful enough that we are not oftener called upon to struggle through the chronicles of their blameless lives. We are introduced to the excellent David in his rooms in the "University of the West," the following extract giving a fair idea of the mild atmosphere of this seminary: "An ingenious device for heating water over a gas jet suggested the possibilities of hot cocoa and of little informal gatherings. . . ." The good old three-bottle days are no more, but cocoa is not yet the sole titlle of the English undergraduate. A letter from the citizens of Tioga, Minn., arrives, inviting him to become their pastor under conditions which cause him to "slap his legs" and exclaim: "O Lordy! Lordy! using an expression which seemed to be kept in reserve especially for such occasions." He accepts the living, and the rest of the story is devoted to his struggles with a pig-headed congregation.

Her Honour. By ROBERT MACHRAY. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

"It is Sir John's motor-car! Sir John's! And there is Sir John in the road with his head against the railings. Sir John!" So exclaims Sir John's wife, looking out of the drawing-room window, showing, even in the agitation of the moment, a very proper regard for her husband's title. Sir John is not killed on the spot, and lingers long enough to require the services of the beautiful hospital nurse who is the heroine of these pages. In his delirium he lets fall certain facts which she does not feel at liberty to disclose, though they are of the utmost importance to her lover, Norman Forde. The book is written to prove that women have as keen a sense of honour as the stronger sex, a fact, according to Mr. Machray, recently

doubted by "a lady equally prominent in society and letters." Certainly Mr. Machray's heroine proves the exception to the rule, for, in spite of bribery and persuasion ending in imprisonment in a lonely house in Russia, she does not reveal the secret she has accidentally discovered.

All that a Man Hath. By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN. (Long, 6s.)

THERE is an air about this book that suggests that the authors could write quite a different type of story if they chose; that they need not cling to dreadful millionaires, and slum settlements, and impoverished aristocrats, and mad daughters of earls, and impossible boors in white motor-cars, persecuting lovely heroines with broken hearts. Their material is flashily commonplace; their touch is neither. They can turn out an interesting, absurdly impossible story, that is well worth reading, but they might do something better—if they began at once, before their material has spoiled them. Already the spoiling has begun; Fay, the daughter of the much-too-dreadful millionaire, is a curious, coherent study of character; yet it is cited as a proof of her exquisite refinement that, although she wore only a plain white flannel costume in the morning, "under it, trimming her petticoat, was a flounce of lace a yard deep, that had once adorned a queen's bridal gown." If anything could exceed the vulgarity of wearing such a petticoat under a flannel morning dress, it would be the intensity of the Philistinism that put such lace to such a purpose. There is a point where refinement and vulgarity change places, and it is a warning sign that the authors who have painted with real feeling the love-story of the Grand Duke Carl and his magnetic wife, and made something fine of it, should in the same book clothe their heroine in such a fashion, and deal with shrieking madwomen and persecuting boors.

Naomi's Transgression. By DARLEY DALE. (Warne, 6s.)

WE should like a quiet half-hour with the person who first founded what he called a novel on the eccentric's will, containing a matrimonial decree as a condition of inheritance. At his door lie more hours of mental anguish than we care to remember; and it is not the least of his enormities that he has set scritch a whole tribe of more or less excellent people who would otherwise have been content to hide their light under a bushel or behind a grocer's counter. We are curious to know whether it was he who laid the powder which exploded and fired the heart of Darley Dale with a desire to appear "in print"; but our intimacy with the beautiful transgressor has effectually assuaged our thirst for intimacy with Naomi's predecessors, the Village Blacksmith and the Inhabitants of Noah's Ark. Naomi, we think, for so beautiful and so enthusiastic a Quakeress as she is represented to have been, fell too easily from the pinnacle of virtue into the path of petty deceit. We might have forgiven her for sitting so insecurely had the wind that unseated her blown brains into her tiresome person. She broke no bones, and surely she owed Providence some slight reparation for dealing thus lightly with her. Frankly, she is terribly uninteresting and dull, and we stifled many a yawn before we reached the last page of her story. The author's erratic use of the words "thee" and "thou" is, to say the least, exasperating. Elias Barclay, in a transport of parental rage, exclaims on p. 133: "Thou fool! Thou obstinate, pig-headed fool! Thee shalt marry her"; and in another transport of parental rage, on p. 148: "What! thee pig-headed dolt! Thee worse than fool! Thee insolent knave! Thee obstinate mule! What dost thee say?" Nice language; but why write about Quakers without first inquiring what a Quaker was and is? Not by insipid illustrations and shovelfuls of misapplied thees and thous is the "atmosphere" caught. Thee shouldst lay down thee pen and scritch no more, Darley Dale.

DRAMA

REALISM AT THE COURT

"A MAN should know either everything or nothing—which do you know?" says Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. "I know nothing, Lady Bracknell," replies Mr. Alexander, after an instant's hesitation. This quotation came into my mind as the result of spending the greater part of last Tuesday at the Court Theatre. The afternoon was consecrated to the performance of Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Dramatic tract," *Votes for Women*! the evening to the revival of Mr. John Galsworthy's *Silver Box*, originally given at a series of *matinées* at the same theatre last autumn. After witnessing these two plays I feel, with Lady Bracknell, that a man should know either everything or nothing—especially if he (or she) intends to write for the stage. "Ignorance is a delicate exotic plant. Touch it and the bloom is gone." Mr. Galsworthy when he wrote *The Silver Box* seems to have had the incomparable advantage of knowing nothing. Nothing of the theatre, I mean. His knowledge of life and character and the springs of human action was extensive and profound, but of the contemporary stage, unless I am greatly mistaken, he was entirely ignorant. In fact it would not surprise me to learn that he had never seen any modern play at all except *The Voysey Inheritance*. The result was that he approached the writing of his own play without any hampering recollections of how the other fellows would have done it. He had certain characters whom he wished to represent in certain relations. He looked about for a series of situations which should allow those characters to reveal themselves to us and just pitched them on to the stage without bothering about niceties of "construction." He divided his first act into three scenes by dropping the curtain to indicate the flight of time. The critics shook their heads and murmured "Very bad technique." When an English dramatic critic talks about technique you may be tolerably certain he is going to talk nonsense. Again he dropped his curtain in the middle of Act ii., accompanying it this time with a change of scene. "Worse and worse!" murmured the critics. In the third act the first ten or more minutes were devoted to the question whether two little girls, whom we had never heard of before and whose names we never know, should or should not be removed from the care of their father and handed over to that of a philanthropic society. Only after this little matter had been disposed of were we permitted to resume the thread of the story and plunge once more into the adventures of the principal characters. "Dreadful!" said the critics. "This is not drama. It's photography. It ought to have been cut at rehearsals." But Mr. Galsworthy, Gallio-like, cared for none of these things. He tackled the problem of putting his characters on to the stage simply and straightforwardly, without pre-occupation. He did not think it necessary to have three doors and a French window to every scene, one of them (in the third act) leading to a bedroom, on the ground that stage rooms always were like that. Nor did he think it necessary in his third act to work up to the venerable situation in which the wife visits the other man's rooms at twelve o'clock at night and is discovered (or not discovered as the case may be) by the husband. Though if he had been a conscientious frequenter of the English theatre during the past twenty years he must have gained the impression that no other third act was possible in a modern comedy. Instead of these things he showed us a stupid, self-indulgent young cub reeling home from a tipsy supper-party, an out-of-work accompanying him equally tipsy; the out-of-work's battered, patient wife at her "charing," the cub's feeble, pompous father and massively self-complacent mother, the admirable upper-middle-class butler and no less admirable maid, the solicitor, the magistrate, the detective,

the relieving officer, last but not least an "unknown lady," surely the most masterly picture of that class ever drawn for the stage. And he showed them to us not in the preposterous room I have described above or the preposterous situation that was and still is the stock-in-trade of our unhappy drama, but in the ordinary hum-drum situations of life, at the breakfast table, in the out-of-work's garret, in a police court. And the result is an impression of reality, of truth to life, that must be seen to be believed. To call the means by which this impression of reality is arrived at bad technique is to talk balderdash. It is admirable technique, "Technique" is merely a trade name for the means the dramatist employs to make his scenes and his dialogue and his characters effective in presentation. Mr. Galsworthy's scenes and his dialogue and his characters are startlingly effective as means to this end and his technique is therefore impeccable. It is not the technique of Scribe or of M. Sardou (thank heaven!). Neither is it the technique of Ibsen. It is the technique of Mr. Galsworthy who, probably by dint of not thinking about the matter at all, has evolved a method of his own for presenting life on the stage that is completely successful. Of course I do not mean that Mr. Galsworthy took no trouble with the construction of his play, that he threw it together anyhow. That would be absurd. No work of art could possibly be produced in that way with any chance of success for the contemporary stage. On the contrary *The Silver Box* is obviously built up by the most delicate strokes and is the product of the most careful and meticulous workmanship. But when its author wrote it he was thinking of life, not of the theatre, and though he never forgot that he was writing for performance, he never allowed himself to sacrifice truth to mere stage effect or to shirk the situation as it would happen in life for the situation that the old-fashioned playwright had found to be effective on the stage. Hence the extraordinary success of his play.

So much for *The Silver Box*. What of Miss Robins's *Votes for Women*? Miss Robins, alas! knows her theatre only too well. Has she not acted on it? Ignorance, that delicate exotic plant, has been lost by her long since. She knows all the familiar stage characters and the familiar stage situations. She knows the rising politician (soon to be in the Cabinet and engaged to the sweet young girl) suddenly confronted with his Past, and we know him too. How well we know him! And how well we know that Past, the lovely countenance and lovelier clothes which make it so hard to understand why the rising politician should hesitate for a moment to throw over the sweet young girl and "make reparation" (that is the phrase) to this bewitching creature. I wonder whether an English dramatist will ever arise whose rising politician, when urged by the sweet young girl to give her up and marry her dazzling rival as a moral duty, will consent at once with unflattering alacrity, coyly admitting that the act demanded of him is not merely a duty, but a pleasure! What the attitude of this sweet young girl would be towards this confession I hesitate to imagine. However, Miss Robins, as I have said, knowing her theatre far too well, has gone to the theatre for her "plot" and her principal characters, in fact for her first act and her last, and these acts come to grief. But fortunately her "plot" and her principal characters practically do not figure at all in her middle act, which is the great scene at the Women's Suffrage meeting in Trafalgar Square, and so here her play succeeds brilliantly. Miss Robins, throwing overboard all her memories of old St. James's successes and of the heroines and villains of the late Victorian second-rate play and the late Victorian second-rate novel, goes for her second act direct to life. The result is a picture of a London mass meeting that thrills us, and amuses us, and irritates us, and delights us, as a real mass meeting does; and that saves the play. It saved it so effectively on Tuesday that even the *longueurs* and the unreality and the clap-trap of Act iii. could not quench

our enthusiasm, and at the end the assembled congregation—Mr. Shaw has pointed out that at the Court you have not an audience but a congregation—clapped and cheered and called for "author" for the best part of ten enthusiastic minutes. Of course something of this enthusiasm must be discounted in view of the nature of the congregation assembled. We were not a representative play-going crowd. Every one was there—except the hireling critics—in the missionary spirit. The stalwart propagandist (if that be the correct feminine of propagandist) filled every available seat and punctuated all the correct sentiments with frantic applause. And the stage management (in other words Mr. Granville Barker to whom I am inclined to think the triumph of the second act was largely due), foreknowing that this would be so, had taken advantage of it in the setting of the scene. The Court stage, being of about the dimensions of a pocket handkerchief, does not admit of the display of a stage crowd of any very large proportions, especially if you must also find room for the base of Nelson's Column with a "practical" plinth, and a brace of couchant lions. Mr. Barker got over the difficulty by making us his crowd. The speakers on the plinth faced the footlights. The crowd on the stage itself was merely a thin line of supers facing the speakers and with their backs to the house. Behind the supers were we. We were the real crowd and it was to us that the speeches from the plinth were addressed. We, it was, who, sometimes following the stage crowd and sometimes leading it, laughed or cheered or dissented, as orator after orator harangued us on Women's Rights and Woman's Wrongs. It was a very clever effect and, like the last act of *The Silver Box*, stamps Mr. Granville Barker as a Producer of Genius.

The acting of both plays is admirable. I wish I had space to go into it in detail. But I can only mention Miss Agnes Thomas, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Miss Dorothy Minto and above all the crowd in *Votes for Women*! for their superb performances in the Trafalgar Square scene, and Mr. A. E. Matthews as the cub, Mr. Dennis Eadie as the butler, and Miss Nora Greenlaw as the charwoman in *The Silver Box* as perhaps the best of an almost flawless cast.

ST. J. H.

FINE ART

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE AMATEUR

THE endless multiplication of art exhibitions, which themselves, as Mr. D. S. MacColl has pointed out, "will stamp the century with a peculiarly gross way of taking art," must be viewed with increasing disfavour by all sincere admirers of the finer qualities in painting. Numerous as the practitioners of the art may be it would not be easy to fill all the art galleries in London each month of the year with pictures in any way important by professional painters, and even if these could be found there would not be a public of sufficient numbers and intelligence to support their exhibitions by a generous paying attendance. Meanwhile the proprietors of the galleries, in order to pay their rents, are continually devising fresh schemes to attract the shillings of the uncultured, and the professional painter having proved an uncertain attraction, a determined effort is being made to exploit the amateur. Water-colours by young ladies, well enough in a portfolio in the parental drawing-room, are dragged forth from their privacy and exposed to public view in Bond Street galleries. Like the young lady's verses rashly shown to Dr. Johnson, they may be "as compared with excellence, nothing," but their appearance is duly noted in the society Press, and the friends and relatives satisfy the proprietor. Yet even the circle of a young lady's acquaintance is limited, so recourse is being had to more insidious methods.

At the Bruton Galleries there has been opened a Naval and Military Art Exhibition, in which a number of officers have been betrayed into exposing their attempts at picture-making. Containing little, if anything, of genuine artistic interest the exhibition might well have been passed over in silence had it not already received far more attention than it deserves, and had not the criticisms it has so far received been wholly beside the mark. Unfortunately the visitors to an exhibition of this kind do not confine their attention to the artistic merits displayed in the works of Captain This, Colonel That, and Major-General Boom-Push, but exhibits are admired and stared at for extrinsic reasons. While surveying the collection the present writer heard attention directed to many works because of the family connections of the author, to others because of their more legitimate topographical interest, to a few because the artist had in some manner or other distinguished himself in his profession, while in one case at least an exhibitor's work was pronounced "most interesting" because he had played a prominent part in a famous law-suit.

To a lover of painting it is disheartening to think that an exhibition of this kind is well frequented, while only a stray visitor journeys to Leighton House to see the admirable pastels there by Monsieur Simon Bussy, but a public disdainful of matters of "mere technique" will naturally prefer an exhibition reminiscent of society and scandal to a collection relying for its attraction on the artistic presentment of form and colour. The professional painter is thus placed at a disadvantage, and his future looks gloomy indeed if the incompetent amateur is to be still further exploited, and if this Service exhibition be succeeded—as it might appropriately be—by an exhibition of "Sketches by Solicitors" or "Drawings by Dentists."

The favourite medium of water-colour, so sadly maltreated by the Bond-street young lady and the Bruton-street officer, is handled with unusual skill by Mr. E. Newell Marshall, a young American artist who makes his London *début* at the Goupil Gallery. His feeling for colour and atmosphere are pleasingly conveyed by a number of vivacious impressions of landscapes and street-scenes in London and on the Continent, while a series of quite remarkable studies of birds prove that his sensitiveness to colour is not accompanied—as frequently happens—by inattention to form. Refreshingly honest and unpretentious in all he attempts, Mr. Marshall cherishes the purity and limpidity of his medium as few aquarellists do, and his first exhibition may be said to hold out great promise and display not a little actual achievement.

Monsieur Picabia, whose pictures are on view at Mr. Cremetti's galleries in Dover Street, is obviously a disciple of Monet and Sisley, and though his work is at present too derivative, he shows skill in rendering the sparkle of sunlight on foliage, and succeeds frequently in endowing his pigment with luminosity. His careful interpretation and arrangement of budding trees shows a praiseworthy attention to drawing and composition, which, added to his sense of colour, may, when further developed, give his pictures a personal force they often lack at present.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. METHUEN announce for publication on April 18 an edition of "The First Book of Kings," prepared by Dr. A. E. Rubie, of Eltham College. This edition is designed primarily for those preparing for junior examinations, such as the Junior Locals, and those of the Joint Board. At the same time it will also prove useful for those preparing for higher examinations, such as the Higher Certificate. The book contains an introduction, maps, appendices, examination papers, and an index.

They will also publish a life of "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," by "George Paston," on the same date. In this

memoir the chief events of Lady Mary's life are illustrated by references in contemporary works, such as the letters and satires of Pope, the gossip of Horace Walpole, and the anecdotes of Spence.

Mr. Unwin will have ready on April 15 a sixpenny edition of Major Arthur Griffiths's historical romance, "A Royal Rascal," and in connection with the risings in Roumania, a book by Mlle. Tereza Stratiulesco, entitled "From Carpathian to Pindus." It is a study of Roumanian peasant life.

On April 26 Messrs. Cassell and Co. will issue John Foster Fraser's new book "Red Russia," and on April 19 they will issue the first biography ever compiled of Sir John Hawkins, one of the most brilliant adventurers, generals at sea, and naval statesmen of the Elizabethan era. The book is entitled "A Sea Dog of Devon," and is the work of Mr. R. A. J. Walling, editor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, of Plymouth. Lord Brassey contributes an introduction. Sir John Hawkins was a kinsman and the mentor of Sir Francis Drake, and the book deals with the most interesting epoch of Britain's history.

Messrs. Jack announce a series of volumes dealing with the more popular operas, and containing reproductions of original drawings in colour by Byam Shaw. They will appeal to the large number of people who love to hear a good opera, but want some guidance as to the action of the piece and some information regarding the music and the composer.

Mr. N. Thorpe Mayne has completed a little volume of verse, which will be published in a few days by Mr. Francis Griffiths. The title will be "A Life's Love Songs."

The same publisher also announces "The Autobiography of a Soul," by one who has lived his life. The author is the Rev. Dr. James McCann.

Readers of "Mrs. Alemere's Elopement" and "The Lapse of Vivien Eady" will be interested to learn that Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, "The Remnant," has just been issued. The publishers are Messrs. Eveleigh Nash.

Dr. Sanday's new volume will be published by the Clarendon Press in the autumn. It will contain the substance of the four lectures delivered by him at Cambridge this year, with some additional matter, and with the publication within the next fortnight of the fifth volume, the text of "Plato" in the Oxford Classical Texts will be complete. Professor J. Burnet has edited the whole of the work, a task that no one man has accomplished since Stallbaum, whose well-known text in one volume was published in Germany forty years ago. The final Oxford volume contains *Minos*, *Leges*, *Epinomis*, *Epistulae*, *definitiones* and *spuria*.

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND AND THE
PHYSIOGNOMY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I only saw Newman a few times and in his later days. Of course the Semitic type is very strong, but it is not only the Jews, is it, that possess it? The Phœnicians had the same shape of nose, so have some of the Indian races. For my part, I can trace no Hebrew in Newman. Browning, and Leighton, and Millais, all looked Semitic, but Newman looked Roman, whatever that means.

W. B. RICHMOND.

"THE TRUTH AT ALL COSTS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. T. Wright in his letter in your current issue says that his motto is "The Truth at all Costs." His love for the Truth seems to be tempered by a certain discretion. He carefully waited to bring his charge of plagiarism against Sir Richard Burton until sixteen years after the Haji had died, until ten years after Lady Burton had died, and until Miss Stisted and Mr. W. H. Wilkins—those staunch defenders of the name of Burton—had died. That is, this lover of Truth repressed his righteous wrath until every conceivable person who could answer him was dead.

If Burton stole from Payne, why is Payne's edition of "The Arabian Nights"—an edition that is supposedly all Payne—not recognised as standard? Why is Burton's edition the definitive edition? If Burton stole from Payne, how did he manage to translate the "Supplemental Tales" before Payne? From whom did he steal the material for them?

Why did Payne not protest in person at such highway robbery during Burton's lifetime? Is Mr. Wright an Arabic

scholar? If he were, he would realise that Burton owed far more to Galland and Lane than to Payne. The charge of plagiarism is puerile.

One is quite familiar with Mr. Payne's books, although when Mr. Wright speaks of him as the translator of Omar Khayyám, one seems to recall a certain Edward FitzGerald. But if Mr. John Payne is really so prominent, why a "John Payne Society" to familiarise the world with his works? Compared with Burton, Payne is "obscure."

Mr. Wright, in his self-appointed position as Biographer-in-Chief to sundry and successive great men, may claim to have added a new terror to death. He has founded the School of "Yellow" Biography, a School in which good taste is conspicuous for its absence.

To compare Payne to Burton as a translator is to compare moonshine to sunlight.

As Mr. Wright raises the point, I may say I have letters from various members of the Burton family complaining as much of his "Life" of Burton, as Mr. Richard Jackson in a letter to me complains of his "Life" of Walter Pater. These letters were written to me in connection with my forthcoming book "The Real Sir Richard Burton."

Lady Burton during her life kept literary ghouls at a distance. She died too soon.

Multi ad sapientiam venire possunt, nisi ad hoc pervenisse putarent.

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Reform Club,
April 6.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have sometimes fancied that when a correspondence is once started in your columns it is apt to go on for a longer time than the interest of the subject seems to me to warrant; but I cannot help feeling surprised that a second letter from the writer of a book which has been unfavourably reviewed by you should be accorded so much space, unless it be for the purpose of showing, as every fresh line from this writer's pen does, how fully your reviewer was justified. The higher a monkey climbs a tree the more evident is it that he is a monkey. But, sir, he has shown us more than enough, and we would willingly forget it.

DAVUS.

April 7.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I submit that the proper place for such a letter as Mr. Wright's in your last number would be the advertisement pages, not the literary pages of such a journal as THE ACADEMY? It can scarcely be worth your while to incur the odium of introducing such matter to the public without the compensation of pecuniary profit to the paper. The majority of your readers, I am convinced, will agree with me that Mr. Wright has done sufficient harm by his books, without being accorded the courtesy of a reputable literary paper to aggravate it.]

L. M. B.

AUTHORS AND TRADE UNIONISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I cannot admit the validity of your answer to my contention in your last issue. You say "doctors and members of the bar have organisations which amount practically to trade unionism." I demur. Doctors and barristers impose regulations binding upon the members of the medical and legal professions. They do not, to my knowledge, make themselves collectively responsible for taking up the quarrel of individual doctors or barristers with those who are not members of the profession. It is this collective action by the Colliers' Union against people who are not colliers which differentiates the activity of a "trade union" from that of a professional association such as you cite, or of a trade association such as is the Publishers' Association. The latter is, I repeat, not a trade union; it does not act, collectively, against an outsider charged with an offence against one of its members; its action is strictly analogous to that of the doctors' or barristers' association. Together with the Booksellers' Association it lays down certain rules by which members of the book trade must be bound or must submit to certain disabilities if they will not be bound. In the present case a member of the book trade, the Times Book Club, refuses to be bound by regulations adopted by all other members, and thereby renders itself liable to the disabilities consequent upon refusal. I

take it that if the action of Trade Unions were limited to disciplinary measures against their own members, their affairs would never engage the attention of Parliament.

Bearing this in mind, I think it will be agreed not only that I am right in saying that authors cannot form a true trade union, but that it is even doubtful if they can form an association analogous to that of doctors or barristers. Nor is the reason for this disability far to seek. Doctors and barristers have succeeded in persuading their fellow creatures that they are necessities, and are thus in a position to enforce upon the would-be barrister or doctor a definite standard of professional conduct. But authors are luxuries, and the luxury cannot, as can the necessity, be standardised. I put it frankly to members of the Authors' Society—would they join it if it involved the acceptance of a minimum wage for their labours, or if it debarred them, as is the case with barristers, from legal recovery of their debts, or compelled them, as is also the case with barristers, from only managing the business part of their activity by employing a particular kind of agent?

ALFRED NUTT.

THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As you were recently good enough to give publicity to the fact that the Library Committee of the Corporation was anxious to place the resources of the Guildhall Library at the services of those readers who were rendered homeless by the closing of the British Museum Reading-Room, I venture to again trespass upon your space to point out that, owing to the reception here of the Colonial Premiers, the Library will be closed from the 12th to the 18th instant, but will reopen on Friday, April 19, at 10 A.M.

EDWARD M. BORRAJO,
City Librarian.

April 9.

THE GRAVE OF MRS. SIDDONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The other day I happened to be passing Paddington Churchyard, in company with Mr. Arthur Herve, the distinguished composer and critic, when I suggested to the latter that we should pay a visit to the tomb of the great tragic actress, Sarah Siddons, who lies buried in this old, now disused, God's acre, and whose grave I was the means of restoring many years ago. My friend consented to accompany me to this memorable resting-place all the more readily, as he had never before seen it. But imagine our surprise and disappointment to find the grave of Mrs. Siddons in a most dirty and neglected condition, so dirty in fact that not even a single word of the once perfectly legible inscription could be deciphered! I must, therefore, call the attention of the public to this disgraceful state of affairs, and express the hope that the tomb of the illustrious Sarah Siddons may once more be thoroughly and completely restored.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

TORQUEMADA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the paragraph in THE ACADEMY of March 30, page 309, on the "Meditations of Torquemada," will you permit me to point out that Cardinal (Juan) de Torquemada, author of the "Meditations," was not the Inquisitor Thomas.

A.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book complains that I have "practically nothing to say about Americanism—the word does not even figure in his index;" but, surely, it might be asked why a book which professes to deal with Church and State in France should be blamed for not discussing ecclesiastical matters in the United States.

Your reviewer's own statements with regard to Americanism suggest to me a question which may have occurred also to other readers of his article. He says "Americanism" is a "force to whose *secret* influence the election of the present Pope was due"; but, at the same time, "it [Americanism] is undoubtedly viewed with disfavour by the present Pope." Certainly, I accept the latter statement; but the two statements together require some explanation.

Your reviewer also says Americanism has "been condemned by the Jesuits." May I ask him if he uses the word condemned in the technical and accurate sense which is implied when we speak of an official condemnation by the Index or the Inquisition?

When the Abbé Houtier, the interesting and witty author of "L'Américanisme," and M. Loisy, and others who share their views in France, are no longer persecuted by the episcopal authorities, and threatened with condemnation in Rome; in other words, when the Roman Church has officially accepted Americanism; then, perhaps, we may speak of it as a "growing force" in modern Roman Catholicism. Until then, your reviewer's estimate seems premature.

May I add that your reviewer is not accurate when he says I "reproach Carlyle for overlooking" the *constitution civile du clergé*; because I have not mentioned Carlyle in connection with that ecclesiastical reform.

ARTHUR GALTON.

April 8.

[Our Reviewer will reply to this letter in our next issue.—Ed.]

THE BRAKES OF ICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

Some run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Measure for Measure, II. i. 39, 40.

SIR,—Mr. Cuninghame in his second letter has, I think, allowed his anger to outrun his discretion, for his dictatorial and Jove-like attitude will convince no one but himself. He says that the use of "ice" as meaning "chastity" is quite beside the point. For him, fighting for a pet theory, this may be true, but his mere assertion is no proof. I agree that "Shakespeare is his own best interpreter," and that parallels [not ingenious ones] "are the essence and life-blood of Shakespeare's meaning"; our only difference is that my "easy" and "obvious" quotations justify an established reading, and his clumsy and pointless parallels defend a wild and extravagant alteration which it is the duty of all lovers of literature to oppose.

He is cross that Sir Philip Perring and I should "forsooth" see what has been "veiled to the skill of all other critics and commentators" for two centuries (it was three in his first letter), but is not this Mr. Cuninghame's claim for his new toy? How far do the critics support him? Rowe, Theobald, Cartwright, Malone, Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Knight, Singer, Delius, Dyce, Staunton, Grant White, Clark and Wright, retain "brakes," and Dr. Johnson, with his great acumen, thought that the old reading "was perhaps the true one. Cartwright, Collier, Knight, Clark and Wright, and others, retain "ice"; therefore Mr. Cuninghame's statement seems to be exaggerated. His emendation must be classed with those of such poor critics as Gould and Bulloch, the latter of whom proposed "pranks of Iceland!"

The plea that the passage is corrupt because "brake," meaning a bit or curb, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, collapses when it is remembered that he uses thousands of words and phrases but once. Mr. Thielton gives a fine quotation from D'Ewes: "Now for the handsome bridling of the factions of men. I see not that a better way can be taken, than is used by the Horse-Master, who provideth . . . Bits, or Brakes, . . . And like as it is very well to be allowed, that none other Bit or Brake should be provided for these Factioned Folks, than by the Laws be forced." Mr. Thielton's "brakes of Iron" is miles ahead of Mr. Cuninghame's proposal.

Our passage is paraphrased in *Measure for Measure*, I. iii. 19, 20:

We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes).

In both cases Shakespeare was using a favourite metaphor drawn from Horses and their governance, the word "answer" as applied to a brake or bit proving the fact conclusively. The word "Brake" occurs in this and closely-allied senses in many contemporary and nearly contemporary writers, to wit:

How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

(GASCOIGNE)

a snaffle bit or brake (*Id.*)

But the law had had them in such a brake (UDALL)

Like as the brake within the rider's hand
Doth straine the horse (SURREY)

Or like a strumpet learne to set my lookes
In an eternal Brake, (CHAPMAN)

See in how grave a Brake he sets his vizard [*i.e.*, visage]:
(*Id.*)

her I'll make

A stale, to catch this courtier in a brake (HOLLAND)

And not think he had eat a stake

Or were set up in a brake (BEN JONSON)

Honour should pull hard ere it drew me into these brakes
(BEAUMONT and FLETCHER)

He is fallen into some brake, some wench hath tied him
by the legs (SHIRLEY);

and it is by no means certain that "the rough Brake that Vertue must goe through," in *Henry VIII.* I. 2, does not refer to the same thing. The fact that the word occurred but once in any of the above-named authors, would not justify Mr. Cuninghame one iota in changing it in the passages quoted.

The mistake "Victor" is not mine, and Mr. Cuninghame's ostentatious references to Abbott and "Shaxper" are uncalled for. His objection to my use of the word "crux" is easily explained; the passage is a crux to him, but not to me. I am glad that he has cleared up the ambiguity as to the pronunciation of the vowel "a." In his first letter he said "brake" was not pronounced as we now pronounce it . . . but as if spelt brack." We now understand that it was the seventeenth and not the twentieth century "brack" that he meant. Dr. Viëtor will be most grieved to know that as a foreigner he is not recognised, and Mr. Hart will be so too, seeing that he quotes another "foreigner," Dr. Alexander Schmidt, with approbation. I also have studied the play and claim to understand it quite as well as Mr. Cuninghame, who, when demanding how I obtain the force "throw aside" from "run from" should also ask how Mr. Hart gets "thrive in."

I refuse to be drawn into discussions of other passages in I. iii. and III. ii. as they have no bearing on the case, but if Mr. Cuninghame cares to propose emendations of them, I shall give his proposals my careful consideration. Of course I would not defend "backe" for "barke" in "Had not their backe beene very slow of saile," in *The Comedy of Errors*, but I would most emphatically condemn "Some furr'd on backes of vice."

Having I think proved in my first letter that "ice" means "chastity," I adhere to my explanation, "Some run from [or throw aside] all restraints of chastity and are not called to any account, whilst some are condemned for a single fault." Mr. Cuninghame has not yet explained or paraphrased his emendation, and we are still in ignorance as to what is the substantive verb that has been omitted.

FRANCIS JOHN PAYNE.

PEN, PATRON, AND PUBLIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While respectfully thanking you and your courteous and discriminating critic for the appreciation of my attempt to place before the public the chief facts of the literary situation, as affected by some recent changes—especially by the Fleet Street monopolies which certain newspaper speculators have been able to secure and which, as seems to me and many others, have practically degraded journals of repute into trade circulars of adventure—may I crave your permission to say a few words upon one or two points touched on in your review. If you will look at p. 145 of my little book, I think you will see a fitting acknowledgment of Mr. W. H. Mudford's immense services not only to the broadsheet which, while he edited it, was a power, but to the entire profession of journalism. Within the limits of my small volume it was impossible to do full justice to this as well as to many other subjects. I should like to have dealt with it in a less inadequate manner. "The Delane of the penny public" was the late Lord Carnarvon's happy characterisation of this consummate and tactful editor. The phrase lay well within the limits of truth. The other matter on which I would beg to be allowed a word is the remark that the conclusion of my survey is "nebulous." To me it seemed, as I wrote, sufficiently definite and clear. The consuming desire both of publishers and of newspaper proprietors to push their social fortunes among fashionable people was at least I fancy shown in my pages to have had ill effects both for writers, periodicals not less than books, as well as for the public. As much as you please of society with a small s, and as little as possible of Society with a big S, is the moral that however inadequately, yet, as I hope consistently and intelligibly, is pointed by this work whose writer is himself at least an honest slave of the lamp and who in writing it had no object except the interests of his craft and the enlightenment of the public.

THE AUTHOR,

"Pen, Patron, and Public."

April 10.

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- The Works of William Shakespeare*. Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. Vols. xi. and xii. Each 9 x 6½. Pp. 268, 258. The Gresham Publishing Company, n.p.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE *Times* still thunders on day by day against the publishers. It has conclusively proved to its own satisfaction that every publisher is a rogue and that every author who places his work in a publisher's hands is a fool. Does any one read these fulminations we wonder, and does the opinion of the *Times* on this subject carry weight in any quarter nowadays? Certainly the publishers continue to flourish, and although this fact may be held by Mr. Hooper and Mr. Jackson as a certain sign of their wickedness the general public are apt to judge differently. In the meantime the frantic appeals to members of the Book Club not to ask for certain books are almost pathetic. If Mr. Hooper is winning "all along the line" as he is alleged to have said, his idea of victory is indeed a strange one. Evidently there are others besides Englishmen who do not know when they are beaten.

No doubt the publishers would be very willing to come to terms with the *Times* if a reasonable compromise could be arranged. The Book Club people were, in the early days of the venture, excellent buyers, and it is an undoubted fact that many publishers would be very pleased again to secure their orders. But the chance of any movement in the direction of compromise coming from the publishers has been destroyed by the very harsh and unwarrantable things the *Times* has said of the whole publishing body and by the amount of humbug it has introduced into the controversy by pretending that the Book Club was acting primarily in the interests of the public. Moreover, the publishers can do without the Book Club, but it is certain that the Book Club cannot continue independently without the publishers. The subscribers will not for ever be content with the "American dry goods" that Mr. Hooper is bringing over by the shipload. We have good grounds for stating that both sides—in spite of vehement protests to the contrary—are heartily sick of the dispute. There is an excellent opportunity at the present time for a tactful arbitrator to step in and adjust the differences.

Meanwhile there is one point in the controversy on which a word should be said. We have heard a mighty lot about the difference between "serious" books and books that are, presumably, not "serious." The distinction seems to imply a very hazy or totally wrong notion of what literary art is. According to those who draw it, so far as we can understand their point, "serious" books may be divided into (i) biographies, (ii) critical essays, (iii) works on

political economy, (iv) works on theology. Books that are not "serious" comprise the rest—such unconsidered trifles, for instance, as poems, plays and novels.

The poet who can merely string a few words together into a stanza of beauty that will live for ever; the playwright and the novelist who merely put within the reach of every one in an attractive form their deepest thoughts on the life and problems of the day—these, of course, are unworthy of the honourable title of "serious." Are not the books of the poets very poor bulk for your money? Do not the novels and the plays sell by the thousand and bring their authors money enough for expensive houses, motor-cars and grand tours? If the poems were "serious," of course they would sell better. If the novels were "serious," they would never sell so well. The point is as plain as a pike-staff—to booksellers, reviewers and the managers of libraries.

It is only when a nobody sits down to write a life of a suburban district councillor, or a blundering fool that of a fine spirit beyond his comprehension that the work is really "serious." A volume of essays repeating old commonplaces about other people's books is, of course, much more "serious" a work than the original books were. And Shakespeare, poor popular playwright, is a thoughtless trifler compared with Mr. Sidney Lee. Thus the tradesmen of literature. To the artist Edward Lear's nonsense verses, and J.K.S.'s "Lapsus Calami" are more "serious" than all these lees and dregs of book-making.

The editor of a London weekly paper which devotes considerable space to the valuation of old books, recently received from one of his readers a very rare volume. This was none other than Byron's own copy of "Hours of Idleness," the subject of the famous *Edinburgh Review* condemnation. Sprinkled throughout the volume are numerous notes by the author, and if the book ever comes into the market it is sure to create considerable excitement among admirers of the poet. It is generally supposed that "Hours of Idleness" was Byron's first appearance in print, but there are two copies in existence of a tiny volume of verses, addressed to his cousin, Miss Margaret Parker. The author was then a schoolboy at Dr. Glennie's establishment at Dulwich, his preparatory school for Harrow. The first copy was presented by the boy to the Rev. John Becher, who remonstrated with him on his "luxuriousness of colouring," and in his disappointment Byron ordered the whole stock to be destroyed. As mentioned, however, two copies escaped.

Every one knows the story of the Ascoli cope, that unique piece of *opus anglicanum* which was described by Miss May Morris in the *Burlington Magazine*, when exhibited for a short time in London. It was stolen from an Italian church and sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who very generously returned it to the Italian Government; to whom, we may say, it had never belonged. It has now been placed in the Museum of the Orsini Palace in Rome and we learn with consternation, that Signor Reva, in officially thanking Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has announced the intention of the Italian Government to have embroidered upon it the name of the American millionaire in recognition of his kindly act. The precedent is a very dangerous one. Is it possible to conceive Mr. Wertheimer inscribing on his Gainsborough and Reynolds (when they are happily returned to him) the name of the detective who brings them back in triumph? It is almost a pity that the cope which has such an interest for Englishmen as a rare example of English mediæval art could not be exchanged for some superfluous Italian picture on which might be inscribed the names of all the connoisseurs and all the dealers who have sold pictures to Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to quotations should at once be founded. There are at the present time a multitude of excellent quotations that are being abominably ill-treated all over the country. The poets are the worst sufferers. Considering how poor an opinion the average man entertains of poetry it is surprising to what practical uses he manages to turn it. A tag from a poet however *mal apropos* is regarded as clinching an irrefutable argument. How many follies have found refuge under the quotation:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Another much-abused quotation is the couplet from Burns on seeing ourselves as others see us. It is thrown in the teeth of the man who commits what the world considers—and how often wrongly considers?—a folly. It is hurled at the man who ventures to assert himself, to obtrude an unwelcome idea or unpalatable opinion on a pig-headed world. It is the rebuke of Ignorance to something it cannot comprehend. A further point against the use of indiscriminate quotation is that people are very seldom accurate. We have all suffered from the dreadful people who will quote—and quote wrongly. The apt quotation properly given is of course delightful. Our society will not aim at prevention of quotation, but will inflict severe penalties on malefactors who misquote or distort to their own base uses the words of wiser men.

Flora Annie Steel, who has recently sworn allegiance to the cause of the "Suffragettes," is a writer of considerable distinction. It is now twenty years since she published her first book, "Wideawake Stories." She has done almost as much as Rudyard Kipling to familiarise English readers with life in India, and her pictures of Hindu and Mohammedan life are particularly vivid. Mrs. Steel is an authority on education and for some years held the post of Provincial Inspector of Government Schools in the Punjab and was also a member of the Education Committee of that province.

McGill University, which has recently suffered so greatly from fire, has extended the scope of the University Magazine. The magazine has now become a literary and critical review and is under the direction of McGill, Queen's and Toronto Universities. Dr. McPhail, of McGill University, is the editor and his aim is to make it an organ for the expression of the best Canadian thought, academic and otherwise. At a dinner of the Society of Canadian Authors, Dr. McPhail stated that the University Magazine aimed at getting the best matter from the best men and would pay as good prices for contributions as could be obtained anywhere in the world.

We regret to record the death of Mr. James Clarke Hook, R.A. This eminent painter was born as far back as 1819, and his death adds another to the long list of painters who have lived to an advanced age. From the age of fourteen Mr. Hook has devoted himself to his art with ever increasing success. He received his first help from no less a painter than Constable himself, and also from John Jackson, another Academician. He was soon accepted as a probationer at the Royal Academy and his merits were further recognised by the Society of Arts while he was still a child. At this period his work was also much appreciated in Ireland where among other portraits he painted that of the celebrated Marquis of Waterford.

About the year 1853 Mr. Hook developed the talent for landscape painting which has rendered him famous. Having won the gold medal of the Royal Academy and a travelling studentship, he was able to spend three years

in Italy. The results of his studies there were the pictures *Bassanio commenting on the Caskets* and *Otto IV. at Florence*, hung in the Academy in 1848 and the following year. These and other pictures, for which studies were made in Italy, secured Mr. Hook's election to the Royal Academy as an Associate. Since this event he devoted himself mainly, though by no means exclusively, to English landscape, and especially to marine painting. Abinger, amid the hills of Surrey, Clovelly, Whitley and Lundy Island were among the scenes of his labours. In 1859 his celebrated picture *Luff Boy!* was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and in 1861 he was unanimously elected an Academician. Later Mr. Hook painted much in the neighbourhood of Churt near Farnham, and visited Cornwall and the Scilly Isles during the summer. He also painted in Brittany, the Netherlands and in Norway.

The effort which is being made to preserve from the devastation of the speculative builder that beautiful piece of Old Chelsea, The Vale, deserves the support of every one who cares either for old houses or the associations which hang round them. The Vale is now all that remains of the forty acres which were enclosed by Lord Warton at the end of the seventeenth century and called "The Park." This was gradually encroached upon. Of four taverns built at the corners, three, "The Goat and Boots," "The Man in the Moon" and "The Queen Elm" still remain. We have pleasure in drawing attention to this effort at the request of Mr. Randall Davies, though we have little hopes that the vandalism will be prevented. Similar protests were unavailing to protect Paradise Row from the greed of ground landlords and building contractors; and it required the united efforts of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians to save Apothecaries Garden from the same fate.

Renan, like St. Elói, "is not dead" so long as his son-in-law, Professor Psichari, can speak as he did on St. Patrick's Day, and write as he does in the current *Revue Bleue* on Greece and Byron. "Come hither now and weep o'er Byron's corse" is the Romaic of Solomos. Modern Greek, of course, since J. S. Blackie, is ill-received: "Neogræca sunt; non leguntur." Passow's "Popular Songs of Hellas" are little or not known. And yet, as the Professor hints archly, there is a gulf fixed between Sophocles' "Electra," 487, and Molière's "Nicole," "apportez moi mes pantoufles." Even modern Greek, barbarous and corrupt, may be a buffer between such extremes. The poet of "The Maid of Athens" links us to the tiny country now for the first time visited by the sovereign of a first-class Power. Solomos, who wept for Byron, was no Romanticist; indeed, he brought down to everyday comprehension the loftiest thoughts. He, like "Childe Harold," had a Mrs. Black, who did not marry another, but poisoned herself. Professor Psichari cannot forget his King Charles's head—the ill of pure, and the good of impure, Romaic. But he tells a good anecdote of Solomos. Accustomed to read his Greek verse to friends, and to find little sympathetic echo, he one night read Italian poetry, in which he was a master. "What verdict?" cried he. Icy silence. "And yet they are Petrarch's sonnets," said Solomos.

The movement to secure for the nation Mr. Holman Hunt's picture *The Lady of Shalott* has failed, partly because of the difficulty of raising the considerable sum demanded, and partly because of the discussion roused by Mr. Hunt's admission that parts of the picture had been carried out by Mr. E. R. Hughes. Happily, however, the movement has not been unfruitful, for the subscribers to the fund for the purchase of this work empowered the committee to buy the smaller and less expensive picture *The Ship*, which has been accepted by the Trustees for the National Gallery of British Art.

This picture, the first to represent the painter in our national collections, was painted in 1875. If not one of the painter's most important works, it is a very pleasant example of his art, and in one detail at least thoroughly characteristic, for although but one quarter of the moon is illuminated, with true Pre-Raphaelite precision the remainder of the disc has been carefully blacked in against the sky.

It is interesting to note the development of the "signed article" at the expense of the "interview." Editors with a partiality for large audiences appear to have realised that the "interview" is obsolete, and accordingly they have invented the "signed article." The innovation is familiar to most readers, for what journal is there which has not come out at one time or another with an article by Mr. So-and-so telling you "How to Succeed" or "How I Make Two Hundred Pounds a Week." The process by which these odd contributions to journalism are obtained is simple to the point of primitiveness. A "smart" journalist talks for a few minutes with the head of a large firm, or any well-known man, and then goes home to write up half a column in the first person singular. Later he takes it round to the interviewed, who signs it, very often gladly and seldom reluctantly. There is one journalist known to the writer who specialises in this kind of work and makes nearly four hundred pounds a year out of it. But like most things it is being overdone, and certain celebrities are beginning to realise the newspaper value of their names.

Labour M.P.s in the first flush of their success at the polls last year were very chary of giving anything for nothing, and the majority absolutely declined to sign articles unless paid a substantial fee. One reply from a militant member was written in an ignorant hand and misspelt, although a prominent monthly review contained an extremely learned article on socialism from the same pen! A certain well-known reformer has a tariff. For signing an article in a paper of repute he asks twenty-five pounds, but the obscure weeklies are accommodated with the lower terms of ten pounds. The fees, he explains, go to charities in his "native town," and as he resolutely declines to be interviewed for nothing it is evident, judging by the number of times he appears in print, that he is making a large sum annually for his charities. The standard case of the "signed article" forms one of the best stories told of the late J. L. Toole. He put his name to an article on "the philosophy of acting," or some such high-sounding title, in an issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. Toole glanced at the proof-sheets in a hurry, and consequently did not really see his article until the review was published. When it did appear the contribution was, of course, the one topic of conversation at the Garrick, but even the learned members of the club could not quite fathom the meaning of several jaw-breaking sentences of quite inordinate length, and accordingly "Johnny" was asked to explain his Greek phrases and Latin references.

Exception has been taken to some remarks made by our art critic in an article on the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Bruton Galleries, in which he referred to "the works of Captain This, Colonel That, and Major-General Boom-Push." The words have been construed into a reflection on Major-General Baden-Powell. We can assure our readers that no such insinuation was intended. The words were used simply as a sort of English paraphrase of the well-known French expression *Le Général Boum-Boum*, which is the stock French phrase for an imaginary general.

Pif! paf! pouf!
Et tara-tara boum,
Je suis moi le général
Boum-Boum-Boum.

Nothing could have been further from our thoughts than any desire to reflect on the gallant defender of Mafeking.

FEAR

WHEN the summer twilight closes
O'er the river, round the roses;
When the panes that glowed,
Darken, each a burnt-out ember;
This our sinking hearts remember,
And forebode:

Some wild autumn sunset burning,
O'er the wanderer returning,
Eager-eyed—to find
Only faded roses, only
Vacant windows, and the lonely
Moaning wind,

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

LITERATURE

THE LONDON POLICE COURT

The London Police-court, To-day and To-morrow. By H. R. P. GAMON. (Dent, 3s. 6d.)

FROM this volume it appears that Mr. Hugh R. P. Gamon has been exploring what to many is an unknown and undiscovered country, namely the London Police-Courts. Those who have paid visits to them do not as a rule carry away very fragrant memories. Our author says a respectable citizen will protest because he is summoned to such a disreputable place about the licence for his dog, and it is little short of a scandal that many who are guilty of only the lightest offence are compelled to face the ordeal of a visit to it. Yet cases that are not essentially criminal have to be tried there, and those who may have been previously innocent of any knowledge of the squalid offences which are brought up before the magistrate, are compelled to listen to evidence often unfit for publication in the newspapers, and to sit beside the very off-scourings of humanity on whose minds these courts exercise a curious fascination. We have known of an individual, who, having through no fault of his own been compelled to appear at the police-court, could not bear to come within a mile of the building ever after. Yet he had no complaint to make of any lack of justice or of courtesy; on the contrary, the presiding magistrate he described as having been most kind, and even the lawyers who were opposed to him were as polite as if they had met him in a private house. But what he remembered with loathing was the trial of some very objectionable persons that had to be concluded before his case came on and the generally squalid and unlovely air of the police-court. Mr. Gamon seems to have been asked to make an investigation of the subject by the authorities at Toynbee Hall. What the ultimate object was we do not quite know. Canon Barnett in his introduction says:

The Toynbee Trustees have thought the subject fitting for an essay which, written by a man familiar with the majority, will be mostly read by members of the minority. The Trustees, by the terms of the Trust, may apply sums of money for publications intended or calculated to promote the main object of the Trust, which is the investigation and diffusion of true principles of political and social economy.

So they gave the author what he called his letters of "marque" and he proceeded in a very methodical way to get up the subject of London Police-Courts. He begins with the useful and necessary policeman. *Esprit de corps*

he thinks is carried rather too far among the guardians of the peace. The police shield each other against their superior officers and against the public. If one of them gets into trouble the others do what they can to extricate him. I have been told of the case of a woman who on taking out a summons against a police-constable received a visit from his comrades and was offered two pounds as an inducement not to proceed. And it is to be feared that the pressure of their own public opinion upon them does at times crush the truth. It is not so long since three or four constables in Worcestershire were found to have perjured themselves in endeavouring to exculpate an inspector. Nor is this the only criticism. Mr. Gamon hints in no doubtful manner that the "comely Jewess of Whitechapel" is not the best account to give of them. It is stated plainly that the policeman is prone to the vice of "single men in barracks," for many of the police are unmarried. I have been told by one qualified to speak that many cases of rescue work that have come under her notice have been traced to the police. The life is calculated to make them peculiarly vulnerable, with its lack of interest and elevating influence. As they grow robust in person, they are inclined to suffer from what Stevenson has called "a fatty degeneration of the moral being," yet on the other hand the general honesty and courtesy of the men do not pass unacknowledged. Mr. Gamon himself does not believe in what he calls the police-court stain. It is, he thinks, a mere bogey. But on this point he will not find many to agree with him. He pays a well-merited compliment to the magistrate. There is nothing in the magistrate's commission which obliges him to do more than grant a police-court remedy; it has, however, become the custom in the London courts to dispense general advice. As Mr. Holmes has already pointed out, he is the regular "Poor Man's Lawyer." He gives legal and moral advice gratis, so far as his time permits; he will advise one to go to the county court and tell him where it is; another to go home and make it up, another to apply to the police-court missionary for help. Not infrequently he will promise to send a police-officer to talk to the him or her who is causing the trouble; or point out that there is no remedy at law for the case stated. And some magistrates get known as peculiarly kindly and suggestive to applicants, so that the application time from Thursday to Saturday may be much fuller than the application time from Monday to Wednesday, when a less compliant colleague is sitting, for a magistrate's personality is widely recognised in his district. If Mr. Gamon had been in search of amusement he could have found some interesting copy by showing the many devices by which the young man busily engaged in sowing his wild oats has learnt to touch publicity. It is a matter of life and death to him, for he knows well that should his name appear in the papers as that of an offender brought up at the police-courts the consequences on his future career will be serious. Indeed the punishment in these cases very often exceeds the offence. The young man who has taken an extra glass of champagne at his dinner and has lost his head, for the very reason that he is generally temperate and therefore unaccustomed to the stimulant, meets with very hard lines when pilloried in the press. We have known the case of an excellent sea officer, a very martinet on duty and one known for his uprightness and high principle, who through the vagaries following a banquet found himself at Vine Street with a very serious barrier to his further promotion. Yet the only charge that could be brought against him was that he had become bellicose in the defence of a companion. An incident such as this leads one to think that the publicity of our Law Courts is not an unmixed blessing.

One of the most interesting suggestions made by the author is contained in the following paragraph:

The prospect of having a special magistrate for children gives its chief value to a central children's court in the eyes of those who desire it. But it is hard to see how such a special magistrate is

necessary. America has hardly any specialists. The children's court there is often placed under some particular judge of the Supreme State Court, who has ordinarily the functions of a Chancery judge. But the police-court judge in America, owing to the spoils system, is, it would seem, a lower type of man than our ordinary justices.

He is evidently in favour of a drastic reform in the appointment of magistrates:

And the Law must look at her administrators. Throughout England and Wales the lowest branches of criminal jurisdiction are largely in the hands of lay magistrates, who need possess no legal qualification for their post. A lawyer, acting as their clerk, measures them out their law, and they, sitting two or three together, deal out sentences like yards of cloth. Such a court has neither personality nor policy; the division of duties between the clerk and his magistrates makes the court peculiarly irresponsible in the exercise of its functions. If the Law is zealous of its reputation, it should reconsider these courts. They are out of harmony with modern requirements. There seems to be no good reason why the Law should not have skilled judges for minor criminal cases as for minor civil cases. But help is at hand. There is a tendency to-day to claim elevation to the magistracy as part of the spoils of a political election. If the tendency becomes acute the fate of the lay magistracy is sealed. The judicial bench must be above suspicion.

The book, in spite of any small faults we have pointed out, is interesting and valuable.

HELLENIC POLYTHEISM

The Cults of the Greek States. By LEWIS RICHARD FARNELL, D.Litt. 5 vols. Vols. iii., iv. (Clarendon Press, 32s. net.)

OF Dr. Farnell's great work two volumes have already appeared, and have placed beyond all doubt his signal fitness for the great task on which he says in the Preface to vol. iii. that many years ago he too lightly embarked. But if he embarked lightly on his task, he also bears lightly the heavy load of learning which it has imposed upon him. The two volumes now issued run to nearly a thousand pages. They deal with the worship of Ge, Demeter and Kore-Persephone, Hades-Pluto, the Mother of the Gods and Rhea-Cybele, Poseidon, Apollo. Another volume is to follow on the worship of Hermes and Dionysus and on the minor cults. Even then the wide subject of hero-worship will have to be reserved for a separate work.

There are not half a dozen men in Great Britain who could really do justice to this work, and I am certainly not one of them. It would require a professed expert in epigraphy, inscriptions, numismatics, and archæology in general to pronounce with any authority a judgment on the various conclusions at which Dr. Farnell has arrived. Mine must be the humbler task of putting forward certain isolated observations which may interest scholars and lovers of learning, and, keeping clear of generalisations, except in so far as one may say that the work broadly aims at reforming the anthropological method in its application to the problems of comparative religion (without at all depreciating its value for the student of Hellenism); deprecating its application except after mature consideration to the various phenomena of cult, and insisting on its subordination to special knowledge and the study of facts. The material for the work is very large and yearly growing.

The great discoveries in Crete [writes Dr. Farnell] have thrown new light on certain questions that arise in the study of classical polytheism. Every year also enriches the record with new material, from newly discovered inscriptions and other monuments.

In dealing with the cult of Ge, Dr. Farnell observes:

What is often for us mere metaphor, or at most a semi-conscious instinctive pulsation, was, for the period of Homer and before him and for many centuries after him, a clearly discerned and vital idea around which grew a living religion.

Homer regards Earth as animate and divine, and Medea makes Aegeus swear by her. Nature is still "apparelled in

celestial light" for Wordsworth, and her worship resolves itself for Tennyson into

Some vague emotion of delight,
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning towards the lamps of night.

But Ge is a real personality in Greek religion, and generally associated with Zeus and Helios for the ratification of a treaty or the cementing of an alliance, but more specially with Hades and Persephone in her character of the avenger of the broken oath. It is these two last deities on whom Althæa in the terrible passage in the ninth book of the Iliad calls for vengeance on her own son. But at the same time she went down on her knees and "ever and anon she smote boon Earth with her hands, while her bosom was wet with her tears." Contact was a great matter in the Ge-cult.

Demeter was more than a mere corn-goddess; she presided over childbirth not necessarily the fruit of marriage. The name is probably connected with the Cretian *δηαί* "barley," an affine of *ζέα* and *ζειά*. Her search for the lost daughter

enthralled the Hellenic imagination and inspired some of the noblest forms of art; and it appeals to the modern spirit with its unique motives of tenderness and pathos, with the very human type of the loving and bereaved mother.

Dr. Farnell rejects the explanations of Demeter Thesmophoros which refer the word to the ordinances of the state or of human marriage, and prefers that of an unknown scholiast of Lucian—that she was called Thesmophoros because she taught primitive man the rules (*θεσμολ*) of agriculture. The pages on the Eleusinian mysteries (iii. pp. 126-198) are very interesting:

The Eleusinian mysteries were the paramount fact of the Attic state-religion, and their administration the most complex function of the Attic state-church. As compared with any other growth of Hellenic polytheism, they exercised the strongest and widest influence on the Hellenic world; they retained a certain life and power after the Delphic oracle had expired; they conducted the forlorn hope of Graeco-Roman paganism against the new religion, to which they may have bequeathed more than one significant word and conception.

The chapter that comes next in interest in volume iii. is that on the Great Mother of the Gods and Rhea Cybele. His conclusion is that the Great Mother was not Ge nor Demeter nor a nameless divinity, but probably in the earliest times the Cretan goddess Rhea, whose cult was subsequently separated from that of the Great Mother. Dr. Farnell thinks the imputing to Greek paganism of the conception of a virgin-mother is doubtful, though he allows that miraculous conception and partheno-genesis find their way into the mythologies of savage as well as more advanced races. Adgestis is begotten without a mother and Attis is born of a virgin:

All that we may venture to assert is that, when this idea was propagated as a theological dogma by Christianity, it might not appear wholly alien to the various stocks of Asia Minor who had been nursed in the older religion.

The fourth volume is devoted to the cults of Poseidon and Apollo. In the worship of the former Dr. Farnell finds none of the higher morality and little connection with the arts or intellectual life, but discerns traces of human sacrifice. Apollo is a typically Hellenic deity. The origin of the name is obscure; but Apollo is certainly an Aryan god. The supposed connection with *ἀπᾶλλα*, a Doric term for "assembly," is not probable, for the aboriginal Apollo is connected in legends with wild beasts rather than civilised institutions and the arts of peace. Apollo Lyceus is not to be connected, according to Dr. Farnell, either with the country Lycia or with the root *λυκ* found in *ἀμφιλύκη* "morning-twilight" and *λυκάβας* "year"; but with *λύκος* "wolf." The wolf pervades the legend and ritual of Ἀπόλλων Λύκειος. Wolves led Leto in travail to Delos, herself in the form of a she-wolf. Apollo sends wolves to guard his child in Crete, and the question whether Apollo or Poseidon is to be worshipped

as chief deity by the Argives is decided by a fight between a wolf and a bull. The curious result is that the building in Athens originally sacred to Apollo Lyceus was chosen for the school of Aristotle in the fourth century before Christ, and still survives as the name (Lycée) of schools in France, which have certainly no conscious connection with wolves. The title *Κάρνειος* is probably derived from an old word, *κάρνος*, meaning horned cattle and connected with *κέρας*. The ram, the goat, and the boar are sacrificed to him in this capacity. Dr. Farnell maintains the traditional explanation of Apollo Smintheus as coming from *σμήθος*, meaning "mouse" in the Cretan and Aeolic dialect. Apollo is bearded in the earliest Apolline monument which has come down to us, a Melian amphora; but this soon gave way to the type of a beautiful youth, now familiar to us. The plates are very numerous and interesting—above eighty in the two volumes—and there are nearly as many coins. The references to classical authors are not put in foot-notes, but are massed together in the form of an appendix to which reference is made in the text.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A VINDICATION OF FALKLAND

The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. By J. A. R. MARRIOTT. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume Mr. Marriott aims at no less a task than the reversal of the general verdict of History on the character of Lucius Cary, Second Viscount Falkland. Written primarily for "the general reader" to whose verdict he would appeal, the author has approached his task in a spirit of genuine piety. He is not in the least ashamed to exhibit his enthusiasm, and he champions the cause of his hero hotly, both against those who like Aubrey have actively disparaged him and those who like Macaulay, Carlyle and Gardiner have damned him with faint praise. In the opinion of Horace Walpole Falkland was a weak man and "had much debility of mind," and this judgment seems to have struck the note of historical criticism for several generations. There have, of course, been certain noteworthy exceptions. Of the extraordinary impression which Falkland's character and abilities had made upon the more intellectual men of his time there are ample witnesses. Clarendon's splendid eulogy, owing to some extravagances of language, was certain to suggest detraction and it was not until over two centuries after Falkland had fallen on Newbury field that the monument erected to him in 1878 inspired Matthew Arnold to write his magnificent panegyric. Previous to this Lord Lytton and Dr. Tulloch had stood as practically the only writers of distinction in the nineteenth century to pay unqualified tribute to his memory.

Apart from a natural tendency in historians to follow along certain conventional lines of judgment, it is not surprising that Lucius Cary should have received scant justice at the hands of posterity. Born during a transition period in Church and State, Falkland was thrust at an early age into the noise and battle of politics. During the thirty-three brief years of his life he was destined to play a conspicuous part in the stormy events of the period. Thrown among the hot partisans whose opinions were to them matters of life and death, he remained one of the few men who throughout periods of greatest violence was able to preserve a philosophic detachment in his views and judgments. He had a singularly well-balanced mind, and at a time when men were almost colour-blind could discern other shades than crude black or white. There can be no greater curse for a politician aiming at success than the ability to see two sides to a question. Falkland was not of the stuff of which revolutionaries are made. He had too much of sweet reasonableness, too much integrity of purpose. In the rough-and-ready judgments of history greater attention will always be commanded by the characters who readily

catch the eye by their breadth of colour. His contemporaries, Stafford, Pym, Laud, Cromwell, Charles Stuart himself—these at once make their appeal to the eye and to the imagination. They stand for certain definite principles, easily understood, readily recognised.

At a period when men's prejudices blinded them to any virtues that might exist in their opponents, Falkland stood almost alone as the advocate of compromise, the upholder of a *via media*. Entering the House of Commons like many other men of distinction for the first time in 1640, he sat as member for Newport during the brief session of the Short Parliament, and was afterwards returned by the same constituency to take his part in the stormy doings of the "Long" Parliament. Although greatly impressed by Pym, whose theory of government he mainly adopted, Falkland stood out almost alone against the unseemly haste exhibited in the trial of Strafford. It is not too much to say that Falkland alone secured for Strafford, for whose policy he had no love, a semblance of fair trial. It was owing to his efforts that Strafford was allowed time to prepare his defence, and although he supported with vote and voice the motion for the third reading of the Bill of Attainder his attitude at such a time redounds to his credit. Characteristic of the man too was his plea that the children of Strafford, whom he regarded as traitor, should not be involved in the penalties of their father's crime: "Seeing Lord Strafford's children proceeded as well from his innocent wife as his own guilty person, 'tis better they should be spared in their estate for the innocents' sake than punished for the guilty." In this action, as in many others, Falkland showed himself a man whose ideas of right and justice were in advance of his time. He was, in fact, in Mr. Marriott's words, "born too early. Strafford was born too late. Falkland was a moderate constitutionalist pitched into the seething sea of revolution: Strafford was a Vulcan well fitted by a policy of blood and iron to weld into one great whole the disjointed members of an incipient Empire."

That Falkland could exhibit fire and enthusiasm when his convictions were in question is proved by his great speeches against Finch in regard to ship-money, which resulted in the impeachment of the Lord Keeper. Mr. Marriott gives the speeches verbatim, and they amply support his view of the character of Falkland. Up to the passing of the Grand Remonstrance Falkland acted with the party of progress, although always with conspicuous moderation. His belief in Conservative reform which had led him to oppose Strafford, his attachment to the idea of a national and comprehensive Church which accounted for his opposition to Laud, led him at last to disown Pym when he found him appealing to the people against the Crown. This breaking away from his former leader has been held against Falkland as an act of apostasy. Owing to it he has been branded a turncoat, an inconstant waverer, a dreamer unfitted for affairs. And yet it would seem that all the events in Falkland's life tend to show his consistency on this point. He never wavered either in personal loyalty to his sovereign or in devotion to the idea of a constitutional monarchy. When at the last war was inevitable it was on the side of his king that Falkland took up arms.

There can be no doubt that the declaration of a war which he so much deprecated found Falkland a broken-hearted man. He had seen all his hopes and ideals of compromise ruthlessly shattered. Alienated from the party with which he had so many sympathies he gave his life in the end for the side of reaction. History has shown the soundness of his judgment. The compromises he so earnestly desired have come to pass. The cause of the people to which he devoted his life has been successfully amalgamated with the cause of monarchy for which he died. Falkland was a prophet. "His one fault," writes Mr. Marriott, "was that his soul was too large and his vision too clear for the pettinesses and bigotries by which he was surrounded."

Mr. Marriott clears his memory from the charge, oft repeated, that Falkland by his recklessness intentionally compassed his own death on Newbury field. The suicide charge rests mainly on the fact of Falkland calling for clean linen on the day of the battle. Carlyle has a contemptuous reference to it. Under the head of "First Newbury Battle" he writes "Poor Lord Falkland in his clean shirt was killed here." There can be little doubt that there was a natural disposition on the part of Falkland to show that his aversion from war did not arise from personal cowardice, and he was ever in the forefront of danger. But to suppose that he voluntarily rushed upon death in the way imputed to him by his detractors, is inconsistent with what is known of his general character and his deep religious opinions. For, however biographers and historians have differed as to his political career, his personal character has never been called into question. He was, in fact, a man of singular integrity of heart and conduct, who lived an unblemished life in the midst of corruption. Of serious bent, his tastes lay in the direction of philosophy and literature rather than of politics. He was the friend and intimate of distinguished men of letters, and although his poetry, of which several specimens are given in this volume, does not entitle him to any very exalted place among the minor poets, he was at all times a patron of literature. His life at Great Tew, as described by Clarendon, is one of the idylls of English prose. Mr. Marriott has done a real service in conveying to us in a volume of absorbing human interest so much of the vital charm and personality of the man. He has managed in masterly fashion to disentangle the real points at issue. He has given us an estimate of Falkland's character that bears the impress of truth. Henceforth no one can lightly sum up the man in a phrase as "weak" or "vacillating" without having to reckon with Mr. Marriott's vindication.

THE ART OF LIVING

Dutch and Flemish Furniture. By ESTHER SINGLETON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 42s. net.)

THE story of domestic life and its material adjuncts in the Low Countries, with which this book deals ably and amply, has a strong dramatic flavour. It opens with the splendour of the Burgundian Court, where art and luxury first burst the fetters of stern mediævalism and where peace and plenty reigned at a time when the lands around were in the grip of battle or of civil war. It next plunges into the dark history of the religious wars and the emergence of a burgher state of staid habit and prudent outlay, though fully esteeming the domicile and eager for its comfort and adornment. Between the scheme of Life of Duke Philip the Good and his nobles and that of the seventeenth-century Dutchman a great gulf is fixed, and Mrs. Singleton in her detailed and exhaustive work gives us ample material to realise the difference:

The reigning dukes were powerful protectors of the arts. Their immense resources, drawn from the Flemish hives of industry, enabled them to indulge their taste for architecture, painting, sculpture, illuminated books, tapestry, goldsmiths' work and sumptuous furniture. They were the insatiable collectors of everything that was curious and rare. Any able artist, sculptor, architect, goldsmith or image-maker, driven from home by the perpetual civil wars in England, France and Italy was sure of a refuge and employment at the Court of Burgundy. Thus for a century and a half the Low Countries were the most important art centre of Europe. Dijon and Brussels, the capitals of the Burgundian dominions, were Meccas of Mediæval Art; and Tournay, Bruges, Ypres, Ghent, Dinant and many other industrial centres swarmed with craftsmen who produced all that was luxurious and beautiful for domestic comfort and decoration (p. 32).

The Burgundian dukes in the fifteenth century excelled the kings, their cousins and neighbours, in the richness of their furnishings and the splendour of their entertainments. Their complete "chambers" of tapestries could be reckoned by the dozen, their Arras "Stories" by the hundred, and were in charge of a special official. These costly and

desirable hangings played a part in diplomacy, and the gift of them cemented alliances :

Philip the Bold sent several pieces to Richard II. and superb sets to the Dukes of Lancaster and York. John the Fearless gave the Earl of Pembroke, Ambassador of Henry IV., three handsome pieces, and the Earl of Warwick, Ambassador of Henry V., "a rich hanging covered with various figures and numerous birds" (p. 57).

The five-shelf dresser—that adjunct of royalty—was wholly insufficient to display their plate on gala occasions, and Chastelain describes how "the Duke had made in the great hall a dresser constructed in the form of a round castle, ten steps in height, filled with gold plate in pots and flagons of various kinds." At the marriage festivities of Charles the Rash (why will Mrs. Singleton dub him the "Bold" which is his great-grandfather's attribute?) with Margaret of York :

the hall was lighted by chandeliers in the form of castles surrounded by forests and mountains, with revolving paths on which serpents, dragons and other monstrous animals seemed to roam in search of prey, spouting forth jets of flame that were reflected in huge mirrors, so arranged as to catch and multiply the rays. The dishes containing the principal meats represented vessels seven feet long completely rigged, the masts and cordage gilt, the sails and streamers silk, each floating in a silver lake between shores of verdure and enamelled rocks, and attended by a fleet of boats laden with lemons, olives and condiments (p. 41).

The Savoy Hotel can hardly surpass this on behalf of the most reckless American millionaire of the day.

Even when the ducal line merged into the House of Hapsburg, and Brussels was but the seat of the vice-royalty, Flanders retained much of the old exuberance of art and decoration now exhibited in Renaissance garb; but the rich amenities of life were no longer confined to prince and count, but were enjoyed to the full by successful business men. Antwerp was, during most of the sixteenth century, the greatest mart of Northern Europe, and the *Musée Plantin* survives to show us how splendidly one of its leading citizens was housed.

But the dark hour for the Low Countries was at hand, and after fifty years of persecution, carnage, and fighting it was the Northern or Dutch provinces that began to lead in art and wealth. The Dutchman traded with the world, whence he could draw every kind of product, artistic or utilitarian, and he also had the money and the will to foster home arts and industries; and so his house became in the seventeenth century a storehouse of infinitely varied and valuable furnishings. But all this was not, as in the halcyon days of his late rulers, for gorgeous parade and spendthrift squandering. It was for his quiet enjoyment and careful usage. It was his duty to purchase and collect, but his wife's to preserve and maintain the household goods.

He could not easily squander money for pleasures or recreation, but for the "home" he would spend lavishly. A handsome piece of furniture or silver, beautiful porcelain, rare tulips, rich curtains and rugs, valuable paintings, fine glass and *curios* from the Far East would incline the opulent Dutchman to part with large sums (p. 182).

The native poet makes the rich merchant say :

My home is my ornament, my house my best costume
Therefore my treasury and my coffer are open
And what my house needs I hasten to buy;

while the alderman's daughter declares :

I will not let the maid touch my pretty things;
I, myself will rub and polish, I will splash and scrub.

Owen Feltham in his "Brief character of the Low Countries" considers that

their houses, especially in their Cities, are the best eye beauties of their Country. For cost and sight they far exceed our English, but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more rich than their outside; not in hanging, but pictures, which even the poorest are furnished with. Not a cobbler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew Faire in Europe.

But into this enticing picture of costly comfort and trim cleanliness "sordid domesticity" enters :

If you go through the town [notes a traveller] you will find many houses where the husband is afraid so much as even to smell at his second-floor rooms. They always remain downstairs. Have they ever so many courtly rooms they will eat, for their wives' sake, in the small back kitchen.

These show-rooms [explains our authoress] were used only on some special occasion; otherwise they were never entered except for cleaning. This took place weekly and oftener, with special cleaning in the spring and autumn. Rooms in constant use were daily stripped and cleaned and the housewife barely allowed herself time to eat. Some enthusiastic housekeepers—although wealthy—would not allow the servants to clean their best rooms but wielded "the scrubbing-brush, rubbing towel and floor cloth." There are examples of houses where from thirty to forty pails of water were used every day, and where the servants did nothing but rub and scrub and scour from morning till night. Many of the houses were exceedingly damp in consequence, and the inmates constantly ill. Notwithstanding the ridicule the Dutch housewife suffered in books and on the stage, her mania for cleaning was so great that she cared not at all if the house was termed "hell" and the cleaners "she devils" (p. 194).

What the seventeenth-century Dutch interior was like may be seen in many of the pictures by their leading artists, several of which Mrs. Singleton reproduces, but can be still more completely realised by a careful survey of the so-called "Doll's houses"—really elaborate and highly prized models carefully carried out down to the reproduction of the least ornament or utensil.

In the Rijks Museum are several models in miniature of old Amsterdam houses. The finest one is of tortoise-shell ornamented with white metal inlay. According to tradition, Christoffel Brandt, Peter the Great's agent in Amsterdam, had this house made by order of the Czar, and it is said to have cost 20,000 guilders (£2500), and to have required five years to produce. Dating from the latter part of the seventeenth or first part of the eighteenth century it contains all the furniture that was to be found at that date in an aristocratic dwelling on the *Heerengracht* or *Keizersgracht*. Every object in it was made by the proper artisan so that it is correct in every detail (p. 175).

As time went on and wealth accumulated, sobriety of life and thrift became less marked. Richer than the French noble, the Amsterdam merchant began to emulate the latter's exuberant and palatial style of living and furnishing, so that Shaw in his "Travels through Holland" describes the newly built Heerengracht, still the finest street in Amsterdam, as "fronted with houses like the palaces of princes, where glittering buildings, exquisite paintings, rich china, screens, gold, pearls, diamonds, enchant you and rival the apartments of monarchs in haughty magnificence."

Different times different habits, but the spirit of Burgundian display and extravagance had found some lodgment beneath the plain black coat of the too successful burgher on Amstel's bank.

THE DOWNFALL OF PRUSSIA

Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia, 1806. By F. LORRAINE PETRE.
With an Introduction by Lord ROBERTS. (Lane, 12s. 6d.)

THE campaign of 1806 is one of the most interesting of those undertaken by Napoleon, even if it is not one which shows the great soldier's genius to the best advantage; and it is remarkable that a full account, based on all the information available, should not have been published in English before now. It is a period in history which is conveniently adapted to the ends of political propagandists and Lord Roberts, writing in his introduction of the defeat of Prussia, draws the conclusion that

Such must ever be the fate of a nation that is indifferent to its obligations, regardless of its responsibilities, and that refuses to adapt itself to the ever-changing conditions of war. In the *débâcle* of 1806 is to be seen the "writing on the wall" in the boldest type, and all who run may read.

It is not the concern of this journal to discuss that conclusion put forward by so high an authority, but it may be stated that neither Lord Roberts nor Mr. Petre has attempted to show that the condition in which Prussia

was in 1806 is in any way analogous to that to-day occupied by Great Britain. Other writers have made other deductions. An able French writer, Commandant Thétard, has sought to show that the Prussians were defeated because they played the game of *la guerre savante—cette guerre de positions*, to which he attributes also the French downfall in 1870. If, however, the campaign is regarded from a more distant standpoint, without seeking to point the moral, it assumes a far greater interest; it appears then as one act in that great drama which was continued at Eylau, Friedland, and Tilsit, only to assume a new form at Saarbrücken in 1870. Mr. Petre confines himself, after two interesting chapters on the origin of the war and the contending armies, to the purely military aspect of his period; and so it is that the book will be read only by the few.

Jena, as one of the great Imperial battles, is the chief incident in the book. The night before the battle the opposing sentinels talked to each other, as if in peace time. In the morning the fight began in a thick fog, and went on until the arrival of Soult's artillery which, hastily called up, marched on the sound of the guns, and fired into the fog. By ten o'clock it was "un temps charmant"; the sun shining and fife playing, the French columns marched to the attack, and on the following day a regiment of French chasseurs, which had not been engaged, was astounded to hear that a great victory had been won. It was not a brilliant affair: Napoleon was ignorant of the distribution of the enemies' forces, and left Davout exposed to Brunswick's force. The pursuit by Murat after the fight was ideal: a model for all time. Davout, however, gained the far more brilliant victory of Auerstadt; and the "little smooth-pated, unpretending man, who was never tired of waltzing," showed himself possessed of the quality of initiative which was rare among Napoleon's marshals. In the same fight too, Seruzier, known to his soldiers by the nickname "le père aux boulets," distinguished himself by a masterly movement, directed only by his own shrewd sense. In this connection comes in the famous "affaire Bernadotte," which Mr. Petre treats at great length, and about which he comes to a conclusion, not borne out by the facts, very adverse to Bernadotte. The foremost authority on all subjects dealing with the Napoleonic era has disposed more briefly of the matter, and ends his reasoned conclusion with the remark "unfortunately for Bernadotte's fame, the battle of memoir writers is more attractive and gains more currency than the prosaic facts of despatches." Mr. Petre, however, bases his opinion on despatches, as does Dr. Holland Rose, but the latter is far more convincing.

In the preface to his book Mr. Petre says that he thinks references are an object of annoyance to most readers, and for that reason he gives very few. He has a poor opinion, obviously, of students of history. Clearer maps on a larger scale, with the contending forces marked in colours, would have been a welcome addition to the book; and the extra expense might have been defrayed in part by leaving out the portraits, which, though interesting, are quite unnecessary. If a treatise on military history is to be placed in the first class, the style must be clear and the narrative not overloaded with details of secondary importance, the authorities should be quoted, and the maps must be clear and large; Mr. Petre's book fails in all these respects.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Pass. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WE know already how well Mr. White can write of those Western things which he has made his own. Of all the members of the new school of writers in America who are interpreting for us according to their abilities the various

corners of the wilderness with which they are respectively familiar, he has, perhaps, most conspicuously—with the possible exception of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts—the faculty of making the environment real to us and of reproducing for us the very atmosphere in which he moves. He impresses one as being more true than Mr. Jack London, with a measurably broader outlook than Mr. Thompson Seton, and more vigorous, more actual, than Dr. Van Dyke. There are times when one cannot help wishing that he would be a shade less conscientiously breezy in his language, for now and again he goes out of his way to pick a vulgarism where a phrase less uncouth would serve his purpose better. "A cup of hot coffee," we are told, "went to the spot." He discovers the need "to hunt the lee side of a boulder" for shelter. A man would "twine himself out the whiskey bottle." Each of these is, we are aware, a familiarly accepted Westernism; but another phrase would in each case have been equally intelligible to even the most frontier-bred of his readers, while, in the author's own mouth, and not in that of any of his characters, jarring less painfully on readers of another kind. But these are small blots on what is otherwise an entirely readable and enjoyable story. "The Pass" is not a romance, nor yet truly a book of travel. It is merely the narrative of an incident, the incident being the "opening" of Elizabeth Pass, some twelve thousand seven hundred feet high, in the Sierras, by a party consisting of three human beings, one of whom was a woman, seven horses, a mule and two dogs. Of these various characters we are given but outline sketches—even of Billy, the lady of the party—the only one with whom we get on anything like terms being Tuxana, the bull-dog—or, as we suspect that she would be called in England, bull-terrier. Tuxana is a delightful person who has three passions, the first of which is hunting and the second swinging from a gun-sack. And there comes a time when a wounded deer goes by and Tuxana

made a flying leap for the deer's throat; missed but tried the next best that offered itself. In this case the next best happened to be the deer's tail. That she did not miss. It was much better than gunny sacks. I do not doubt that in the brief moment during which Tuxana remained on *terra firma* and while her mental processes were still unconfused, a great illumination came to her of many things heretofore mysterious—of the reason for gunny sacks and why dogs delight to swing from them, and how they are intended in the scheme of things as a training and a preparation for such crises in life as this. And so Tuxana sailed away . . . The last I saw of her was as the deer jumped a log. And in her soul I knew there was deep joy.

There are charming discursions on the making of a permanent camp in the mountains, on rattlesnakes and ground-boars and other things; but the dominating personality throughout is the Pass itself, which in its grandeur and the difficulties of its passage Mr. White succeeds in making very real.

Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealanders. As furnished by their priests and chiefs. By SIR GEORGE GREY. (Routledge, 1s. net.)

THE death-bed profession of faith of a people can be made but once. And when that people is one which did not come into contact with Western ideas until it had evolved a definite social system, and had amassed the religious, ethical, and national traditions of two thousand years, crystallised in a hieratic and dynastic literature, such a profession of faith is of infinite value to the student of anthropology and comparative religion.

For this reason Sir George Grey's collection of Maori legends must always hold the first place among the records of Polynesian mythology. The story of its making is part of the romance of empire-building, a record of conscientious and dogged effort on the part of its author, even more valuable, now that the expiry of copyright has brought the book into the compass of Messrs. Routledge's admirable little Universal Library, than it was when first published.

Sir George Grey's simple and straightforward preface

tells how the collection was made; how a sense of the responsibility of a position thrust upon him suddenly at a time of storm and stress, impelled him to learn the Maori language, in order to strengthen the tie between himself and those whom he was called upon to rule; how the constant appeal by the Maori chiefs to tradition, of which his Europeanised interpreters knew nothing, led him to the study of that tradition; how the patient labour of years was destroyed by a fire; how, nothing daunted, he began at the beginning once more, and finally collected his scattered notes, the result of eight years' untiring work, translated them, and gave them to the world in the form of the present work.

Mythological research under such conditions is arduous indeed, but it is the envy of those whose task lies in seeking out the legends of long-dead civilisations. For the outcome is the record at first-hand of a path traced while the trail is still fresh, before the ashes of its camp-fires have ceased to glow. Such a record is authentic, permanent, indisputable, and of ever-growing value, while the tracker of the well-nigh obliterated trails of a remote antiquity may often live to see his patient work proved useless, his elaborate conclusions worthless, by the discoveries of others more fortunate or more imaginative than himself.

Taylor, Bastian, and Shortland, to mention but a few, have collected and analysed the legends of the Maori, but it is still the work of Grey which remains the most intimate and human record. Told without comment, the stories carry their own message, and for that very reason their resemblance to the Greek legends becomes the more apparent. Maui, the fire-getter, the Prometheus—Tangaroa, the Poseidon, Tawhaki—Odysseus, Rupe—Heracles, and the extraordinary resemblance in detail between the murder of little Hawepotiki and that of Dionysos by the Titans—all these and many other parallels are rendered the more obvious by the absence of learned comment.

Such a reprint as this is of infinitely greater value than a whole shelf-load of Omar Khayyam and Marcus Aurelius in various bindings, and Messrs. Routledge are to be congratulated upon a happy inspiration.

Presidents of the United States from Pierce to McKinley. By T. G. MARQUIS. The Nineteenth Century Series. (Chambers, 5s. net.)

FOR the sake of the good names which are associated with the Nineteenth Century Series we could wish that this particular volume was less bad. From the Preface it is to be gathered that the author conceives himself to be speaking chiefly to the youth of the United States. "It only needs the study of the lives of the Presidents," he says with a grammatical abandon which appears to be characteristic, "to see that the child of the most obscure citizen of the Union has a chance of reaching the most exalted office in the gift of his country"; and we are, or should be by this time, familiar with the fact that the American author when writing for the youth of his country commonly considers himself absolved from the necessity of being over punctilious either in his diction or in the formulation of his judgments. With such an inspiring theme in hand as the Lives of the Presidents, to be treated as ensamples for the emulation of the children of the most obscure, a slap-dash patriotism is more to be desired than thoughtfulness or literary elegance. The deplorable exhibition which the soldiers of the North made of themselves at the battle of Bull's Run, suggests to Mr. Marquis the reflection that:

Little could Europe have imagined in that hour that in a very few years American soldiers would be strong enough to drive one of the European powers from this continent and to defy any one of them to attempt to assert herself in the Americas [whereas we had supposed that the Monroe Doctrine was older than Bull's Run]. Indeed, such are now the resources of the United States and such the skill of her soldiers and her seamen that it is very doubtful if any combination of European powers could successfully sustain a war against her.

That—if Mr. Marquis will permit us for a moment to drop

into his easy style—that, we say, is the stuff to tickle 'em!

It was best [we read again] that Spain should continue to torture poor Cuba till the world was forced to recognise the justice of American interference and till the United States had reached that high state of civilisation that makes her the most worthy of all the nations to take up "the white man's burden."

Which—again with the permission of our author—we venture to call "bully." In contrast with these stirring passages, Mr. Marquis seems at times, on such commonplace topics as the actual lives of the Presidents themselves, to lack fire and to be (perhaps not unnaturally) a trifle bored with his subject. Thus he sums up the character of Benjamin Harrison:

He was never a great man in the sense in which a Gladstone, a Lincoln or a Jefferson was great, but a good man he ever was and left behind him a clean record. It was thought by many that he was cold, in fact so much so that the wags took delight in making jokes at his expense on his lack of enthusiasm, but to those who knew him best he was warm-hearted and kindly.

As the closing sentence of the peroration on the life of a man who is intended to be a beacon light of inspiration to the young men of his country, this noble if tempered eulogium strikes us as a bit flabby. We have, in fact, known books of the kind better done.

THE ETERNAL BOULEVARD

THERE is the French and the English view of the Boulevard. The average Frenchman appreciates the boulevards of Paris chiefly on account of the souvenirs which haunt them, and he has a tendency to deny that they any longer exist in strict *boulevardier* sense. *Il n'y a plus de boulevard!* is an exclamation which is constantly being uttered. When Tortoni closed his famous *glacier*, the premises of which are now occupied by a purveyor of American boots, he whispered to us, mournfully—we were just finishing his last ice—"Que voulez vous, Monsieur? Le Boulevard se meurt!" Since then the melancholy which was already settling upon the Boulevard has invaded it more and more. Its ancient cafés, with their red-plush covered benches and Cæsarian visaged waiters, have been Germanised into muddy *brasseries*, whose conduits flow with the sickliest of beers to the extinction of those joyous and mind-bracing cordials, of which one of the few survivors, the national absinthe, is now threatened with suppression by an ignorant and tyrannic legislature. The Boulevard is no longer the resort of a well-dressed and fashionable crowd. The people who regularly pace its pavements wear a look of *ennui* or disappointment. They have either nothing to do, or, having something to do (and these are plainly in the majority), lack the energy to do it. They suffer from the effects of moral decentralisation, they are without a leader or a king. The last King of the Boulevard was, if we are to believe the chroniclers of the early 'eighties, the late M. Aurélien Scholl; but even he was but the king of a caste, and of a low caste at that, the literary caste, and not king in the sense applicable to a Demidoff, a Gramont-Caderousse, or a Morny. True, the title of "king" has been more than once attributed in reliable organs of both the French and the foreign press to M. Ernest Lajeunesse, the author of the striking novel ("Le Boulevard," Paris: Bosc), which we have before us, and that he is one of the most remarkable figures upon the Boulevard all who know their Paris are well aware of; but, though his manners are sufficiently majestic and his style imperial, his kingdom has ever seemed to us to be of a phantasmagoric order, to be limited almost exclusively to the realms of *esprit*. The fact is that there are and always have been many different Boulevards, many in one, and the one that has disappeared, or has temporarily sunk out of sight, is the Boulevard which a few unquelled dandies persist in spelling with a "t." The Boulevard is eternal.

The Boulevard which M. Ernest Lajeunesse describes in his novel is the boulevard of tragedy and of tears, of sadness and of suicide, of philosophic melancholy, of sordid sorrows, of simiesque mirth, of that monstrous and manifold Bohemianism, whose shadow has darkened during the last decade all that was most typical and forcible in the life of Paris. In *Odin Howes* we have a wonderful portrait of the hapless author of "Dorian Gray," drawn with a masterly but not too kindly pen. We catch glimpses of this and that well-known poet, artist, actor, politician, swindler, courtesan, easily to be identified, but whom it would be invidious to name. Of story in the technical sense of "roman" there is little. The Jew Scosky, who is devoted to both art and finance, becomes a bankrupt in both, and, at the cynical suggestion of the Marquis d'Udène, commits suicide. The Marquis d'Udène, by the way, the wealthy and aristocratic Bohemian, who oscillates between the "Kobinoor" and the Jockey Club, whose whole existence is a grim and cruel mystification, in which he himself plays a rôle of clown, is one of the most originally conceived and admirably drawn characters in modern fiction. For Udène alone M. Lajeunesse's "Le Boulevard" is worth buying and reading. Scosky having disappeared, M. Andrée Leglise, the moralist of the story, who is obviously M. Ernest Lajeunesse himself, retires to his diminutive hotel chamber, situated on the confines of the Boulevard, and hung round with innumerable portraits and miniatures of Imperial warriors, and these in a strange discourse, scintillating as their uniforms with the purest wit of the boulevard, constellated with gems of epigrammatic philosophy, give him first a vague encouragement, and then a command to live. M. Ernest Lajeunesse has pictured to us a Paris which few foreigners know, but it is none the less terribly true to nature, though it has nothing to do with the Paris of "Trilby," and would have been disowned by Monsieur Bourget.

In "Paris" (London: Black), by Mr. and Miss Menpes, we are given, in addition to some clever illustrations in colour, the essentially English view of the French capital. Miss Menpes's text contains of course many inaccuracies which indeed could hardly have been avoided when dealing lightly and genially with so large a subject. One would have expected her to give a less fantastic account of the operations of the Hanging Committee of the Salon, but we are really grateful to her for her description of the British tourist, whose vulgar manners and attire are in so many cases not only an offence to the Frenchman, and the subject of his bitter ridicule, but a humiliation for the better-bred English. But in justice she should be reminded that the people "who go about with opera-glasses slung round their shoulders" are not English. These are the Germans.

ROWLAND STRONG.

A NEGLECTED POET

LAST week I called attention to the excellent service done by "that benign pirate," Mr. Mosher, in connection with "The Blessed Damozel." I hope readers of the ACADEMY will not think that I have got an interest in Mr. Mosher's firm or that I am paid for doing it, for I find myself obliged to refer to him again. If they do I shall not even have the consolation of being buoyed up by a sense of guilt. But really what is one to do? Here is Mr. Mosher bringing out a beautiful edition of "Underneath the Bough," a book of verses by Michael Field; and as a foreword to the book the author writes as follows:

For some years my work has been done for the "younger generation"—not yet knocking at the door, but awaited with welcome. Meanwhile readers from further England—if they will pardon my so classing them—have given me that joy of listening denied to me in my own island.

If this means, as I presume it does, that Michael Field has not been able to find even the small public which is all that any poet in this country can hope to reach in his life-time, or at any rate till he is an old man (unless he also happens to be a policeman or a man with three legs) and if it still further means, as the words seem to imply, that Michael Field has not been able to find a publisher for the volume of superb lyrics which lie before me, then I can only say that it is a disgrace to this country. Things are indeed coming to a pass when a poet of Michael Field's calibre is driven to America for a publisher and a public. (It is an open secret that the pseudonym Michael Field conceals the identity of two ladies, sisters, but as they have elected to write under the name in question I shall refer to them only by that name.) He is perhaps the greatest of our living lyric poets who are actually writing at this time. His is the real lyric gift, the gracious art that can put words on paper so that even the sight of them in type promises beauty. They are that supreme thing of art, poetry absolutely free and bird-like in its motion and yet absolutely sure and perfect in technique. Here is no poem in decasyllabic lines suddenly varied by a line in eleven syllables such as we commonly meet in the works of certain greatly and mutually advertised poets who are engaged in various movements: "The Irish movement," "the symbolist movement," and so on (and who if you call their attention to one of these lapses reply that the lapse was intentional and not the result of a bad ear for rhythm or mere carelessness, as who should say, "I always strike a few wrong notes in playing a sonata, I do it on purpose"); but here is a real free lyric like this, so free in movement as perhaps to appear irregular to those who do not understand that all freedom in art must only be within the limits of strict technical rules, and that within those limits irregularity cannot exist.

O wind, thou hast thy kingdom in the trees
And all thy royalties
Sweep through the land to-day.
It is mid June,
And thou with all thine instruments in tune,
Thine orchestra
Of heaving fields, and heavy swinging fir,
Strikest a lay
That doth rehearse
Her ancient freedom to the universe.
All other sound in awe
Repeals its law;
The bird is mute, the sea
Sucks up its waves, from rain
The burthened clouds refrain,
To listen to thee in thy leafery,
Thou unconfined,
Lavish, large, soothing, reflux summer-wind!

Here is another lyric that winds over the page like a little brook through a green meadow. It is called the Halcyon:

O love, o bitter, mortal journeying
By ways that are not told!
I would not sing, no song is sweet to me
Now thou art gone:
But would, ah, would I were the halcyon,
That sea-blue bird of spring,
So should I bring
Fair sister companies of fleetest wing
To bear thee on,
Thou being old,
With an untroubled heart to carry thee
Safe o'er the ridges of the wearying sea.

That has an Elizabethan quality which is all the finer in that it is not adorned (or the reverse) by any deliberately archaistic use of language. The language of true English poetry at its best cannot help being Elizabethan. The poem might have been written by Beaumont and Fletcher, or by Ben Jonson. I will next quote "Tiger Lilies":

Lilies, are you come!
I quail before you as your bonds upswell;
It is the miracle
Of fire and sculpture in your brazen urns
That strikes me dumb—

Fire of midsummer that burns,
 And as it passes,
 Flinging rich sparkles on its own clear blaze,
 Wreathes with the wreathing tongues and rays,
 Great tiger-lilies of your deep-cleft masses!
 It is the wonder
 I am laid under
 By the firm heaves
 And overtumbling edges of your liberal leaves.

The worst of writing about poetry as good as this is that it leaves the writer nothing to say. If somebody had attacked Michael Field's poetry, or if there was any doubt about the beauty of it, it would be easier, as it is one can only point and say, "See how beautiful!" I will conclude by quoting the octave of a sonnet, "Constance":

I love her with the seasons, with the winds,
 As the stars worship, as anemones
 Shudder in secret for the sun, as bees
 Buzz round an open flower: in all kinds
 My love is perfect, and in each she finds
 Herself the goal; then why, intent to tease
 And rob her delicate spirit of its ease
 Hastes she to range me with inconstant minds?

I have referred to Mr. Mosher as a pirate, so it is only fair that I should premise that in this particular case the book is not a pirated edition: the fact is made evident by the author's preface. After all, even Freebooters have their feelings.

A. D.

THE FIELDING ANNIVERSARY

ALTHOUGH there is no great likelihood that Gibbon's flattering prophecy that "Tom Jones" would outlive the Imperial eagle of Austria will be fulfilled to the letter, the two hundredth anniversary of Henry Fielding's birth is not being allowed to pass unrecognised in England. The nation which could not resist the charm of Goldsmith's personality could scarcely be illogical enough to withhold its love from the author of "Amelia." If Squire Western became, with the decay of agriculture, no more than a name for an extinct species, if Thwackum, Blifil and Square no longer raised the flush of conscious guilt upon the cheek of the hypocrite, if Parson Adams himself were to slip from the burthened mind of an altered age, it would still be a poor patriotism that permitted the memory of Fielding, as a man, to lose the brightness of its fascination.

Voltaire attributed the success of Congreve to good company, which induced him everywhere to associate "le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon." The words might well have been uttered of Fielding. There was every reason, however, to ignore him in France. His mind could not have thriven in a Parisian atmosphere and he could never have brought himself to tolerate that *frou-frou* of the sentiments which was all the vogue across the Channel in the eighteenth century. Where "Clarissa," "Pamela" and even "Tristram Shandy" were read and appreciated "Joseph Andrews" was given the go-by. The truth is Fielding had a radical nature; he was an iconoclast in fiction, and he was therefore excluded in silence from the literary *entente* of his day. Nor was this surprising. He was an Englishman of the most insular type—jovial, vigorous, good-natured, with a big, honest comprehensive heart, a loud laugh, a taste for a little horse-play now and then and a ruthless intolerance of airs and graces. If he wrote novels it was a foregone conclusion that they would reflect human nature, not "social tone": that they would cause ladies, who had been brought up on the pap of effeminate writers, to curl their disdainful lips as they read a chapter here and there with a bottle of salts at their tip-tilted noses; and that the author would draw an easy chair to the fireside at the beginning of each book and take the reader into his confidence in those prolegomena which charmed George Eliot.

Richardson, on the other hand, was a kindred spirit with the French. He revelled in the *sensiblerie*, which is said to have owed its origin to Madame de la Fayette. He drew his inspiration largely from France, and that country did not hesitate to show its gratitude by the sincerest flattery. He knew as well as any Frenchman how to trace a course of action to involved mental and moral motives, and could have vied with Madame de Genlis in producing complex problems in the permutations and combinations of the emotions. Sterne, too, knew how to play with hearts in a fashion that might have made a Frenchman crazy with delight, and he cultivated for his purpose the artificial sentiment which stirred the indignation of Thackeray so deeply in that scene of mourning over the dead jackass. The author of the "Sentimental Journey" had those qualities of mind that would fit any man for achieving an international friendship. He had the exuberance of a Celt and the nicety of a Gaul. No doubt Fielding, in spite of protests in "Joseph Andrews" against Marivaux and other French writers, did not decline to take a hint from the *Paysan Parvenu*; but, just as his intention of poking fun at "Pamela" was not sustained in his first novel, so his indebtedness to Marivaux, with whom he was quite unsuited by temperament to sympathise, dwindled into imperceptibility.

There was something more in Fielding's isolation. After he had elected, as he said himself, to be a hackney writer, rather than a hackney coachman, there was no choice but to take to dramatic composition at a moment when the stage was receiving an inordinate share of attention. Here again he was not disposed to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. The *Author's Farce* was a cutting censure of the publishers and of the actor managers; but although it is of interest, like much of Fielding's half-forgotten work, because it contains curious bits of autobiography, it bears no comparison with *Pasquin* and with the adaptations of Molière's *Medecin malgré lui* and *L'Avare*. It was a period of struggle for a young playwright, the heyday of whose blood was warm and did not always wait upon the judgment when there were prospects of a carousal in a tavern, of a few hours' badinage in a green-room, or when an opportunity arose for a trip to Salisbury to see the handsome and moneyed Miss Cradock, who was soon to become his wife. Apart from the extravagance which afterwards brought ruin on the youthful household at East Stour, it would never have been possible for Fielding to resign himself to country life, unless indeed he wasted his energies in growling at the follies and the blunders of the magistrate and the village politician. He had a thorough Saxon impatience of wrong-doing, unmodified by the slightest respect for convention; and when he returned to London and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple he had two characteristic objects in mind: the one to correct the unreal emotionalism and the boudoir sensibilities of the section of society that gloried in Richardson and his bevy of feminine admirers, and the other to expose the irrational views which then underlay the administration of justice. Before he had written "Joseph Andrews" he had compiled several folio volumes on the criminal law, but perhaps the earliest suggestion we are given in his novels of his opinions upon the cant and the absurdity of the whole social *régime*, is to be found in the scene where the only passenger in the stage coach who takes pity upon Joseph after he has been stripped and beaten by the wayside is the postillion, "a lad, who hath since been transported for robbing a hen roost."

Fielding was in favour of a reformatory system of justice, and he was the first advocate of the country workhouse. He inquired into motives more than into laws; he believed in humanity rather than in heroism; he preferred naked vice to unctuous hypocrisy. "His wit [said Thackeray] is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal, like a policeman's lantern." It was his faith that there was a soft spot in most hearts from which, with but fair

encouragement, there might spring a virtue that would overpower iniquity. Tom Jones bore his punishment for poaching at the hands of Thwackum like a man, and he refused to disclose the name of his leader, Black George, but when Allworthy declared that he believed Tom to be innocent and gave him a gift to make amends, the hero's "guilt flew in his face and tears burst from his eyes." Here were two good qualities that Fielding most admired—a determination that might at any moment degenerate into obstinacy, and a tenderness that ever threatened to become an unreasoning clemency. They might be contradictory, but human life was teeming with contradictions. If there was vice, triumphant, unabashed, but not by any means uncorrected, in the poorer classes, there was reason to suspect that "the splendid palaces of the great were often no other than Newgate with the mask on." It was necessary to hurl a bolt, in the shape of "Jonathan Wild," that inimitable piece of irony mingled with the purest of comedy, which, strangely enough, appears to have been quite misunderstood by Sir Walter Scott.

Hitherto Fielding had been attacking the symbolism of Richardson and his school, the bowings and scrapings of refined obliquity, by means of writing histories not romances. He was to attempt a reaction in literature, and to promote a sane cast of thought in society just as Crabbe, in a later day, sought to overthrow the idyllic poetry by the realism that showed the darker sides of life. His endeavours to ameliorate society, however, took no very practical turn, until, during his office as a magistrate for Westminster—a position to which he had been appointed through the influence of his friend Lyttelton—he began to realise the abuses that existed in the administration of the laws, the corruption of prison officials, the venality of the Bench of justices, and the brutality of the punishments inflicted upon offenders. At this time he was engaged upon "Amelia," in the course of which he says: "I own I have been sometimes inclined to think that the office of a justice of the peace requires some knowledge of the law," and presently we find that the magistrate "perceiving that young Booth was badly dressed, was going to commit him without asking any questions." "I will confess," he writes at the bitter end—it was almost a death-bed confession—

I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both, as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush to say hath not been universally practised) and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than three hundred pounds, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.

He pleaded hard for reform in capital punishment, and insisted that nothing was to be gained by exhibiting in the 'streets' a poor wretch bound on a cart, just on the verge of eternity, all pale and trembling." If it was necessary that the felon should die, it would be decent and it would be dignified that his execution should take place in private and as soon as possible after the commission of the crime.

This side of Fielding's character is frequently overlooked. In other and wiser days, besides being a great novelist, he might have been a great statesman and a great social reformer.

ENGLAND'S SAINT GEORGE

It is probably the renewed cult of Saint Patrick during the last decade which has given rise to the endeavour, now yearly made, to resuscitate the national observance of Saint George's Day on the twenty-third of April. For some reason or other—probably a combination of many reasons—the effort has not, so far, met with much success.

For one thing, it is unlikely that a celebration which is entirely symbolic would be adopted to any great extent in a country where, as in England to-day, the great majority of the people are not in sympathy with things poetic and legendary. It is improbable that the confusion of England's Patron Saint with the rascally Bishop of Alexandria had very much to do with the neglect of Saint George's Day. The work was done before Gibbon put pen to paper.

When the deeds of Saint George ceased to be told of in ballads and chap-books, when the wondrous blending of monkish chronicle and indigenous folk-tale, of ancient British legend and chivalric romance, slowly lost its hold upon the hearts of the people—then it was that the story of Saint George and the honour of his name-day fell into the limbo of half-forgotten things. And, the continuity of a tradition once broken, the subtle links of old association once sundered, it is a task wellnigh hopeless to kindle anew the ashes of such a burnt-out fire.

Therefore it is that such compilations as the volume on "Saint George" by Mr. E. O. Gordon (Sonnenschein) attempt, in a sense, a more or less futile task. Mr. Gordon has been at great pains in collecting all available material dealing with the life and martyrdom of the soldier-saint whose name and whose glory were aforesaid one with England's. He traces his career from boyhood to death with elaborate detail from such sources as exist on the subject. He quotes extensively from "Encomia" and Martyrologies, brings chapter and verse for his biographical facts, and makes a courageous attempt to prove a historical connection between the soldier of Diocletian and Roman Britain.

Interesting, however, though all this may be, the question arises whether it is not a little beside the point. No doubt, in the first place, when Cœur de Lion called upon Saint George for aid before the walls of Acre, he did really mean to invoke that very soldier-martyr over whose tomb he restored the Byzantine church built there by Constantine the Great. It would seem that the period during which the name of Saint George was enshrined in the hearts of the English, dates approximately from the time of King Richard's institution before Acre of the Companionship of Saint George, which was afterwards revived as the Order of the Garter.

Up to this time Saint George had his place in the liturgy of the early English Church; his martyrdom was chronicled by monkish writers, and he was, moreover, in a manner of speaking, the official patron of fighting men. The noteworthy fact is—and it is one upon which many writers, including Mr. Gordon, lay no stress—that the soldier-saint who appears as the true patron and pattern of English knighthood is, save in name, quite a different being from the bloodless abstraction who figures in the disgusting accounts of the early martyrologists. We notice here, also, the curious omission of any mention of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," or of the English ballads drawn from that source.

And it is in this connection that is to be found the true explanation of the adoption of Saint George as their patron by the fighting men of England. Whether or not the dragon-slaying episode be a mere allegory of good triumphing over Evil, one thing is certain, that it was this incident which appealed most strongly to the English imagination. The stories brought home by the Crusaders of the saint's appearance upon the walls of Acre, of his tutelage of the English army, and, above all, of his encounter with a dragon such as their own traditions spoke of, led by a natural sequence to the adoption of the saint as a valiant English Crusader, who went "Eastward Ho" like King Richard himself, and came home at last with the fair Sabra, in the good old "Jack the Giant-Killer" fashion, to live happily ever after. The martyrdom of the saint, and his Eastern origin, are not dwelt upon in the popular narratives of the Middle Ages. About the name of the soldier of Rome, whom England's soldier-king had invoked, and whom tradition linked with King Arthur and

his fellowship of the Table Round, gathered a score of other traditions and romances—like that of Bevis of Hampton, whose dragon-slaying exploit was transferred bodily to the pages of the "Seven Champions"—Bevis's sword "Morglaye" becoming "Ascalon," again showing the connection with the Crusades. In the ballads the saint becomes "an English knight," his origin being ascribed, probably by some transference of local tradition, to Coventry, whither also he brings the rescued princess after his adventures in "Egypt land."

To the English of the Holy Land, conversant as they must have been with such legendary tales as those of Bevis of Hampton or the Laidly Worm of Spindleston Haugh, the symbol of the Saint's conflict, originally, no doubt, a religious allegory, would appeal as a veritable illustration to one of these chivalric romances which fired their ambition and inspired their valour. Henceforth St. George became to them the embodiment of English manhood. His name is linked with the names of mighty men of war. He walks in a golden glory of myth and legend with King Arthur and his knights, the type and pattern of the crusading spirit, the soul of adventure and of knight-errantry. No pale, monkish saint of superhuman holiness, no martyr endowed by chroniclers with more lives than a cat—not such was that Saint George whose name was on the lips of the archers of England—whose red-cross banner took the winds of France and of Palestine—whose cult found its most elaborate expression in Spenser's "Red Crosse Knight."

Soldier or scamp, real or legendary, it matters little to us to-day. The soldier-saint whose name was thundered by English archers over a score of throne-shaking battle-fields—whose glory went hand-in-hand with the young glory of awakening England—stands to us for far greater things than these.

Honour, truth, courage, purity, such were the qualities with which the burning imagination of a fervid age endowed that embodiment of all things knightly which had stepped into the vesture of the stereotyped Saint of the calendar. It is as this ideal of a Christian knight that Saint George is matter of history. Clad in mail, as "an English knight," with the strong hands clenched on the cross-hilted sword, the steadfast eyes under level brows, with their look so strangely English, in Donatello's glorious bronze, such was the patron saint of Crécy and of Agincourt, whose name English adventurers have borne to the far corners of the earth. This perfection of manly courage and of manly prowess it was whose name was joined with the name of England—the battle-cry of chivalry, of forlorn hopes, of desperate odds, the symbol of knightly courtesy and of knightly tenderness—the eternal utterance of the youth of the world.

C. FOX SMITH.

JOSEPH GUTTERIDGE

WEAVER AND SAVANT

"THE history of the world cannot be written on a sheet of notepaper"; and in to-day's multiplicity of interests, small wonder if we have scant thought for the lives of our Darwins, Huxleys, and Carlyles. This notwithstanding, there are lesser men of whom the world can ill afford to lose sight, and one not least of these is Joseph Gutteridge—ribbon-weaver, scientist, philosopher, and author of an autobiography—"Lights and Shadows in the Life of an Artisan."

At thirteen, Gutteridge was apprenticed to a Coventry firm of ribbon-weavers. Consequently, only those unacquainted with the history of the textile industry in the Midlands will be surprised to learn that, during his life of eighty-three years, he "seldom rose above what Tom Mann would call the poverty line." More than once, indeed, he and his family narrowly escaped starvation.

Yet, at death, he left to his city several thousands of land, fresh-water, and marine shells, from all parts of the world; a considerable collection of British fossils; and a medley of other natural history specimens and curios. The whole collection was arranged with scientific precision, and each object correctly labelled. The collection was stored in cases and cabinets described as "perfect models of the joiner's art." These he himself made.

An entirely self-taught mechanic, among other things he fashioned a magneto-electrical machine, a kaleidoscope, and a batten for his loom—the last an extremely delicate and complex piece of mechanism. With the hope of solving certain religious doubts, he constructed a powerful achromatic microscope with eighth-inch, quarter-inch, and half-inch double objectives, "entirely from the raw material." The lenses he ground and polished.

In middle life he was sent to France and Switzerland as a working man delegate of the Society of Arts, to report upon European textile industries. An exhibit of Italian mosaics at the French Exhibition filled him with longing to master inlaid work, and after his return home he fashioned many beautifully inlaid articles of furniture. Another result of the visit to the French Exhibition was an essay in violin construction. For materials he secured a walnut table-top, a neglected fragment of old maple he remembered having seen in a timber yard many years before, and a piece of pine from a dismantled loom. From these odds and ends he constructed three violins, which were examined by experts and pronounced perfect, "only requiring time and usage to become valuable instruments." And, in every case, *he first made the tools needed for his work.*

Alton Locke in his attic, a shiver half the night over Vergil and Milton, grows commonplace contrasted with the Coventry weaver fashioning his first tenon-saw from a steel stay-busk, chisels from worn-out watchmaker's files, and other tools from materials as unpromising.

With his first crude implements Gutteridge did odd jobs of carpentry and cabinet-making in his spare time, and in this manner contrived to furnish his house and purchase books. On more than one occasion, only by such work was he able to keep body and soul together.

Some of the foreign shells in Gutteridge's collection were gifts of friends who had emigrated, but for the most part they were obtained from dealers, in exchange for English specimens, or as payment for original natural history observations. Not only did this wonderful man master conchology and geology; his studies also included physics, astronomy, entomology, ornithology, botany, history; and he read much religion and philosophy.

For several years one of his children suffered from an extremely bad type of ophthalmia. When no longer able to pay a doctor, by loan and purchase he got together a collection of medical books, and succeeded in curing the disease. Incidentally, he gained a good deal of knowledge of anatomy and physiology, which was utilised for the benefit of ailing friends and neighbours. He always refused payment for his services as a healer.

During eighteen years of warfare with religious doubts, his "dragons of the mind" more than once urged him to the brink of madness. Ultimately his doubts were solved—to his own satisfaction—by *Spiritualism*. Some of the spiritualistic phenomena he gravely records as actual happenings give one furiously to suspect that the brains of the most scientific and practical may not be without their flaws. One experience recounted runs as follows: It was early spring. At the commencement of the *séance* the weather was fine, but during the sitting a snowstorm came on. The room was darkened. "I felt distinctly a soft velvety hand pushed into mine, which was closed. I grasped the hand; it melted away, and left behind two daffodils." In response to his mental wish, two flowers were deposited with his wife. "Upon turning on the gas, we saw that the flowers were wet with melted snow, and that the stems bore the appearance of having been freshly

severed. Flowers and freshly-gathered leaves were also showered upon the table in the centre of the room—fifteen or sixteen different species, covered with melted snow."

On another occasion, a glass of beer in the hand of a medium solidified, and the liquid remained congealed until the *séance* ended. Again, at the commencement of a rainstorm, the spirits suggested that no rain should fall upon or near the medium. No other member of the party escaped, but at the close of the shower the medium was perfectly dry, and around him was a circle of un-wetted earth. So, at least, says Mr. Gutteridge.

In "Lights and Shadows" are many interesting comments on events in the Three Spires City during the author's long life; and the book has many indications of what the weaver, given better education and opportunities, might have accomplished. His beautiful little description of Hearsall Common—an outskirt of Coventry—as he knew it when a boy, is well worthy of quotation:

To me it was a very paradise. I loved to stray among its gorse bushes redundant with vivid yellow blossoms. The tall strong-ribbed fronds of its brake ferns almost hid one amid their luxuriant growth; and there were great patches of broom, magnificent masses of yellow blossom, at frequent intervals about the Common. Upon the barer pieces the delicate harebell was strikingly prominent with its azure blue flower; the erica, or heath plant, with its spikes of deep purple; and the wood betony with its erect stems and light purple flowers peeped everywhere among the bushes. On the edges of these clumps of vegetation, dotted here and there, were the cruciform pale flowers of the tormentil scattered about like crosses of gold. The wild thyme, too, scented the air with its delicate fragrance.

Gutteridge's collection is to be seen at the Coventry Technical Institute, where it awaits the city's museum.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE PSYCHICAL ELEMENTS OF PROSE STYLE

ESSAYS upon style are constantly being written, but in nearly every study a very definite distinction which divides styles into two kinds is completely overlooked. That hoary saying, *Le style c'est l'homme*, which is so often quoted with unctuous approval, is only true within limits, and in a large number of cases, too many to be exceptions proving a rule, is manifestly false. It may be asserted with greater truth that matter expresses the man in a deeper sense than the style in which that matter is clothed. When matter and style are inherently and essentially one, united by a common life, then, and then only, the old adage becomes true: But how seldom is this the case? Newman and Froude wrote a fine style, but their matter could have stood without it. Is that sane, vigorous, and dignified use of the English tongue, which Newman could command, the exact expression of a mind academic, mediæval, and priestly? And if so, why is it that the singularly similar style of Froude comes from a mind and temperament so entirely dissimilar to that of Newman? These are evidently questions not to be asked. The fact is that in the styles of Newman and Froude the ornament is an ornament of the language and not of the mind: in other words, it is objective and not subjective. Every original writer has original thought and matter, and he develops a style which is more or less distinctively his own; but we seldom feel that it is essentially one with thought and matter. It is possible, for instance, to conceive the language of Henry James transferred to the matter of George Meredith, and the style of George Meredith to the matter of Henry James, if it be not heresy to say so. The idea of such a *mixtum compositum* may distress us; but would it necessarily disturb us as a realised fact? The matter is often very similar—subtle analysis of character—but there is no tinge of resemblance in style.

That is to say, in the instance chosen, as in many others, matter and style are not essentially one; they do not necessarily stand and fall together.

There are other species of style which cannot be stripped from the matter they clothe: both belong in equal measure to the mind, or soul if you will, of the writer from whom they emanate; both are intensely subjective. Of such a style it is not only true to say that the form of the words is in harmony with the thought of the man, to say that is too weak, it is the same; matter and style are not two things but one. And here, in passing, a further distinction must be kept in mind. Style may in some sense be described as ornament, and we have already distinguished between ornament of language and ornament of mind. Now in any writing it is the matter and not necessarily the language which constitutes the mind of the author. There may then be an ornament of language which is not necessarily an ornament of matter, and this is what is generally known as a good or fine style—e.g., De Quincey, Newman, Froude, Ruskin. It is possible to have a wealth of ornament of language which is not essentially ornament of matter. The former is objective, a skilled attainment: the latter is subjective and psychical. The result at which we have arrived is that style in writing may be divided into two broad classes, that in which form and matter do not necessarily cohere, and that in which they are essentially one.

Three English writers of the last century take their place as outstanding examples of the latter class. Pater, Stevenson and Lafcadio Hearn, despite the different fields they occupied and despite their wide dissimilarity of character, stand related to each other by a community of style, which immediately distinguishes itself from the writing of ordinary good English. This is not to say that the styles are absolutely alike, but that the soul is the same. What is the nature of this relationship? The question is not easy of answer in so many words, but perhaps it would be best to say that, besides fulness, beauty, and melody of sound, words are so used as to summon to the mind a deeper, a more psychic, or, if you will, spiritual feeling than the primary thought which the language superficially conveys. It would be too lengthy a process to illustrate this fact by a series of comparative examples. Any one who has read and knows these three writers will understand the suggestion we have thrown out. The same tendency is remarkably exemplified in another writer, Fiona Macleod (William Sharpe), where it appears in the form of a pervading atmosphere of weird unearthliness. But the style is there often overwrought and sometimes too ecstatic to command consistent admiration. Words are in their chiefest use, marks and signs for the conveyance of rational thought, and under this aspect their employment becomes style when used in a strong, dignified and harmonious manner, as by De Quincey, Newman, Froude; but in the case of Pater, Stevenson, Hearn, they are more than this, they vibrate with spiritual and psychic emotion. With the latter three, words are no longer merely intellectual symbols, marks of the understanding, they are sensitive living things, and endowed with soul.

Now of these three stylists of the English tongue there is one curious and common fact to be marked, one upon which perhaps not sufficient stress has hitherto been laid—the influence of French feeling and the French language. This fact is the more strange when we reflect that English and French are languages not in the least akin. Perhaps the statement is least true of Stevenson whose art in its small beginnings was largely gained by imitation of English models, but we must remember that he lived in France for some little time and possessed a capable knowledge of French literature. In Pater consciously and unconsciously there is much that is French. We can see this fact revealed in his careful study of Prosper Mérimée, his admiration of Flaubert, and his fondness for travelling in France. Hearn built the early foundations

of his style in the attempt to transfer into English without loss of atmosphere or manner the French of Theophile Gautier and Gustave Flaubert. Is there not here a suggestion which is worth noting in a consideration of the union of matter and style? French is the psychic tongue, the language of emotion, passion and sympathy. More than any other modern tongue it can express fine gradations of meaning and colour, those minutiae of differentiation which are almost spiritual in their attenuated subtlety. It is not surprising that these three English writers should have borrowed something of an atmosphere from France, though they wrote the purest English without mixture or alloy.

In the end we come back to the truth that the purest art, whether it be in the field of literature, music, painting, or sculpture is the complete and adequate embodiment in external form of psychic emotion as well as intellectual apprehension. When art in writing reaches its highest, words are not merely the rational expression of matter, they live with the soul-life of the author and are one with his matter; just as we see in a great painting not only technique and craftsmanship but the soul of the master. Pater himself has exactly enunciated all that we have tried to express:

All art constantly aspires towards the conditions of music . . . because in its ideal consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

FICTION

Arminel of the West. By JOHN TREVENA. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

It is twenty years since Thomas Hardy first lifted a piece of the country upon paper and called it Wessex. Since then topographical novels have become frequent, but to read those recently issued is either to shake one's head over the parlous state of rustic morality or to accuse their authors of having intentionally, for the sake of drawing lurid, sensational pictures, studied the worst and it is to be hoped the rarest side of rural life. "*Arminel of the West*" is of this class the latest book issued, and in comparison with it "*Jude the Obscure*" is innocuous, "*Juicy Joe*" refined, and "*Celibate Sarah*" an epic. If books such as these are to be had for the asking at the circulating libraries one must almost regret that the times have changed since Macaulay wrote: "The very name novel is held in horror among religious people. In decent families which do not possess extraordinary sanctity there is a strong feeling against all such works." "*Arminel*" is presumably Mr. Trevena's second book, the first being called "*A Pixie in Petticoats*," and turning from the fly-leaf to the press notices, which we are told we shall find at the end of the volume, we read that one journal considers that "a glance at any chapter is almost as good as any breeze which charges at you on the top of Hay or Yes Tor"; that another found it "decidedly a good book, full of fancy and delicate writing"; whilst a third critic considers its author "a writer who runs Mr. Baring Gould and Mr. Eden Phillpotts very close upon their own ground." It is possible, for we cannot think but that the foregoing are the true opinions of the literary reviewers of the papers in question, and that this book, "*Arminel*," has been hurriedly produced—we have heard of such things—that Mr. Trevena might quickly follow up the success he appears to have made by "*A Pixie in Petticoats*." Touches here and there in "*Arminel*" show that he is alive to a refined side of human relationship, that wholesome reality of mutual interest, which, fortunately, does not allow, exclusively, of the thoughts of lovers dwelling only on the grosser side of passion: but the glimpse of the wholesome and the pleasant which he gives us is but slight, for he

in general considers his characters with an eye which sees only their evil side, one ever on the alert to catch a gleam of prurience. The one rather pleasant character in the book, Arminel herself, we are prejudiced against in the opening pages, for we are told she has just been dismissed from the school at which she was a pupil teacher, "because it was believed she had taught the children who had been committed to her charge something more than it was considered advisable they should know." There is a wretched picture of clerical life, with a vicar who is described as "a narrow-minded man and a mediæval priest at heart," but whose wife has had no less than eleven children, nine of whom, it is suggested, have in early infancy been put out of the world by the mother by the aid in each case of a wet towel. In the daughter Nona we have apparently a study in degeneracy, but Mr. Trevena leaves us with so limited an apprehension of the girl's feeling and intelligence that we are entirely callous to the evil she brings upon herself. How, indeed, can we be interested in a young woman who "took down her Bible, which was finger-marked upon those pages which are not read in churches!" In this sentence we get the key-note of the book, which is perhaps meant to be a homily against the bringing up of girls in ignorance of the natural facts of life. If Mr. John Trevena is a young man, as the dogmatic style of his writing and curious lack of reticence in it incline us to believe, we commend to him this quotation from W. E. Henley's writings: "In these days people read to be amused. They care for no passion that is not decent in itself and whose expression is not restrained."

The Imperfect Gift. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. (Murray, 6s.)

THIS book, which aims at achieving character-studies, falls far short of its aim. It is very superficial and patchy in effect. The character of Marjory, of whom so much is made, is not deeply studied; she is in reality much more the type of girl whom ambition would lead to long for an easy "martyrdom" in Holloway—after an incidental attempt to storm the "House" and a determined one to be arrested—rather than an emotional and brilliant success on the stage. We find her lacking in more than one of the essentials of an "artistic temperament." The whole book is very unequal and unfinished; the people do not live or gain the reader's sympathy, and difficulties are avoided at the expense of truth. The aunt, so worldly-minded as to approve and aid the elder sister's marriage with a drinking boor (too familiar a figure in novels of this kind) because he has money and a title, would hardly have been so easy-going about the other sister becoming an actress, certainly would have had more to say to the governess, in whose hands she left her to be "looked after," and who aided and abetted the girl in doing so, and in doing it in rather a surreptitious manner, too. Conventional relations in "real life" are not so mild about such matters! The character of beautiful elder sister, though more consistent on the whole, is hardly true. Brought up in such simple, natural surroundings, and by such a mother, it is not likely that at twenty—a very young and inexperienced twenty, too—she would have been so artificially minded. Both sisters seem rather unnatural products, and at the start are introduced to us as types which have been made as cheap as coloured postcards by the "penny novellette" style of fiction. The fair and perfectly featured elder sister, the dark and "strange" looking younger one whom, because she has those useful and well-worn novellette properties, a large (but, of course, well-shaped) mouth and a pale complexion, the reader is supposed to accept as more or less plain, and not to notice till the right moment that she has fine tragic eyes, and that her face has the valuable faculty of lighting up when necessary. The authoress might, at least, do much better than use such methods, for, as she occasionally strikes some truths in her hurried reading—we can hardly call it study—of character it is possible that much of her

faultiness arises from carelessness or evasion of really serious study, and not altogether from an inability to perceive; but, as it is, the book remains too careless and imperfect in workmanship to be considered as the work of an artist, and goes to swell the ranks of novels well outside the small company of those which can be called—even by a stretch of imagination—literature. But we believe that this authoress could, if she chose to work, at least cease at once to be so frankly an amateur both in manner and matter, and might, possibly, end by writing an interesting novel.

The Flying Cloud. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is irrepressible: whether he have anything to say or not, he is instant in season and out of season. It sometimes happens, of course, that he has something to say, and then he says it in a manner of his own, which doubtless pleases those who like it. In "The Flying Cloud" he has nothing to say, and his mannerisms are more than a little tedious. Of a few trifling incidents, sufficient for a short story, he has made a book of nearly three hundred and fifty pages, the greater part of which is "padding." Whole chapters could be eliminated without the book suffering in any way, and it is hardly "playing the game" to break off in the middle of every trifling happening to insert a long, and more or less, hysterical rhapsody about a ship. The fact that each rhapsody differs in no way from every other rhapsody makes a bad thing worse. We advise Mr. Roberts to let the sea alone for a while: he will only anger her by his florid compliments, and she has already a superfluity of verbose admirers. He can do better than this, and he might do excellent work if he were content to think a little more and write a great deal less. He knows something of human nature, and even in this book his characters, when we see anything of them, have about them an air of reality. Mr. Roberts talks so much that they seldom find a chance to act: when they do he perpetually interrupts them. It is not good manners.

A Nonconformist Parson. By ROY HORNIMAN. (Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.)

ROY HORNIMAN has in him many of the qualities which go to the making of the popular novelist of to-day. He has only to develop these qualities and, skimming rapidly up the ladder and nodding condescendingly to Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, who rest placidly on the summit, he will soar upwards and join Victoria Cross in the clouds. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli will be very cross, of course; but Victoria, we feel sure, will extend an effusive welcome. We congratulate Messrs. Sisley's on having introduced into the ranks of half-a-crown-net novelists a recruit of such marked financial promise as the author of the book before us. Those of our readers who do not know the way to make the dish beloved of the fair goddess Popularity may be interested to see how the thing is done. We give the recipe. Take a village, small or large, place therein half a dozen people in particular (taking an equal number of males and females) and talk a lot about them (N.B.—Two-and-six-net novels must consist of not less than seventy thousand words and should contain more); add something about the parson (it is old-fashioned to mention the grey-haired squire); place near the fire and stir vigorously for a few months. When the ingredients are blending well, take the handsome and virtuous man from the handsome and beautiful maid and place him in the vicinity of a beautiful and not too virtuous maid (if there are none in the village, send him to London, where there are several), and record the result realistically. Add mud to taste, stir well and serve up. . . . It is essential that this dish should be placed on the goddess's table not less than seven or eight times a year. At the end of the first year send short, pithy accounts of your meals and movements to the press.

Dinevah the Beautiful. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS story begins with the word "WAR!" in capitals, and it ends with the sentence: "The woman with the violet eyes went on stabbing"; so it is soon gathered that the book is not of the drawing-room school. It deals with Northern Africa in the 'thirties, and with the adventures of Conn O'Neil, a soldier of fortune. Algiers, Egypt, and Morocco are drawn in turn with plenty of local colour, but no "journalese." For the love of the daughter of Mehemet Ali, Conn does about the meanest, most treacherous things that have ever been credited to the hero of a story. He lies, robs, murders, spies, betrays, on every hand, because Dinevah tells him to: and preserves throughout his essential faithfulness to Dinevah, while he does not hesitate twice to flirt with any other pretty girl, and while he knows the Princess to be a monster of cruelty. Indeed, although he is sketched in with an air of unconscious portrayal, he remains an interesting exposition of the Irish character, both good and bad, exaggerated in the exaggerated circumstances of his life, but in his meanest deeds not repellent, in his best heroic. In spite of faults, the book is interesting, and gives promise of better things to follow.

The Ten Years' Agreement. An Experiment in Matrimony By CONSTANCE EVAN JONES. (Nisbet, 6s.)

THIS book, dedicated without permission to Mr. George Meredith, "who startled us all a while ago by suggesting that marriages should be contracted for a period of ten years instead of for life," is a story of "incompatibility." Those who can accept the writer's characterisations of Mark Cory, a man whose "pressure of the hand—any hand—was unimpassioned tenderness itself," and Elizabeth his wife "who stepped like a queen and had views," as true to life, will probably find the story pleasant reading. Even what the French would call the *amours* of Mark, are discreetly treated, for Miss Jones has a peculiar, playful fashion of dealing with the passion. "Love," she makes one of her characters say, "was a game of 'catch-as-catch-can' and if you had a heart thrown to you by chance, better take it and make the best of it." But few verbal inaccuracies mar the pages of "The Ten Years' Agreement," which is so perfectly harmless a book that it can safely be recommended to both bachelors and maids.

The Man of the World. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

AT one and the same time a religious enthusiast and a literary artist, Antonio Fogazzaro elects to put his mission before his art. These are not the days in which a novelist with an avowed cause to further and a lesson to teach may count with safety on a wide popularity for his writings, but to this rule Fogazzaro would seem to be one of the very few exceptions. The present volume forms one of the series which began with "The Patriot," and is followed, in chronological sequence, by "The Saint." It seems almost a pity that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton were not enabled to publish the three in their proper order, but we imagine that had it not been for the great success of "The Saint" in this country and elsewhere, the translation and publication of the other two could not have been attempted with any chance of success. The Catholic reform party should feel grateful for the services of Signor Fogazzaro, the depth and earnestness of whose religious convictions underlie every line of his writings. He is so obviously and intensely in earnest with regard to the didactic side of his work that the remarkable skill he evinces in the descriptions of nature with which his work abounds, or in painting scenes wherein one realises that passion pervades the very atmosphere, appears the more wonderful, despite the inevitable loss of effect consequent on translation. As to this it must be acknowledged that Miss Prichard-Agnetti's task has been a hard one, and she has acquitted herself, if not as well as possible, at least very fairly. The

descriptive parts of the book seem to have suffered but little at her hands, though we wish fervently that she would find other words for the expression of her meaning in passages such as "she pressed her lovely form tightly to his side." The author's masterly faculty of delineating character is displayed in the studies, not only of the important personages of his story, but of household dependants and all the many minor characters of the book; especially is this emphasised in the account of the Dessalles's entertainment at the Villa Diedo. Piero Maironi is, according to a brain specialist who figures in the story, little short of a religious maniac, but with the asceticism and profundity of religious feeling inherited from his father there strive the passions and desires bequeathed to him with the peasant blood of his mother Luisa. This study of the warring of two elements, so antagonistic and so powerful, this "loving and relentless dissection of a soul," constitutes the story. Marchesa Neve is one of Fogazzaro's finest achievements; no scene in the book is better done than her interview in the garden of the Villa Flores with Don Guiseppe. The soul of this old-fashioned, unbeautiful, middle-aged lady, with its founts of sorrow and sympathy scrupulously kept hidden, is truly "a parcel of gems in a dusty wrapper," despite her dull, disjointed conversation and all her petty domestic worryings. The translator's preface has it that Jeanne Dessalle is "poor, weak, lovable and adoring." To describe so brave and noble a spirit as poor and weak seems the height of absurdity. Although without the strengthening foundation of religious belief possessed by her lover, Jeanne is as strong, or stronger, than he. She is less a sensualist, and less an idealist.

Only a thin, silver rim of the moon's reddish globe was still shining when they once more ascended the dark terrace. In the restless air, the swaying of the roses, indistinctly heard, sounded like voices of desire and pain. The sprays, seen but indistinctly, waving from side to side, seemed like the arms of staggering blind men. As he leaned forward to turn the reclining chair towards the west, where the moon was setting, Piero brushed Jeannie's shoulder with his lips, murmuring "Dear gloom!" "But I love the light," Jeanne replied. At the same moment there flashed across his mind in a cold and fleeting light, the words: *dilexerunt tenebras*. Enough, enough! He wished he had not even thought of them. He sat down beside Jeanne and said aloud, in case any one should be listening: "Now, Signora, we can play we are astronomers," and he took her hand. "You were unjust," he murmured, "bitterly unjust, when you said there is cold purpose beneath my ardour. Never say so again!" Jeanne carried his hands to her lips.

Silence, the breath of roses, the gentle swaying of branches and human sighs, full of the ineffable.

"Is it not too cold and damp for you here?" said Piero, at last.

"Would it not be better—?"

Jeanne smiled. "I think it would be better for you to leave me now, my friend."

"Good-bye, then."

"No, no!"

She herself has told him to go, and now she would not allow it. They both laughed very softly. "Yes, yes," she said, growing serious, "you must really go."

"Without a kiss? Without a single kiss?" Piero whispered, and she rose and went into the hall, he following her.

"Now I will summon the footman to accompany you to the gate," said she, and placing her finger on the button of the electric bell, she turned towards the young man, and offered him her lips.

If either of the actors in this scene shows weakness, it is not Jeanne. The priest, Don Guiseppe Flores, is said to be a portrait of the author's uncle. He and the Marchese Zenato form pleasing and restrained studies, and are sketched with unobtrusive skill. Throughout the whole story, while the ultimate purpose is nowhere lost sight of, the effect is decidedly less strained than it was in "Malombra."

The Home of Silence. By L. T. MEADE. (Sisley, 2s. 6d.)

IN Molly Dering, the heroine of "The Home of Silence," Mrs. Meade scores the one success of her story: strength of character, a mingled fire and tenderness mark her out from the ordinary run. A disgraceful secret threatens Molly's happiness, but she is proof against curiosity and firm through all opposition to her marriage with the half-English cousin. Throughout the book the bog—the

Home of Silence—exercises a gloomy influence. For the rest, the tale is slight and something of a puzzle. It may be intended for some form of Irish humour when Sir Laurence Dering, the finest gentleman in the county of Cork, exclaims, "Drat her!" when alluding to a coming guest; or "That's flat!" to emphasise a refusal. His sister, Miss Hannah, is frequently "all in a twitter," and the family generally use the language of the kitchen. Possibly this is only the author's fun and is not due to some unlucky experience or ignorance of Irish gentlefolk; few readers will find it either amusing or in good taste. Mrs. Meade has the knack of story-telling as distinct from the gift of it, and an ease that borders on slovenliness; but she knows what pleases her readers, and they will doubtless find Molly Dering and her love-story affecting and interesting.

Her Ladyship's Silence. By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (Cassell, 6s.)

THE hero is a "millionaire peer," and he loved madly a girl he had seen for half an hour, but he was engaged to the haughty Lady Georgiana Goring. Then he got mixed up with a Soho gambling-hell, a murder, an east-end curate who was a slave to morphia, with a blind mother, and he found the girl, and she was the daughter of Lady Georgiana Goring's mother's twin-sister, who was serving a term for a forgery she had not committed. Lord Carlsford impersonated the curate, and every one took the bronzed millionaire peer for the white and trembling curate, and the new maid-of-all-work was a member of a gang of thieves who hid ropes of diamonds in the kitchen cupboard, the head of the gang being the gentleman villain, who was persecuting the lovely heroine, now living in the false curate's home. There is a great deal more than this—that is only the ground floor of this exuberant story. The most irritating thing in the book is the turn of the phrase, "he, Lord Castleford," "him, the millionaire peer," "I, an earl," which is used three times on one page; but the most impressive is decidedly the speech of the villain, whose gentlemanhood is impressed on us over and over again, when he is making unwelcome love to the shy and beautiful heroine. Says this gentleman: "Other women love me. There are women who would give all they have in the world to have me say to them what I am now saying to you—to have me ask them what I am now asking you." He is evidently what the servants call "a perfect gentleman."

FINE ART

MODERN WATER-COLOURS

IT has been laid down by a critic well acquainted with the dramatic and pictorial arts that "in all the arts all methods are right, and the only thing that matters is the amount of skill used in the practice of this method or that." The saying has an engaging air of generous profundity, and so long as it is considered in the abstract it appears to be perfectly true. Yet so soon as it is applied to a concrete case—to water-colour painting or to etching—it immediately breaks down, and we perceive that there may be "something in it, but not everything in it." Another critic has already discovered that Whistler's propositions concerning the etching hold good as regards the water-colour, which also, "though it has no reason to be petty, has no permission to be huge. Never, any more than etching itself," says Mr. Wedmore, appealing to authority, "has it been gigantic in scale in the hands of its finest and most classical practitioners." Whistler, with a modern's contempt for authority, made his appeal to the reason, asserting "that the space to be covered should always be in proper relation to the means used for covering it." Hence the "huge plate" is "an offence," and so by analogy is the immense water-colour. Experience confirms

these appeals to authority and reason. Mr. Brangwyn, an admirable painter and future glory to our decorative art, squanders his skill and strength on a huge etching as massively and unsatisfactorily constructed as might be the watch repairing of a master-blacksmith. In a huge water-colour, recently exhibited at Whitechapel, Mr. Brangwyn gave an unbecoming display of determination in another medium, and if his amount of skill—and it would be hard to find his equal among contemporary artists—cannot persuade us that the big etching and the big water-colour are things of beauty, surely then there must be wrong methods in art betraying the most skilful to unfruitful practice.

Mr. Brangwyn has not been the first to paint water-colours of undue dimensions. A greater master of the medium than he, Thomas Collier, was at times guilty of huge water-colours, in which, without changing his technique, he sacrificed his delicacy, and aiming at strength became weakly gross. Joseph Israels, who has seduced so many of our younger painters from the nobler tradition of British water-colour, has set many a bad example in scale as well as sentimentality. No, Mr. Brangwyn is not the first, and that he is not likely to be the last is sadly manifested by the current exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The Pall Mall institution does not adequately represent our best contemporary practice in water-colour, but its standard is far higher than that of the rival and junior society, and it does number among its members men of considerable talent. Many of the exhibits have meritorious and striking aspects. A great amount of skill is displayed, but despite our critic, skill is not the only thing that matters in art: there is something more potent than skill, and that is taste, the sense of what is fitting.

That there should be many pictures in Pall Mall which might be more warmly esteemed were they executed in oils, proves how small is the society's general regard for that medium it is supposed to foster and cherish. To Mr. Anning Bell's decorative panel in miniature, *Where Tarries Adonis*, to Mr. E. J. Sullivan's graceful portrait, *Poppinjay*, *Poppinjay*, to Mr. James Paterson's effectively composed landscapes high praise might then be awarded. But a piece of paper is not a suitable foundation on which to build a classical composition of Venetian opulence, or a portrait approaching life-size, or a large decorative landscape. The greatest lovers of water-colours cannot lose sight of the mortality of paper and the fact that colours are fleeting. Ambitious in subject, highly wrought in treatment, ample in its scale, a water-colour affects us as a palace built upon sand. It aspires to a permanence against its own nature, and so loses its hectic charm, a beauty snatched in passing, and withheld a little while from time.

Viewed piece by piece little fault can be found with these three painters' manipulation of their paint. The colour is laid on honestly and freshly in broad washes, showing some regard for the material and something of that transparent purity which is its great and peculiar charm. Their work fails to satisfy primarily and chiefly because it has outgrown its due proportions, and we are forced to give a certain grudging admiration to the means while deprecating the end. So Collier wrung a tribute to his larger sketches while still we infinitely preferred the smaller. But even in his most spacious moods Collier presented to us frankly a sketch, not aiming at completeness and finality. However imperceptibly it begin, a change in scale leads to a change in treatment, and works are carried further than they should be. The sketch tends to grow into a picture, it is worked upon till spontaneity is lost, wash is laid on wash, till the colour loses its purity and becomes muddy. Finally the painter loses all sense of paper and water, and thinking he has a canvas before him, he proceeds to load on body colour, till he has an opaque pavement of clotted colour, devoid of the brilliancy and quality of loaded oil pigment, and with the original chastity and delicacy of water-colour utterly soiled and

degraded. This final descent from the ethereal heights of pure water-colour—through which De Wint, Cotman and Brabazon soared—is deplorably illustrated by the lumpy surface of Mr. Hubert von Herkomer's huge and gawdy *Morenilo—A Toreador of Valencia*.

It says much for the efficacy of a sound tradition that the most wholly satisfying exhibits at the Old Water-Colour Society should come from its oldest member, the veteran William Callow, whose sketches are frankly sketches, giving themselves no airs of being "as good as oils and a great deal cheaper." They may not be great, they may not be the work of a master, but they belong to a good school, a great school, whose pupils were taught to shun excess of any kind as the very devil, and to cherish simplicity, honesty and purity as the three artistic virtues. To catch a glimpse of this tradition lingering among the younger generation, it is necessary to go outside the Royal Society to Mr. Baillie's gallery, where is an exhibition of water-colours by Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, a young artist who has been beneficially influenced by Bonnington. One or two subjects and a few passages of glowing colour reveal that the influence of Brangwyn has also been at work, and if these are not unsuccessful the dead master is the safer model for a painter in water-colours. De Wint, Cotman, Bonnington, are the safest guides; for Turner and Brabazon, great as they are, lead many a novice to rush in where a more practised hand might fear to tread. And the result may be seen in Pall Mall, where imitation Turners, weakened Turners and chalky Turners are to be met with in abundance. Even Mr. D. Y. Cameron follows suit this year, splitting Turner with Velasquez, and portraying in his *The Morning Sun, Whitby*, a light approaching Venice between lances of Breda grown into scaffold poles. It is striking, far too striking for a water-colour, and like many other works had better have been executed in oils. Striking too, but in a more legitimate way are Mr. Sargent's brilliant impressions of fountains in Italian gardens. They belong to the new tradition of Brabazon in their dash and luminosity, but do not show Mr. Sargent at his best, one fountain leaping from its frame, and the texture of the other so uncertainly indicated that it might be stone, metal, or polished india-rubber. The nearest approach to a fusion of the old tradition with the new is to be found in some little impressions of town and country scenes in France by Mr. Walter Bayes. These have the old charm, the charms of simplicity, honesty and purity. That is to say, they are simply set down, honestly seen, and pure in colour. And in addition they have the new science in their high key and truth to the actual colours of sunlight and shadow. Pleasant and unpretentious they both mark the continued advance of a young painter who has long been considered more than promising, and indicate the direction in which British water-colour art may legitimately develop in the future.

CHATTER ABOUT PICTURES

ACCORDING to its pompous sub-title, "The Art of the Dresden Art Gallery" (Bell, 6s. net) purports to be "a critical survey of the Schools and Painters as represented in the Royal Collection" of Dresden, but the survey and the criticism are alike superficial. The authoress shows no qualifications for her task beyond a shallow acquaintance with the writings of more profound students of art, and her sense of proportion is such that she attaches equal weight to the pronouncements of Morelli and Mr. Frank Preston Stearns. From beginning to end there is no evidence of any personal knowledge or understanding of the art of painting, there is no lucid explanation of its virtues, no independent analysis of the peculiar charms and merits of a master. Instead we are given a dull and spiritless recital of facts, mostly irrelevant, a string of anecdotes about painters, and espe-

cially their sitters, and long-winded rhetorical passages of vapid comment.

A good example of this American lady's style is her dissertation on the *Sistine Madonna*:

When one considers his age, it seems almost incredible that a young man should have had sufficient knowledge of both worlds to paint such a flawless epitome of the Christian religion as the faces of this mother and child. But, though Raphael's life did not measure itself by scores of years, there is a truer scale of measurement. . . . What had been the mental history of the youth? Had he been taken up with watching money come and go, or had he spent his time in frivolities? No; work—the truest of all experiences had been his portion; not drudgery of work, tiring body and soul with its monotony, but buoyant, interesting, vital work, which filled his longings and satisfied his ambitions, and made him independent of companionship or environment. . . . Imagine the excitement of the youth, when, hardly twenty years old, he went to Florence—the Mecca of æsthetic dreams in his day. . . . Then came the great days in Rome, when another mightier than he was by, to give him encouragement and new ambitions—Michelangelo.

The authoress appears to forget that Michael Angelo—with Leonardo—was already at Florence when Raphael arrived, but the whole passage shows scanty knowledge of Raphael's life and character. The master of Parma affords her another opportunity to become unconsciously entertaining while striving to instruct:

Correggio was not a simple, self-made boy of humble origin, as has been thought by some . . . he was a *protégé* of the wife of the Lord of Correggio, the cultivated Veronica Gambarà. In this way the boy had the best artistic training possible to one of his ingenuous temperament, surrounded by the refined delights of a small court, in one of the most select little coteries of the Renaissance.

Turning from her biographical to her critical methods we read, as an appropriate introduction to the Venetian painters, that

with the Renaissance there developed a realisation of the importance of details in pictures. Artists began to see that if their paintings were to have verisimilitude, the usual accessories of a scene must appear in the picture.

In the chapter on the French School, the works of Watteau, Lancret and Pater—bracketed together—are praised, because

they are, even when dealing with caresses and amorous frolics, absolutely pure and refined.

Of Raeburn's art we are informed that

it is not alone a question of colouring, or handling, or modelling or composition, or any of the other features which usually go to make a fine work of art. . . . The keynote to the art of Raeburn is psychic idealisation.

On the other hand, of Van Eyck's *Virgin and Child*, we are told that

the faces are so finished, so smoothed down, so painstakingly drawn, that the effect of beauty is quite lost.

These quotations will more than suffice to indicate the slender value of this compilation to the serious student of painting, and it might well have been passed over in silence were it not a characteristic example of a class of book that is being put forth in increasing numbers. The illustrations, if more interesting than the text, are poorly reproduced and insufficient in number, while it is hardly necessary to search for the imprint to discover that the book has been "electrotyped and printed" in Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think that there are not many students of Dante who will admit that the two passages in the "*Paradiso*" (xiii. 127; xviii. 110) are "disputed passages."

(1) Let us take the former, which may be thus rendered: "So did Sabellius and Arius and those fools who were as swords unto the scriptures in making the straight countenances crooked." This is explained by Scartazzini as meaning that the heresiarchs are like swords which distort and render ugly the features reflected on their blades. Scartazzini cites

ten commentators as agreeing with him in this interpretation, and it is the only interpretation given by Mr. Tozer. Mr. Wicksteed and Mr. Oelsner in their notes give to this explanation the first place, and so does Mr. A. J. Butler in his edition. It seems to me to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation; and at present to hold the field.

(2) The latter passage may be rendered: "He who there (in the eagle) painteth hath not one to guide him, but he himself doth guide and as coming from him we recognise that power which is the formative instinct by which birds build their nests."

Scartazzini says in his comments on this passage that the majority of commentators take "nidi" in the literal sense of "nests." Mr. Tozer takes this view, and Bianchi as well as Mr. Wicksteed and Mr. Oelsner suggest that the passage refers to the instinct of birds. See also Longfellow's notes. Your correspondent has not given any reason why we should reject an interpretation which has the support of some of the best Dante scholars.

A. L. MAYHEW.

Oxford.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Galton's principal grievance seems to be that I blame him for not explaining *Américanisme* in a book about Church and State in France, which book, he says, need not concern itself with what happens in the United States. How little he understands the real influences which are at work in the Catholic Church to-day! He wastes his own and the reader's time with an elaborate exposition of Gallicanism, that hopelessly effete and dead thing, and has nothing to say about the one living Liberal movement in French Catholicism to which, as I have already said—quoting the spirit if not absolutely the letter of the Papal Encyclical, *Testem Benevolentiae*—the name of *Américanisme* has been loosely given. Leo XIII.'s condemnation of *Américanisme* was as loose as its designation—so loose as to avoid a definite rupture with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland and Keane, and Bishop Spaulding, the champions then as now of *Américanisme* in the United States; and sufficiently loose to allow of Abbés Klein and Loisy remaining in the Catholic priesthood, although their influence in France, which is a living one, is just as Liberal now as ever it was, and is also a growing influence, notwithstanding the persecution which it has received from the Vatican and perhaps on account of that.

Mr. Galton asks for explanations as to my statement that it was the occult influence of the *Américanistes* which brought about the election of the present Pope, although Pius X. undoubtedly disapproves of *Américanisme*. The author of "Church and State in France" is not qualified to ask for any explanations from me as to matters of common notoriety with which, in his capacity as a historian of modern events, he ought to be perfectly familiar. But as he is confessedly ignorant of them, and I do not blame him for that—one cannot have one's cake and eat it, be the incumbent of an English vicarage and in touch with the sordid politics of the Continent—I am willing to remind him that it was primarily due to the influence of Cardinal Gibbons, acting upon the Cardinal Archbishops of Breslau and Cracow that Cardinal Rampolla was not elected Pope at the last conclave, and that the saintly but impolitic Cardinal Santo was chosen in his place. Cardinal Gibbons had not forgiven Cardinal Rampolla for the latter's attitude towards *Américanisme*, as to which he learned much during his brief sojourn at St. Sulpice when *en route* for Rome, three days before the late Pope's death.

The Rev. Mr. Galton also wishes to know whether *Américanisme* has been "technically" condemned by the Jesuits through the medium of the Index or the Inquisition. Is he seriously ignorant of the fact that the "Life of Father Hecker," which is the starting-point of *Américanisme* was placed upon the Index—though this does not demonstrate that all the principles of the modern Liberal movement in Catholicism are thereby declared to be heretical—and has he so completely forgotten the work of Abbé Houtin, to whom he pays such well deserved compliments, as not to remember that, according to this authority, which Mr. Galton estimates much higher than I do, the encyclical letter to Cardinal Gibbons mentioned above, *Testem Benevolentiae*, was directly inspired by the General of the Jesuits and Monsignor Merry del Val.

Mr. Galton complains that he is wrongfully accused of reproaching Carlyle with misestimating the importance of the *Constitution civile du Clergé*. Mr. Galton distinctly brings

this charge collectively against all the English writers on the French revolution. Surely he would not now have us believe that Carlyle was not an English historian.

Paris.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

"THIN FLAMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an interesting article in the current ACADEMY, A. D. tells us that the beauty of the stanza of "The Blessed Damozel" which ends with the couplet,

And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames,

would have been spoiled if some other epithet had been substituted for "thin." The epithet may arrest the attention on account of its unexpectedness, but in what its splendour or perfection consists, I cannot perceive. Possibly some of your readers may be willing to enlighten me in this matter. If the couplet I have quoted is a thing of beauty I should certainly wish to be able to appreciate it so that I may treasure it in my memory with Æschylus's *πικρὸν τε κλυματῶν ἀγρὶθμον γέλασμα* or William Watson's fine line in his "Hymn to the Sea":

Spendthrift foaming thy soul wildly in fury away.

With regard to another point in A. D.'s article, I should like to ask: Is it a fact that "real poets never pour out words"? Certainly they have laborious days polishing their gems and they are diligent in their quest of the immortal phrase. But they have, at least at times, their hours of inspiration and intuition. How otherwise can we explain the Horatian dictum, "Poeta nascitur non fit"?

H. P. WRIGHT.

[If Mr. H. P. Wright cannot see the splendour and perfection of the epithet I can't help him. The line he quotes of Mr. Watson's does not appeal to me. All criticism is ultimately only an expression of personal opinion.—A.D.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your contributor A. D., writing of "The Blessed Damozel," quotes with enthusiasm Rossetti's "cunning skill" in selecting "thin" as a qualifying word for "flames." The choice of the adjective is, indeed, subtle and felicitous.

But Rossetti is not the only poet who has thus used the word. In Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale"—that unmatched and unmatchable elegy—there occurs a splendid passage wherein our dreams, pursuing our dead, are compared to winds chasing a flying fire.

"Still and more swift than they the *thin flame* flies" is one of the lines. The "Ave atque Vale" first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in the 'sixties.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

["The Blessed Damozel" first appeared in "The Germ" in 1850.—A.D.]

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DOG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You call Sir Isaac Newton's dog that tore his mathematical papers "Fido." Was it not called "Dandy"? (Possibly, it was a Didmont.) To a lover of dogs, as infatuated for them as against mathematics, the question has its importance, and one of your readers will perhaps most kindly rede me aright herein.

H. H. JOHNSON.

AN INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers could give me the source or author of the following verse:

In the pleasant orchard-closes
God bless all our gains, say we.
But may God bless all our losses,
Better suits with our degree.

I believe there is a fifth line which I cannot recall.

A. F. W.

TENNYSON'S REVISIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems almost superfluous to add anything to the delightful and appreciative criticism on "The Blessed Damozel," signed A. D., in your issue of April 13. But another

good instance of Tennyson revising without improving his verse occurs in "The Lady of Shalott":

Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

used to run:

To the planked wharfage came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

while many other stanzas of the Palace of Art were subjected to revision besides the excellent instance given by your contributor. I feel sure I am only one among many readers to whom the article has given great pleasure. It is satisfactory, too, to find Rossetti's unique position in literature and art recognised by so capable a critic.

F. S. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries. A critica catalogue with quotations from Vasari. By Maud Cruttwell. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 308. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

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Mackaye, Percy. *Jeanne d'Arc.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 163. Macmillan, 5s.
Davidson, John. *The Triumph of Mammon.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 170. E. Grant Richards, 5s.

EDUCATIONAL

Morgan, R. B. *Arithmetical Exercises.* 7 x 5. Pp. 157. Black, 1s.
Gregory, J. W. *Australia.* Vol. i. 8 x 5. Pp. 657. Stanford, 15s.

FICTION

Buckson, Harvey. *The Grief of Gurney Court.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 371. Drane, 6s.
Rhocomyl, Owen. *Sweet Rogues.* Pp. 327. 8 x 5. Duckworth, 6s.
Maxton, Clunie. *Heir to a Million.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 204. Drane, 6s.
Jones, Mary Whitmore. *Time and Tide.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 422. Drane, 6s.
Bennett, E. B. *The Leaven of the Pharisees.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 387. Drane, 6s.
De Mont-Morency, G. D. *A Memory of the Old Slave Days.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Drane, 6s.
Vachell, H. A. *Her Son.* 8 x 5. Pp. 373. Murray, 6s.
Roberts, Morley. *The Flying Cloud.* 8 x 5. Pp. 344. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Applin, Arthur. *The Chorus Girl.* 8 x 5. Pp. 304. Sisley's, 2s. 6d.
Horniman, Roy. *A Nonconformist Parson.* 8 x 5. Pp. 338. Sisley's, 2s. 6d.
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O'Sullivan, Vincent. *Human Affairs.* 8 x 5. Pp. 274. Nutt, 3s. 6d.
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Lysaght, Sidney R. *One of the Grenvilles.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 490. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. *The Mystics.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.
Patterson, Margaret. *Peggots; or the Indian Contingent.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 350. Blackwood, 6s.
Wynne, F. E. *Fortune's Fool.* 8 x 6. Pp. 311. Brown Langham, 6s.
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Christie sale on Saturday did not fulfil the gloomy prophecies about modern works of art, at all events, to the extent anticipated. Sir Edwin Landseer's picture fetched an almost fancy price, considering its merits. "If the public knew as much about art as I do," said the painter, "they would never buy my pictures." But there was and is always a public for Landseer; when it was not looking he achieved some superb portraits and landscapes of which one never hears. The inevitable reaction which set in after sensational prices for Burne-Joneses at the artist's sale has certainly ceased, two thousand one hundred guineas being a very fair price for the beautiful but small *Flamma Vestalis*. And the amount given for Lord Davey's Rossetti was excessive if we consider the date of this picture and its feeble execution. Though of course catalogued in the Rossetti books, this work is simply from the artist's studio, and is largely the work of his assistants Knewstub or Dunn. To real connoisseurs a signature is of very little value on the picture of an artist who enjoyed any degree of popularity and is known to have employed "ghosts."

The small sums obtained for the Leightons cannot have surprised any one who has watched the market. One of the most charming and delightful personalities in English art, the most picturesque of presidents though embalmed in an epigram of Whistler's, has no significance in the hierarchy of art. He does not even reach the never very high level of excellence demanded at Burlington House. The attempt of friends to enshrine him with Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Whistler is a touching testimonial to his personal charm, but it will never float his reputation down to posterity. Perhaps the merit of Sir William Richmond will preserve him from oblivion; and if only the public had secured his superb collection of pictures and drawings instead of the Turkish Baths in which he kept them the name of Leighton would have gone down to ages with that of the Richardsons, Spitzer or the Earl of Arundel.

It would be very interesting to read the whole text of Mr. Charles Lounsbury's will, part of which was published in the *Daily Telegraph* of April 23. The testator was an inmate of Sunning Insane Asylum, but there is nothing (in the published portions) to show that he was out of his mind; all poets and men of letters when expressing themselves appear, or are apt to appear, mad to the ordinary

intelligence. To lunacy commissioners and solicitors the unfortunate author no doubt was a hopeless case. Is it possible that Sunning incarcerated another Walt Whitman or an American A. E. Housman? There is something of the rapture of the English poet's "Shropshire Lad" in this delightful literary exercise and some of the passion which Richard Jeffries put into the "Story of My Heart."

To archæologists the advent of Shakespeare's *fele* must always be a period of some anxiety. From any quarter, even from Stratford itself, there may emanate some ghastly proposal for the erection of new buildings or new images to perpetuate obscurities who have nailed themselves to the mast of Avon and plucked the swan of his feathers. We may not always agree with Miss Corelli's views about life or literature, but we all owe her a great debt of gratitude for exposing one of these intended outrages in the nick of time.

Browning has warned us against prying where the apple reddens, lest we lose our Edens—a poor rhyme, but a sound counsel. People who buy flowers and carry them in procession, with banners and municipal regalia, from a house where Shakespeare was possibly born to a church where he was certainly buried, are at least partaking in a graceful act of rather Teutonic homage, and need not (as they certainly do not) trouble to inquire how their action tends to the honour of Shakespeare and St. George, and how far to that of the municipality and the banking accounts of Stratford-on-Avon. Let them by all means listen to Miss Marie Bréma's superb voice, and draw flattering unction from an address from the pulpit which declares them the successors of the Crusaders, the spiritual heirs of the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr. It does them good—and it does not hurt Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, in mayoral speeches—always a dangerous form of celebration—we come sometimes so close to the apple-tree that we catch a glimpse of the scales of that which lurks amid the boughs. We see Shakespeare in the light of a Commercial Asset. We intercept hints that Shakespeares are weak, but that the directors by extending their operations hope to secure increased business and be able at the next meeting to declare a more satisfactory result of the year's trading. It is no more than a hint—a glimpse of the shining slime; but it is there. And after all, what harm? Shakespeare—admirable man of business that he was—would have been delighted. In one of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's books, "Le Père Éternel," on having it explained to him that the men he sees engaged in strange proceedings on the earth are worshipping him, remarks that it is the most sensible thing he has ever heard about them: If Shakespeare knows that he is a finer asset to Stratford-on-Avon even than Flower's Beer he is probably proud that his fellow townsmen are so sensible.

Stratford shows its sense, too, in engaging the services year after year of a genuine enthusiast for Shakespeare to see that Shakespeare's plays get a chance beside his possible birthplace, his school, his grave, and that hallowed fraud, his mulberry-tree. Mr. F. R. Benson is not a Shakespeare enthusiast of the kind that wears Shakespeare's head as a tie-pin, nor of the kind that writes dull books to prove that Shakespeare had all knowledge, all critic, all religion—that he makes churches unnecessary and sums up all the essence of all the creeds, schemes of ethics and practical wisdom of the world. Mr. Benson knows Shakespeare as a great poet and a writer of fine acting plays. His latest discovery is that *Love's Labour's Lost* is not too "thin" nor too technical to be played, and he has achieved in a moment a popular

success with a play which the actors had neglected (with two exceptions) ever since Shakespeare's time. That is really honouring Shakespeare.

Last week the St. James's Dramatic Club, one of the most admirable amateur societies in London, gave an excellent performance at Passmore Edwards Hall in Tavistock Place. The programme consisted of the Screen Scene from the *The School for Scandal*; three scenes from *The Merchant of Venice* and *'Op o' my Thumb*. The last was admirably interpreted, but Miss Fearnhead did not seem to realise the tragedy of the title-rôle, though, as the audience did not do so either, it was not of much consequence. Mr. Stanley Smith showed his usual versatility by sustaining the parts of Joseph Surface and Gratiano, with equal success on the same evening. Mr. William Hayes as Sir Peter Teazle and again as Shylock suggested by his remarkable acting that it cannot be very long before he distinguishes himself on a much larger stage. Miss Amy Rooker's Portia was a charming rendering of a difficult part; she managed with rare restraint to be perfectly natural and practised the rarer quality of mercy on the verse of Shakespeare.

The addition of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's name to the cope of Pope Nicholas the Fourth, mentioned last week, is not the only honour bestowed upon the American millionaire for his act of reparation. He has already received two medals—one from the Italian Government and the other from the Italian Academy of the Twenty-four Immortals. Mr. Morgan, by the way, is a member of the latter society, and the medal they presented to him bears the following inscription:

Jacobo Petropontio Morganio
Qui
sacram chlamydem asculanam
ablatam
permagni emit munifice reddidit
academia
XXIV Immortalium Virorum decrevit.
An. MDCCCXCV.

The inscription on the Government medallion is more elaborate and is in Latin. It was designed by Signor Barnabei, a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

The following lyric note is by Claude Adhémar André Theuriot (1833-1907), who died last Tuesday. His life as Chef de Bureau d'Enregistrement at Bar-le-Duc did not prevent him from being prolific in verse and prose. His first "crowned" poetry was "*Le Chemin de Bois*" (1867); his first drama in one act, *Jean Marie* (Odéon, 1871); among his last are "*Darine*" (1899), "*Fleurs de Cyclamens*" (1899), "*La Vie Rustique*" (1899), "*Nos Oiseaux*" (same year—both are new editions), "*Villa Frangeville*" (1899). He was "on" the *Parnasse Contemporain*, *Revue de Paris*, *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, and other staffs:

PROMENEDE SUR L'EHU
Les saules frissonnent. La lune
Argente la rivière brune
Du reflet de ses bleus regards;
La barque sous les hautes branches
Glisse à travers les roses blanches
Des nœuphars.

Parmi les feuillages dissoute,
La fraîcheur du soir, goutte à goutte,
Répand des pleurs mystérieux,
Et leur chute dans l'eau qui tremble
Nous berce avec un chant qui semble
Tomber des cieux. . . .

Chantez ! . . . sous la voute qui pleure,
Les yeux mi-clos, oubliant l'heure,
Je vais rêver au fil de l'eau,
Comme un enfant que sa nourrice
Câlina, afin qu'il s'assoupisse
Dans son berceau.

(Jardin d'Automne.)

Jews' College, the theological college of Anglo-Jewry, recently celebrated its jubilee and in honour of the occasion a jubilee volume has been published (Luzac). Two-thirds of the book, which is indeed an *édition de luxe*, are occupied by a history of the College, written by the Rev. Isidore Harris, one of the old students, wherein the story of the institution is told in great detail. The remainder of the volume consists of essays on a variety of subjects by students, past and present, and by members of the teaching staff. The subjects of these essays differ widely; many are so technical as to be incomprehensible to the layman; but on the other hand others appeal to a circle far wider even than the Jewish community and can be read with interest and advantage by Christians as well as by Jews. First among these must be mentioned the contribution by the late Rev. S. Singer "*Where the Clergy Fail*." The lesson which this distinguished preacher taught is one that may well be learnt by preachers of all denominations.

Dr. S. A. Hirsch's article on "*The Temple of Onias*" is also one of the most interesting in the volume. He collects all the material relating to the interesting episode that centred round that mysterious institution and in his comments throws some doubt on the authenticity of Professor Flinders Petrie's recent discoveries. "*Some Points of Comparison and Contrast in Jewish and Roman Law*" by the Rev. M. Hyamson, B.A., LL.B., is sufficiently described by its title. The subject with which the author deals is one that must attract all students of almost every description of law. The volume is profusely illustrated with splendidly reproduced portraits of all the personages prominent in the history of the College, and has for a frontispiece a symbolical picture designed by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., with a border by Frank Emanuel.

In the obituary of the week there appears the name of one who has long held a respected place in the world of journalism. Sir George Armstrong after a distinguished career in India was drawn into politics at the time when Mr. W. H. Smith opposed John Stuart Mill in the constituency of Westminster. Shortly afterwards he became editor of *The Globe* newspaper and eventually its proprietor. In 1881, in conjunction with Mr. W. G. Madge, his life-long fellow worker, he established *The People* as a working-class Conservative newspaper, and therein achieved a brilliant success.

Sir George Armstrong occupied a place midway between the old type of proprietor like Sir Beresford Hope and the entirely new type which has been developed during the last few years. His management was distinguished by remarkable good sense rather than extreme brilliancy, although there were times when the enterprise of the *Globe* under his control astonished those who were managing some of its more pretentious contemporaries. In the old days he did a very great deal of the editing himself, reading proofs and choosing subjects with a mixture of sagacity and practical judgment peculiarly his own. For the last eight or nine years he has not been so actively associated with the fortunes of the paper, but to the very last he maintained his interest in it. He was a model newspaper proprietor of his own kind.

A short time ago we entered a protest against the action of a clergyman who recited his own "poetry" to his congregation from the pulpit, as a substitute for the usual sermon. Now we hear that Mr. — the well-known caterer and the proprietor of many restaurants and eating-houses has taken upon himself to supply the public with food for the mind as well as food for the body, in the shape of—"Poetry." A morning contemporary, whose suffrages can always be relied on for anything that is bad in any sphere of life, recently devoted a considerable amount of space to an interview

with the new "poet," and even went so far as to quote several stanzas of dreadful doggerel about a little newspaper boy or some such equally soul-inspiring subject. "Oh England, my England!"

In the very interesting note which Mr. A. H. Bullen has prefixed to his new edition of Drummond of Hawthornden's, "A Cypress Grove," he remarks that Sir Thomas Brown "stored Drummond's choicest cadences in his memory and reproduced them in after years with added splendour." Mr. Bullen's contention will be readily admitted by those who compare the prose of the *Urn Burial* with a sentence like the following: "Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, seldom are recorded in the volumes of admiration, nay, are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are erected to those whose names should have been buried in their dust, and folded up in the darkest clouds of oblivion: so do the rank weeds in this garden of the world choke and over-run the sweetest flowers."

Dr. Woltmann's *Die Germanen in Frankreich*, of which the author died recently, "proves" that Germany is the first country in the world, and that great men everywhere are Germans. Dolicocephalic spells Aryan, of which the "fine flower" is Teutonic. Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo had long skulls; *argal*. . . . La Rochefoucauld is but a colourable imitation of Fulkwald; Bonaparte, of the Lombard Bonipert (Napoléon had the regulation blue eyes, as a child; and so had Renan, whose daughter, Mme. Psichari, showed the doctor a blond lock of his hair). Briand is, of course, Brandt. Condé, Colbert, Pascal, Descartes, Voltaire, Laplace, Lafayette, and Robespierre were all long-skulled Aryans, or Germans; also, Balzac, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, Zola, and . . . Alexandre Dumas, whose ancestors were not precisely blond. Dr. Woltmann founded a "Review of political anthropology," which was, patriotically and considerably, subscribed for by the superior race, with whom Virtue will perish.

The Lord Mayor, in his recent speech on Imperial Education—whatever that may mean—expressed himself as shocked that a prospective office-boy, who had passed the Standards, did not know whether Gibraltar was in Asia or not. What can that matter? Geography is of no practical use either in an office or elsewhere. He who wants to go to Gibraltar goes first to Messrs. Cook, and he who wants to send a letter there, looks out the name in the Post Office Guide. The Lord Mayor might have found more flagrant examples of the imbecility of our system of education than the teaching of geography. What about the training of teachers in writing and speaking their own language? These unfortunate persons are forced like poultry until they are fit for examination. They can only carry out their instructions. We know of school managers who have collections of humorous illiterate letters from highly certificated masters and mistresses, and the majority can only speak correct English with great and obvious effort.

So the pun on the latten (Latin) spoons was never made by Shakespeare, "melancholy," to Master Ben Jo(h)nsen, "translator!" The iconoclast is M. Castelain. Next we shall be told that the "man of war" and the "Spanish gallion" did not "drink hard," maugre Rev. John Ward: that "the bricklayer" did not kill "Gabriel"; that Sir John Suckling never defended him against the plagiarist. We knew already that Cromwell (Crumwell) never spoke of removing any "bauble" from Westminster; that Edward II. was not born in Carnarvon Castle—perhaps not even murdered, in the fiendish manner alleged, at Berkeley. How then are boys to answer in History examinations? The following is *historique*: "What do you know of the reign of Canute? N.B. Omit the anecdote of the seashore." [T.C.D. Examiner: Dr. Barlow]. Anything more calculated in cold-bloodedness has never swum into a man's mental ken.

TO A SILENT POET

WHERE are the eagle-wings that lifted thee
Above the ken of mortal hopes and fears,
And was it thou who in serener years
Framed magic words with such sweet symmetry?
Didst thou compel the sun, the stars, the sea,
Harness the golden horses of the spheres,
And make the winds of God thy charioteers
Along the roads of Immortality?

Art thou dead then? Nay, leave the folded scroll,
Let us keep quiet lips and patient hands;
Not as sheer children use, who would unclothe
The petals of young flowers, but paying toll
At that high gate where Time grave gardener stands
Waiting the ripe fulfilment of the rose.

A. D.

LITERATURE

THE "AULD SANG"

History of Scotland. By ANDREW LANG. Vol. iv. (Blackwood, 20s.)

KILLIECRANKIE, Glencoe, the Union, the 1715, Prince Charlie, and Culloden—lives there a Scot who can resist the perusal, we had almost said the purchase, of the latest full, true, and particular account of these the very elements of his country and himself? Frankly to speak, we cannot answer our own question. We cannot answer for the most recent generation of Scots; for ourselves, we have greedily devoured every word of this fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Lang's "History of Scotland." But what with express trains, telegraphs, telephones and tourists, a common press, a common education, and common ideas of empire, it may be doubted whether the proverbial Scot's *perfidium ingenium* is what it was. From John o' Groat's House to the Land's End (in the neighbourhood of which there are a number of fine golf links) we are all much of a kin now. So intermingled are we that at any dining-table in London it is rare to find a person without some Scots strain of blood. The same is probably true of any considerable commercial place in England, and certainly is true of the colonies. Very strange, when one considers it, is the thoroughness of the revenge which the Scot has taken for the antipathy and prejudice which Dr. Johnson so faithfully and frequently expressed. And the revenge is by no means yet accomplished. The spread and domination of the Scot continues in an increasing degree, for Scotland remains and must remain under present conditions a breeding-place of generations of men and women for all of whom there is no room at home. They must go forth into England and the world, for the most part to prevail, and where they fail to fail lamentably, for a bad Scotsman is usually a terrible blackguard.

As this process goes on (and go on it must or Scotland will burst) it will be curious for those who live to see how far the story with which this volume deals shall have lost its savour for Scots as a *story* and become a mere *history*. Will the hereditary instinct to "greet" over Flodden and Glencoe, to "blaw" about Bannockburn, and "blether" about Burns fade under the influence of modern "progress" and prosperity? For the Scot is right in the forefront of progress and the acquisition of riches. In the past half-century Scotland has become a very wealthy country, and it is no longer a remote place

In a round of the clock a man may watch the sun set at Southampton and see it full risen at Loch Awe. In a forenoon he may "run up" from Glasgow to Sheffield to do some business, or may telephone instantly from Inverness to Torquay. Will the story of Scotland that was inborn in the being of Scotsmen bear all that and live? The historic kail, and porridge and poverty have disappeared before cheap bacon and the almost gratuitous loaf. The poor in Scotland to-day are the poor of everywhere: Intellect and energy no longer strain against the leash of penury, but go forth into the world on well-assured highways to reward. Scotsmen everywhere have proved themselves to be by nature among the best equipped of all races for mastering the conditions of existence in every variety of clime and circumstance. Having these gifts, can they preserve those strong characteristics that made them Scotsmen in Scotland, or shall they, now that the barriers are down, become increasingly *worldsmen*, and the story of their race which they drank in with their mother's milk go out of their consciousness and become, as we have said, mere *history*?

Grannies in Scotland no longer sing over the cradle about the wee bird that cam' to our ha' door an' warbled sweet and clearly; or of Leezie Lindsay that kilted her gown o' green satin up to her knee and went away wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald, or of the Argyll that plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie. Would there be an audience to-day in any High Street of the North for the old balladman who to attentive crowds used to sing of how

It fell upon a summer's day
King Edward cam' in grand array
The Scottish forces to dismay
Upon the field o' Bannockburn,

and held them listeners for some four and twenty verses of most veracious chronicle? We doubt it very much in these days of Harry Lauder and express trains. And we likewise fear that we are far on the way to a time when Culloden will be no more to Scotsmen than say Marston Moor is to Englishmen; a date, that is, in a faintly remembered text-book.

There is no such deadly enemy to the romance of history as your modern text-book, your "epochs," or your "periods" in a series uniform in binding and price. The historian on the larger scale seems like to prove a similar foe to story. Here we have Mr. Lang, who by all accounts is a Scotsman, writing of the fateful persons and events set out above without a tear or thrill. From allusions dropped by Mr. Lang in some of his numerous writings we gather he once had in him something of that spirit which in other circumstances might have made him a devil of a fellow. Apparently that devil is clean dead. Either that or he has been severely repressed. If there is any zest apparent at all in the narrative it shows when the author is tracking, like Sherlock Holmes, some slight clue to a new fact, or balancing the microscopical this against the infinitesimal that. We confess we are of the schools of Macaulay and Carlyle; we like rhetoric when informed by ideas, and the high didactic when charged with the poetry of life. But, these predilections apart, the essential facts of the period dealt with in this fourth book are displayed in a most clear and orderly fashion, and we are disposed to concede Mr. Lang's hope that "the character of the last Stuart Prince of Wales born in England is here drawn with a measure of truth which has hitherto been withheld." It is doubtless also desirable that "even in histories for schools it would be wise to let the pupils understand something about the nature and sources and relative credibility of historical evidence." But when one notes the discrepancies that arise in a police-court about an event that happened the day before yesterday, and that the most truthfully intentioned man is fallible as to fact, there seems ground of preference for the historian who possesses warmth of feeling, and that larger power of divination of the essential character of men and events which produces what was wont to be called a "history."

GEORGE GASCOYNE

Supposes and Jocasta. Translated from the Italian by GEORGE GASCOYNE and F. KINWELMERSCH. Edited by JOHN W. CUNLIFFE. (Heath, 3s. net.)

"I HAVE loytred (my lorde) I confesse, I have lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sun did shine, and now I strive al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crowes foote is grown under mine eye. But what?" So writes George Gascoyne in his dedication of "The Steele Glas" to the right honourable his singular good lord the Lord Gray of Wilton. True, he goes on in his next paragraph to instance cases of great men who had been wild youths: "Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and Plato (by your leave) in twenty of his youthful years was no less addicted to delight in amorous verse than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of moral philosophy," yet any apology for laziness, even to the stern old puritan of Wilton, would seem superfluous, considering the activity of George Gascoyne's life. Such things are comparative. Standards of vitality differ: the meaning of a day's work varies as widely almost as the value of the work itself. The Elizabethan standard was very high. Men lived then—with a kind of happy genius for life.

George Gascoyne holds a place in literature far more important than the positive merit of his work would warrant. He was an industrious innovator: but he was a courtier and a soldier before he was a man of letters, a member of Parliament even before a writer. He approached literature with the easy nonchalance of a man of action who has brains and adaptability: with small misgiving as to his own powers and immense energy. So he was not at all handicapped by reverence: he had no need of any affectation. He quietly experimented in different forms of literature, quite certain that literature must be the gainer thereby, and incredible as it may seem, literature did gain by his experiments so considerably that he can even be forgiven the shocking precedent which he did something to establish. His efforts cleared the way for humbler and better men. Not that his arrogance was objectionable; it was too natural to be in any way offensive; and Gabriel Harvey happens (inadvertently almost) to judge his work with greater accuracy than his judgments are wont to contain when he says: "M. Gascoyne who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and endeavour."

George was the son and the heir of Sir John Gascoyne of Bedfordshire, and he was disinherited just when Elizabeth came to the throne and he was about twenty years old. His doings as member of Gray's Inn did not meet with his father's approval, nor with the approval of his constituents, who drew up a solemn petition to prevent his taking his seat in Parliament. "Item," runs this petition, "he is a defamed person and noted as well for manslaughter as for other great cryemes. Item he is a common Rymer. . . . Item he is a notorious Ruffiane and especiallie noted to be a Spie and Atheist and a Godles person." He was thus saved from Parliament, even after an effort to steady himself by marrying a rich widow with a family and by returning to his studies of the law. He went to Holland to fight and to regain fortune under Lord Grey of Wilton. In Holland he had adventures. He distinguished himself for bravery, which won him three hundred guildens beyond his pay; he fell in love with a Dutch lady, to whom he gave a picture of himself: and enemies on the score of this picture trumped up against him a charge of treachery, which came to nothing; he was shipwrecked, and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards for four months, to which catastrophe his encomiast, Master George Whetstons, refers in the verse:

Even there the man, that went to fight for pence
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt.
 Yee had not wordes, fought for my lives defence
 For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt.

Having talked himself into freedom he came again to England, and, taking up literature once more, he wrote himself into fame. Only four years of life remained for him. But during those four years he wrote "The Steele Glas," which is the first English satire in verse, a moral play called "The Glasse of Government," and "A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes." At Sir Humfrey Gilbert's house in Limhouse, where he was a frequent visitor, he must have often met Humfrey Gilbert's nephew, young Walter Raleigh, of the Middle Temple. Young Raleigh had Gascoyne in great esteem, as the verses which are prefixed to "The Steel Glass" amply show. There was much in common between the two men, and to Gascoyne Raleigh probably owed his first impulse towards literature. He was an innovator and original, and that bespeaks force of character, a trait which must have drawn young Raleigh to him. For like attracts like in a mysterious manner. Moreover, his early death at the age of forty would impress any influence strongly upon his young friend: and that influence is discoverable in the directness and freedom from literary affectation of any kind which is noticeable in the work of both men. And it is interesting to speculate whether without Gascoyne Raleigh would ever have possessed knowledge and insight enough to realise later Spenser's worth which the scholar Harvey completely failed to see. Be that as it may, the friendship of Gascoyne and Raleigh anticipates pregnantly the friendship of Raleigh and Spenser, which was of importance to the literature of the world. Gascoyne's life resembles in little the subsequent career of Raleigh himself, and the device *Tam Marti quam Mercurio* suited him as nicely as it suited Raleigh, who afterwards, by adopting this device, made it famous.

George Gascoyne was the most considerable man writing at that time. Since the publication of "Tottel's Miscellany" in 1557 there had for some thirty years been a distinct lull in the output of poetry and the work of Gascoyne was a prelude to the revival that came about the years 1579-1582, when Sidney, Spenser, Watson and Lyly first made their appearance, the true harbingers of the tempest of song which broke upon the world in 1590, and continued for some twenty amazing years. He tried his hand quietly as became a gentleman, at every form; realising and pointing out as it were the capacity of the great instrument of the English language. Thomas Nash, far the most discerning Elizabethan critic for all his "phantasticall bibble-babbles and capricious pangs," put him at his right value when he wrote in the preface to R. Greene's "Menaphon" addressed to the gentlemen students. "Whoever my private opinion condemns as faultie Master Gascoyne is not to bee abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired too since his departure: whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Sully did *Graecae cum Latinis*."

The present edition of the two translations from the Italian of Ariosto's comedy and Ludovico Dolce's tragedy, is neat and scholarly. For a long time it was supposed that Gascoyne in the "Jocasta" had direct recourse to the Greek original of Euripides, "The Phœnissæ." Mr. Cunliffe has effectually disposed of this myth, taken as fact, we may note, even in Mr. Arber's reprint of "The Steel Glass," by printing the Italian version in its entirety and by proving moreover that Dolce himself relied wholly upon a Latin translation of the Greek. Mr. Cunliffe's notes and introduction are brief and admirably to the point.

THE PEASANT AND THE LAND

The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of the Common Fields.
 By GILBERT SLATER. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE casual observer who used to go under the name of "the arm-chair politician" is frequently puzzled by the various "movements" of the time. He finds it difficult to discriminate between those that are spontaneous and sprung, as it were, from below, and those that are artificial and stimulated from above. The land question comes inevitably into this doubtful list. It must be evident to the most casual observer that during the last quarter of a century the interest of the English people has shifted its focus. When Mr. Gladstone was in his prime questions of domestic policy dominated all others, and in his day the land and the Church struggled for the first place in the programme of the reformers. But Darwinism seems to have taken the sting out of ecclesiastical agitation, and the long freezing depression in agriculture has effectually damped the enthusiasm of those who used to cry aloud for the nationalisation of land and made capital out of agrarian nostrums. Now that a Liberal Government is in power, however, an attempt has been made to mesmerise into a show of life some of these apparently dying issues. More books have been published about the land question recently than have appeared for a long time previously. The volume before us is one of the latest. It is supplementary to the works of men like Vingrado, Seeböhm, Maine and others. It differs from them to this extent—that the author is engaged in making a political propagandum. In a preface he lays down his own creed as follows:

British agriculture must be democratised. By this I mean that the principle of collective ownership of the soil must be established or re-established; that agricultural co-operation must be revived in forms suitable to modern conditions; that the ancient right of independent access to the soil for every tiller of it must be restored; that a career of industrial advance in agriculture must be made possible for the competent worker.

Dr. Slater has been fortunate enough to secure an introduction from the Earl of Carrington, the Minister for Agriculture, but here we find a view expressed that does not exactly tally with that just quoted. Lord Carrington says:

Common field agriculture was a survival of customs and institutions which had grown up when each village lived its life to a great extent in isolation. It was necessary that the villager should almost forget that he was a Little Pedlingtonian to realise that he was an Englishman. Village patriotism had to lie down temporarily to make way for national patriotism; and when the spirit died out of the village community its form could not be preserved.

Dr. Slater it will be noticed, holds that the principle of collective ownership of the soil must be established or re-established. Lord Carrington, on the other hand, declares practically that collective ownership belongs to obsolete conditions. The truth would appear to be that Dr. Slater has not thought out his case with the exactitude and impartiality which should be expected from a serious student. There is a certain carelessness evident alike in his argument and in his style. He uses the "ladies' pronoun" much as though he belonged to the gentler sex himself. "One is tempted," "one is inclined," "one is therefore inclined," are phrases that look out from nearly every page and contrast curiously with the forcible opinions that the writer means to uphold. His confusion appears to be easily explicable. No thoughtful student is likely to take an extremely decided or absolute view of enclosure. On the one hand to the agriculturist it is manifest that the system of open field cultivation had not the element of endurance. It did not conduce to thoroughness and progress. Individual ownership was necessary before any great improvement in husbandry could take place. As Lord Carrington says, the process was inevitable. On the other hand, statesmen of very different shades of political thought, have agreed that the enclosure of waste or common land was carried out without due regard being paid

to the interests of the peasants. The yeoman farmers of the eighteenth century, concerning whom so much has been written, owed whatever prosperity attended them to the fact that attached to their small holdings was a considerable quantity of common grazing. Without that common grazing, existence was impossible, and after the commons were enclosed they gradually passed away. There is not a county in Great Britain where evidence cannot be obtained of the existence of great numbers of small holdings that were gradually consolidated into large farms. We do not know that the change was as regrettable as is sometimes set forth. Romance has woven a great deal round the yeoman farmer that is in contradiction to the reality. The yeoman was an interesting English character, sturdy and independent, but as a rule a very poor agriculturist. No buildings were in worse repair, no fences and ditches more ill kept, than those that belonged to the small owner. Whoever wants the history of the whole class written in brief will do well to study the life of Richard Jefferies and his progenitors, and see how gradually the money-lender forged his bonds round them. Before the father of Jefferies left Coate, the place with its neglected orchard, its heavily thatched roof that was unmended and full of holes, the tumble-down buildings and picturesque and unattractive garden was exactly typical of the residence of many hundreds of small proprietors. The acres now have got a new master, the old thatch has been torn from the roof, the buildings rebuilt and a workmanlike appearance given to the whole steading so that a contrast is made which brings the new face to face with the old. The hankering after the re-establishment of a form of agriculture which has grown obsolete is in our opinion bound to be disappointing. What we require are changes suitable to modern conditions. The peasant proprietor of old could exist mainly because he was content to live in a very rough way. His little place was almost self-sufficing. His linen was woven by the women-kind of his household. He was content to go in home-spun made from the wool of his own sheep and his palate had been accustomed to no daintier fare than was provided by the land on which he lived. But to-day the most ordinary labourer is accustomed to more luxury than would have satiated his master one hundred years ago. He is content neither to be clothed nor to eat in the manner of his ancestors. Hence if he is to be induced to remain on the soil it will not be by the offer of land on any security whatever, but by the opening up of chances to earn such a livelihood as is necessary to him in these times. Dr. Slater writes very strongly about common ownership and co-operation, but we do not know that he has had the same experience as Lord Carrington, who writes the introduction. On the small holdings of the latter in the neighbourhood of Spalding we do not know of anything at all in the nature of common ownership. On the contrary the individual owner of the estate is Lord Carrington himself who lets it to an association, they in their turn letting it to individual tenants. If we mistake not the very greatest difficulty has been experienced in promoting co-operation among the tenants in question. The truth is that on a modern small holding the conditions of success are first that the land be heavy and fruitful, and second that good markets are available. No doubt it is a problem demanding solution what provision to make that will take the place of the common pasture. That passed away with the Enclosure Acts. On Lord Carrington's holdings we believe a tentative effort has been made to give each tenant grazing at so much per beast on a field that is practically common. Yet this is no renewal of the old state of affairs, because the grazing is let in exactly the same business manner as it would be to a grazier if it were a park. The reformer of to-day, in fact, cannot with any chance of success revive the conditions of the past. He must make up his mind to deal with things as they are.

THE TRAGEDY OF FAILURE

The Triumph of Mammon. By JOHN DAVIDSON. (E. Grant Richards, 5s.)

It is generally believed—or at least maintained—that fame and success are demoralising things, that wealth is a curse to its possessor, and that it needs poverty and failure to brace a man and bring out his best qualities. It may be so with some people, but in the great majority of cases the exact converse seems to be true. Men grow warm and genial with success, crabbed and sour with adversity. When the world smiles on them they smile on it; when it frowns their spirits fall and they grow dull and sulky. After all, it is only natural that people should be more agreeable when they are happy than when they are miserable, and if people are agreeable they are fulfilling at least one important duty to society. Giuseppe Giacosa, the famous Italian dramatist who died the other day, wrote a very interesting play on this subject. It was called *Come le Foglie*, and it told of a commonplace middle-class family who filled their place well enough in the social system and seemed quite decent people so long as they were prosperous.

But the time came when they had to stand the test of calamity. The father lost his money, and the various members of the family were compelled to face poverty and set about making a living. The result was an appalling revelation of character on the part of these unhappy people. They had seemed pleasant, well-conducted folk enough in their good days. Shut in by their wealth and sheltered from temptation they had had no opportunity for showing of what clay they were made. When the opportunity came they showed it in unmistakable fashion. The mother was vain and self-indulgent and was ready to sell her honour for a trinket. The son was feeble and nerveless, incapable of sustained effort. The daughter—but it is unnecessary to go through the catalogue.

These reflections are suggested by the perusal of Mr. John Davidson's latest play, *The Triumph of Mammon*. Mr. John Davidson has been, from the worldly point of view, a failure. He tells us so quite frankly in a long epilogue to the present volume. In fact he is always telling us so. We seem to recall much the same confession (or rather profession, for Mr. Davidson is evidently rather proud of it) in another play—*The Theatocrat*—which he published a few months ago. Now there may be some people, as we have admitted, whom failure strengthens and braces. It calls out all their patience and self-control. It makes their work finer, their artistry more conscientious. Mr. Davidson is not one of these. Failure flies to his head. It makes him peevish and violent. In his younger days one recalls him as a poet of some gifts and accomplishment from whom a good deal was hoped. Those days, we fear, are over, and in his later work we note, with real regret, a steady falling-off in workmanship, an increasing lack of taste or self-control, and an over-mastering egoism which would be ridiculous if it were not rather pathetic. Mr. Davidson is a zealot and a reformer; but the world is not to be reformed by mere railing, and the violent absurdities of *The Triumph of Mammon* make dreary as well as unprofitable reading. The whole performance reminds one of a small boy in a passion shouting bad words at his nurse. Had Mr. Davidson's earlier plays won the recognition which he considers to have been their due he might (though of this we are not sure) have done creditable work for the contemporary stage. They failed to do so, and the result is *The Triumph of Mammon*. It is one more instance of the tragedy of Failure.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Stories from the Æneid. By H. L. HAVELL. (Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE necessity for this book is not apparent. It is very doubtful, in fact, whether the rendering of the great Latin epic into prose is desirable, even if it were possible. But Mr. Havell's object is not translation so much as adaptation. He wishes to set before the schoolboy, the story of the Æneid, as distinct from the literary form, whereof the difficulties too often extinguish the budding interest in the tale of which it is the vehicle. And, in so far as the tale is lucidly set out, he has succeeded in his object. The book is in no sense a "crib." It could not be used by the most ingenious lad as a help to the rendering of a single line of the Latin, but, by giving the development of the "plot" in an intelligible form, it will help the youthful Latinist to realise that Vergil did not write with the sole object of torturing him and his kind.

But to say that the prose of Mr. Havell conveys the least idea of the magic of Vergil would be ridiculous. Indeed, he seems to us to betray a fundamental misconception of the real value of his poet. To him, the epic is essentially Roman in spirit, essentially Greek in form. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, especially in the matter of a greater man than any of them. But to our mind, the great charm of Vergil lies in his perfect Latin—his absolutely certain handling of the Roman medium, while the *spirit* of the Æneid is wholly to seek. It is a running narrative, an easily-flowing romance, with a strongly political sub-motive, but destitute of a single touch of real humanity save in the character of Dido, which with the "boat-race" passage is worth the whole of the rest of Vergil put together. The *style* of Vergil is his sole claim to greatness. So great is its flexibility that he can move his reader to charming glow of sympathetic passion, grief or excitement by words alone. But robbed of the setting of words, every character, every incident, fades into ghostly unreality.

And Mr. Havell has indeed stripped the poet of his garment of words. True, he begins well enough, but the level of restraint is not kept up. It is not long before his prose becomes alternately pedestrian and high-falutin', while dulness pervades the whole like the drone of a bagpipe under the skirl, with occasionally a false note such as "the Trojan Goliath" (Bitias) to jar and offend. Quotation is often unfair in a review, but perhaps it may not be amiss to give a single instance of the average style of this bait to catch the interest of the schoolboy. It is taken at random from p. 169, but is very fairly representative of any page after the first twenty.

Nisus forthwith unfolded his plan, which coincided so opportunely with the subject under discussion, and explained that he had already reconnoitred the ground while hunting with Euryalus, and followed the forest paths to the neighbourhood of Pallanteum.

Dryden is not only more palatable reading. He is closer to Vergil:

Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets and the stream between
And know the winding course with every ford.

There are, of course, those who are constitutionally averse to poetry. But to these Vergil cannot appeal in any guise, for in Vergil the subject-matter is subsidiary to the form, and the style of this book of Mr. Havell's is amorphous.

The book is well printed in large clear type. The binding before us is, however, ornate to a degree: we should rather describe it as gaudy. The illustrations vary greatly. They are reproductions from paintings by Draper and Richmond, of sculptures both ancient and modern, of a couple of engravings by Picart, of two examples of "black and white" by Evelyn Paul, and of seven drawings by Sir E. Burne-Jones. There may be

admirers of the great pre-Raphaelite who will find beauty in these drawings, but no one could claim for them either force or fire, or even the faintest touch of harmony with Vergil. For the most part they are but unfinished sketches, decorative enough, perhaps, but weak in touch and futile in design. As illustrations to the Æneid they are as misleading as the text which they "embellish." And their weakness is rendered the more obvious by their unsuitability to the half-tone process of reproduction.

If the book is intended as a mere *précis* of the Æneid, well and good. It has some of the qualities of a good *précis*. But as an introduction to the spirit of Vergil, and his poem, it is a lamentable failure, the more to be regretted in that its existence is uncalled for.

British North America: I. The Far West, the Home of the Salish and Déné. (The Native Races of the British Empire.) By C. HILL-TOU. (Constable, 6s. net.)

EVEN the casual traveller who wanders at all from the ordinary tourist routes in America becomes aware that among the North-American Indians are included types offering very diverse characteristics. Especially, omitting certain peculiar races of the southern and south-western United States, is the inland Indian superior in physique to the fish-eating, more or less mongoloid red man of the Puget Sound and North Pacific coast region. According to modern scientific methods, however, the Indians are divided into linguistic stocks, the groups being arranged according to the community or diversity of their languages; so it comes about that one of the peoples forming the subject-matter of this volume, the Salish, which inhabits a wide area comprising the four most north-westerly States of the American Union and thence stretching over all British Columbia to and over the mountains and far eastward and northward towards Behring Sea, contains tribes representing in almost their extreme form both the inland and the coastal types. The inland Salish, as also the Déné, living hunters' lives in the mountains and the plains, instead of squatting in canoes and eating easily-won fish, have the wiry, lissom figures which one sees in the hunting tribes further south and east, but unlike many of the latter—and still more unlike the red man of fiction—the British North-American Indians are, it seems, deplorable cowards. All authorities unite in pronouncing them to be "timid, pusillanimous and cowardly," and when an affair of honour has to be settled, even among warriors, they use no deadly weapons, nor even fists, but find sufficient satisfaction in a wrestling bout in which hair-pulling is the chief method of attack. Also, it appears, among some of the Déné, when one man wants another man's wife, all that he has to do is to challenge the husband to a wrestling match, when, if he proves the victor, the woman *ipso facto* becomes his property. It seems a primitive arrangement, but none the less both these races, and especially the Salish, possess and, according to the authorities, live up to, a lofty code of ethics, with a classification of virtues and vices which is almost exactly Christian. On the whole, in spite of their cowardice, the picture which Mr. Hill-Tout gives us is of a distinctively engaging people. His knowledge, of the Salish especially, is evidently of the most intimate and we get a quantity of detailed information, pleasantly conveyed, of their ways of life and thought, together with discussions based on knowledge at first hand of such subjects (of interest to readers of the ACADEMY) as totemism and spirit religion. The black spot in the picture is the awful rapidity with which the people themselves are disappearing, for it seems that their numbers now are little more than one-tenth of what they were when white men first came in contact with them hardly more than a century ago. "The principal cause of this excessive mortality is alcoholism. Chief among the secondary causes are small-pox, syphilis and pneumonia." Individual tribes have diminished from five thousand to eight hundred in forty years, and from over two thousand to seven hundred in twenty. In spite of their virtues and

the readiness with which they have assimilated some of the better features of civilisation it is evident that as peoples they are "tending visibly not to be" and we are now none too soon in embarking on their scientific investigation.

LYING IN FICTION

IN an interesting and suggestive introduction to Messrs. George Routledge's last published volume of "The Early Novelist Series" ("Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" by Daniel Defoe), Mr. E. A. Baker contends that Defoe was the inventor of the naturalistic novel. Without plunging into the heated sea of controversy as to what actually constitutes realism and naturalism in fiction—a subject for which we have neither time nor space—and beyond expressing the general belief that in France naturalism begins and ends with Guy de Maupassant, and in England with Mr. George Moore, we would venture to suggest that Defoe was not, strictly speaking, a novelist at all, any more than was his admirer and imitator, George Borrow, that he was not in the artistic sense an inventor, and that it is from an entirely different point of view that his fiction, if we are to understand it aright, must be considered.

Apart from any distinction of schools, the writers of fiction in all countries, and of all ages may be divided into two classes: artists who through the medium of their imagination are revealers and tellers of the truth; and liars, deliberate and often heartless liars, who disguise and distort the truth, who lie with a specific purpose, mostly for pelf, and sometimes by reason of a degenerate nature, instinctively, because they cannot help it.

In the latter class we must unhesitatingly place Defoe, and when we add that in our opinion his only equal as a liar in fiction has been Alexandre Dumas, it will be recognised at once that we do not begrudge or deny to him a very high pedestal in the world of letters. The methods of the two men were of course widely different. Dumas lied naturally as a nigger, whose great grandfather had been a slave. Holding History behind his back like the traditional hen which Sambo has stolen from a neighbour's farmyard, all the wealth of his negro imagination was brought into play to tell a false story about it, and though his fantastic explanations merited a cowhiding, the very luxuriance of his lies and the ingenuity of his invention raised the smile which entailed forgiveness. Another of these liars was Zola, whose motives, however, seem to have been, like those of Defoe, almost purely mercenary. To give an example. When Zola's "L'Argent" first appeared, as a feuilleton in a Paris daily paper, it was easy for the reader to calculate every day to a nicety at which particular point in the story a filthy scene was impending. The Bourse being a dry and technical subject, an installment of the feuilleton loaded with figures was certain to be followed by a chapter reeking with *immondices*, and this alternation was necessary to achieve a popular success. A special public had to be catered for. A certain phase of life had to be deliberately misrepresented in the interest of the sale of the book, and all this on the pretence of holding up the mirror to human nature, of proving a pseudo-scientific theory in the name of a pseudo realism.

It may seem harsh to describe these writers and their kind as liars, but after all it was the profession which they would seem to have chosen for themselves, and they were very successful at it. Only in the case of Defoe did it involve any discredit during lifetime, and he and the others, after their deaths, have not ceased to be commemorated and belauded in every possible way. Dumas has his statue in the Place Malesherbes of Paris. Zola is at the Panthéon. And Defoe, liar as he was, holds, and will ever hold, a warm place in our own, and surely in every English heart.

The harshness of the expression is further excused

when we reflect that the question of truth or falsehood in fiction involves a great artistic, and for that reason, a great moral principle. For art is never separable from morality, and is, in fact, at the basis of it. Among the artists *sans peur et sans reproche*, who never lied, are Shakespeare, Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, Balzac, Flaubert, Meredith, Hardy—to mention only a few great names picked at hazard. Those who did lie had, as a rule, the immediate and mundane reward of the unfaithful steward; but we must be excused if we decline at this time of day to be taken in by them, or to accord to them a dignity in literature which they have no right to claim. "All is true," writes Balzac in the introduction to the "Père Goriot"; and all was true, artistically and morally true, of that eternal truth which the artist alone can seize and fix, though all was admittedly fiction. Defoe, too, would have had you believe that what he wrote was true, but his motives were not the same.

The world [he wrote in his preface to "Moll Flanders"] is so taken up of late with novels and romances that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine where the name and other circumstances of the person are concealed;

and he began his story with a sly attempt to hoodwink the reader:

My name [Moll Flanders is made to say] is so well known in the records or registers at Newgate and in the Old Bailey, and there are some things of such consequence depending there relating to my particular conduct, that it is not to be expected I should set my name or the account of my family to this work.

And in the introduction to "The Lady Roxana," Defoe

takes the liberty to say that this story differs from most of the performances of this kind . . . in this great and essential article, namely, that its foundation is laid in truth of fact, and so the work is not a story but a history.

Even Mr. Baker is a little flabbergasted at this bare-faced lying on the part of the "inventor of the naturalistic novel," and admits that

some of his more elaborate frauds certainly go beyond all bounds of literary artifice. In order to pass off his account of the career of Jack Sheppard as an actual dying confession, he got the condemned man, as he stood on the scaffold, to hand a document, purporting to be the manuscript of the book, to a messenger who brought it to Defoe.

But Mr. Baker adds "in extenuation of these offences against literary ethics" that Defoe "taught once and for all that the novel has its own method of imaginative actuality, and so laid the foundations of modern realism deep and secure." If Defoe did that, he did it unintentionally. Having expanded the chapbook into a lengthy narration and tricked out its plain, unsophisticated style with certain literary graces, such as would appeal to the middle classes of his time, and seasoned the whole with puritanical sermonising, Defoe's sole aim was to secure commercial success for his work. His lies are the "unavoidable trading lies" which he so graphically describes in "The Complete English Tradesman." "He must be a *perfect complete hypocrite*," says Defoe, "if he will be a *complete tradesman*." And on another page, he adds, "there is some difference between an honest man and an honest tradesman; and tho' the distinction is very nice, yet I must say it is to be supported." The gentle Elia was so amazed at this revelation of cynicism that—the "Short Way with the Dissenters" being in his mind, no doubt—he remarks:

If you read it in an *ironical sense* and as a piece of *covered satire* it is one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever writ, as much so as any of his best novels. . . . It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book to narrow and degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time I should certainly have recommended to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, who presented the "Fable of the Bees," to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency.

One is led to suspect that Elia cannot have read the book through, or he would have been forced to the conclusion that it is pure Defoe from beginning to end, crammed with commercial knowledge and common sense, oleaginous

with the hypocritical moralising in which he was an adept, and admirably adapted to please the middle-class reader for whom it was intended. The fact is that no one "knew his public" better than Defoe. Even the "Short Way with the Dissenters" was almost certainly written without any ironical intent, but merely with an eye to business. That the government, unable to conceive the possibility of such cynicism on the part of a nonconformist, insisted that it was an ironical libel, and pilloried its author, is the one irony in the situation, and among the most delightful in history. Defoe was the inventor, not of the naturalistic, but of the commercialised novel. Each one of his books is elaborately planned, and its elements combined, to reach the pockets of a class, numerically large, just able to read, but destitute of all literary taste. This class, which corresponded in Defoe's time to the upper and middle *bourgeoisie* of to-day, stood then much closer to the gallows than it does now. Stories of crime, of transportation, of hangings, fascinated readers of this class. At any moment it might be their turn. Financial ruin left men and women alike with practically no other resource than theft. Highwaymen were in many cases gentlemen, who, in Defoe's own words, "were driven by the exigence of their fortunes to take the road." To this vast public living upon the fringe of respectability, Defoe addressed himself. He was at once their entertainer and their consoler. He accompanied them from the cradle to the scaffold, administering to them with ghoully unction the last consolations of religion, and received their dying confessions, which he afterwards used and sold as "copy." Who can believe, then, that the stories which he told them were true? Naturalistic they may have been, but not in a sense of truth. Of much the same nature must have been the confidences which passed between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris—naturalism, combined with much oily and sly flattery of each other. For Defoe constantly flattered his public through his heroes and heroines. How pleased the Mrs. Gamps of his time must have been to learn that the midwife in "Moll Flanders," although an abortionist, a pickpocket, and a receiver of stolen goods, was nevertheless a "gentlewoman" of so much "heart," and so moderate in her charges, to prove which Defoe prints one of her bills, which is a model of its kind, and might well have been included in "The Complete Tradesman." And when at last Moll Flanders, after a quite unjustifiable, and most improbable reprieve from the gallows, is on her way, as a transported convict, to Virginia, how polite everybody is to her! The mate on board the ship introduces her as "this gentlewoman" to the captain, and the captain overwhelms her with compliments and favours, and is far too honest to ask from the debauched and incorrigible thief committed to his care any but a very modest present of tobacco in reward for his services. Then she and her highwayman husband wax rich and return to England, where Moll Flanders "lives to be very old," but, fearful perhaps that among his very oldest readers, there might still be some who viewed life joyously, and would resent too crippled a conclusion, Defoe adds, "she was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first."

The abiding charm of Defoe is his style—a quality, which, strangely enough, Mr. Baker denies him. Always in dead earnest, as becomes so systematic a prevaricator, Defoe never even smiles. His Robinson Crusoe is appallingly solemn, and not even the blackness of Friday is relieved by one bright spot of humour. But his style has a clearness and glibness, a deft eloquence, bringing it nearer to that of Balzac than that of any English writer, and explained doubtless by Defoe's French origin. His powers as a narrator are unequalled. He was the first English writer to introduce dramatic effect into fiction. According to Alphonse Daudet, Crusoe's finding of the footprints on the shore of his deserted island is the greatest *coup de théâtre* in literature. Charles Lamb quotes situations almost as wonderful and poignant from "Singleton" and "Colonel Jack." And Defoe had the subtly direct

style which suited his genius. Apart from that he stands for all time "unabashed," as Pope put it, in the pillory of Art as one of the greatest liars in fiction.

ROWLAND STRONG.

"MAX"

Le comique est une imitation ; le grotesque, une création.

WHEN Abraham was a hundred years old and his wife Sarah was ninety, three Angels visited them. They sat with Abraham outside the tent while Sarah stood within. One of the Angels, who is called in the narrative "The Lord," announced to Abraham that Sarah should bear a son. Thereupon Sarah laughed within herself. And the Lord said: Wherefore did Sarah laugh? This is the question concerning the human race which philosophers have been continually asking and have never completely answered: "Why do men laugh?" In the case of Sarah the Lord gives the most primitive reason. It seemed to Sarah incongruous for so old a woman to bear a child. The details of the story suggest another, which is really the concomitant of the first—Self-esteem. Sarah was triumphant when she heard that it was no longer her servant but herself who was to bear the heir of Abraham. Imperfect knowledge, which sees incongruity where there is none, is the root of self-esteem. We have therefore a double element of laughter, Incongruity, which is partly subjective, and Self-esteem, which is wholly objective.

Some one has said, "The wise man trembles before he laughs." The saying is profound: it expresses the instinct of humanity, and especially of Christianity, that laughter is somehow connected with deterioration in man. In the language of Christianity this deterioration is called the Fall. The Wisest of the wise, the Logos of God, wept, and was wrath; He never laughed. The beings whom Christian Imagination has especially characterised by laughter are such as Satan, Mephistopheles, Melmoth, types of duality of nature and of self-consciousness of their own incongruity. In the presence of these types we are led to think of a special kind of laughter—that which seizes us spasmodically, against our will, which is irresistible, contagious, a sort of possession. This is like the laughter of the Sabbath and the mad-house. It is also curious to note how frequently we find in the mad-house one of the essentials of laughter, Self-esteem, and how rarely its converse, Self-forgetfulness. Again, in the story of the three Angels the Lord does not laugh, because he knows that there is no Incongruity to laugh at. Abraham trembles before he laughs, he is wise enough to suspect that there is none. If he had laughed he would have laughed, like the infant, from pure joy. Laughter of this kind is essentially simple; it is of the same nature as the gambols of animals, as the laughter and song of the valleys when they stand thick with corn. It is a vegetable laughter. Our laughter is the laughter of Sarah, in its essence dual, self-conscious and not innocent. The monkey and the parrot are serious, the Chinese monster is religious; the Comic which we see in them is in ourselves. In proportion as duality can be traced in the Comic when we regard it under different categories the more distinctly human it becomes. It is most human, and at the same time least innocent in Caricature.

It must be prefaced that much that is called caricature has very little of its essential qualities. The so-called caricatures of Lionardo da Vinci have none. They are minute studies of deformity by a consummate artist and man of science. The cruelty in them is not intentional, it is rather the unimpassioned chronicling of science. They are like the deformed pig of Albrecht Dürer. At the present time, the political drawings of Sir Francis Gould from which we learn contemporary history are not caricatures at all, they are comic allegories, illustrating very amusing legends. They bear the impress of the artist as a witty writer plainly enough, but not as a Caricaturist. Any purpose outside his art interferes with the expression

of the Caricaturist as such, even in the greatest artists such as Hogarth and Honoré Daumier. It completely swamps the lesser talents of Robert Seymour and Charlet. The drawings of Dickey Doyle and of French artists such as Carle Vernet, Pigal and Henri Monnier have very little element of caricature. The comic is solely in the scenes, which are often reproduced with amazing fidelity. On the other hand though the essential element of Incongruity is more plainly visible in grotesques than in any other form of comic art, it can be so exaggerated as to pass out of the region of caricature. Jerom Bosch the latest artist of mediæval grotesques can scarcely be called a Caricaturist, much less can his imitator Breughel, though much of the latter's work was intended for political caricature. The artist and man of letters who carried the grotesque to its highest and most absolute development is Theodore Hoffmann. In France, Grandville on the same lines tended to the phantasmagoria of the mad-house. Here, the perfectly sane and highly objective "Bab Ballads" of Mr. Gilbert are of the nature of the Grotesque, they are not Caricature.

Some preface has seemed necessary in order to elucidate the estimate which I have formed of the work of "Max," and to account for the very high—the unique—place which I give him as a caricaturist. Critics who have known his work before and yet find in the present Exhibition at Messrs. Carfax's Gallery a *revelation*, will in reality never find one. This is not because "Max" has ceased to develop, for he has developed in several directions; nor because Messrs. Carfax's Exhibition is in any way inferior to their two earlier ones; but because the essence of "Max's" greatness was always present, and these critics missed it. The earlier the work the more evident it is, because it has not been obscured to the untrained eye by later accomplishments. "Max" is the purest elemental caricaturist who has yet appeared anywhere. He seizes and exhibits with unfailing certainty the elements of his subjects. These are primarily physical elements, the moral elements can and do express themselves in the physical. "Max" exposes the basis on which the ornament is founded. In this exhibition No. 30, Lord Althorp, No. 44, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and No. 7, Mr. Alfred Sutro, are the simplest examples of "Max's" peculiar excellence. In many examples of this kind the resemblance to the individual does not appear until we have seen him after the caricature. When we have done so we never see him again, "Max's" presentment of him alone remains.

In the distinctness of the impression of his own personality, "Max" is equal to the greatest men who have caricatured, to Hogarth, to Daumier, even to Goya. It would be hyperbole to compare him to Goya as an artist, but in the *genre* of Caricature he alone shares in some degree Goya's points of distinct individualism. Compared with "Max's" individuals the creations of Daumier, and still more those of Hogarth, are but types. This is not merely to be accounted for because the prototypes used by these artists are unfamiliar to us or have passed away so that we cannot compare them with their re-creations, "Max" has the power of creating an individual whom the spectator does not know. It would be unkind to subjects of his art to label them as obscurities, but there must be many on Messrs. Carfax's walls of whose entity in the flesh most visitors have but the vaguest idea, if any at all. "Max" gives these subjects existence.

"Max" is also unique among English caricaturists by never being didactic. Of his views on religion, ethics, art, politics, of his personal likes and dislikes, he tells nothing. It can only be assumed when a drawing is peculiarly repulsive that it represents a very intimate and beloved friend to whom the fullest freedom is welcome. All other English caricaturists who have distinct objective power preach from the pulpit, harangue from the polling-booth, or lecture from the platform. Like Ibsen, "Max" marshals pure data. You may be certain that they are perfectly authentic, but he draws no conclusion from them.

Both artists are of the first rank, their arts are their own ends.

It is incredible that many of "Max's" subjects find real pleasure in his presentment of them, though they may appreciate the honour of affording him material, but the presentments are not cruel in the sense that the caricatures of Rowlandson, Kean and Leech are cruel to the fallen, the unfortunate, the lame, the maimed, and the obese; or as Phillipon, Robert Seymour, and, above all, Daumier are cruel to their political opponents. "Max" meanwhile is unconcerned, he caricatures whatever forms appeal to his artistic sense and are most adaptable to his methods. Peculiarly excellent in this respect, and of the less elemental order, are No. 13, Mr. Haldane, No. 14, Lord Grimthorpe, No. 28, Mr. Edmund Davis. To "Max" these gentlemen were born to be his subjects and have just attained their majority. Over Mr. George Moore and Mr. Hall Caine "Max" has reigned for years until Mr. Caine has been reduced to a diagram and Mr. Moore has almost melted away.

In another direction "Max" is unique. He works as a cartoonist in miniature, and his work is highly decorative in effect. I instance No. 28, Mr. Edmund Davis, again, No. 42, Sir Hedworth Williamson, No. 46, The Tate Gallery. Few pure caricaturists have been colourists. Daumier had a sense of colour which appears in his black and white work. Hieronymus Grimm worked in colour in his rare caricatures, but he had little true sense of it. In tone of colour "Max" has some resemblance to Rowlandson, but his colour is subtler, gayer and more charming. He has not yet shown the power of elaborate composition possessed by Rowlandson, but then his work is much nearer to pure decoration and the effect would be confused by elaboration.

This year "Max" shows powers as a draughtsman and aquarellist suspected but not before developed in the direction which they have now taken. The drawing of No. 52, Mr. W. Sichert—not a particularly interesting caricature—recalls Daumier. It has the broadness and sureness of that master's touch and in its two colours suggests many more. No. 16, Chelsea, is a charming landscape in which Mr. Steers's figure is a pyramid giving a more accentuated note to the foreground. Finest of all in the new vein is No. 2, Mr. Henry James in London. This is a perfectly beautiful study in mist. It will be a pity if it does not find a place in the Print Room of the British Museum.

I have mentioned Hoffmann. The point of contact between him and "Max" is obscured on the surface, but it is fundamental. It may be found superficially in the phantasmagoric design surrounding Mr. Henry James at a Club, now placed in Messrs. Carfax's outer room. The inner relation lies in the intense objectivity of "Max's" work and thus in its approach to what Hoffmann calls "the comic innocent." A symptom of this sort of comic is a burst of uncontrollable laughter. It is part of its essence that it should appeal to individuals differently. Every one should find at Messrs. Carfax's some examples which produce this effect. To me the example which does so is No. 46, A Quiet Morning at the Tate Gallery. Why? The analysis of the individual visitor's mind does not interest the rest. Let each act as his own critic, find the drawing which most appeals to him and analyse the cause of his amusement. It is the only way to enjoy the work of "Max." He is not the artist for the million, in his way he is as learned as Dante. The indolent lover of funny figures will go away disappointed.

G. L. T.

THE SOUL OF THE VALET

THE older one grows, the more one despairs of clearing the judgment. It is generally held that youth is the period at which the judgment is tinged with emotions, prejudices, the personal likes and dislikes that are so

strong in that rich and racing time. As we decline towards middle age, we find, on the contrary, that we grow less, not more, reasonable. On our way through life, we gather associations; and there is nothing for upsetting the judgment like the influence of that priceless, but sometimes troublesome possession, our past. There were years when I had a sound choice in tunes, and was proud to own to something of a fine taste in food. And now—there is a house opposite mine where on Sunday mornings they squall and squeal in the vilest of London voices the vilest of Anglican hymn tunes. One of the vilest of all I can listen to with genuine pleasure: it reminds me of a treasured episode that had not happened twenty years ago. Of all good things to eat, a well-cooked apple-dumpling is in itself among the best. I detest apple-dumplings; because the last one I ate was served me on the eve of a severe illness and a calamitous winter. So, as we go down the hill, we gather accretions that disturb the balance of the judgment and make us call ourselves critics with an apologetic shrug.

Yet there is something that disturbs the balance—if we may judge from many examples—more fatally even than association. And that is personal acquaintance with an artist in paint, or words, or sounds. Perhaps the trouble appears more prominently in the criticism of literature, and to that we will confine our remarks. It is surprising how deeply personal acquaintance with an author affects some critics, lay and professional. There is no warring against associations: our past is a part of us; we cannot cut it off. Another man, an author, is no part of us; he is outside us, and we are the same whether we dislike the shape of his nose or like it; whether his voice is as musical as Apollo's lute or as harsh as a raven; whether his morals be ours or those of Turkey or Arabia. And yet the majority of men who have to do with literature seem unable to shake off the influence exerted over them by the personal qualities of an author. While he is unbeknown to them, they can judge his work by what they have of literary knowledge and taste: to meet him once, or even to pick up scraps of gossip about him in the press is to have their judgments warped.

And warped nearly always in one direction: that is the odd thing. I am not speaking now of "log-rolling," because the basis of the agreement which constitutes log-rolling is intellectual, not of the affections. The Pre-Raphaelites are a fine example of a body which worked together with no loss of love between the members; and we have no reason to suppose that the young Celts love each other to distraction. I am speaking of the meeting of strangers. The warping is nearly all in the direction of depreciation. Now and then, no doubt, a big man pats a little man on the shoulder, and the little man in return licks the big man's boots and goes round showing the world in general how dirty his tongue is. There was a flagrant instance of this some two years ago; but such sycophancy is rare nowadays when the big men are less "useful" to the little than "literature's" new patron, the many-headed public. The usual story is this: that a little man is admitted, by accident or by his own assiduous pushing, into the company of a big man. He sees that the big man has a bald patch on his head, or a straggly beard, or a fussy habit. His little mind fastens on some little personal oddity, and thenceforth such power as he had of appreciating the beauty of the great man's work is gone. "I know old S—," he will tell you; "he's no good!" Or: "Did you ever see such a funny-looking little object as H—?" I can't think why they make such a fuss about his novels."

The little man is not morally to blame. It is not through envy of the great man's happy lot. There is no malice. It is not that being a little man, "not tall enough to worship in a crowd," he "spits his small wit." It is simply that he has the soul of a valet.

No man is a hero to his valet: no man, however great, is a hero to the man with the soul of a valet. Not long ago an American author wrote an essay on the ugliness

of men and women of letters, as if it were a matter that affected their work. He had the soul of a valet; and the soul of a valet is the soul to-day of half the journeymen of literature. They have the grace, as a rule, to keep it out of print; they will write as appreciative articles as any about the poems or the novel of a man whom better judges acclaim as great; and would be insulted if you told them that their praise rang hollow. It is in their conversation that the valet-soul peeps out: the smirk, the leer, the patronising shrug that stamps the gentleman's gentleman of the society of letters. No one who has the misfortune to "move in literary circles" but can adduce a hundred instances of the reptile's appearance.

What service can such minds do to literature? They can do, it is true, but little harm, since even when unaffected by the fact that they "know" an author personally, they do but stumble in the footsteps of some Wenceslas of courage and power who has gone before; and among the coteries, the "literary" clubs and the Fleet Street bars there is no one above their own level. But what have they to do with literature at all? All art is a striving upward. The eye of the artist is the eye that sees the great and universal, and does not see the petty and particular. The eye of the valet sees only the detail; and the man who differs from the conventional in the shape of his hat, the manner of his speech or the conduct of his life stands condemned of the servants' hall. The valet can never realise that, to say nothing of the hat or the speech, the conduct of a man's life is of no concern to literature, unless and except in so far as it affects the quality of his work. Incapable of appreciating what is good or great, the little man fastens on what is small and of no account; and with him to know is to despise.

I have said that the soul of the valet is not often allowed to express itself in print. Its timorous and slavish possessor usually protects himself by a safe adherence to the classics (which he does not understand), a cautious disregard of modern work and a positive terror at any signs of novelty in aim or manner, which induces him to leave such work alone. For all that the valet-soul permeates our modern criticism. How is it that a feeble novel will be praised to the skies, and in the same page of the same journal a modern masterpiece will be greeted with faint and calculated welcome? The author of the novel is a valet, too; a cautious, conventional being, whose tie is always straight, and whose mind is as correct and as free from all taint of daring as his tie. The masterpiece may be the work of a genius whose tie, like his mind, is unusual (how often have we been told by the valets of Walter Pater's apple-green tie?). The valet sees the tie; the mind is beyond his comprehension.

We cannot protect the good authors against the intrusion of the valets, though indeed they would thank us if we could. But it is a matter for deep regret that, owing to the present demand for talk about books and authors, there should be valets on the literary staff, and sometimes in responsible positions, of every paper in London. It almost induces one to vow never to make the acquaintance of an author for whose work one has any respect. But I know half a dozen already whose work I admire greatly; and there are one or two of these whom for themselves I love.

H. C.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LITERARY HAGGIS, À L'ANGLAISE

HAVE the readers of these lines observed a disposition on the part of people generally to bear about with them in their pockets a number of dainty volumes which they constantly consult and frequently change? Have they remarked for example the man in the Twopenny Tube who

on taking his seat produces one such book and buries his nose in it with apparent delight? It is probably "The Traveller's Joy." Then when he emerges safely into upper air, on the street level, that is, have they seen him at once change it for "The Friendly Town"? Following him, in imagination, into his home, have they noted him, after emptying his pockets, select, as he sits himself down by the fireside, "Hymns of the Hearth"? If our readers have not observed a large number of people behaving themselves in this way then we are forced to conclude that something has gone wrong with the publishers. That something has gone wrong with *one* publisher would not surprise us, but that all the publishers had simultaneously made a mistake as to public taste would indeed cause us to wonder. They have concluded recently from signs satisfactory to themselves that the time has come to mince up literature, and they have employed quite a small army of expert persons to hash it up accordingly. The result is to be seen on any bookseller's shelves.

Here are the titles of some of the resulting haggises: "The Open Road," "The Traveller's Joy," "The Wayfarer," "The Pilgrim's Way." Literature has often been cut up and turned into tasty collops. The albums, keepsakes, souvenirs, and companions of a past day were confections of this order. Every young lady had one and much good it did her. It laid in her mind the foundation of that love of literature which is so conspicuous in the Englishwoman of to-day. But these collections were too nice and sugary; they suffered from too much "elegance." In time they were displaced by the poems of Mrs. Hemans and Longfellow; then Tennyson came along and held the field for a full generation. But there was nothing of the haggis or the sheep's head about these polite authors. Even about Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" there was an air of the boudoir. No man by taking thought can become a Tennyson and produce college prizes and birthday gifts, nor did it seem easy, in truth it proved very difficult, to make a better anthology than Palgrave's. Yet there stood the whole body of English literature waiting to be carved and cut up. It was becoming older every day and more unconsumable in bulk, yet immensely rich in tit-bits suitable for popular consumption if properly extracted, confectioned, and named. The situation was most dramatic. Consider it for a moment. The aforesaid body of English literature rotting away unregarded. The great mass of the public ready to consume such of it as could be made edible. A host of "editors" and "compilers" dimly conscious that it ought to be cooked somehow—but how? And the army of publishers, the Crosse and Blackwells of the situation, only too ready to lend a hand, but without an idea, as becomes publishers.

Suddenly there came the man. Some say he was Mr. E. V. Lucas, an author whom we trust it is no discourtesy to call celebrated. Others say it was Mr. Grant Richards, the well-known publisher. Yet others declare that a brain-wave struck these two gentlemen simultaneously. In any case there was a brain-wave, and this is how it operated. It perceived that when a man starts on a journey he provides for everything—what he shall eat, drink, wear, and so forth, but not what he shall read. Let us provide him with something to read, said the brain-wave, and let it be not a series of novels, nor a guide-book, nor a book of easy-going essays—all old and outworn things—but a hash of literature, real literature, all that the best writers had ever said or sung about what the traveller on foot or bicycle sees about him. And in due time appeared "The Open Road," the first literary haggis. And very good haggis it is. Although called "The Open Road" there is something appropriate for you if you find yourself in a "garden" or "orchard." There is "music beneath a branch"; there are fine things about the "reddening leaf," about "birds, blossoms and trees," about "refreshment and the inn," and a variety of other matters. You can scarce go anywhere or do anything, but you will find the appropriate extract. Doubtless it

will even send you to sleep. And if these observations cause any number of persons who do not possess the book to buy it forthwith, we shall be very pleased.

But it was not to be supposed that when this highly successful hash was put upon the market, it would be left in undisputed possession. Not at all likely, with the whole body of English literature lying ready to be cut into agains and again. It is a well-known fact that no two haggises taste alike. And so "The Traveller's Joy" and other similar imitations repeated the pedestrian idea. But a brain-wave of this description is not easy to stop. Obviously—even to a brain-wave—a man is not always on the road; sometimes he is climbing hills, or living under them and thinking of climbing them. And it is most comfortable for him to know what the poets and prose-writers have said about mountains. Accordingly when among the mountains you provide yourself with another kind of haggis, "The Voice of the Mountains." If your mood lead you to take the *Clacton Belle* at the week-end, still you are not neglected: there is "The Voice of the Sea" brand. If you are fond of flowers "The Garden Anthology" will see you through a long day, with "Beneath the Bough" for a change. Should it rain as it did last Sunday, there is the already-mentioned "Friendly Town" for companion, or you can supplement church-going with "Prayers from the Poets," while "The Bond of Music" will link up into a harmonious chain an afternoon of Straus (the newest Straus) at the Queen's Hall.

What an age we live in! A year ago and the body of English literature lay rotting like a dead sheep on the hillside, threatening to go beyond the possibility of shepherd's "braxy," and here it is all beautifully cut up, soured, seasoned and cooked, into incorruptible haggis.

Shortly there will be no act of existence but will have its particular anthology. Some, we admit, are not yet provided for. The compiler has got as far as the shaver's extracts, but we have seen nothing for the bath yet. Doubtless it is coming. There are a hundred busy-brained compilers scheming for us, and there is the great body of English literature still rich in material. The result cannot fail, particularly as the process is easy. What is the latest fad? Let it have its anthology. "The Open Road" was happy in the opportunity of its appearance. About that time there was a craze for the open air, and a number of writers that did not know a snail from a hedgehog were declaring weekly that there was no life like the tramp's. They "wrote up" Autolycus "with heigh the doxy over the dale." About the same time American young ladies took to walking through the dewy grass with bare feet, deriving an extraordinary benefit from so doing, and attracting crowds of young men to the same system of hygiene. In London there were people who solemnly set about curing colds by sleeping between sheets of brown paper in a triangular draught created by the open window, the open door, and the open chimney. Naturally, "The Open Road" caught their fancy. There is nothing aids deception like literature. An apt quotation will make a patent pill succeed where a prescription would fail. And of all the devices for the vending and consumption of great literature, there is none surpasses the haggis.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

John Glynn. By ARTHUR PATERSON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. PATERSON describes his latest novel as "a Story of Social Work," and in his publishers' advertisement we are told that the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor thinly veils the identity of a real and existing society. Neither of these explanations is surely desirable if necessary. The book is strong enough, and its purpose is evident enough to need no excuse or explanation. If such a society really exists, and works

as sensibly and practically as Mr. Paterson describes, we are more than pleased, but its existence neither increases nor detracts from the merit of "John Glynn" as a novel. As we have said the book is strong enough to stand by itself. Readers of Mr. Morrison's "Child of the Jago" will probably be struck by a likeness between the two books. This is only natural, for they are of the same family. But Mr. Paterson need not be afraid of this comparison. His book will possibly not attract so much discussion as its predecessor, for the simple reason that it is not the first of its kind. But in many ways we prefer Mr. Paterson, if for nothing else, at least for the spirit of optimism which pervades the story, and the ultimate success of John Glynn and the Society in their fight against that modern Fagin, Percival Nyne. In this juncture we are glad to be assured that "the Society really exists." Apart from its "purpose" the story is distinctly interesting, at times even exciting. Mr. Paterson evidently knows his "Nile," and understands the emotions and methods of thought of its inhabitants. He makes his hero use just the right primitive means to influence them, and does not use a razor where a bludgeon is the necessary, in fact the only, weapon. His powers of description, too, are high, the account of the fight *without* gloves, the prize for which is the Championship of the Nile, being worthy of comparison with Conan Doyle's magnificent "Croxley Master," or even with the more famous contest in "The Amazing Marriage." "John Glynn" should find favour with readers of all classes. The more serious will welcome a book which contains more than a mere love-story, while those who do not care for too thoughtful fiction will find an exciting and convincing novel, in which the characters are alive, and the interest is sustained to the end.

Odd Lengths. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN entitling his volume of short stories "Odd Lengths" Mr. W. B. Maxwell was more truly inspired than perhaps he realised. "Oh, no, madam," said the draper to the customer at the clearance sale, "there is nothing against these pieces, except that they are what we term odd lengths. They are quite our best materials—you can see for yourself. Just odd lengths." But in spite of the draper's protestations the customer does well to be wary. She has heard the tale before, and she has more than a suspicion that these "odd lengths" are not the best material, that they are, in fact, shoddy goods, deliberately got up to sell. We do not wish to press the commercial comparison suggested by himself too hardly against the author, but we should be doing him an injustice if we admitted that the volume contained his "best materials." With two exceptions the thirteen stories which make up the volume are utterly commonplace. Written, we should imagine to order, for various magazines to a stipulated length, they have all the appearance of the machine-made article. They might have been "turned out" by any hack magazine writer. There is nothing to take exception to in them, but there is also no reason why they should not have died a natural death in the publications in which they appeared. The brilliant author of "The Guarded Flame," "Vivien" and "The Ragged Messenger" has done no service to his literary reputation by giving to them the permanence of volume form.

Her Son. By H. A. VACHEL. (Murray, 6s.)

THIS is a story which grows in interest from the first to the last page. It is well constructed and full of dramatic situations which nowhere develop into melodrama, in fact the more intense and strained these situations become the more naturally and simply does the author treat them. Dorothy is—as a character in the book says—"a heroine," but unlike the ordinary heroine of fiction she does not irritate the reader with her virtues. She acts in an extraordinary way—in the sense that all fine actions are extraordinary—from the first, but accepting her as an

unusual woman we can only once think that her behaviour is not entirely true to her type. From the first the author has, without any apparent effort, made a story which is a series of tragic occurrences seem very close to life, and this without aid from any actual power of writing, for he is not at all vivid in style, and none of his descriptions give a deep impression of outer personality; we do not "see" the people or places very clearly. But if we do not feel that we live with them and know them intimately we do feel that we are being told of real people, and wish to know them better, for it is a story full of human interest. In Dorothy we recognise that rare type of woman—a woman of whom her friends can feel sure. It is much to the credit of the writer that nowhere does he let her degenerate into a virtuous prig, but makes her hold the reader's sympathy all through by her simple courage and fine-heartedness. There is no cheap sentiment throughout the book, which is good enough to make the reader wish that it had just the "little more" which would add so much to it from a literary point of view.

Fortune's Fool. By FRED E. WYNNE. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE book takes its title from the quotation "O, I am Fortune's fool," and we are tempted to ask: "Why drag in Fortune?" Lionel Repton is fool enough to work his own undoing without any help from the capricious goddess. The son of an impoverished Irish landowner, he adopts the medical profession and, much against the will of his father, goes to Dublin to study medicine. Here he meets a pretty, vulgar little hospital nurse and marries her. Too late, he discovers what a less foolish man would have seen long before, that she has a craving for drink and is fast becoming a confirmed dipsomaniac. The story opens with the murder of a woman by her husband, an Irish peasant, and closes with the death of Repton's wife. Too weak to face the consequences of his own folly, he kills her with an overdose of morphia and then crawls back to his old home to die.

One of the Grenvilles. By SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

"ONE OF THE GRENVILLES" is the misleading title of Mr. Sidney Royse Lysaght's tale, but we find, before we have reached the end of the second chapter, that for one should be read six; not to mention a dozen or so of characters who are not Grenvilles at all, all of whom play equally important parts on the author's stage. The story of each is told with whole-hearted enthusiasm and it is small wonder that the book, which contains the material for at least three novels, is incoherent and unwieldy. Yet, those who can face some five hundred closely written pages without flinching will be well repaid by the vigorous and graphic manner in which the characters are set before them and the real wit and humour with which the tale is told.

Captain Desmond, V.C. By M. DRIVER. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is a much better story than the title would suggest. Indeed, save for a proneness to dabble in ready-made phraseology, the authoress has contrived to tell a pleasant story of Indian life in a clever manner. Captain Desmond, the hero, is one of those perfect men which only a woman's imagination can create. He is nothing if not heroic, saving the living of men and animals with a *sang froid* perfectly delightful. He has married, however, a pretty girl who resents his devotion to military glory. She wants him for herself alone, cannot understand why married men should go on active service, and is of such a sensitive organism that she is unable to love her husband when he is wounded. In fact, she is the child-wife of the Dora Copperfield order. Thus the gallant captain is torn between love and duty, but with the coming of Honor Meredith, who is the temperamental antithesis to Mrs. Desmond, he is encouraged to pursue his hobby of bravery.

Honor and Desmond, as a matter of course, fall in love. Each one, however, is animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice to be true to the child-wife, and not until a year after Mrs. Desmond's tragic death at the hands of a fanatic, is a word of love spoken between these two lovers. This is the whole story, although mention must be made of the masculine Irishwoman, Mrs. Olliver—a good character-sketch—and Paul Wyndham, a somewhat anæmic individual. There can be no doubt of the fact that the writer knows India and Indian life, and her sketches of the scenery and daily work can be taken as word-pictures of the most picturesque of our possessions. Perhaps she is at her best when dealing with the problem of Honor Meredith's love, and if at times one feels that the lady is insincere in her petty sacrifices, the personality of the childish wife would justify her heroics. Altogether Mrs. Diver has written a story which will give pleasure to every one who reads it, whether they know India or not. And for the latter all the native terms are translated into English with a thoroughness almost overpowering at times.

The Triple Scar. By ELWYN BARRON. (Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.)

GIVEN a "veritable Mephisto with benevolent intention," who is at the same time a newspaper editor, and a member of the French secret police, there are no bounds to what the reader may expect in the way of sensational incident. Marcel Leviquet discovers that Judge Chartier was stabbed through the heart with a hat-pin, and surmises that the murderer must have been wounded by the force of the blow. A lovely lady is found to have a triple scar upon the palm of her hand, thereupon strange things happen, described with animation, and a spice of chivalrous and romantic sentiment. The innocent 'Toinette is betrayed through the machinations of Mme. Clifton, who, while outwardly of an austere and irreproachable life, plies a shameful trade. A secret passage in her house communicates with the abode of a vicious marquis, where mysterious orgies are held, attended by owners of historic names. Retribution follows after a well-matched game that ends tragically for both players. It is not life, it is not Gaboriau, but it is ingenious and entertaining after its kind.

The Mystics. By KATHARINE CECIL THURSTON. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.)

WHAT will not a long-suffering public endure from a writer who has once succeeded in pleasing it? Mrs. Thurston made a lucky hit with "John Chilcote, M.P.," which appeared at an opportune moment when the public mind was exercised over cases of mistaken identity. It was not by any means so good a book as an earlier volume of Mrs. Thurston's entitled "The Circle," but it was pleasantly and fluently written, and exhibited a certain ingenuity of style and treatment. But since then Mrs. Thurston has gone to pieces, and by the publication of her latest book, "The Mystics," she comes perilously near making herself ridiculous. The veriest tyro at the game could have done better. The idea of the story appears to have been taken from newspaper accounts of various strange sects and religious bodies, which have recently caused some amount of scandal. The "Mystics" are waiting for the advent of a prophet who "will be power made absolute." They have a wonderful temple, an elaborate ritual and a sacred book, which is jealously guarded by the arch-mystics. John Henderson, whose uncle has left all his money to the sect, obtains possession of the book, and determines to impersonate the prophet with a view to obtaining his uncle's fortune. He succeeds in imposing upon the people, but when his power is at its height he falls in love with one of his disciples. His love makes him ashamed of his actions, and he admits himself an impostor. It is possible that something might have been made of such a story, but Mrs. Thurston treats it in a manner at once crude and unconvincing. The characters are mere puppets without a semblance of life, and the episodes of the story are vague and loosely put together.

DRAMA

"THE SUNKEN BELL"

GERHART HAUPTMANN writes a fairy play in five acts. The scene is laid in the mountains and in the village below. The story is simple and beautiful. Heinrich, a bell-founder, has finished his great bell and is taking it from the valley to hang it in the steeple of the church in the mountains, when a water-sprite, one of the mountain-people, wrenches a spoke from the wheel of the waggon; the waggon breaks; the bell rolls down the side of the mountain and sinks into a great lake. Heinrich too falls down and down: a cherry tree in blossom he clings to as he falls but the branch breaks . . . Dying he reaches the hut of the old woman of the mountains, and lies down at her door. The old woman of the mountains is wise: she knows mankind of the valley, and she leaves him to die. Rautendelein her granddaughter is young and lovely: she knows not mankind of the valley and she loves Heinrich, and Heinrich in his pain sees her, the spirit of the mountains, and in his pain he loves her, as the spirit of life and beauty. So when the Vicar and the Schoolmaster and the Barber come from the village to take Heinrich away to his home and his wife, Rautendelein leaves the dwarfs and the elves and the water-sprite and Nickelmann and her grandmother, with whom she has played and lived, and follows Heinrich to the village. There she finds him in his own house with his wife in an agony of grief, the Vicar and the villagers: life is passing from him and none of them can do anything to help him. Rautendelein is left to watch him; she kisses his eyes to make him see: she brews him the draught of youth and life and gives it him to drink that youth and life may be renewed within him.

And Heinrich goes away with her to the mountains. He is able to do such work as he has never done before. He is master of his craft and he is happy. The Vicar comes to him to save him from the bad enchantment, and Heinrich explains to him the new gospel of light and life and love which he is working out from his own experience for the salvation of mankind. The Vicar goes away, sad at his wickedness. Then the villagers come in anger to kill him, and he drives them away; he exults in the renewed strength which this fight for their sakes and his own gives him. But when he is tired after a day's work and the fight, his two children come to him, bearing a jar which is filled with the salt and bitter tears of their mother, and they tell him that she has drowned herself for grief. The sunken bell tolls the knell of Heinrich's past life, from which he has not the strength to free himself. He turns on Rautendelein and curses her and the new life she has given him. And the curses kill her. She dies and goes down to the Nickelmann who lives at the bottom of the deep well. Too late Heinrich repents. To see her again he must drink the wine of power, the red wine of love, and drain the cup of death. He frees her then to come to him as he is dying, and she kisses him to the sleep of death.

Such is the fairy play which Gerhart Hauptmann writes in five acts. It is simple and very beautiful. In the telling of it he has drawn from all the fairy lore of Germany. He has woven, as though from music, the fabric of a vision, in which is seen human weakness and human endeavour. All the elements of this fantastic life of ours are real in the fairy light in which they are revealed. The fabric is built by imagination as though by music

And so not built at all
And therefore built for ever.

Hauptmann, like Shelley, was able to see far into the unapparent, and what he saw resembles strangely what Shelley saw. Again and again in the course of the play great lines from Shelley break in upon the mind, and vindicate the truth of the haunting fairy-dream. You feel that Hauptmann must have taken the torch of hope

from Shelley's own white hands, and that the day when hope will create from its own wreck the thing it contemplates is nearer.

The difficulties in presenting a play of this nature are manifold. The spectacle must be subordinate to the idea even more than in other forms of drama. The poet is speaking directly to the imagination from the people and scenes on the stage, and so the people and the scenes must not distract the imagination. The production must be a sustained effort towards keeping the atmosphere of mystery untainted. And this cannot be done by realistic pantomime methods, however dexterous, or however beautiful even, these methods may severally be. Such effects by their very cleverness destroy the illusion which they are intended to create. This cleverness was the fault of the performance, which was given by Mr. E. H. Sothern, Miss Marlowe, and their American company at the Waldorf Theatre on Monday evening. For example, the goat-footed water-spirit leapt and laughed dreadful laughs with amazing dexterity, and spoke his lines—he has important lines—far too slowly and in too commonplace a voice. His agility was praiseworthy and startling, but his long opening speech suffered from it in contrast. He should have relied more on his voice and words for the holding attention and less—much less—on his leaping and boundings. There were many other notes which were out of harmony with the music of the play as a whole.

Miss Julia Marlowe played Rautendelein with spirit and perception of the poet's beauty. She is not helped by her personality, which has nothing elfin about it; but at times she suggested a creature of another world by a happy movement, and she was always graceful. Her voice has a beautiful quality and she knows well how to make use of it. Mr. Sothern played Heinrich with much earnestness, and he delivered the great speech of Heinrich's gospel of light with proper feeling. His performance, however, was a little marred by monotony of voice and gesture; and his effort at the end of the second act was far too theatrical for the delicate construction of the play. Mr. Crompton and Miss Clifton were very good as the Vicar and the wise old woman of the mountains, and the elves danced prettily and well.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE NEW GALLERY

As a display of modern British art the summer exhibition at the New Gallery is held by the vulgar to be second in importance only to the Royal Academy, and there would be good reason for pessimism if the works annually shown at these two institutions were in reality the best examples to be found in contemporary practice of the British painting and sculpture. Happily all who have studied the ramifications of modern art, its secessionist and schismatic tendencies, are aware that the best must be sought in many folds, that the excellence rarely found in the main tracks of Piccadilly and Regent Street may by diligent search be discovered in the by-ways and hedges. Of the admirable work being accomplished by Sir James Guthrie in Edinburgh, for example, or by Mr. Brangwyn in Leeds and the City, no hint is given at the New Gallery or Burlington House; and since these exhibitions are wanting not only in examples of the work of the most promising of our younger artists but also of the achievements of older painters of European reputation, it is clear they cannot in any wise be considered efficiently representative of modern British art.

For the poverty, then, of the exhibition opened this week at the New Gallery, blame must be attached to its directors and committee of selection and not to the present generation of British painters. Plenty of good work could have been had for the asking, had invitations been sent to the proper quarters; and in view of the richness

of the field it was in their power to cultivate, it is astonishing how barren are the results of the efforts of the directors. Half a dozen portraits, two or three other pictures, and a few pieces of sculpture exhaust the artistic interest of the exhibition. There is not a single imaginative subject, a single decorative panel, a single landscape which could be pronounced by the most lenient qualified critic as first class of its kind, and if sounder work is to be found among the portraits, expectations of a masterpiece are sure to be disappointed.

The largest, and in other respects most important exhibit, is Mr. Sargent's presentation portrait of *Dr. Warre* (211), shown standing in his robes on the steps of Eton. It is an attempt at the grand style of portraiture, but if satisfactory as a likeness it leaves a good deal to be desired as a picture. The ex-headmaster is too obviously and self-consciously posing for his portrait and the grey building behind him, for all its cleverness of painting, has the unnatural aspect of a photographer's back-cloth. It is not only that the lights on the figure and the background are different, they are enveloped in different atmospheres, and these two atmospheres do not naturally blend and harmonise. From the picture as a whole we get a whiff of the studio; it does not convince as a realistic rendering of a thing seen, it does not satisfy as a dignified convention of decorative portraiture. As a serious, if not wholly successful, effort, the *Dr. Warre*, nevertheless, ranks higher than the same artist's portrait of *Mrs. Harold Harmsworth* (215), a clever but not remarkable example of his ordinary professional practice. But from a painter's standpoint the most delightful of all Mr. Sargent's exhibits is his little *Architectural Study* (268) in the Central Hall, a gracious impression of harmonious colour, set down with a sincerity and emotion deeper and more convincing than that evoked by either of his portraits.

Less arresting than Mr. Sargent's work Sir George Reid's two portraits have greater dignity and solidity. They are among the best things in the exhibition, and if the art is concealed in a refreshing adherence to an old tradition, that tradition is no dead thing in Sir George's hands, but made alive and vigorous by his own personality. Unlike his younger contemporaries, however, Sir George is at no pains to express his own personality at all costs; it finds expression quietly, without ostentation or conscious effort, while the painter is intent on his sitter, and thereby remains the more effective. *Sir Charles B. Logan* (226) is perhaps the finer of his two portraits, for the characterisation in *Principal Story* is pushed to perilous lengths, bordering on caricature though just restrained from crossing the frontier by the power of the painter's hand.

Mr. George Henry's *Miss Innes* (52) is one of the most gracious portrayals of femininity. The pose of the girl, standing and leaning her hands on the table, is simple and natural, while the warm grey colour-scheme is equally simple and pleasing. Without being a *tour-de-force* it is a distinctive and sweetly painted picture. Another Glasgow artist, Mr. Harrington Mann, is responsible for a sound and delightfully handled child portrait, *Kathleen* (161), and among the best of the remaining portraits are Mr. W. G. von Glehn's skilful *Mrs. G.* (241) in a shimmering light blue dress, Mr. William Logsdail's *Portrait* (163), and *Mrs. Leo Bonn* (66) by Mr. Lavery, who falls far below his own level in his other exhibits.

Among a crowd of pictures whose pigment is turned into "papery chips or slippery cold cream," the glowing canvases, loaded with rich and luscious paint, from Mr. T. Austen Brown are always welcome. *At the Window* (207) is not so much a portrait of the girl who is looking out, as an attempt to render the brilliance of a sunlit road seen from a shaded room. And its heat is felt to such an extent that Mr. Mark Fisher's landscape which hangs near by is obscured and becomes tame and cold. "Where you see no good, silence is the best," said R.L.S., and acting on this principle it is possible to omit all mention of the landscape section. Messrs. Peppercorn, Spenlove-

Spenlove and Alfred East send fair examples of effects they have repeatedly painted before; Messrs. Aumonier, Coutts Michie and Arnesby Brown send works inferior to their own average production. Mr. Moffat Lindner's vision of *Amsterdam* (7), wrapped in a yellow London fog, is a departure from his usual decorative convention, and is clever if not particularly beautiful. But beauty appears to have been sought by few contributors to the New Gallery, though Mr. Alfred Withers has caught it and given it poetical expression in his romantic colour harmony *The Court of Oleanders* (16). This is one of the very few pictures in the collection which the present writer has any desire to see again, and with it, though less intense in its emotion, may be mentioned the richly painted and well composed *La Cité de Carcassonne* by Mrs. Isobel Dods-Withers.

Two marble busts by Mr. Harvard Thomas are the chief ornaments of the sculpture, which maintains a higher standard of artistic workmanship than the paintings. It was daring of Mr. Thomas to render the arms and hands in his bust of Mrs. C. K. Butler, and their sensitive modelling and rhythmical arrangement go far to justify his defiance of convention. His other bust of Miss Alma Wertheimer (475), equally accomplished, is full of life and expression, and after the flat-faced busts commonly exposed to view the tender and subtle modelling of the cheeks is a sheer joy. Mr. Conrad Dressler's "Lupercalia" (494), a life-sized statue of a nude youth, which occupies the centre of the hall, is of a less rare accomplishment; but the figure, especially the back, is ably modelled, and the pose ensures a pleasing flow of line from any standpoint. Awkwardly placed, Mr. Felix Joubert's life-sized equestrian portrait of the *Kingmaker* (482) fails to impose, and the variety of material employed gives it a restless appearance. Seen at a proper elevation it might be more successful and its treatment seem less flimsy and theatrical than it seems at present. Two busts by Mr. John Tweed, Mr. Derwent Wood's statuette, "Echo" (496), and the little bronzes by Miss Gwendoline Williams and Mr. Albert Toft are pleasant additions to the section, and if Prince Paul Troubetzkoy has failed to give complete satisfaction with his "Bernard Shaw," he has the consolation of knowing that Rodin himself fared little better in the pursuit of that elusive personality.

MUSIC

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

IMPERIAL unity and artistic excellence are ideas which do not run easily in double harness. The fact was evident to all who heard the concert, which the London Symphony Orchestra gave last week at Queen's Hall to welcome the Colonial Premiers, but the reason will be variously found according to the point of view of the individual. Perhaps our artistic and our political ideals are alike too highly artificial for the one to become a spontaneous expression of the other; certain it is that on this occasion the only moments of unified feeling were those in which chorus, orchestra, and audience joined in the National Anthem. That stalwart tune is a natural expression of a primitive political idea which all share to some extent, but as the programme went forward the divergence of feeling widened; musicians endured with patience the light-hearted triviality of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's overture, "Britannia," knowing that their ears would be satisfied with Bach and Beethoven, but they chafed somewhat under the protracted Coronation Mass, which Canada, as represented by Dr. Charles Harriss, contributed. Meantime politicians, who had probably lost their way amidst the mazes of Bach's eight-part counterpoint in the motet, "Sing to the Lord," slipped away before Beethoven could do them further injury, or stayed to interpret Schiller in

their own way, perchance to translate "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" as "Free Trade within the Empire." In short the event was a failure, whether regarded as a concert or as a political occasion illustrated musically. It did not hang together and it is impossible to think of it in retrospect in any other way than by isolating its component parts.

Take first the "Britannia" overture; here is as merry a piece of music as you may wish to meet on a summer's day. Played on the pier while we sit in the shade and watch the waves come in and the boats go out to sea, we should ask no better, especially if it were given with the dash and brilliancy with which the London Symphony Orchestra play it. Looked at critically too, it has points which many works of its kind cannot claim. Not every composer could have written a tune like the second subject of this overture, which sounds at once spontaneous and yet has the lilt of the old English sea-song; while very few could have resisted the temptation to achieve a commonplace climax by thundering out "Rule Britannia" at the end. Tchaikovsky certainly would have done so, Rubinstein and Reinecke in overtures on other patriotic tunes did it, but there is a touch of refinement in the way Sir Alexander Mackenzie has suggested the rhythm without labouring at the tune, which puts his work on a higher level than these. Still, it was hardly a suitable prelude to "Sing to the Lord," which belongs to a wholly different world of thought and feeling. Such a work requires that a large space should be cleared around it; in order to appreciate its colossal proportions, an audience should come to it with fresh ears. As the Sheffield choir hurls forth these mighty pronouncements it is possible to be so carried away by the volume of sound as to miss the detail of the workmanship, and to gain but a vague sense of a vast outline, without perceiving how finely it is chiselled. But it is not difficult to overcome the tendency, for these singers enunciate their phrases with an incisive force which is instrumental rather than vocal, and which has a wonderfully bracing effect upon the mind. If we could constantly hear Bach sung in this way, numbers of people would gain the power of contrapuntal listening, that is, of hearing the outlines of the individual parts as well as the massive effect of the whole. Dr. Coward conducted this, the only work in which the qualities of the choir were heard fully.

In the Choral Symphony Beethoven used the chorus, both as a means of giving to his *finale* a warmer human interest than instruments alone could give, and because he wanted to conclude with the words of Schiller's ode. Having introduced it, he treated it rather as an adjunct of his orchestra than as flesh and blood. Herr Arthur Nikisch, in conducting the performance, concurred so completely with this point of view, that often the choral effect was overpowered by the orchestra. Up to the entrance of the voices the performance was excellently balanced; the control exercised over the first two movements made the contrasts of tone sound daring without being incongruous, while the sublime melodies of the slow movement could scarcely have been more eloquently expressed. The declamation of the violoncellos and basses in recitative seemed to strive for the clear articulation of words, while the section in which the orchestra evolves the great theme of the *finale* was a magnificent piece of playing. Unfortunately the entrance of the bass voice did not come as the climax to the structure; Mr. Frangcon Davies sang the recitative stiffly and the whole quartet of solo-singers were ineffective, though all seemed to be working hard. Madame Agnes Nicholls indeed could hardly be improved upon, but the minor parts sung by Miss Alice Lakin and Mr. Lloyd Chandos did not support her.

The Choral Symphony does not lose much by being sung in a bad English translation; Beethoven was carried along by the ecstatic feeling of the ode and only in a few places stopped to set particular words to significant phrases of music. A tremendous climax is attained; how it is done cannot be seen. It seems to be by a titanic effort in

which is a good deal of wasted energy. The achievement is at once less consummate and more wonderful than Bach's in "Sing to the Lord." In listening to the latter we hear music in its first innocence when noble works were created without effort and without pain. The struggle by which Beethoven rose to so high a plane was terrible, and his work bears marks of the human toil which bring it nearer to us.

Could these two works have stood alone upon the programme we might have listened to them adequately, and certainly no more fitting welcome could have been offered to our guests. Unfortunately between them stood the mass by Dr. Harriss and the result was a jaded and tired audience who gradually evaporated as the symphony progressed. Upon the workmanship of this mass I prefer to pass no criticism, but would enter a final protest against the attempt to combine these incompatible elements. Here was sufficient material to furnish two occasions, a concert and a political gathering. Our patriotism need not have suffered, while our musicianship would have been improved by separating them.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just been reading Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Walter Pater." An unpleasant impression of something coarse and unsympathetic in the touch of the writer lingers after the reading. I might put it, in fact, in more precise (if stronger) terms, and say that during its perusal a peculiarly blunt and vulgar callousness forced itself upon my attention. I refer particularly to the writer's comments on Walter Pater physically. Time after time, with a curious absence of delicacy, some point or other concerning Pater's physique is obtruded upon the reader's notice in a way that nothing could justify. Mr. Wright's susceptibilities in this direction have apparently something of the professional bluntness of a Barnum showman. Whatever has to do with Pater physically seems to evoke something derisive in tone—Mr. Wright acts as a kind of showman and takes particular trouble to emphasise any peculiarity—not forgetting to add his own small contribution of wit to the mirth of the occasion.

And this is not because the writer was unaware of Pater's own sensitiveness to his shortcomings. "There was one picture," the biographer writes, "which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass." It needs but little imagination to realise this "pain," for there are few forms of torture more potent than that of a sense of physical shortcomings (with just a touch of the ludicrous) allied to an exquisitely sensitive temperament. The very fact that there is a certain sordidness in such trouble only makes it rattle the deeper and provides for every day its inevitable cross. And may we not think that there is some feeling of all this underlying those words in "Appreciations" where Pater speaks of literature as "a refuge, a sort of cloister refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world"? We might even think of this sense of physical shortcomings as being perhaps the chief of those things from which he sought a "refuge" in literature. And surely it is one of the ironies of life that Pater, who thus looked on literature as a "cloisteral refuge," should so soon have this department of life which he thought so secure so roughly invaded, and the vulgarity which he had shunned in the world be brought there to be fixed biographically as a kind of permanency. For surely this is what the present biography has succeeded in doing.

The following is an instance, and can we not detect in the relating a kind of showman's trick of dressing up the abnormal to accentuate deficiencies? We are here invited by the biographer to dress Pater up in imagination as a "soldier" and—laugh. Thus: "Pater in a scarlet jacket and black facings would have been a sight for gods and men." Could anything be more unnecessarily unkind? It is not as though these witticisms increased any of that parasitic profit which biographical avidity of this kind gets out of dead men's notability. The book would have sold just as well without any of it.

Here is another instance. In view of Pater's sensitiveness,

could anything be more revolting than the following—and the context . . . "the suggestion made at a subsequent meeting to discuss the External Improvement of Pater, that the hunch-back should next be dealt with found no supporters." Surely the touting of the "biographer" might have culled something less disgusting than details of this kind.

And to add poignancy to the pathos of the situation we must remember Pater's delight in physical fitness, such as he revels in in those Greek dreams of his. Can we not imagine that there must have been almost an hourly pang in his life there at Oxford, amid all that clean-limbed, buoyant-gaited athleticism to which he was an outsider?

An intimate of his writes: "I have in recent times wondered yet more what the real Pater was." Can we not imagine that the "real Pater" was (at least) of all things physically fit? Is there not something pathetically significant in his words of farewell to the boys of Canterbury: "Be boy-like boys"? (despite the blunt perception of the biographer who adds: "which, coming from him who has never by any chance been a boy, was rather out of place"). And yet in spite of all this the biographer loses no occasion to let fall some gibe or other at Pater's deficiencies.

There is one thing to be thankful for however. Whatever there may have been of love in Pater's life is still sacred. The biographical toutings have fortunately failed to result in any acquisition. "It was his (Pater's) frequent boast," says the biographer, "that he had never fallen in love, and we have no reason to doubt his word. . . ." One rose at least has escaped the slime of the snail. Here is a specimen of what might have been further expanded had the search for detail brought anything to light. The showman spirit is once more to the fore, pointing out as with an amused smile his victim's infirmities, and inviting the mirthfulness of all and sundry. Pater as a lover, he thinks, must be decidedly mirth-provoking. "With his odd looks and grotesque figure," this kindly biographer writes, "he made an indifferent cavalier." And to speak thus—now—when a woman who loved him might still be living!

Dissatisfied with life, Pater walked in a new world created of art. In this he elected to walk for posterity. Such a book as the present, however, makes it as if he were followed by a derident street yell of a *gamin* who could never get over the irresistible funniness of his being "hump-backed."

T. W. COLE.

TWO DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. A. L. Mayhew, denies that the two passages in the "Paradiso" (xiii. 127, xviii. 119) are "disputed"; but in the notes of the Temple edition are not two alternatives given in each case?

Mr. Mayhew, with many other Dante scholars, is satisfied with the explanation he selects; but it is, I think, a question of probability. Is it probable that Dante would have chosen a sword, our associations with which are so trenchant, to represent a refracting medium, or that by the "God-given power which is the formal cause for the nests" he meant the "formative instinct by which birds build their nests"? Would his contemporaries naturally associate nests with the instinct of nest-building? Many passages, obscure at first sight, are explained at once by allusions (sometimes mistaken allusions, e.g., Purg. xxxiii. 49), especially to the Bible, and it is to be noted that Par. xiii. 127 is preceded (l. 93) by a quotation from the Bible (1 Kings iii. 5 f.) and xviii. 110 by one from the Apocrypha (Wisdom i. 1). Can any Vulgate scholar throw light on its aberration in Ecclesiasticus i. 15?

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

"A NEGLECTED POET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the five lines first quoted by "A. D." from the work of "Michael Field," with what word does "orchestra" rhyme? Apparently either with "lay" or "awe," and it is difficult to say which is more disagreeable. If it be intended to have no rhyme, then surely the juxtaposition of these other words is a blemish.

T. S. O.

[The final syllable of "orchestra" of course rhymes with "to-day" and also with "lay." Compare Tennyson's

"Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say,
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua."

Any one who has any knowledge of poetry could cite a score of similar examples of the rhyme which is perfectly correct and legitimate and not in the least degree "disagreeable."—A.D.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow us to point out that the writer of the article with the above title in your current issue is mistaken in assuming that there is no English edition of Michael Field's "Underneath the Bough." We published this first in the year 1894, and it is still in print.

GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

[The assumption, which was a qualified one, was based on some words of the author's in the preface to the American edition. I am glad to hear that it is a mistaken one.—A.D.]

MILTON'S REVISIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent F. S. S. mentions in your last issue the instance of Tennyson's revision without improvement, in contrast to Rossetti's continual emendation commemorated in "A. D.'s" suggestive and scholarly article on "The Blessed Damozel." Your readers may be interested in emendations by another poet even greater than either of these. Milton first wrote the famous lines in the poem called "At a Solemn Music" thus:

Where the bright Seraphim in *tripled* row
then Where the bright Seraphim in *princely* row
Their loud *immortal* trumpets blow
then Loud *symphony of silver* trumpets blow
then High-lifted, loud, and angel trumpets blow
And cherubim, sweet-winged squires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear the *blooming* palms
Hymns devout and *sacred* psalms
Singing everlastingly ;

Finally we have the marvellous, inspired melody of the following lines:

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly ;

Again, the last line was emended as follows:

To live and sing with him in *ever endless* light
then in *ever glorious* light.
then in *uneclipsed* light.
then where *day dwells without* light.
then in *cloudless birth of* light.
then in *never parting* light.

finally it stands:

To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

There were many other emendations in this poem which would take long to enumerate. I hope that your correspondent Mr. H. P. Wright will now realise that the poet grows, as well as the infant, and that the path of inspiration often lies in amendment. If he cannot do so he must content himself with this definition: *Improvement* = an alteration by Milton.

L. L. A. S.

THE FETISH OF THE INTRODUCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You frequently in the ACADEMY protest against the far too common custom of attaching introductions to the works of the great writers. It is indeed becoming time to make protestation. Only the other week, for instance, in mentioning some reprints of Ruskin, you said one of the introducers wrote that Ruskin was visionary and impracticable.

Now Ruskin may or may not have been "visionary and impracticable"; but the thought struck me very strongly at the time: what right has any man, great or small, to prefix the writings of another man, either great or small, with something which is calculated to prejudice the reader either for or against the particular work? Ruskin, we will say, is *accounted* visionary: but does history warrant us in imagining that any particular age or any individual has such a prescience of the truth as will allow this kind of thing to be done with impunity?

Then, again, just lately, I have come across a reprint of some of Huxley's essays, introduced curiously enough (and published in the same series) by the same introducer, wherein he seeks to alter and belittle the message of Huxley, and wherein he scruples not to make it an excuse for bringing forward yet again his own unsupported views on life's great issues. Fancy, too, Huxley, who felt and wrote so strongly against those religious people who continually give up the supposed truths of their faith and then turn round and say they have won the day, being introduced by a scientist who helps them to do this, and by a scientist who affects to know of things beyond the material universe by means of "intuitions." Could the inanity of "introductions" go further? Could, in the eyes of those who have the writings of Huxley fresh in their mind, a greater sacrilege—I use no smaller word—be committed? If these writers of introductions have anything to say about the author of any "classic" let them say it elsewhere and not thus seek to prejudice the uninstructed reader.

But the conceit of man passeth all bounds. If publishers must have the aid (?) of the introduction, let them choose their introducers with some show of consistency. If they presume to publish the works of a great naturalistic philosopher let them get a naturalist to introduce him; and by analogy let them do likewise in other spheres of learning. But why introduce plain, outspoken Huxley, or even Ruskin—why, it is indeed why?

C. R. MORTON.

FIELDING AS CRITIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A writer in the ACADEMY recently, in giving unqualified praise to the author of "Tom Jones," in which he showed the insight and appreciation of a competent critic, took occasion to refer to the rather tedious and unnecessary introductory chapters, as he put it, as if they deviated from the story itself and interrupted continuity of the narrative. It may be so and it may be sound criticism with regard to story-telling in general. In Fielding's case, however, it affords us an opportunity of gauging his standpoint to the art of fiction and human nature in general. Some such exposition from the father of the English novel was in itself excusable, particularly as his views are somewhat at variance with his contemporaries and their ideas. But these sallies of satire and wit, apart from the accident of their occurrence, contained the wisdom of the artist, and as mere criticism on an art that has had many opportunities of their supersession, if found unsound, since that time, contain the first and the last word in the true writer's outlook upon life. Fielding no doubt was mainly exercised in writing these comments on the progress of his own tale, from a humorous bantering of those choice spirits of his age, such as Richardson, who made virtue ashamed of her own likeness. He was simply laughing at them in his sleeve. We do not say his great prose epic has not grievous blemishes, but his profound knowledge of human nature and the complexity of human life are seen in these essays and form of themselves a contribution of no small value to literary criticism, and it is with these we are now more immediately concerned. All who come after—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—adhere to their principles and to their truth, so far as they go, and have nothing to add.

To Fielding the novel was the unfolding of human nature. He who would unfold it must *know it* as he wished to *delineate it*.

"The provision, then, which we have here made, is no other than human nature. . . . In reality, *true nature* is as difficult

to be met with in authors as the Bayonne Ham or Bologna sausage is to be met with in the shops."

That these aphorisms of his might be objected to as out of place he is well aware. He playfully remarks to the reader who may object to their relevancy, that he can pass them by and continue the story. No lover of literature or student of life can afford to pass them by. That he would prefer their omission but for the exigencies of his attitude is evident by his remarks:

"OF PROLOGUES.

"I have heard of a dramatic writer who used to say he would rather write a play than a prologue. In like manner, I think I can with less pains write one of the books of this history than the prefatory chapter to each of them. To say truth, I believe many a hearty curse has been devoted on the head of the author who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue and which at first was part of the play itself; but of latter years has had so little connection with the drama before which it stands that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other."

A writer's liberty of action with his readers is in proportion to what he has to say. Time and space are governed by things of moment only, many years may produce nothing of consequence and an hour may be fraught with destiny. The novelist's business is to interest. His attitude to his readers is that of a benevolent instructor, so while he "is at liberty to make what laws he please therein," and these laws his readers, "whom I consider as my subjects are bound to believe in and obey," yet these readers' "ease and advantage" are the main "considerations." "I am indeed set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use and not they for mine." But the writer must be familiar with his theme:

"To say the truth, I require no more than that a man should have some knowledge of the subject of which he treats. . . . In short, imitation here will not do the business, the picture must be after nature herself . . . a true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known." He knows, too, the value to comedy of the life of common individuals: "But to let my readers into a secret this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resource to a writer whose province is comedy or of that kind of novel which like this I am writing is of the comic class. . . . I will venture to say the highest life is much the duller and affords very little humour or entertainment."

These latter were what he set himself to accomplish. Cervantes was his alleged master, human nature his theme, life his stage. His imperfections (if we may call them such) arise not from these but from within himself and the eyes he directs upon them. Equally pungent is his criticism of the function of the critic.

Censure must be deserved before ventured upon. An author must be faithfully read before being adjudged. It is mere slander of reputation otherwise, nor should a work be condemned for a few faults if it contain real merit. In short the attitude of the critic is to appraise where he can honestly do so and to find as little fault as is necessary. This is the present attitude of criticism itself after two centuries of varied experience, during which time even a Jeffreys was not exempt from blame.

Fielding's portrait is highly suggestive of the critic of these "prologues," and reveals the arch humour and intellectual shrewdness that so eminently characterise his works. If fiction itself be but, as has been said, "a criticism upon life," then Fielding was fully equipped. Indeed, even in his narrative he can hardly refrain from its exercise, as witness the admirable criticism of *Hamlet* in "Partridge at the Play," wherein the pedagogue's adverse criticism of the actors is made all the more enjoyable by its sincerity, or just appreciation of true acting, though put into obliquity by Partridge's ignorant and pedantic applause.

If it be true, as Sir Walter Besant says, that the greatest compliment that can be paid to a writer is to say his story is like life, then Fielding knew what he was about, and wrote with a confidence that such knowledge gave him. Posterity has endorsed his judgment. Besant had nothing to add to his criticism. Nowadays the dynamic forces of life exercise more influence, it may be, on the Hardys and Merediths, and the feeling for circumstance that gives birth to tragedy and which men call fate; or the haphazard of romance takes the place of the desire to amuse and entertain that characterised an earlier age, but the axioms laid down by the father of the novel remain unalterable and must so remain as long as human nature endures.

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. H. P. Wright calls "Poëta nascitur non fit" a Horatian dictum. I wonder in which of the Horatian poems he supposes the dictum to be found, and how he would scan it.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

April 20.

TOLSTOY AND SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Count Tolstoy's recent criticisms of Shakespeare seem to have moved a Russian lady to note the effect produced by a reading of *Hamlet* and *Othello* on an assembly of Russian *moujiks*. An account of the reading has appeared in the Greek paper, *Ἡμερησία*, but no authority is given, and I do not know whether the report is original or an excerpt from some Russian journal. It has not, to my knowledge at least, appeared in English.

The result of the reading should not be taken as a foregone conclusion. It by no means follows that, because Shakespeare has pleased Englishmen of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth century, and learned and cultivated men of every nation, therefore his appeal to a dull and uneducated, scarcely European, peasantry should also be great.

However, Shakespeare was justified and the sage confounded. Both plays were followed with interest and appreciation by the audience. The passage, *ὑπάρχειν ἢ μὴ ὑπάρχειν*, in *Hamlet* was twice encored and led to a naive discussion of the ethics of suicide. The reasons for Hamlet's hesitation were apparently thoroughly understood.

The excitement caused by the story of Desdemona was even greater. To quote from the Greek, which is sufficiently classic:

ὅταν ἡ καταστροφὴ ἐπῆλθεν τὰ δάκρυα ἔρρεον ποταμῶδον καὶ τὸ κοινὸν ἔμεινεν εἰς πολὺ συγκεκινημένον νευρικόν. "Ἐγὼ οἰκτεῖρω μᾶλλον τὸν Ὀθελόν," εἶπε μία ἐργάτρια. "Αὐτὴ ἡ δυστυχὴς δὲν ὑπέφερε πολὺ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πόσον περισσότερον." (Δέν, by the way, = "not.")

The moral of course is this: that one may educate the peasantry as efficiently by the use of the classics as by *Tit-Bits* after the English fashion, or, after the continental fashion, by socialist pamphlets, stale philosophies turned prophet, and purposeful novels such as now seem to multiply as spontaneously as the amoeba and as prolifically as the Australian rabbit.

W. F.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DOG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Surely the name of Sir Isaac Newton's Dog was Diamond?

PAMELA TENNANT.

April 22.

[We have also received letters correcting our reviewer's slip, from M. M., Walter W. Skeat, B.M.G., and W.S., who also gives the reference to "The Lost Bower" mentioned by another correspondent.—ED.]

"AN INQUIRY" ANSWERED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The verse quoted by A. F. W. in your last issue is the first of Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Lost Bower." The whole verse, including the fifth line which your correspondent could not recall, is as follows:

"In the pleasant orchard-closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we;
But 'May God bless all our losses,'
Better suits with our degree.
Listen, gentle—ay, and simple! listen, children on the knee!"

M. A. C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The lines which "A. F. W." asks about are the opening lines of Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Lost Bower."

T. S. O.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

- Raleigh, Walter. *English Men of Letters, Shakespeare*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 227. Macmillan, 2s.
 Stephen, Caroline Emelia. *The First Sir James Stephen*. 9 x 6. Pp. 298. W. Heffer, 6s.

EDUCATIONAL

- Crook, C. W. *Shakespeare's King Lear*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 222. Holland, 2s.
 Salmon, David. *Bacon's Selected Essays*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 144. Holland, 1s. 9d.
 Branch, E. A. *Simple Studies in Line and Mass of Common Objects*. 13 x 8½. Holland, 2s.
 Drinkwater, H. *The Temple Cyclopadic Primers*. 6 x 4. Pp. 129. Dent, 1s.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have received an appeal to the public from the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford for the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which the University needs in order to meet the demands made upon it by the ever-expanding requirements of modern learning. A public meeting will be held in the theatre of the Civil Service Commission in Burlington Gardens, on Thursday, May 16, at 4.30, at which a fuller explanation will be forthcoming, and motions will be submitted for the formation of a General Fund, and the appointment of a committee and trustees. In 1903 the deficit in the University Budget was close on six thousand pounds; in the following year it had been reduced to less than three thousand pounds, and in 1905 there was a balance of five pounds. The budget of 1906 shows a further improvement, but the increased revenue has been already allocated and pledged, so that little more can be looked for from efforts in this direction. The great benefaction of the late Cecil Rhodes has brought with it a corresponding burden, that of providing the two hundred students from all parts of the Empire, Germany and the United States, the best advantages in teaching and equipment for study. Liberal efforts have already been made by the Colleges to assist the University, and as it is useless, in England at least, to expect help from the State, this appeal to the public as individuals is justified and indeed necessitated.

The more pressing needs fall under two main heads: the promotion of modern studies, literary and scientific; and the provision of funds necessary for the due maintenance of Bodley's Library. An increased staff of teachers of English, with professorships in French and German language and literature, are urgently needed. In the departments of science, an electrical laboratory, which Oxford almost alone among universities lacks, equipment for the study of hygiene and scientific agriculture, are also necessities.

Most people of taste will be inclined to think that our alliance with Japan is dearly paid for by the interdict pronounced by the censor on Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera *The Mikado*. For years we have been wondering what conceivable reason there was why the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were not revived, and were only able to put it down to the extraordinary prejudice which is nearly always shown by London managers for

bad new plays over good old ones. Now at last the operas have been revived. The revivals have, of course, been enormously successful, as any one but a theatrical manager could have predicted with absolute confidence. And now we are not to be allowed to see *The Mikado*, which is the best of the lot, and which, with *Dorothy*, stands in a class by itself among English comic operas. Mr. Gilbert says he doesn't care, but we care very much.

And why does not somebody revive *Dorothy* for us? From a musical point of view, it is perhaps even on a higher level than *The Mikado*, and though the "book" cannot for a moment compare with Mr. Gilbert's witty librettos, it is not at all bad. It is at any rate removed by many leagues from the awful balderdash which is served up to the long-suffering public under the false and misleading name of "musical comedy," and which in nine cases out of ten is characterised by bad music feebly orchestrated and meretriciously harmonised, and an entire absence of anything approaching to true comedy.

One of our illustrated contemporaries the other day produced some pretty pictures of the *Bois de Boulogne*, and naively alluded to the *Bois* as "the rotten row of Paris." Considering the immense size of this wonderful half-park half-forest where one can ride or drive for miles and miles and where it would be very easy for a stranger to lose his way altogether, the comparison is pleasing. It reminds us of the literary gentleman who referring to the *Arc de Triomphe* described it as "this fine monument which for the grace of its structure and the symmetry of its design may well be called the Marble Arch of Paris."

One of the most literary of our morning contemporaries has been drawing a "portrait" of a certain writer of fiction. With a view no doubt to flattery, our contemporary describes this gentleman as a "brownish, smallish, slightly high-voiced, very slightly plump goblin cross between a British general and an agitator." "Very slightly plump" is the sort of delicate incense you would offer to a woman, for it implies clearly that the subject is well-fed, as a popular fictionist ought to be, without being profanely fat as you might expect him to be. And our contemporary adds that this very slightly plump goblin cross will tell you "that he is of humble origin," also that "of a truth he is of the best origin in the world"; also that he has been "by turns a poor schoolboy, draper's assistant, usher, science-student crammer, Saturday Reviewer, story writer, Utopian, novelist, Fabian, and owner of a charming and satisfactory house." And much more to the like snobbish effect. We believe that we could say the name of the writer of this charming tribute in five virginal syllables. On the other hand we may be mistaken. One thing however is certain, namely, that literary portraits of so sugared a description are very bad for all parties concerned. It would have been better for the fictionist—and much better for his admirer and the world at large—if this particular portrait had contained an explanation of the letter that the said fictionist addressed some while back to Mr. Moberley Bell of the *Times* newspaper.

The fact is that nowadays there is a great deal of disposition on the part of inferior intellects to set down moderately successful geese for swans. The fictionist in question is a clever man, and we are willing to agree that he has had his struggles. But with all his works in our eye, as it were, we cannot recognise that he has ever aimed at anything above the mediocre, and that of late years at any rate his talent has been devoted to the purely commercial side of literary art. The portrait painters admire him, and others of his like, really because of his success and not because of his work. We do not accuse them of

insincerity but merely of that most human of failings an over anxiety to glorify that which is commercially valuable. If the portrait painters were useful persons, they would occasionally single out for their unwelcome attentions, somebody who was doing work which passes the wit of Messrs. Pearson and Harmsworth to understand. Luckily for letters there are such people in England to-day though they may not own "charming and satisfactory houses," and though they may never have been either poor school-boys or draper's assistants.

The people who "go in" for literary examinations have a wit which is entirely their own. Indeed we believe that the most wonderful book of humour the world has ever seen, might be compiled by any person possessed of judgment and a pair of scissors out of the forlorn "answer" papers which "Examiners in Literature" are supposed to take home of nights. We do not propose to burden this column with a string of samples but we append a bright particular gem which is worth at least a whole page of the works of some of our professional humorists.

[EXAMINATION PAPER] Paraphrase: "Oh pardon me, thou bleeding peace of earth—"

CANDIDATE FOR HONOURS: "Excuse me, ye sanguinary clod."

Which on the whole is nearly as good as the French boy's "Madame Frailty is the name of the lady."

The literary journal of the colonies is of course more or less in its infancy. But of its enterprise there can be no doubt. Literature to the colonial literary journal appears to be precisely what "territory" is to the colonial land-agent or book canvasser—"a vast and healthy tract capable of illimitable exploitation." It goes without saying, however, that the editors of the colonial journals are not above adopting an occasional hint from the Mother Country. In a literary paper which reaches us from Australia, we find considerable small type devoted to the help and encouragement of budding talent. The budding talent apparently submits its efforts and the paper passes remarks;

Pipeclay: In our present stage of perfection we both pity and scorn you. But we owe you an idea. J. M. (Christchurch): That's all right. C. (Manly): You want to grip your ideas tighter with your form. All those leave an impression of bulging over. And if you'd play the lines on the piano, so as to get a regular time-beat, you'd do better. D.: The thrush wouldn't like you to exploit his Wo in print. M. J. (Campbelltown): Mournful poem, like a wet prayer. J. Kelly: Trouble you for 2d. postage. Poor Will: Poor parody. N. L.: Thanks; keep on. Horne lacks interest. Limericks waiting. J. M. (Masterton): Can't find the fun. M. S. (Oodnadatta): Posted 4d. to your credit. M. J.: Glad of your letter, duly gristed (pardon the editorial breach). Dream: Limericks waiting. Afraid we can only harpoon one whale this season. G. W.: Wants force and conviction—try stronger cigars.

There is a shirt-sleeve effect here, which is sadly wanting at home.

The number of literary men and artists at the brilliant reception for the Colonial Premiers given by the Duchess of Sutherland last week recalled a similar function at the same splendid house seventy-two years ago, when Dr. Waagen, the German savant, was present. In his delightful and gossipy book on "Works of Art in England," amid rather dry observations on the authenticity of old masters, he records all the hospitalities and courtesies showered upon him. Indeed, an amusing book, of considerable value to students, might be made of extracts from his various works. They throw considerable light not only on pictures but on the social aspect of England, seen through Teutonic glasses, in the early part of the last century.

In July 1835 he writes: "Yesterday evening I happily dived into the cloud of smoke and mist of London . . . for I was invited to a fête at the Duchess of Sutherland's. The duchess had the happy thought to make use of the

vast space, in which the staircase rises, the effect of which is very striking from its extent and splendid decorations. As the numerous fashionable world in the greatest variety of rich and tasteful dresses were gradually divided in the hall, and on the landing-places of the stairs, this grand architecture was furnished with figures corresponding to it." He goes on to compare the scene to a picture of Veronese, and adds that "the melancholy uniformity of the black dress to which gentlemen are condemned in our days by the tyranny of absurd fashion often disturbed the harmony of the cheerful, gay picture." A good many years had to elapse before Whistler made us see the beauty of men's evening clothes, and the London fogs, so much resented by Dr. Waagen. "The Duke of Sutherland," he tells us, was one of the few of the superior nobility who "on such festive occasions, beside the fashionable world, like to see also eminent artists and authors; thus I found there Mr. Rogers, the poet; Messrs. Wilkie and Callcott, the painters; and Mr. Wilkins, the architect."

A delightful coincidence completes the parallel, namely, the description by Dr. Waagen of the then Duchess of Sutherland, "to whom the Duke presented me. The expression of the purest benevolence and of a clear understanding which is united in her with uncommon and genuine English beauty cannot but excite the admiration of all who have the advantage of her acquaintance." Her portrait by Lawrence now hangs opposite Mr. Sargent's portrait of her successor. It is one of his masterpieces.

Shelley's "proof-reading" was a late subject in these columns. Herr Koszul, in the *Révue Germanique*, attacks his mistranslation of Goethe. *Gipfel* (summit) becomes (193) "skirt" (*Zipfel*), *Laden* (300) becomes *Lade* ("shop," for "bundle"), *aufschäumer* ("boil") is rendered "foam" (13). *Windshraut*, where *braut* is for *braus*, "noise," suggests to Shelley the English "brood," and he renders: "How the children of the wind rage in the air" (118). *Mässig* (289) means "moderate," but sounds like *massive*, and is rendered "ponderous," accordingly *gergeicht*, "causes" (301), suggests "rich"! *Dunst* ("vapour") becomes "dust," which it resembles in sound (103): and so on. To confuse confusion, Shelley's handwriting has betrayed him. "Bubbling" (*ewig sprudelnd*, 8) is now printed "babbling": it should be

Where ever babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,

and "with joy" ("*von Fruden*") has been ill read, "with you," by Dr. Garnett, who copied the passage, then unedited, for Mathilda Blind's *Westminster Review* article, in 1870:

With joy I feel that, if required,
Such (apples) still within my garden grow.

This has been remarked by Zupitza. Shelley loved *Faust* and Schiller's *Brigands*, but could not translate them accurately, neither in 1815 nor in 1821, neither the *Prologue to Heaven* nor *Walpurgi's Night*. He claimed to make Goethe speak in English; he made him speak like Shelley. His very ignorance of German saves him from having really copied any *Schauer-romane* into his "St. Irvyne," in 1810 (1811). And yet Forman has accused him of this enormity. *Quo-usque tandem?*

Mr. Bryce the other day was credited in an American paper with some remarks on the subject of poetry and poets which do not seem to point to any undue intelligence on his part. He remarked that the present age was singularly destitute of talent or genius, and that while the hour was crying out for a great man in literature, there seemed no sign of any answer to its cry. We wonder if there ever was an age and a time when the same sort of

thing was not said in the same sort of way by the same sort of person. Mr. Bryce recalls the fact that he was acquainted with Mr. Swinburne in his early youth. Well is he not also able to recall the reception which was accorded to Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems?

We will undertake to furnish Mr. Bryce with the names and addresses of at least a dozen people who are now writing poetry, plays, and books generally of the first order. We will equally undertake that Mr. Bryce would reply in each case either that he had never heard of them; or that he would respond to the list of names by some such expressions as these: "What that posing ass!" "That drunken and ill-mannered creature!" "That immoral and disgraceful man!" and so on, just as his prototypes of about forty years ago would have answered, when Rossetti and Swinburne were writing; and just as their prototypes again would have answered about one hundred years ago when Keats and Shelley and Byron were writing. The ordinary man judges the merit of poetry entirely by what he hears of it from other people as ignorant as himself, and so a vicious circle of ignorant criticism is created which can only be broken by the death of a great unrecognised poet, or by the courage and judgment of some exceptional man who has the authority and the opportunity to express a decided opinion.

The interrogatory posters which have come into vogue among certain journals are somewhat trying. Nowadays any one who desires to walk through the streets of London without being violently assaulted at almost every step by their mental blows, must cultivate a power of abstraction from material things which is beyond the reach of most people unless they happen to be blind. We are still reeling under the shock of having seen (most unwillingly) two questions in very large type outside the offices of a well-known newspaper. "Should Japan adopt Christianity?" demands one, and "At what age should women marry?" shouts the other. Surely these are questions which Japan on the one hand and individual women on the other are best qualified to judge for themselves.

"The subtle but compelling beauty and charm of Magdalen College have been so widely recognised, sung, painted, described so often, that it would be a false reticence to ignore them." We quote these the opening words of Mr. T. H. Warren's monograph on Magdalen College which he has written for Messrs. Dent's series of Oxford colleges. We are inclined to think that "the subtle and compelling beauty" of Magdalen College would survive any "reticence" false or otherwise on the part of its present President. Still it is a relief to know that Mr. Warren has decided not to ignore them. The *gaucherie* of the words with which Mr. Warren begins his little book reminds us irresistibly of the old joke against him which was current in the early 'nineties. In an edition of one of the classics which he edited Mr. Warren had the following footnote concerning some passage, we forget which, of the classic in question. [Note.] *The allusion here is so obvious that any comment is unnecessary.*

We greatly regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Eames Kempe, which took place in London on April 29, after a brief illness, from pneumonia. He was educated at Rugby and at Pembroke College, Oxford, of which he was an honorary fellow. Mr. Kempe has done as much to restore the beauty of the ancient churches and to modify the ugliness of the modern churches of this country, as any man now living. His stained glass is to be found far and wide, always dignified in design, fine in drawing, and rich and harmonious in colour. It is far better suited to ancient Gothic churches than the more brilliant productions of William Morris, from the designs of Burne-Jones, or even perhaps than the beautiful and highly original work of Mr. Christopher Whall.

A SONG FROM THE SUBURBS

I TREAD the mean suburban streets,
Past glaring villas harsh and red,
Where all the people that one meets
Are smug and trim and overfed;
And I am sad, for well I know
On Sussex downs the brave winds blow.

I did not always walk these ways,
In haunts of gloved and hatted men,
But long ago, in childhood's days,
I trod the fresh green-roofed glen,
And wandered o'er the broad-backed hills,
And dreamt amongst the daffodils.

And sought the early primrose flower,
And the white violet in the dell,
And spent my days in fairy bower,
But now I spend my days in hell.
I do not love these glaring streets
Where every soul is dead one meets.

For it is May! and in the south
The breeze is dancing, and the air
Is wild with joy and mirth and youth,
— But I must to my office chair,
And oh I yearn to feel the bliss
Of the dear wind's inspiring kiss!

I cannot bear this hateful spot
Where every man is smug and trim,
And Money is the god, I wot,
To whom is sung the Sunday hymn.
I must away, I cannot bide
This slow suburban suicide.

The sweet world calls, and I must fly
Where all the woods are gay with flow'rs,
My silken hat I will cast by,
With all my dreary office hours.
(For oh! I hate these glaring streets
Where every soul is dead one meets.)

And I will roam, in country dress,
O'er hill and dale, through field and wood,
And see dear Nature's loveliness,
And taste the Earth and find it good;
And find within the Sussex Weald
A peace which towns can never yield.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

LITERATURE

INDIAN COINS

Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. i.
By VINCENT A. SMITH. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 30s.
net.)

THE enormous value of numismatics as an adjunct to, even as a maker of, history, has become a commonplace. The privilege of striking coinage has always been the cherished prerogative of rulers, the first prerogative to be exercised by monarchs of the briefest tenure, by states of the smallest territory and most transient existence. Often they constitute the last surviving trace of a vanished power, the sole tangible evidence of the reality of legendary kings. This is especially true of the coins of a country like India, of which Sir John Strachey propounds the forcible paradox that "there is no such country." Its history is compact of tantalising blanks, of a welter of rival dynasties and races, of meteor-like powers, of cataclysmal invasions: and of all these the little bits of stamped metal are the faithful mirror, the intimate interpreter.

Thus it is with open arms that the numismatist will welcome the initial volume of a catalogue of the coins in the Indian Museum. The most discouraging feature of numismatic study is the inaccessibility of the material. Coins, by their very nature, seem destined to be hoarded, and too often the hoard is either jealously hidden, or if exposed to view, presents such an inextricable chaos as to be worse than useless. Succeeding acquisitions are heaped together with no more than the most general data of provenance, character or period attached, and research is baffled at the outset by the multitude of witnesses. In such a pitiable state of muddle as this was the collection of the Indian Museum at Calcutta, until Mr. Vincent Smith brought to bear upon it his long experience and profound knowledge of the subject, combined with a truly inexhaustible patience. Twenty thousand coins, unclassified save *in order of their receipt*, and representing, more or less, every period and section of Indian history between B.C. 500 and the last days of the East India Company, presented a task of Augean magnitude, and it is not surprising that Mr. Smith felt himself unequal to the task of cataloguing the whole collection. He has preferred to confine his attention to the non-Muhammadian portion of the combined cabinets, which consists of about five thousand coins. Of these about three thousand are numbered and described in the present catalogue, the balance being accounted for by duplicates, and a certain number of specimens so defaced as to be worthless. This book, therefore, is the first volume of the catalogue, of which the Muhammadian section is now in the hands of Mr. H. Nelson Wright.

The history of the formation of this most unequal collection is a melancholy object-lesson of neglect and incompetence. It was not until 1866 that any steps were taken by the government of India towards the formation of an Indian Museum. Before that date the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded in 1784, and in receipt of a subsidy from 1839, was alone in its efforts to amass a collection which should be of value to students of Indian history. The numismatic collection of the society was practically founded upon that of Colonel Mackenzie. But the theft in 1844 of all the best specimens had reduced it to very insignificant proportions when the acquisition by purchase of the Stacy collection made it comparatively rich in the coins of early India. On the establishment of the Indian Museum, the collection of the Society found a home there, but remains the property of the Society. The Museum collection has been formed almost entirely by gifts of treasure-trove from the central and provincial Governments and the Calcutta Mint, scarcely any coins having been acquired by purchase or exchange. The sources of the collection, therefore, make for inequality of representation. Wretchedly poor in some sections, it

is rich in others, so that the present catalogue cannot be said to form an adequate basis for the study of Indian numismatics as a continuous whole. But it is a model of catalogue-making, and its very excellence should stimulate the Trustees of the Museum to incur the moderate expenditure necessary to render the collection representative, and to keep its record abreast of the acquisitions to be made in the future. The rough list of its contents, completed by the late Mr. C. J. Rodgers some eleven years ago, showed the collection as it stood. This catalogue gives some idea of what, under careful consideration, it may, and should, become.

The book itself is divided into four parts, and of these the first two are by far the most interesting. Part i., "The early foreign Dynasties and the Guptas," contains practically all the coins which have any pretensions to artistic excellence, for, as Mr. Smith truly says, "in Indian coinages the degree of artistic merit is directly proportioned to the amount of Hellenic influence." The early Bactrian coins of Sophytes and Diodotos are familiar to students of Hellenic numismatics and are, of course, purely Greek in origin and design, equal in artistic merit to the finest coins of Philip II. and Alexander. Indeed it is not until we come to the square copper coinage of Pantaleon and Agathocles, of the dancing-girl type, that the Indian influence is at all perceptible, and it is also on the coins of these kings, about the beginning of the second century B.C., that bilingual inscriptions (Greek and Brahmi) make their first appearance. This section is very deficient, Diodotos II. being represented by a single gold stater, while eight of the Græco-Bactrian kings are not represented at all. But these deficiencies are largely atoned for by the beautiful condition of many of the coins figured, notably a hemidrachm of Eukratides and some fine tetradrachms of Euthydemus, Antimachos Theos and Eukratides. The barbaric degradations of the tetradrachm of Euthydemus form a particularly interesting series. With Heliokles (c. B.C. 140) all semblance of certain chronology of these kings comes to an end. There is, perhaps, rather more certainty with regard to Menander (the "Milindra" of the *Avadāna Kalpalata*) and the Greek "kings of Kabul," the last of whom, Hermaios, succumbed to the Kushāns about 45 A.D. But the divergence of opinion among authorities is sufficiently indicated by the dates assigned to Hippostratos by Mr. Smith and Mr. Rapson—viz., c. B.C. 120 and c. B.C. 50 respectively.

Further, Mr. Smith, in a note to his chronology of the succeeding section—the Indo-Parthian kings—specifically dissents from the historical arrangement adopted by Professor Percy Gardner. Although of enormous interest historically, these coins are not of great artistic value. It is particularly interesting to note the rapid growth of the Indian influence which quite disguises the Greek types save in the case of a few coins of the earlier kings. Mr. Rapson brings down the Kushān conquest from B.C. 25 to 45 A.D. and he is undoubtedly right in placing the Kadphises kings before Huvishka and Kanishka. In cataloguing these remarkable coins he has had the additional difficulty of eliminating about twenty extremely clever forgeries from his list, but even so, the collection, though inferior to that in the British Museum, is marked by some splendid specimens, especially of the gold coins of Huvishka. These coins, struck to the standard of the reduced Roman aureus of 45 to the libra, can scarcely be said to bear that striking resemblance to the Augustan issues which Mr. Rapson claims for them. They mark the first appearance of Hindu gods in the type.

In the coinage of the Guptas we find the first really Indian coins—Indian in standard, type and association. Yet even here the Hellenic reminiscence is sufficient to endow the types with great artistic value. Nothing could be more vigorous or beautiful than the "Lion-slayer" type of Chandragupta II. with the goddess seated upon a lion on the reverse. No. 49 in the catalogue is a magnificent specimen, a bare 3 grs. short of full weight ("normal," derived from the Roman aureus).

There are two coins in this series which are accepted as genuine by Mr. Smith and others, but which we cannot regard as above suspicion. One is an unpublished variety of a Lion-slayer of Kumaragupta I., the surface of which is covered with little irregular protuberances, suggesting that it has been cast, while the modelling of both obverse and reverse figures is jejune and spiritless, suggestive of a mechanical copy from a genuine coin of the same type, such as that which appears under the succeeding number in the catalogue. However, as the inscription differs, and is good nevertheless, the coin may be genuine. The other is one of three gold coins of the abnormal weight of 161.7-169 grs. acquired near Benares by Col. Rivett-Carnac, from whose collection nearly the whole of this section comes. The lightest of the three is in this collection. Mr. Smith conjectures that the weight may be intended for 100 *ratis* but if that is so, the heaviest of the three is yet 13 grs. short, while the lightest falls away by 21 grs. The type is also abnormal, and the inscription of the obverse illegible. The engraving, moreover, is angular and poor, and not to be compared with that of contemporary Gupta coins. In the introductory sketch, the meteoric career of the Gupta dynasty is admirably outlined, and the mystery of "Kacha" briefly but adequately treated; Mr. Smith agrees with Mr. A. M. T. Jackson in identifying Kacha with the great Pamudragupta.

Part ii. takes us back to the beginning again, with the punch-marked coins, the cast coins of Taxila and their congeners. The most striking of the various symbols which constituted these early "hall-marks" of the merchant guilds, are the rhinoceros and the so-called "Ujjain" symbol, which Mr. Smith prefers to refer to the whole district of Avanti. The former tells its own tale; the latter is probably astronomical. The weight-standard is founded on the *rati* unit. For silver, it consists of *dharanas* of 32 *ratis*, i.e., $\frac{2}{3}$ of the *kārshāpana* or *suvarna* weight, of 80 *ratis*, the gold standard weight, which in this series is the standard weight for copper, gold, of course, not occurring in the punch-marked series. There are no *dharana* pieces in this collection, but all the pieces are recognisable fractions of the standard. The tribal coins are practically without artistic interest, but those of Malāva are peculiar in their minute size, one of the copper coins catalogued being no more than .2 of an inch in diameter.

There is no space in this review to do more than mention the peculiar lead and potin coinage of the Andhra dynasty, the latter being all cast coins. The "Ujjain" symbol is the most frequent reverse type. The fine Sassanian coins of Persia, and their Indian derivatives, together with the Ephthalite degradation of the fire altar type, provide a remarkable instance of the unintelligent persistence of a type. The mediæval dynasties of northern India and the Hindu kings of Ohind are fairly well represented, and there is a good series of debased Kashmiri derivatives from the old Kushan type. The kingdoms of Vijayanagar and Mysore claim a section, which includes some good specimens. The analysis of the standard weight of the "pagoda" of southern India reveals a remarkable correspondence between the *rati*-standard of the North and that based upon the weight of the *mañjādi* and *kalāñju*, or molucca bean, which obtained in the south. The pagoda = about 54 grs. which is not far off the weight of the 32 *rati* piece of 58 grs. The *fanam*, of which 10 go to a pagoda, derives its weight from the *mañjādi* seed. The padma tankas (lotus coins) correspond exactly in weight to the 32 *rati* piece of the north ($\frac{2}{3}$ *suvarna*). From these data it ought to be possible to evolve some theory as to the standard of value which dictated the weight of the gold unit all over India.

In conclusion, we must say that the catalogue is a model of clear and careful arrangement. Each part and each section has its brief historical introduction and bibliography, and the catalogue pages display in ruled columns the serial number, museum (whether Indian

Museum or Asiatic Society of Bengal), metal, weight and size, obverse and reverse of each coin, with remarks as to provenance, condition and authenticity. The thirty-one plates are remarkably clear photographs from casts made by Mr. A. P. Ready, of the British Museum, and there are three good plates of monograms from Bactrian, Kushan, Indo-Parthian and Gupta coins. To say that the book is issued by the Clarendon Press renders comment upon type, paper and binding, superfluous. The Indian Museum collections, after all their vicissitudes, may be congratulated alike upon their cataloguer and their catalogue, and to both every student of Indian history owes a sincere expression of thanks.

A NEW BIRD BOOK

The Bird: Its Form and Function. By C. WILLIAM BEEBE. (Constable, .)

THE number of books which have been written on birds is appalling; but happily most of them find a hiding-place on the shelves of free libraries, for most of them, there can be no question about it, are bad, and not a few even mischievous. Among those which have claims to be noticed, a few, a very few, are really good: Mr. Beebe's book is very good indeed.

He set himself the task of presenting to his readers a picture of the hidden things, so to speak, of bird-life. The origin and the meaning of the peculiarities which distinguish birds as a class, as well as those which distinguish the different groups of birds one from another. There is nothing original in this endeavour, for it has been attempted several times before, but never with more conspicuous success. While most of the books which have essayed this theme before have savoured too much of the museum and the dissecting-room, others have been very obviously welded together by means of scissors and paste, and a very small modicum of first-hand knowledge. But the volume now before us has grown up under the hand of one who has for many years had unique opportunities of studying living birds at close quarters, for Mr. Beebe is not only an ornithologist of ripe experience, but he is also the curator of the birds in the Zoological Gardens of which New York is so justly proud.

He begins the story he has to tell with an account of some of those strange ancestral types which differ so conspicuously from all their descendants in that they bore teeth in their jaws. And of these surely none were more remarkable than that wonderful diving-bird, *Hesperornis*, a monster standing over four feet high, and whose breeding-grounds were "the succession of low islands which marked the position of the present Rocky Mountains." In a few words we have, conjured up for us, the vast changes which have taken place in the earth's surface during the last few million years or so, as well as the immense antiquity of bird-life.

In his account of this most extraordinary bird the author might well have drawn attention to another light which it throws on the history of birds. *Hesperornis*, as he points out, had for countless generations contrived to find ample support in the pursuit of fishes after the fashion of the modern grebes and divers, and penguins. But having no need to perform extensive migrations, and no enemies which compelled the bird to seek safety in flight, it altogether abandoned this form of locomotion. As a consequence, the wing became gradually reduced till at the time the last *Hesperornis* gave up the ghost, only a vestige of the humerus or upper arm-bone remained to tell that a wing had once been there.

Now *Hesperornis* lived in that period of geological time known as the "cretaceous": the period immediately following that, which, towards its close, preserved for us a record of the earliest known fossil bird, the archæpteryx. This bird, which flourished towards the close of the "Jurassic" period, though possessing fully developed

wings, differed in many fundamental characters from all other birds, and in such character shows indisputable evidence of the origin of birds from reptiles. Archæpteryx was a bird of the forest, hesperornis a child of the open sea. Yet between the origin of the one and the extinction of the other we have evidence as to the evolution of a bird fauna as varied as that which exists to-day, a fauna of which but the extreme types only have been preserved. Moreover, this period must have been of enormous length for hesperornis must have passed from the condition of a shore-frequenting, swimming bird, capable of flight, to the status held to-day by the modern divers, and from this it passed to become the flightless giant whose remains were embalmed in the mud of seas whose dry beds now form part of the great American continent.

From the matter of ancestors the author passes on to review the main facts of the general structure of birds. And here too he is always interesting, though now and again he seems not so thoroughly in his element.

On the exceedingly interesting subject of the colours and coloration of birds there will be found many original observations that will be worth bearing in mind. And of these perhaps the most important are those with regard to the loss of colour which certain birds always undergo when in confinement. Let us take the case of the American Flamingo (*Phœnicopterus ruber*). This bird, in a wild state, is of a most beautiful scarlet colour, but in captivity fades, moult by moult, till almost white. By mixing some strong but harmless dye—the nature of which Mr. Beebe jealously guards as a secret by no means to be divulged—with the food, this colour has been almost completely restored, we assume, during successive moults. But in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London this experiment has been improved upon. Here, some examples of this beautiful bird have recently been turned out into a pond swarming with small crustacea, which, in a state of nature, form a large part of the bill of fare of this bird. As a consequence, the lost colour is returning to the plumage! From this it would seem that the red colour owes its origin to the same cause as that which gives the red colour to the flesh of the salmon which also feeds largely on small crustacea—the pigment which imparts the red colour so characteristic of the boiled lobster, the crab, and other members of the tribe.

This being so, then the colour of the Flamingo and of some other birds is an “acquired” and not a congenital character. That is to say it is not inherited, but re-acquired by every individual of the race. And this line of reasoning will be found to apply to many other instances of coloration among birds. Though this interpretation may have occurred to Mr. Beebe, the caution which he displays in matters of this kind—a caution which adds much to the value of his book—may have induced him to keep silence. But not only is this volume crowded with new and interesting facts: it is also profusely illustrated, and most of these illustrations are extremely good.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

COLUMBIA PHILOLOGICA

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. xvii. (Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A., 6s. 6d. net.)

HARVARD University has now published seventeen volumes dealing with various problems in classical archæology, epigraphy, history, palæography, etc. The present volume is a good specimen of the general character of those preceding it, perhaps more than usually interesting, because it deals more with questions of history and literature, and less with speculations which, though highly important, can hardly be made attractive, such as tables recording the relative prevalence of this or that word or phrase in this or that ancient author, and attempts to establish the affinities between various manuscripts and to settle the question of their descent from a common

archetype. This is an essentially germane—and, as we have said, very valuable—branch of inquiry. But its importance may be overestimated. All manuscripts are bad, and a really brilliant conjecture outweighs their consent. The copyists were almost always men of little knowledge and less insight, and easily fell into error, misled by similarity of look (sometimes even of sound) between different words, by expressions suggested by the subject of the work on which they were engaged, and the character of their own habitual studies. The name *καθολική*, “launching,” sometimes given to the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, in which Odysseus launches his raft, is constantly given as *καθολική* by scribes presumably monkish. In the fragment from the *Cresphontes* of Euripides, to which reference has recently been made in the ACADEMY, the poet, borrowing no doubt from the passage in which Herodotus describes the custom of the Trausi (v. 4) observes:

When a child's born, his kin should throng the halls,
And weep for all the woes that he is heir to;
But when a man is dead and done with sorrow,
With joy and carol they should bear him hence.

The antithesis is, of course, between birth and death, but the manuscripts, misled by the more obvious correlation between life and death, give *ζῶντα*, which was at once corrected to *φύντα*. In like fashion *ῥάπτουσα* (*ἐφάπτουσα*), “knotting,” is corrupted by all the *codices* into *θάπτουσα*, merely because the *Antigone* turns on the rite of burial, and the Greek word meaning “to bury” was present to the mind of the scribe. So *λέοντα σίνιν* appeared in Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 718, with the consensus of the *codices*, though in defiance of the metre, until Conington saw that what the poet wrote was *λέοντος ἱνιν*, “a lion's cub.” The scribes all gave the wrong *σίνιν* because “ravening” seemed such a good epithet for a lion, indifferent to the fact that a word with a long penult was demanded by the metre, and that the context required a whelp not the adult beast. It would be easy to give very numerous cases in which manuscripts agree in an obvious error, and the conjecture of the learned and tasteful scholar indubitably restores the hand of the ancient writer.

The American school of classics is too much under German influence, and turns too readily to the dry side of the study. They do not cultivate the pleasing art of emulating in modern exercises the manner of Sophocles or Horace, of Tacitus or Plato; and they have not as yet cultivated with any marked success the art of criticism, or the restoration of the true text of the ancient classics. But in the other branches of the study they hold their own with the best cisatlantic scholars. “Catullus and the Augustans,” by Edward Kennard Rand, is both interesting and convincing. In 1881 Alexander Riese expressed a hope that a certain “phantom” would disappear from discussions of Latin literature. This phantom was conjured up by L. Müller in a biography of Horace which appeared in 1880, and took the form of a statement that Horace and Virgil were violent opponents of the Alexandrine school in Roman poetry and of Catullus especially, as its leading representative. The phantom still haunts Cruttwell's history of Latin literature and, to some extent, the editions of Baehrens and Robinson Ellis. We can in a word promise that the article before us will lay the ghost, and the reader will enjoy the process of exorcism. Virgil, Dr. Rand maintains, in his fourth eclogue recoiled from the pessimism of Horace in his sixteenth epode on the subject of the coming of a Golden Age for Rome (which pessimism, by the way, Horace recants in *Carm.* iv. 2, 37 ff.), and in a no less friendly spirit he recoiled from the romanticism of Catullus. Horace's well-known sneer:

Nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum

is thus cleverly met:

In satirising a Methodist of pre-Raphaelite leanings—I hope I am not straining analogy—whose acquaintance with English poetry was

limited to two of his recently sanctioned hymns, *Crossing the Bar* and the *Recessional*, we should not thereby intend disrespect to Tennyson or Kipling.

Professor Minton Warren discourses with his usual learning and insight on the manuscripts of Donatus and Terence—a subject which he has made indisputably his own.

Herbert Weir Smith in his "Aspects of Greek Conservatism" throws out many suggestive and illuminating remarks. From some points of view Hellenic thought was anti-conservative:

The intensity of Hellenic political life was so feverish that even the writers of the *Federalist* inveighed against its restlessness and turbulence. The existing state of things seemed always the result of some *peripetia*, and in the paroxysms of political passion of that "whirling nebula of commonwealths," to use Mackail's phrase, the future was ever uncertain. Political change was in the direction of radicalism: it meant the substitution of one set of dominant ideas for another set of dominant ideas; for the Greeks did not, like the Romans, comprehend the virtue of concession that assumes the form of compromise.

But, on the other hand,

The aspects of Greek conservatism are too numerous not to show that, with all the rapidity of the advance of ideas, the masses were static. On every hand we meet with the rudest contrasts. The idealistic dreams of Plato, the subtleties of the ontology of Aristotle, co-exist with the superstitions of the sanatorium at Epidaurus. Athens still had her state-seer in the age of rationalism . . . still forbade that an exile for involuntary homicide, if accused of another murder, should be tried on the new charge except in a boat, while the jury of Ephetae pronounced judgment from the inviolable shore.

In Mr. William W. Goodman, America can boast a grammarian second to none. His paper on the Battle of Salamis is a masterpiece. He maintains that the common account, supposed to be founded on Herodotus, according to which the greater part of the Persian fleet was brought into the Straits of Salamis during the night before the battle, is entirely wrong, and is not borne out by the narrative of Herodotus, which he holds can be reconciled with the text of Aeschylus without emendation or wresting of the natural meaning of the language. His chief opponent is his friend Benjamin Wheeler, President of the University of California. We think Professor Goodman has established his case against the President, whose version of Aeschylus, *Persians* 382-385, we cannot accept. Surely *διπλοον* is an adjective in the passage. It is incredible that there should have been a line (not to say three lines) of Persian ships between the town of Salamis and the shore of Attica, and the ancient authorities do not really support this view, which, however, is generally held by modern writers.

Mr. John William White points out the existence of a hitherto unrecognised actor in the comedies of Aristophanes, in the person of the leader of the second half-chorus, which division he assumes as normal. John Henry Wright finds the origin of Plato's "Cave," not in the quarry-grottoes of the Syracusan Latomia, nor in the Corycian Cave above Delphi, but in the Cave of Vari in Attica. Other articles—all handled in able and scholarly fashion—are, "Notes on Vitruvius" by Morris H. Morgan, "The Origin of the Taurobolium" by C. H. Moore, "An Amphora in the Boston Museum" by G. H. Chase, "Sacer intra nos Spiritus" by C. P. Parker, and "Valerius Antias and Livy" by Albert A. Howard.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

NAMES

A Treatise on the Law Concerning Names and Changes of Name.
By A. C. FOX-DAVIES, and P. W. P. CARLYON-BRITTON.
(E. Stock, 3s. 6d.)

Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, . . . forgetting that he himself was "*dans cette galère*," poured forth his scorn on "double-barrelled nonentities" (p. 45).

If Lord Randolph Churchill was a nonentity, we tremble for the conservatory-like edifice in which the joint authors

of this treatise dwell. For they are also in the same boat, if we may be permitted the mixture of metaphor. It is possible, however, that the authors will not appreciate this point, for Mr. Fox-Davies as a linguist has ever been a joy of the jaded reviewer, as is Smith Minor of the *Globe* to the reader under lighter circumstances. No one who has read that gorgeous tome "The Art of Heraldry" can forget "*In nudas veritas*" which stands, to Mr. Fox-Davies, for the more familiar "*in puris naturalibus*"; "*Ver non semper veret*," "the Latin word *gens* (*gentilis*) meaning a man" "*viâ Porta Rossa*" (for "*Via Porta Rossa*"), together with a host of similar "howlers" culled from the same "Art of Heraldry" find a worthy recruit to their ranks in "*nommes des plumes*" on p. 35 of the little book under review. Still, a man—even two men—may be grossly ignorant in most elementary matters of culture, and may yet have some knowledge of a special subject, and we are not reviewing a French grammar. Mr. Fox-Davies has spent many years in laying down the law for the benefit, or the discomfiture, of the merely educated person, and we should therefore hope to find him at his best in this volume.

It is a relief to discover that Mr. Fox-Davies no longer considers "Plantagenet" a surname. It is not so long since he was talking confidently about the "Arms of Plantagenet." His introductory chapters on the origin of surnames is good enough, but not characterised by any great depth of learning. We note that he has not yet lost his pathetic faith in the pedigree of Lloyd of Stockton, which, it is true, has the *imprimatur* of the College of Arms. So also, for the matter of that, has that of Lyte, traced back to Leitus "one of the five capitaynes of Beotia that went to Troye." And a reference here to

the ruling princes in Wales, in whose retinue were bards and minstrels who kept the descent alive in song and story as a part of their regular duties,

has quite a Homeric flavour. It is not so much with the origin and use of names that the authors are concerned, however, as with the law concerning changes of name, and it is to this point that most of the treatise is devoted.

We are told that there are four possible methods of changing a surname, of which only two are legal. They are (1) by mere motion coupled with advertisement; (2) by Deed Poll; (3) by Act of Parliament; (4) by Royal Licence. The introduction to this dictum is as follows. A name is no more than a description for the purpose of identification. By long continued and universal custom surnames are hereditary. No man can create a custom at his pleasure. The creation of a custom needs general and universal consent and assent.

Chief Justice Tenterden has said:

A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at the outset of life adopted by all who knew him, and by which he was constantly called becomes for all purposes that occur to my mind as much and as effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament to confer it upon him.—[5 Barnewell and Alderson, 535.]

This judgment is quoted by the authors, together with others which uphold custom as the sole basis of the validity of a name. In the Jones-Herbert case (1861) the then Attorney-General said that "people were not bound to recognise the illegal assumption of a name." We are not one step further forward. What is "illegal assumption?" Custom is a matter of time. The authors say no. *The Crown*, or an Act of Parliament, can alone establish a custom.

This is sheer nonsense. The most that the authors can say in support of their assertion is that

from the earliest times the Crown has in England, as in some other countries, definitely made the assertion that change of name and the sanction thereof are within its prerogative. *But there never seems to have been a case in which the Crown has deliberately put the existence of its prerogative to the test of a judicial decision* (the italics are our own).

In changes of name as a condition of inheritance under a will, common law has held that unless a Royal Licence be required under the terms of the will, assumption of the name by mere motion, combined with due attempt to create custom by advertisement or Deed Poll is sufficient. In the face of this it is idle to assert that such an assumption creates no right in the name. To say that "the gift of a name or the change of a name is within the prerogative of the Crown," after showing that the origin of all surnames was purely a matter of common repute, and liable to change with change of environment, is to indulge in flat self-contradiction.

How are we to get out of this tangle? The authors find it simple. They say;

The whole thing is wonderfully simple if the correct initial step be taken in the chain of argument.

A name is an inheritance.

They go on to argue that as a man cannot create or grant an estate of inheritance to himself, so he cannot create a name for himself: *argal*, he cannot validly change his name by his own sanction and authority only; that all authority was originally vested in the Crown, *argal*, the Crown alone can create a custom. It is pretty, but is it true?

So long ago as the reign of Edward II. a Royal Licence is said to have been issued to Edmund Deincourt that in accordance with the settlement of his land, which was specifically authorised, a consequent change of name and arms should be effected.

But the licence as transcribed by Mr. Fox-Davies (his hand lies heavy on its Latin) from a letter of Thynne, Lancaster Herald in 1605, refers to another lost licence, which dealt with the bequeathing of name and arms, together with the estate, Deincourt having no heir of his name. Here it is the transference of the land, not of the name, which is of importance.

The other examples given of the use of the Royal prerogative are no more convincing than this lost licence. The case of John de Clavering is no more than legend. The Mowbray name is territorial. Richard Williams, great-great-grandfather of the Protector, changed his name to Cromwell in accordance with the wish of King Henry VIII. It is true that the expressed wish of such a monarch as Henry VIII. was best regarded as a command. But the character of a single king does not create royal prerogatives.

Another case ("very much more to the point," say our authors) really raises a smile. According to Dodsworth, as transcribed by Mr. Fox-Davies, "*Gilbertus Willielmus . . . fecit se vocari (sic) coram rege in parlamento Willielmum de Lancaster baronem de Kendale.*" To use this statement as an instance of the exercise of the royal prerogative on the ground that "from the known jealousy of Henry II. for his prerogative, De Lancaster (*sic*) must first have had permission granted him to bring his request before the chamber" is simply begging the question. And further, whatever Dodsworth's sources may have been (and they are often merely monastic concoctions) we have no liking for a double Christian name in the time of Henry II. And whatever "*fecit se vocari*" may mean, it does not convey the idea of a request. But when, after all this talk of prerogative, the authors proceed to give, with hopeless inconsistency, a number of "specimen forms" for the assumption of names by Deed Poll and advertisement, forms of procedure which they denounce as illegal, we lose patience. And our impatience verges upon disgust, when we meet with the old war-cry of Mr. Fox-Davies concerning armorial bearings. He says on p. 97:

With regard to the assumption of names, there are undoubtedly two widely divergent opinions held by opposing advocates. There is no alternating opinion about the assumption of arms, which is admittedly absolutely illegal without the licence of the Crown.

No one would cavil at this statement, if it concerned only the "pirating" of arms already belonging to other

families. The Stywards of Norfolk bear the arms of Stewart of Scotland "by licence of the Crown." The Spencers have been empowered by the same licence to use the arms of Le Despenser. The Bedford Russells look on helplessly while an Irish family of the same name is practically bullied into an "authorised" theft of their insignia. Mr. Fox-Davies has had ample opportunity of learning in the past few years, from students of heraldry who are also educated men, that arms are *not* "good or bad as they are recorded or unrecorded" at the Heralds' College. A large proportion of the "good" arms (*i.e.*, arms which have not been stolen by their user from any one else) are not recorded in Queen Victoria Street, while a great number of the arms there recorded are "bad" (*i.e.*, stolen) or purely mythical (*e.g.*, the arms of Beli Mawr).

The parallel between names and arms is as close as the authors of this treatise would have us believe. But it proves the converse of their hypothesis. That is all the difference. There is no royal prerogative in either case; custom and use constitute the only right either to name or arms. Thus while Scrope and Grosvenor must fight it out before a court of honour for the right to bear "azure a bend or," an obscure Cornish knight bore the same arms without let or hindrance, because his use interfered with neither. A reference to the "*De Insigniis et Armis*" of Bartolo di Sasso Ferrato will complete the parallel. According to the fourteenth-century jurist, arms were invented like surnames for the purpose of distinguishing one individual from another, and as a man may take upon himself a surname, so also he may take arms at his pleasure. Priority of use constituted the only right. The brilliant article on "The English Gentleman" contributed by Sir George Sitwell to the first volume of the "Ancestor" expands and establishes the argument.

This treatise of Mr. Fox-Davies and Mr. Carlyon-Britton is well-meant. It is a conscientious effort, but, being based upon false premisses, its conclusions are also false. The pity of it is that the authors have refused to learn from those who are competent to teach.

AN IMAGINATIVE REALIST

Human Affairs. By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. (Nutt, 3s. 6d.)

IN "Human Affairs" Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan has produced a very striking book of stories. The longest of them, "Verschoyle's House," is the one which will perhaps make the widest appeal. It is a story of the period of the civil war in England, but it differs very greatly from what one is accustomed to expect from authors dealing with this well-worn subject. It concerns the life of Mr. Verschoyle, a sinister and indeed appalling old man who is versed in the "black arts," his hapless wife, and her lover, from whom she was snatched, Sir Edward Morvan. What might in less able hands have turned out mere melodrama is made by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan into a tale of enthralling psychological interest, full of imaginative power and insight, written moreover in a beautiful English which whenever it becomes deliberately archaistic does so with taste and learning. In our opinion, so fine and so finely told is the story that it would have been improved had Mr. O'Sullivan finished it at the point when Sir Edward Morvan, at the head of a body of troops, takes his just revenge on the terrible Verschoyle. The remainder of the story, the story of the repossession of the living man's body by the soul of the dead man, and the gradual change of comely face and figure of Sir Edward into the face and form of his old enemy is too fearful and too violent in its Poe-like horror. We are left at the end not quite certain of what actually has happened, and with a feeling of almost resentment against the author for so tormenting, and by such unfair means, the unhappy lovers whose sad lives we have followed to the point when it seems that at last there is to be happiness for them.

But it is a very remarkable story. When we ventured to say that it would make the widest appeal we were not, as might be supposed, referring to the undoubted fact that the public generally prefers the worse to the better, but because, besides being really good, it contains the sort of interest which is more likely to appeal to a larger class of readers than the other stories. "The Bars of the Pit" is quite as good in its way, but probably people won't like it. "After Dinner" and "At the Revue" are little masterpieces of observation, cruel observation, and irony. But in our opinion the best story (if you can call it a story) in the book is the one called "Notices of the life of Mrs. Fladd." Here Mr. O'Sullivan's gift of irony is shown at its highest point. It is savage and bitter, but bracing and stimulating. The world is full of Mrs. Fladds. Mr. O'Sullivan has a way of calling a spade a spade that will perhaps bring the mantling blush to the cheeks of prudish people and people who do not love truth, but his book will harm no one, and to many it will come as a revelation of power and mastery over the medium of his art with which they have not yet credited him.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Religion of Ancient Rome. By CYRIL BAILEY, M.A. (Religions Ancient and Modern.) (Constable, 1s. net.)

THERE is no fault to find with the latest addition to Messrs. Constable's useful little series, for its sole defect is that there is not enough of it, a defect which is inherent in the whole series, and is necessitated by the limitation of cost. But Mr. Bailey has said more, and with more effect, than we should have supposed possible in the space at his disposal. In nine short chapters he has mapped out the main features of Roman religion, its antecedents and its results moral and national.

It is open to doubt whether Mr. Bailey is right in ascribing to the primitive Roman the view that the *silex* and the Terminus-stone were gods in themselves, before they became the symbols of an in-dwelling god. The writer of this review holds an opposite opinion with regard to similar objects of veneration in Greece, especially in the case of "tree-worship." Mr. Bailey says "doubtless at first the tree was itself the object of veneration." A point like this is and must remain a matter of opinion, though the majority of instances collected by Dr. Frazer and others seem to point to the primæval belief in an in-dwelling spirit.

In outlining the "religion of Numa" the author emphasises the undefined character of primitive Roman gods or *numina*, uncertain of sex, scarcely anthropomorphised "vague in his conception but specialised in his function." There is none of that warm humanity which makes the gods of Greece intelligible, even lovable, to modern minds, for the Roman *numen* is an elusive influence, not an intimate and personal object of worship.

But the ultimate moral effect is much the same in both cases. For Greek and Roman alike bargained with their gods, paid them their due, and expected an adequate return for the service. Ritual swamped religion, in the case of Rome, and myth was not. In Greece, to a great extent, myth dictated ritual and aided religion.

The most enduring, because the most human, aspect of Roman religion, was the family worship, the mighty safeguard of the *patria potestas*. And it was because the Roman state religion was modelled exactly upon that of the family, that while, as Mr. Bailey says "the religion of Rome may not have advanced the theology or the ethics of the world, it made and held together a nation."

When we come to the definitely anthropomorphic gods, we find Mars a genuine vegetation god, something after the fashion of the Hercules of later Rome—the protector of the farm-yard. But war is his province as a state-god.

It is interesting to note the absorption by the anthropomorphic gods of the abstract *numina*.

According to Preller, Quirinus is the Sabine Mars, in both aspects of agriculture and war. Mr. Bailey's notice of him is very short, but he names Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus as the state-triad which was eventually supplanted by the Etruscan triad, Jupiter, Juno and Minerva.

The notice of the organisation of the Roman state religion, and of the calendar, is good, but would have been improved by a fuller list of the great festivals. It is in this section that the effects of compression are most felt.

In his last chapter Mr. Bailey discusses the remarkable influence of a religion of formularies, many of which had practically lost their meaning by the time of Cicero, upon a virile and practical people, and comes to the only possible conclusion, namely, that it was the stimulating effect that such a religion exercised upon the Roman's two strongest traits, the sense of duty, and that of law, which constituted its sole power to inspire a people which has handed down an inheritance of law to succeeding ages.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (E. Grant Richards, 8s. 6d.)

MR. MASEFIELD is a man of varied talents. He has written verse of no little accomplishment. His play, *The Campden Wonder*, though it gave no pleasure to Fleet Street, was rather a powerful piece of work in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style. While his anthology of Sailors' Chanties was an interesting collection, though not a first-rate one. Mr. Masefield therefore is a man of letters from whom one looks for works of a certain ambition and fineness of quality. Judged by this standard "A Tarpaulin Muster" is something of a disappointment. It is a collection of sketches, most of them dealing with sea life, collected from the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers. They are picturesque and done with knowledge, but the total effect they produce in bulk is somewhat flat. They would be well enough read singly in the periodicals in which they appeared, but we rather question whether they were worth collecting into a volume.

The Steps of Life. By CARL HILTY. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

WHAT stands in the way of our happiness, says Carl Hilty, is a twofold terrible reality known to every one who has lived beyond the first unconscious age of childhood—Sin and Sorrow. When we shall have shaken ourselves free from these grim encumbrances that hamper our every effort after the ideal, we shall go far to achieve the perfect life. Professor Peabody, who has contributed a short introduction to the series of essays which forms the book, tells us that Carl Hilty is not a preacher, and that his essays are not to be taken in the light of sermons. They represent the fruits of experience and the ideas of a Swiss professor of Constitutional Law, developed and formulated in hours of leisure. In "The Steps of Life" Professor Hilty presents his gospel, obviously the product of much quiet thought and sober reasoning. He does not seek to force it on us, he gives us his conclusions with a calm quietness, almost an aloofness, as if it mattered little to him whether his reader were to agree or disagree with his views. He states his case unobtrusively, and as unobtrusively retires. Considering the subjects with which he deals, his writing is singularly free from jargon or obscure terminology, and his meaning is invariably clear.

The most jarring effect in the book is produced by the bilious paper upon which the publisher has seen fit to print, or rather to electotype, Professor Hilty's essays. Sometimes the sentences are loose and slipshod, but the faults of style may belong to the translator.

The real secret of knowing human nature [we are told] lies in possessing a pure heart innocent of self-conceit; such people gradually acquire a keenness of vision that pierces all the outer wrappings

At times the writer makes a statement that in itself invites criticism.

To understand the nature of any individual it is important to know his derivation. Women in especial follow, almost without exception, the character of their family, sons, as a rule, that of the mother or their mother's father, daughters oftener the paternal side.

On whose authority are we to accept this? And again, in the chapter entitled "What is culture?" (a subject likely in itself to prove dangerous in the handling):

Whoever works on Sundays, just the same as on weekdays, when he is not compelled to, you may quietly consider as little cultured as the man who does nothing any day.

Wherefore so? No sane person with any pretensions to "culture" would take exception to the conduct of a man who abstained, on religious grounds, from working on the Sabbath, but neither would the same person dream of censuring another in whom such scruples did not exist. If Professor Hilty means to say merely that it is unbecoming in a professing Christian to do work on Sundays when he is not compelled, then he should be more explicit in his language.

For all this, Professor Hilty but rarely talks wide of the mark. At times he waxes epigrammatic.

Thoroughgoing pessimists are always vain. . . . As to good qualities, men like best to speak of those they do not possess; while, as to evil qualities, the proverb speaks truly: "With what the heart is full, with that the mouth runs over." People who take pleasure in speaking of impure things and the dangers of the world in this regard, although they may do so with the most earnest show of disapprobation, always feel a strong secret inclination thereto. Others, whose every third word is "benevolence" and "good works," have to struggle with a disposition toward avarice or covetousness. The worst are those who are for ever talking of "uprightness" and "loyalty."

If one passes over Carl Hilty's occasional lapses into extravagance, one can find much to admire in these essays. They are obviously the product of deep and earnest thought on the author's part, and they are provocative of much thought for the reader.

MR. ZANGWILL'S JEWS

I WISH sincerely that Mr. Zangwill would give us more stories about Jews. The subject is wide and subtle and profoundly interesting and he is by far the most competent writer on it. There have been and may be others of considerable ability—for example the girl who wrote "Reuben Sachs" and died so sadly before the ripening of her powers. But Mr. Zangwill's imaginative sympathy and his keen and delicate perception of character have the mark of genius on them. I do not observe it, I confess, in his other work; it is when he writes of his own race, and then only, I think, that he seems to reach clearness and intensity of vision and to expound reality. So I would that he did it more often. It is understood that the best of his time and energy is given to the cause of sending the Jews back to Palestine, and I am far too conscious of how much in a man's life is any practical enthusiasm—or one he thinks practical—to quarrel with that devotion, but at least what time he can spare from it should be given to this fine and rare achievement of explaining his strong and strange and elusive race. I really cannot bear to read of his arguing hotly with Mr. Shaw about book clubs and publishers.

His last book, "Ghetto Comedies" (Heinemann), in all but three of its fourteen stories, deals with Jews who have essentially remained aloof from the Gentile life about them. (Some of them, by the way, are more tragic than comic, but I am too interested to bother about definitions). That is his preference, and I can well understand it. I can understand that he is impatient with those of his race who give up, so easily, an immemorial heritage. Nevertheless, I wish he would give more attention to them. There is, obviously, much to be explained, and much, I do

not doubt, to be seen by eyes so penetrating as his—curious differences, strange remnants of ancient memories and feelings. It is absurd to suppose that a generation or two of agnosticism and dining at Gentile restaurants can altogether abolish the distinctiveness of the most distinctive race in history. Now and again he does show us these differences. But for the most part he assumes that a Jew who has abandoned his racial customs and mixes freely with the rest of us becomes precisely as any other member of our upper-class or middle-class society, and moreover is so regarded by it. The former assumption I cannot believe, the latter I know to be unfounded. It is natural for Mr. Zangwill to suppose it, because it is understood among the polite of us that Jews do not wish to be reminded of their race, and one would not ordinarily refer (in speaking to one) to the fact of common acquaintances being Jews also. But the fact is remembered, all the same, though of course not necessarily with dislike, and their having dropped the synagogue makes no difference. Again, the curious anti-Semitism so common among Anglicised Jews is itself an evidence of race: Mr. Zangwill has touched on it, but not investigated its psychology as I should wish. Yes, there is a great deal left for him to explain.

What he has given us is wonderful. Once more, in reading this last book, I feel as when I read its predecessors the strangeness and vividness of the fact he brings home so vividly—that in the midst of us, a mile from one's door, or only round the corner, is a community profoundly and consciously alien. Every time, as I came across the expression, I felt a pleasant little thrill of strangeness, that there are people we may meet and do business with habitually who regard us as "the heathen," their born inferiors, the born objective of their skill. It is wonderful to read of ritual, yet observed, which has been kept from father to son through all the wanderings and sojournings since it was ordained in the distant Eastern past, and wonderful are the comedies, and still more the tragedies, which come of the clash of all this with new contiguities and new developments. One of Mr. Zangwill's best themes is the old Jewish man or woman who sees beloved children straying into "heathen" ways, or even proposing "heathen" marriage. Such a figure is the old mother in "Anglicisation." And it is, by the way, with old people and with children that Mr. Zangwill is most understanding and and therefore most tender; on striving and especially on successful men and women his touch is harder and sometimes indifferent.

There would be little profit in taking the stories individually. As mere stories they are not particularly good, not so good as many Mr. Zangwill has done before. That is natural. Mr. Zangwill is a man who thinks, and men who think grow less facilely inventive and often quite unable to devise "plots" and "situations." But he has never drawn better characters than some in this book. The old woman in "The Bearer of Burdens" and the musician in "The Hirelings" are finely conceived and realised. And I found with joy my old friend Pinchas from "The Children of the Ghetto"—Pinchas, the quite genuine poet and artist, superhumanly vain and preposterously silly, lying and sponging, comic to the bounds of farce, but somehow a genius. Two of the studies are exceeding sad. One—in "The Model of Sorrows"—is of an old mendicant Jew, a man of much dignity and inconceivable patience and persistence, and yet, as one gradually finds out, a cheat and a liar: that, as Mr. Zangwill thinks, may well be the real tragedy of his race, and yet poverty and misfortune produce the type everywhere. The other is the musician I spoke of before, a genius with a mean soul, fired to the assertion of his race by a slight but falling away at once when the Gentiles smile on him: that, it may be, is even more than the other the real tragedy of Jewry.

Personally I close this book, like the rest of Mr. Zangwill's Jewish studies, with the feeling that I have been among amiable people—affectionate and kindly,

especially with children, humorous, and on the whole wise. He does this for the Ghetto: if he could do as much for the Jews who are far removed from it he would do a great disservice to anti-Semitism. Perhaps he despairs? Yet most of us know successful Jews whom we like and respect, and whom few of us would like and respect the less for being shown how their race persists in and distinguishes them. He should try again, and on the chance of rivalry spurring him I tell him that in my opinion he has never drawn an opulent and successful Jew so interesting and well realised as the one in Mr. Turner's last book—laboriously British, ineradicably Oriental. Surely he will try.

G. S. STREET.

PRONUNCIATION

I.—THE SMATTERING OF LATIN

It is a pity that Dr. Postgate's pamphlet "How to pronounce Latin" has not attracted more attention. We have little more than Mr. Wimbolt's leading article in the *Times*, letters from Dr. Sandys and Dr. Murray, and one too brief from Mr. T. W. Dunn. Yet it represents the high authority of its author, that of the Three Societies to which it refers, and that of the Board of Education. Dr. Postgate states his case candidly, comprehensively and—considering the indeterminable forms which he uses as standards—with surprising lucidity. I employ Dr. Postgate's term the *Current* pronunciation, for the peculiarly English mode used exclusively thirty or over twenty years ago. I employ the vowel characters to represent their continental sounds.

The impression prevails in lay minds, that the *Current* pronunciation was introduced at the Reformation, and that reform now means a return to an earlier mode. This is inaccurate, there are three modes; the traditional or Reuchlinian, the Erasmian first introduced at the Reformation, and the *Current*. The two first are based on reason, and though the differences between them gave rise to bitter controversies, they are unanimous as against the *Current* mode. That is merely a jargon produced by deafness, carelessness, confusion, and isolation. It has no merit except a supposed utility to schoolmasters, which I think Mr. T. W. Dunn over-estimates; no one needs it less than himself, as I hope to notice more particularly in the course of a second article.

In touching on the history of the subject I must traverse ground already covered by Dr. Sandys's letter. The Reuchlinian and Erasmian controversies of the sixteenth century were concerned with Greek primarily and more incidentally with Latin as a cognate language. The principal of Reuchlin's defence of the elder mode lies in the continuous use of living languages, that of Erasmus's reform in the resuscitation of dead languages mummified at a particular period of their development. Latin had continued in use all over Western Europe as an official language, both ecclesiastical and civil, until the opening of the controversy in 1528. The earliest schools of any kind in England, such as Alcuin's and Anselm's, were Latin schools. It had undergone changes under this usage, but not always in the direction of disintegration. It had also developed into six neo-latin vernaculars, which differed in the value of certain Latin consonants, but agreed in that of four out of five vowels. French differed from the rest in the value of U. Official Latin had undergone corresponding changes of sound, among both Latin and non-latin peoples, though naturally less in degree. By this time the four Latin vowel-characters represented their original sounds in all European vernaculars except English, in which they were hopelessly confused, as they are at present. In the English pronunciation of Latin, however, they still retained their proper value. Greek, on the other hand, had become an unknown tongue throughout Western and Northern Europe, until it was revived by the

learned of the Italian Renaissance, and stimulated by the migration of Greeks on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. Greek, within its own sphere, had undergone greater changes perhaps than official Latin, but it had not developed into divers neo-greek languages. There was therefore not as much divergency in its pronunciation by learned Greeks.

At the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century Reuchlin was regarded as the head of Teutonic scholarship in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. He first learnt Greek from pupils of Tifernes, who had translated the *Ethics* into Latin for Nicholas V. At that Pope's court also lived other learned Greeks, and among them Cardinal Bessarion, who had held high rank in the Orthodox Church before his reconciliation with the Holy See. Later, Reuchlin associated at Florence with Contoblacas, Chalcondyles, Politian and Pico della Mirandola, so that he represented the Greek traditions of the earlier and later Renaissance. These were represented in England by Grocyn and Linacre, both pupils of Chalcondyles, and by a scholar of less reputation, but still distinguished in Greek, Stephen Gardiner. The latest representative of this Reuchlinian school who concerns us was Gregory Martin, who with Cardinal Allen translated the Rheims and Douay version of the Bible.

As to the purity of Latin pronunciation in England, at least in theory, we have the high testimony of Erasmus. He first visited England in 1499 and left finally in 1514. In the second edition of his *Colloquies* (1524) he insists that the Latin quantities were still observed in English Latin. The passage to which he refers is in the dialogue on Courtesy in Saluting. In 1528, in his dialogue *De recta Latini Graecique Sermonis Pronuntiatione*, he states that the Italians preferred the English pronunciation to all but their own, and he notices certain errors which he had heard in England as tricks of individuals contrary to its rules. In 1535, according to Strype, Sir Thomas Smith and Sir John Cheke (he who "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek"), began planning together at Cambridge a reform of the pronunciation of Greek. Having formulated a system they conformed it a little later to that of Erasmus published in 1528. They introduced it cautiously into the University, modifying their pronunciation of Latin also in accordance with Erasmus's system. In 1539 their innovations were referred to Stephen Gardiner, who was then Chancellor. Smith was absent, but he loyally supported Cheke. After a correspondence in which both engaged with Gardiner, he proscribed under penalties their reforms in Greek and any changes at all in Latin. The most salient of these changes concerned the consonants C and G and the consonant-U (or V). Broadly speaking they were those advocated now by the Three Societies. They are based largely on the authority of Cicero and Quintilian. Gardiner was as familiar with these authors, as were his opponents and as are the Three Societies. He chose characteristically to base his condemnation on the living authority of tradition, rather than to discuss details which could only be established as probabilities, and rules which could only be applied correctly to a limited period. The practical wisdom of his decision is shown by the near sequel, by the remote, still more plainly. On the accession of Elizabeth, the system of Erasmus, Smith and Cheke triumphed and became the official pronunciation. In 1565 Metkerke's treatise in support of it appeared, and between that date and 1570 Gregory Martin wrote his reply. A passage in the latter shows that the system had not then prevailed either at home or abroad. Martin writes:

Certe nunquam, ut ego existimo, eam sonorum novitatem induces in Latinam linguam, quae jam *caspi* familiaris esse, ut persuades hominibus Romanis "generosum" et "gentilem" pronuntiare absque sonum J consonantis.

So far there are few signs of the *Current* pronunciation, but there are some. I would remind Mr. Wimbolt of one.

Among the tricks noticed by Erasmus was Colet's solecism in pronouncing and often even in writing *faciebat* for *faciebat*. It was a bad habit contracted in childhood of which the constant corrections of his friends could never break him. Erasmus calls the solecism "the Scottish E." Of another, "the Scottish A," I cannot at the moment identify the sound positively. Subject to correction, I think it was that heard in the English word *hate*. A story is told by Cheke of a bishop at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign who read the words 'Ηλι, 'Ηλι, λαμὰ σαβαχθονι to sound like *I ly, I ly* (modern English literature, *I lie I lie*). This is not an example of the solecism called *iolism*, which consists in pronouncing too many vowels as I (continental). It seems to be the germ of the error which, in the time of Thomas Coryate (1604), as Dr. Sandys says, completely isolated England in its pronunciation of the long I. I have not space to repeat the excerpt from the passage by Coryate which Dr. Sandys has already quoted, I add the remainder.

The Italian when he uttereth any Latin word wherein the letter *i* is to be pronounced long, doth alwaies pronounce it as a double *e*, viz., as *ee*. As for example; he pronounces *fedes* for *fidēs*, *ueta* for *vita*, *amicus* for *amicus*, etc.; but where the *i* is not to be pronounced long he uttereth it as we doe in England, as in these wordes, *impius*, *aquila*, *patria*, *Ecclesia*; not *aquela*, *patreea*, *Ecclessea*. And this pronunciation is so generall in all Italy that every man which speaketh Latin soundeth a double *e* for an *i*. Neither is it proper to Italy only, but to all other nations whatsoever in Christendome saving to England. . . . [Here follows Dr. Sandys's excerpt.] Neither would some of them (amongst whom I was not a little inquisitive for the reason of their pronunciation) sticke to affirme that Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Hortensius, Caesar and those other selected flowers of eloquence amongst the auncient Romans pronounced the *i* in that sort as they themselves doe.

From Coryate's interest in the subject and his silence as to other differences between his pronunciation and that of the foreigners he met, it seems that in other respects he used the Reuchlenian mode as they did. Dr. Sandys gives another example in the same year, viz. the total inability of Scaliger to understand one word of the Anglo-Latin talked to him by an English scholar who visited him at Leyden. The scholar must have spoken in the *Current* mode in an advanced stage of decay. In 1644 Milton writes to Hartlib on Education, criticising the method of teaching, the waste of time, the miserable Latin and Greek so acquired, and the "wretched barbarising against Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms odious to be read."

The speech of striplings [he continues] is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill hearing as law French.

Finally Dr. Postgate tells us the sad story of an adult, instructed, honoured and endowed by the University of Cambridge in 1889, so ignorant as not to know that the first letter of the alphabet has one sound in Europe, and many or none in England, so undeveloped as to detect no difference between the vowels A and E even when emphasised by music, and so stupid as to expose the failure of his education.

I hope that I have made it clear that I do not attribute the smattering of Latin to the Erasmian system directly. It is the outcome of that isolation which Dr. Sandys notices, but I fear that the isolation was caused by a premature attempt to replace a traditional mode in universal use by an antiquarian system.

SALOME, STRAUSS AND SATHANAS

WE must make up our minds never to see *Salomé* played in England. Now and then, no doubt, we may have the opportunity of journeying to Bayswater or Bloomsbury to see it acted in a dingy hall—when the Scala Theatre could

scarcely hold it worthily. With that we must be satisfied; and we must not blame the Censor alone. Supposing the idiotic ban which he is forced officially to place on it removed, it still would not be worth the while (pecuniarily) of Mr. Tree or Mrs. Patrick Campbell to mount it and act it as it deserves. The fault, in fact, lies not in our stars but in ourselves. Among the many strange and great qualities of Wilde's play, one stands pre-eminent, a kind of hunger for beauty—not moral beauty, but the beauty of stuffs and gems and women, of cups of amber that are like apples of gold, of white peacocks with gilded beaks and purple feet. That is a kind of beauty for which the playgoing public has no hunger. To them the litanies of jewels and of weapons in "Dorian Gray" are but dull catalogues of things which are not even for sale at Christie's and thus legitimate subjects of commercial interest. The beauty of the crafts, of art that domineers over nature, now making use of her and now expelling her with a gilded pitchfork does not appeal to them. It seems wicked, while there is nothing wicked of course in the laughter at moral deformity or the sympathy with moral obtuseness which provides their daily theatrical amusement.

We have a strong suspicion, however, that there is some one else to blame besides the Censor and the public; and that is Mr. John Lane. His offence began with the publication of Beardsley's designs in illustration of *Salomé*; he has aggravated it by the re-issue of them in a beautiful quarto, with Lord Alfred Douglas's translation. "One should not forget," writes Mr. Lawrence Gilman, to whom we shall come presently:

to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the rhythmic cadence of M. Maeterlinck—a sufficiently odd yet influential compound.

For "the King James version" read pure and classical English touched here and there with the fine simplicity (exceedingly difficult to recapture) of an early Miracle or Morality, and you have a fair description of the English version; but since it is not Lord Alfred Douglas we are arraigning we may pass on. It was Beardsley, we believe, that was the last straw to the professional critic, who so often confuses his office with that of proctor or prefect, and the world with a pack of schoolboys. Why did wicked Mr. Lane choose Beardsley to publish instead of a set of nice, respectable illustrations by, say, Sir Noel Paton, or Mr. Sant, or even Mr. Blair Leighton, or Mr. Charles Buchel, whose *Herod* (as Mr. Tree) glares in His Majesty's Theatre? The book might then have been found in every cultured home. But Mr. Lane must choose Beardsley, adding another scarlet letter (a capital A for Art) to that already won for the play by its authorship, and the mischief was done. Thenceforth *Salomé* was to be cut dead by the respectable.

And there is some excuse for the respectable. It is a commonplace that one man of genius cannot interpret another in exactly his own terms; and Beardsley could no more be true to Wilde in his illustrations than he could to Aristophanes. In these *Salomé* drawings more clearly than in any of his work, perhaps, we see one of his characteristics—the mocking spirit, the Mephistopheles, *der stils verneint*. These drawings are, without exaggeration, devilish, and their author the Sathanas of our title. Turn them over, and with the impression of them strong in your mind let your eyes fall on the last. The dead *Salomé*, the masked pierrot, the faun, the powder-pot and the monstrous puff—if all this, coming where it does, is not devilish, devilishly witty, and devilishly cruel and devilishly "denying," the word has no meaning. Is there any recorded utterance of Wilde's on these drawings? He must have been interested in the genius, which, after finding in his play the inspirations for some of its most exquisite work, could dismiss it so with a mocking laugh. Do what we will, we cannot help thinking in this connection

of a nymph weeping on the sward and a satyr laughing back at her as he leaps into the thicket.

Well, if the collocation of too much genius into one work has frightened us in England, it is not so abroad. The reception of *Salomé* on the Continent may be learned from Mr. Robert Ross's prefatory note to the edition we have been speaking of. And now Mr. Lawrence Gilman has had the courage to analyse the music of the opera, which is one of the most popular in the *répertoire* of the towns of the Continent. No more than Beardsley can this third man of genius interpret Wilde faithfully; and Strauss's task must have been extraordinarily difficult. He had not, as most composers of operas have, to give life and art to an entirely colourless and inartistic libretto. He had to take a work of art already perfect, a piece of literature which, like all good literature, had already its own music, its own tone, refrains, melodies, harmonies and discords, and wed it to that which was struggling for birth from his own brain. And the result, if something of great power and import, is not the *Salomé* of Wilde. It is something far more turbulent, if not more tremendous, more savage, if not fiercer, more cataclysmal, if not more terrible. "The orchestra thunders simultaneously in two violently antagonistic keys; or the band as a whole will be playing in A-flat major, while the singer intones valiantly a phrase in A (natural) minor." (That word "valiantly" shows a sad lack of humour in Mr. Gilman, but never mind: we are too grateful for his patience and skill in explaining the music to quibble with his phrases.) But where in Wilde's *Salomé* do we find such artistic brutality as that, such crudeness of means, and so violent a struggle for an aim which the author fulfilled with so much deceptive ease? The "catalogue" part of *Salomé* (see Mr. Ross's note again)—the joy of the æsthete lingering over the beautiful things of this Eastern world of his imagining—is gone: so is the consummate craftsmanship. But we have in their place something that is worth having. No one who has seen the opera (stay-at-homes who have only heard the music can form no idea of its effect) but will declare Strauss to have been justified in his method of treating the play. The horror, the terror, and the pity of it, the immensity of the passions and the grandeur of the gloom under which the story is played out, are raised to an unendurable pitch. While *Salomé* leans over the edge of the cistern waiting to hear the executioner's blow in the darkness below her, a single note on the double-bass, plucked by the player's fingers, throbs inevitably on, and the opening of the Beethoven C minor symphony is pale beside its effect. What could be more ghastly than the descending passage in which *Salomé* demands the head of the Baptist, or more violent than Herod's final command? Here and there, too, though Strauss's humour is a bludgeon and Wilde's a darting rapier, there is worthy humour in the score: witness the Jews wrangling in different keys all at once.

The fact that the *Salomé* who sings is never the same performer as the *Salomé* who dances—the substitution being effected with reasonable care—is an objection which a little exercise of the imagination on the spectator's part soon gets over, and is, indeed, almost unnoticeable amid the splendour and terror of the work as a whole. Strauss—Teuton that he is—has taken the play as seriously as Beardsley took it maliciously (in the French sense of *malice*); together they offer a striking example of the universality of a work of art. We shall never see the opera in England; but, after all, it is not very far to, say, Munich, where it is played as often as *Cavalleria Rusticana* is played in London. Instructive contrast!

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

MENTAL SHOCKS

THE world has witnessed a great outburst of Shakespeare during the past week or two. We do not speak of the

man who was born and buried at Stratford-on-Avon, but of that elemental force called by his name, which is part of the mental cosmos of humanity. It operates like earthquakes; one never knows when or where it is to break out next. If anybody, like the learned man in the Isle of Wight who measures by delicate instruments what the daily papers call seismic disturbances, has a Shakespeareometer he would have noticed it tremble with pleasing oscillations last week and would have "wired" his predictions. Quite true; there were anniversary performances of Shakespearean plays in Stratford-on-Avon. More violent movements would have accompanied Mr. Tree's visit to Berlin and the outbursts of the German critics. But we should be surprised to know that the instrument remained intact the other day under the agitation of a new book on Shakespeare. Not on a play by Shakespeare, or a scene, or new readings, or a side of his genius, or a fresh view of his life, but on the whole tremendous world-thrilling subject—Shakespeare, and by a professor of literature.

If Shakespeare were mere literature; if he were just an old dramatist, we could afford to take the book calmly. But he is not mere literature. He will not sit quiet beside Ford, and Massinger, and Webster and Middleton. He is an ethical force and breaks out periodically in mind-quakes. The world is agreed that he is a high priest, a prophet, a teacher, a lawyer's clerk, a botanist, a mad doctor, and besides was well worthy to be a university professor. We have him in us; he has become part of us; and we cannot get rid of him. He is everywhere; in sermons, in lectures, in leading articles and misleading reviews. Some persons obtain relief from that fashionable state called obsession by writing books about him; others increase their affliction by reading these books. Yet others, like Mr. Sidney Lee, give up struggling early and surrender themselves entirely, becoming Shakespeareans pure and simple. These are men who edit him and tell us what he meant, but they rarely agree, and in their quarrels manifest a belief that he belongs to them severally. The New Shakespeare Society have him on a string, and at intervals Mr. Furnival seems about to produce him, but he does not. It is as unsatisfactory as a spiritualistic séance.

If the man Shakespeare had foreknown that his writings were to possess the minds of people to this extent we believe he would have taken pains to destroy them. When they had served their day and purpose he did his best to let them die. But those officious fellows John Heminge and Henry Condell gathered them together and published them in a book, and thereby poured into the ears of men a concoction more potent than that which made a ghost of Hamlet's father. Hamlet! The name comes pat to our purpose. There, indeed, is an amazing moral puzzle to foist upon mankind in the form of a play. Add to it the verbal and other puzzles contained in *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and all the rest of them, and ask whether Shakespeare would really have given these to the world unless he had meant men to understand them, and to enjoy them. And why is it that they are not altogether clear? Possibly because we no longer consider them as plays by a man called Shakespeare, but part of the revelation of a miraculous genius embodied in the human form, called William Shakespeare—or any other form of ecstatic language which may convey that meaning, or lack of meaning.

Some years ago two young men went down to Stratford-on-Avon to see what remained to be seen there of Shakespeare. They were both by way of being special admirers of the poet. To the natural and national reverence they had added a little of individual attention and thought. It was on a beautiful morning of June that they walked through the town and crossed the bridge, where they stood gazing at the scene in all its summer loveliness. Presently one of them said: "Is it not wonderful to think that Shakespeare must have often walked in these meadows?" To which the other

answered: "Oh, damn Shakespeare. Let us take a boat up the Avon." Now of the two we incline to think the second mentioned considering his age, the season, and the weather was the better Shakespearean. The late Aubrey Beardsley was examining a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets which had just been issued by the Kelmscott Press, when all at once he exclaimed: "What poor stuff all this is compared with the 'House of Life.'" Him also Shakespeare might be supposed to approve; for it is surely better to understand and declare for the "House of Life," than to profess reverence for a collection of enigmatical sonnets which you are incapable of appreciating. Mr. George Bernard Shaw told us once that he can write blank verse with greater facility than prose, and gave us a specimen. But then the difference between blank verse and prose is not the only difference between Shakespeare and Shaw. If a lot of German critics were to tell us (as they told Mr. Tree and as any German will tell you in private about Shakespeare) that Mr. Shaw was better understood and appreciated in Germany than in England nobody would be surprised or hurt. Posterity it is to be hoped will not absorb Shaw into their inner consciousness as we, the heirs of three centuries, have absorbed Shakespeare. Not that we care whether posterity does or does not. What we care about and what is worth caring about is the reason why we are so permeated by Shakespeare. The latest professorial book does not help us. It only tells us why we ought to venerate him, which is no reason at all. If that kind of reason counted we should all have been soaked in Shaw by this time.

The only assertion we will make is that Shakespeare wrote a vast number of very "fine things." And humanity is so constituted that it worships the sayer of fine things. Further, let the German say what he likes, he does not and cannot appreciate these things in all their fineness. For example, says Romeo:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The world admits that is a very fine thing; and in language the world goes by its ear more than by its intellect. In short, it is poetry of the most immediately convincing kind, not old after three hundred years, but fresh, modern, and apparently immortal. Yet it is a strange thing that in no language but English can jocund day stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. Here is what it does in German according to Schlegel and Tieck:

Die Nacht hat ihre Kerzen ausgebrannt
Der muntre Jag  rklimmt die d nst'gen H hn.

There is nothing in that to make the heart of a German leap.

Take again Othello's:

then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well.

In the French of M. Louis de Gramont this little phrase, part of the English consciousness, becomes:

Vous aurez   parler
D'un homme qu'un amour trop ardent vint troubler.

or in the Italian of Signor Carlo Rusconi:

In tal modo pingerete un uomo che non ha che troppo amato, ma che non seppe amare saviamente.

Doubtless there are thousands of "fine things" in other languages which will not translate equally finely into English. But that is not the present question. The question is that Shakespeare is the sayer for Englishmen of fine things, and these fine things in all their fineness are for Englishmen only. Such is the force of language and such the power of Shakespeare over it that if you perform *Macbeth* in a country barn to a haphazard assemblage of bucolic English persons they will be vastly impressed, and some of them will even be found to have stored up one or other of those fine things in their memories. And then when we remark that Shakespeare has acquired an amazing reputation in countries which are not English through languages which were not his, it

is clear there are other reasons for which it would perhaps be profitable to consult the professorial manuals. Perhaps not; we do not profess to say, being content with our nationality. But when we dream of being young again, which is the finest thing a man person can be, we know the phrase that fits the vision:

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure;

and we do not imagine that "K ss mich, k ss mich, s ss und zwanzig" is German.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

Love Will Venture In. By AMELIA E. BARR. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

POSSIBLY Amelia E. Barr may know something of women, though she certainly knows very little about men. In her latest novel she succeeds in betraying her ignorance in other matters as well. "Love will venture in" is chiefly remarkable for its glaring demerits of style and its numberless grammatical blunders. The character of Grandmother Rawdon is not bad, Ethel and Dora will pass, but all the lovers and male relations of these ladies are quite, quite hopeless. Fred Mostyn is supposed to be a villain, but if we could by any possibility imagine him as compounded of flesh and blood we should feel inclined to sympathise with him. The authoress thinks that Englishmen of the upper classes never look well dressed. Their trousers are too baggy. The only men whose clothes really fit are Americans. We understand that Tyrrel Rawdon, the hero, an American of course, is the one character who actually does know how to attire himself. "Clothed only in a stylish afternoon suit, his fine, tall figure showed to great advantage." He can sing too, this hero. "With the patriotic music warbling in his throat, he turned to Ethel." Speaking of Rawdon Court the writer says, "A good many Mostyn women have been its mistress." And again, "I have not the means to help you, why don't you ask Ethel? You have more right to ask her than I." We are told that Judge Rawdon "usually found a bit of classical wisdom to fit modern emergencies, and the habit had imparted an antique bon-ton to his conversation." The judge was "a gentleman of such culture as to be familiar with exquisite Greek legends," and he finds the quotations from them that impart the "antique bon-ton" in "queer-looking little books, bound in marbled paper." "Oxford editions," the authoress whispers with bated breath. The action of the story is far too jerky, and the telling of it displays excessive carelessness. The heroine gets two or three years older in as many months, and her friend's father seems a trifle uncertain as to what his first name ought to be. As a rule he vacillates between Ben and Dan.

Nearly Five Millions. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE knows more about London than most men. He has too a unique faculty for hitting off the thousand and one different types of Cockneydom in dialogue that is always true to life, often humorous, and sometimes so pathetic that one wants to cry. We knew all this before. What we did not know about this author was that his insight was profound enough and his art sufficient to give us such a story as "Capture of Town." It is very nearly all that it should be, quaintly humorous, intimately sympathetic, and its pathos is always duly restrained. Many people try to write stories in this vein. We don't hope to meet with a better one. There are included in the book a dozen sketches descriptive of London thoroughfares. The streets are all real streets, we are familiar with some of them, but no reader who does not know his London from Hyde Park to Spitalfields, and from Soho to Wood Green, will recognise them all.

Whatever observation and sympathy can accomplish, Mr. Pett Ridge has done, and he has the power of making his pictures live. "Joys of Youth" is delightful, "The Young Pretender" and "Little Incidents" are perhaps the best of the bunch, but "Games of Nap," where the Man of the Moment who sits on the floor at the reception and says to his hostess "I say! Listen! I'm going to marry you," comes up very nearly to the same level. Gordon Browne takes this incident as the subject of one of his familiar frontispieces. Mr. Pett Ridge has chosen to devote himself to that type of fiction in which he felt himself to excel, and we don't think we are mistaken in saying that he has made himself a master in it.

The Mystery. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THIS book is a happy mixture of R. L. Stevenson and Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. White's studies of life in the backwoods of Canada are well known. In the present book he leaves the elemental and primitive fight between man and nature, and gives us a story of adventure and scientific research which grips our imagination and thrills us right to the last page. Even then the *Mystery* is not really solved, and we are left to wonder what Celestium really is and whether some scientist as devoted and patient as Professor Schermerhorn will ever discover it, or—what is more interesting still—learn the secret of controlling it. We have said above that the book is a mixture of Stevenson and Wells. The influence of the former is so evident that at times we find ourselves expecting to meet Long John Silver on the next page. Certainly Handy Solomon is worthy of an honourable place beside that magnificent pirate, while Ralph Slade, "free lance," is quite comparable to the enterprising American in "The Wrecker." The latter book is perhaps the present authors' model rather than "Treasure Island," for their method is not so much to tell a plain story, which explains itself as it is told, but to recount mysterious happenings which are only explained in the last chapters. We have mentioned Mr. Wells's influence because we hold him to be the originator of the modern scientific or pseudo-scientific story. The late Jules Verne wrote professedly for boys. If "grown-ups" read his books they did so apologetically; but Mr. Wells changed all that, and, trained on his works, the staidest and most serious-minded parent will, we feel sure, read "The Mystery" without any sense of condescension or loss of dignity. Certainly we can strongly recommend him to do so. His scientific palate will be delicately stimulated by radium, volcanoes, and the whole question of electrical energy, while his natural love of adventure, which never quite dies even in the oldest and most weary, will be fired by the hairbreadth 'scapes of the two men who tell the story.

The Prince's Valet. By JOHN BARNETT. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE romantic history of Charles Edward has always been attractive to the novelist, fatally so in many cases. His weary insistence in a cause which he himself felt to be hopeless, his unflinching little band of supporters, working in spite of him rather than with him; the great personal charm peculiar to the ill-fated race to which he belonged, which hard living and the bitterness born of repeated failure could not wholly destroy, all serve to make "the Pretender" a favourite hero, or victim, with writers of fiction. Many and strange are the deeds which have been done, on paper, in his name. Mr. Barnett proves no exception to this rule. He pilots his Stuart hero through intrigues and hair-breadth escapes which, no doubt, bear some resemblance to the adventures which befell that unfortunate prince in his stormy career. Here, however, the resemblance to the usual "Pretender" novel ceases. This Charles Edward is no swaggering cavalier dandy but a living and very attractive personality. The author shows us the man, wild, reckless and generous, for the sake of whom better men laid down

their lives gladly . . . and he lets us see why they did so. The character is drawn with both sympathy and restraint and Mr. Barnett is to be congratulated on his treatment of a subject which is as enthralling as it is hackneyed.

Fort Amity. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS novel, which made its first appearance three years ago, has now been reissued in a popular form. "Fort Amity" is in its author's usual vein, quite light but quite pleasing. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the story, the outline is briefly as follows. The scene opens in Canada just before the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. The hero, John à Cleeve, an ensign of the Forty-sixth Regiment of Foot, is wounded and taken prisoner in the unsuccessful attack on the fort at Ticonderoga. When wounded he loses consciousness, and awakes to find himself in a canoe with other prisoners under the guard of a bullying French sergeant, a crippled Canadian who acts as steersman and possesses a tenor voice, and two Indians. After many adventures and much guerilla fighting with hostile redskins, John is left alone with Menewehna, the elder of his two Indian guards. They take shelter with the French garrison of Fort Amity, where John conceals his nationality, passing himself off as a Frenchman in the hope of gaining information likely to be of use to his own side. Here he falls in love with the commandant's daughter, but his suit seems hopeless, as indeed it remains for long. We have already been almost unfair to Mr. Quiller-Couch in giving away so much of his story, and it suffices to say that after fifteen years of toil and heartburning the two lovers are at length united.

A Summer Holiday. By FLORENCE POPHAM. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

ON taking up this volume one is annoyed to discover that the publisher has essayed to review it himself on the cover-slip. Such behaviour is much to be deprecated on the part of publishers, but the habit seems to be a growing one. When the reviewer reads that "all is told in the clever and racy style we should expect from the authoress of 'The Housewives of Edenrise,'" he is naturally prompted to look closely for faults. In "A Summer Holiday" these are by no means far to seek. A newly married Englishwoman makes up a party consisting of some half a dozen or so of her own acquaintances, possessing the most diverse and ill-assorted temperaments, and carts them all off to spend a summer holiday in a Swiss *pension*. When they arrived at their destination they all go together to see the sunset, and then, for no apparent reason, begin to do gymnastics:

Claude Rogers suddenly threw away the end of his cigarette and got up to look at the scene through a framework formed by his legs. He stood with his powerful figure bent double, his head between his legs, and his long hair tumbling in his eyes.

Agnes and Christabel looked at one another and laughed, but Eva did not smile. She rose, and, standing by Claude, bent her body in a graceful curve, inclined her auburn head until it almost touched the ground, and making a frame of her arms, gazed through it as though it were the most natural and agreeable position in the world.

After such a very remarkable beginning to the holiday we are not surprised to read that these curious people go on behaving as they should not. What were meant by the hostess to be platonic friendships either fail dismally or threaten to become far more serious matters, and more disasters than one are only averted by the premature breaking-up of the party.

Jan Digby. By AMBROSE PRATT. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE writing of this book places it outside criticism. There are certain books of the "shilling shocker" or detective-story type which merit a meed of praise for their ingenuity, but "Jan Digby" does not even find this level. All we can say of a novel of this class is that the readers who continue to read on after the first few pages will probably be satisfied with what they find.

The Last of the Mammoths. By RAYMOND TURENNE. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d.)

WE have a suspicion that a New York "newspaper man" has been reading the novels of Jules Verne and that the "Last of the Mammoths" is the result. The book is so obviously of American manufacture; it "has a hustle on" and abounds in bald and aggressive statements which are almost witty, but the plot has all the delightful improbability of Jules Verne with an attempt at his manner. The result of this combination of style is that the unfortunate reader is dragged from one adventure to another, figuratively speaking, by the hair of his head. He is allowed a short breathing space in the Polar Regions during what is aptly described on the cover of the book as "a long time of waiting, full of events," then the race begins once more and he reaches the end, breathless and dazed, with a strong feeling that he has been reading a singularly poor tale. Of the Esquimaux we can say nothing, they may possibly be more or less human, but the other characters in the book are mere lay figures. Something of the style in which it is written may be gathered from the last speech of Corliss, the Steel King, to the assembled guests at his ball:

Ladies and gentlemen, I must announce to you that my daughter Eva is engaged to be married to M. Raoul Le Fort, the true discoverer of the largest primigenius in the world. Ladies and gentlemen, it is a love match. Ladies and gentlemen, supper is ready. Cavanagh, the March of the Mammoth.

The Fighters. By Lady VIOLET GREVILLE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

WHAT better material could be found for a novel than the Emperor Napoleon, a Spanish adventuress and a mysterious priest who is not a priest. Carefully stirred up with a gallant English soldier, a charming maiden and a famous battle or two they make a savoury and piquant mixture calculated to tickle the palate of the most jaded public. Provided, of course, that the Emperor is the Emperor that they have been accustomed to; eagle of eye, brusque of speech with hands clasped behind an uncompromising back, and that the lady has all the attributes of her race. In "The Fighters" these characters leave nothing to be desired; the adventuress has the regulation fine, perfect features, dark, liquid eyes, red, alluring mouth and small, exquisitely formed hands and feet. The priest, her brother (who is not really her brother), is dark, with beetling brows and sulky expression, with a habit of saying "peste" and "pah" on occasions. Yet the art of the salad is in the mixing, and, in spite of these commonplace ingredients, Lady Violet Greville has produced a good, stirring tale. Biddy Malone and her Sergeant are well-drawn characters and there is much in the story that is neither dull nor commonplace.

DRAMA

MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S COMEDY AT THE COURT

THOSE who see in Mr. St. John Hankin's play at the Court only an amusing comedy will fail to understand it. It contains a moral, and is no more to be regarded as a mere entertaining trifle than *Romeo and Juliet* is to be regarded as a mere boy and girl love story. The moral of *Romeo and Juliet* lies in the very last scene when the two fathers, whose folly and cruelty and senseless hatred have brought about the terrible catastrophe by which their children have been sacrificed, agree at last to settle their differences over those children's dead bodies. It is a beautiful and heart-breaking scene, but we are hardly ever allowed to see it on the stage, modern managers (who of course understand these things much better than Shakespeare did) having unanimously decided that it is not "dramatic," and that its presentment would

turn the penultimate scene into an anti-climax. Mr. Hankin's play is also in its way "a lesson to fathers." It asks and partially answers the question which is so often raised as to the responsibility of parents to their children. Eustace, the prodigal of Mr. Hankin's play, has been given a thousand pounds and sent to Australia by his father, a very wealthy and rather vulgar commercial man. He has been told that he is to expect no more. We are given to understand that he has already been given several other "chances" in various offices, and in his father's own business. He has failed in everything, but he is a delightful person, he is clever and good-hearted, and has remained honest in spite of temptation, but he is not able to "work," in the American sense of the word; that is to say he is unable to make money. He loses the thousand pounds in Australia in various ways, which include gold-mining and sheep-farming; and after being employed as a navvy and a farm-hand and nearly starving several times, he works his way back to England as a steward on a liner, and conceives the happy idea of falling, in an apparently exhausted condition, outside the door of his father's house on the night when that ambitious gentleman, who is standing for parliament and trying to ingratiate himself in the "county society," is giving a dinner-party. Of course he is found by the servants and is carried in, in a simulated dead faint, and, as he has calculated, the dramatic nature of his entry melts the hearts of his father and of his dear kind stupid old mother. For some days all goes well and he is made much of by his mother and sister to the unconcealed disgust of his smug and respectable elder brother who is of course "a model son," who has increased the profits of his father's commerce by his business capacities, and who is the very incarnation of "all the virtues," as most people understand them. All this is intensely amusing and is exhibited in an exceedingly witty and well-written dialogue which apart from its able presentment of characterisation simply bristles with "good things." But behind it all there is real tragedy and real life. The father soon grows tired of supporting his son in idleness, and on receiving a bill from his tailor for some clothes which the prodigal has ordered, he provokes an angry scene with him at the end of which he orders him to leave his house. Eustace rises to go but remarks quite calmly that in that case having neither money nor the means of getting it he will go straight to the nearest workhouse. His father is quite unmoved by this and retorts that he is at liberty to please himself as to where he goes. Then Eustace points out that if he goes to the local workhouse his father's chance of being elected at the forthcoming election will be gone, and his brother's chance of marrying Stella Farringford, the charming daughter of their neighbour (an impecunious but blue-blooded Baronet), who is already dangerously interested in and attracted by the fascinating Eustace. Mr. Jackson (the father) and Henry (the elder brother) are cornered, and the prodigal goes off to dress for dinner. In the last act the human drama is played out to its sordid end. Once more Mr. Jackson offers Eustace a thousand pounds to go to Australia, but he declines the offer, pointing out that it would be sheer waste of money, and playing his cards with bitter good humour he extorts the promise of an allowance of £250 a year from his indignant but helpless parent, who realises that he is simply compelled by circumstances to "pay up." Mr. Jackson gives him a cheque for the first quarter of his allowance and bids him go. "You may write, occasionally," he says, realising that his wife who is devoted to her scape-grace son will wish to hear of him from time to time. "Make it £300 and I won't write," replies the son. It is very funny but our laughter is not far from tears as the curtain goes down.

Mr. Hankin has written a brilliant play, and if the critics failed to realise it when the play was first produced at a matinée (it is now revived in the evening bill) that is only what Mr. Hankin would have expected of

them. The writer of this article is not a dramatic critic. The play was superbly acted. Mr. Eric Lewis as the father, Mr. Dennis Eadie as the incomparable Henry, and Mr. Matthews as Eustace were all equally good. Miss Florence Haydon as the mother was admirable, and Miss Dorothy Minto looked, and was, bewitching, especially in the third act where her hat and frock achieved a success all their own. But where all were so good it is almost invidious to mention names. The acting at the Court spoils one for any other theatre.

D. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "ORCHESTRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Tennyson rhymed "Cophetua" to "say," because he was taught at school so to pronounce it. And Browning rhymed *χρυσόδοτα* to "gray or ray" for a like reason. But does any one give the English sound to the final vowel of "orchestra"? I have always heard it given the Italian sound, rhyming neither with "lay" nor "law," but with "la."

My point, however, was merely that in the fine lines [misprinted five lines] which you quoted from "Michael Field" difficulty is caused by the rhymes being uncertain as well as irregularly arranged. An imperfect rhyme often gives pleasure; but not, I think, when it causes dubiety. Another line quoted by you ends in "fir," which doubtless should be "firs," rhyming with "rehearse" and "universe." Many parallels could be quoted for this rhyme, but does it come well here? To me both of these rhymes seem blemishes on a fine passage, leaving us in temporary doubt, and so preventing the carefully elaborated rhyme-scheme from producing its full effect.

T. S. O.

[A. D. writes: Certainly "orchestra" is always pronounced as T. S. O. says, to rhyme with "la." But equally "alchemy" is also pronounced to rhyme with "thee." Yet Shakespeare rhymes it with "eye":

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Shelley rhymes "symphony" with "sigh":

"It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony."

Instances might be multiplied from the best and most impeccable poets, notably Shakespeare in the Sonnets. There certainly is some ambiguity with regard to the line ending in "fir." Either it rhymes with nothing or else, as T. S. O. suggests, it is a misprint for "firs" and rhymes with "rehearse," which is not a good rhyme, though perhaps allowable. In either case the line is a slight blemish on an otherwise perfect poem. Rhymes, of course, do not depend entirely on sound. The rhyming of "love" and "prove" is an example of what I mean. Marlowe has:

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove."

which though in sound it does not rhyme at all, certainly has a most pleasing effect.]

MISPRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH WORDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Corrections of mispronunciations perpetrated by those who are content to be unlettered may well seem a work of futility, but when one hears persons with a conscience in such matters give a word a false pronunciation in the full belief that they are giving it the only one which knowledge justifies, it seems an obvious duty to warn them against a repetition of the error. And no word is more studiously mispronounced by curates and other educated men than *chivalry*, which they call *shivalry*, giving to the initial double-consonant the sound given to it by the French language. It might occur to these gentlemen that if one letter of a word is pronounced in the manner of the French the rest must also be so pro-

nounced; so that if they won't say *chivalry* they should, to be consistent, say *sheevalree*.

But, as a matter of fact, *chivalry* has been an essentially English word for the past three centuries, being identical in its radical parts with the Middle-English form. That is to say, that in adaptation from the O.Fr. *chevalerie* the *e* after *ch* was changed for *i*. Even if that alteration represented but the recent Anglicisation (excuse the term) of a word we had imported in its native purity, the fact that an English character has thus given to it decides that its orthoepy is similarly English. Besides, as has been already implied, the French double-consonant sound of *sh* is never followed by the English vowel-sound of short *i*. So anomalous a pronunciation as *shivalry* jars upon the linguistic ear as much as a false note jars on the musical ear. One might as well pronounce "chimney" *shimney*. Both words are from the old French.

Of classical authorities Walker gives the right pronunciation, and the "Philological Dictionary," compiled by Mr. Murray, contains a *caveat* about it; but these are esoteric volumes. The more popular "Nuttall" also furnishes the orthoepy—but only as an alternative to error!

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must beg you to give me a little space to deal with my Reviewer's letter in your issue of April 20. I made no complaint about his general treatment of my book, though I might have said that the title chosen for the review was a violation of good manners, especially in a Reviewer who shelters himself by writing anonymously.

I made two definite complaints against my Reviewer, and I do not see that he has disposed of them by his letter. He stated in the review that I "reproached Carlyle for overlooking" the civil constitution of the clergy, and I pointed out that his statement was incorrect. The only reference to Carlyle in my volume is in connection with something quite different. I say he appears to overlook the fact that the Duties of Man as well as the Rights of Man were considered by the French Assembly. As Carlyle jeers at the Assembly for not considering those Duties my observation was not unnecessary. Instead of accepting my correction or verifying my original statement your Reviewer goes off into generalities about English historians and the civil constitution, and whether I hold Carlyle to be or not to be an English historian; comment about such methods of controversy is needless.

I pointed out, secondly, that the purpose of my book was explained by its title, "The Relations of the State and the Church in France." The various matters which are covered by the term Americanism do not, in my opinion, come within that purpose. My intention was to describe a definite relation which ended with Separation, and my purpose was, further, to explain the stages of that relation and some of the causes which have ended it.

The subject outlined by your Reviewer is entirely different. It has little or nothing to do with the relations between Church and State, and it would require another volume at least as big as mine to deal with it in the barest outline.

Because I confined myself in my letter to the primary meaning of the term Americanism, viz., the liberal movement among Roman Catholics in the United States, your Reviewer, as I expected, has jumped to the conclusion that I know nothing about the movement in its secondary application, viz., to French Catholicism. I don't know how to meet his insinuation except by the most formal contradiction. Since the appearance of "La France Libre," in 1893, I have followed the liberal movement with the greatest care and sympathy. I don't suppose I have read its literature exhaustively, but I don't think I have missed much that is important. I have given my reason for not dealing with it in a book about the relation between Church and State, and I still think any attempt to deal with its relations to the Ecclesiastical Authority is premature since the drama is unfinished. One can only at this stage draw two general conclusions. First, if "Americanism" wins it must transform the Papacy, and Catholicism as we have known it since the thirteenth century will disappear. Secondly, if the existing Romanism is able to suppress or eject the liberals, then that Papacy may drag on an ignominious and dwindling existence till it is forgotten by a progressive world.

I am sorry that your Reviewer has intruded personal questions into a literary matter. Since he has done so I must meet his challenge. He describes me as the "incumbent of an English vicarage," which is not technically true, and he implies that, in consequence, I can know nothing of European

affairs. As a matter of fact I have held this cure for two years and a few months, and it is my first. I have not found that this house, though it is called incorrectly a vicarage, is more inaccessible to my booksellers, to the newspapers, or to my friends than any other house in which I have lived. It so happens that during 1903 and 1904 I was not in a "vicarage" nor in England at all, but for many months in Italy, and most of the time in Rome, whither I came very soon after the Conclave. I, too, heard various tales about Cardinal Gibbons and the election of Pius X. It seemed to me then, and it seems now, incredible that the Austrian veto should have been exercised if Cardinal Rampolla were so certain to be defeated without it. Whatever the causes, the result must be a disillusionment to every one concerned.

If any of your readers wish to know more about *Américanisme* and its latest developments I recommend M. Houtin's newest volume, "La Crise du Clergé."

May I add, in conclusion, that I have read nothing more touching than various books and pamphlets issued by certain French liberal Catholics during the last eighteen months, especially the "Supplique d'un Groupe de Catholiques Français Au Pape Pie X."

ARTHUR GALTON.

April 24.

THE WRIGHT FORM OF BIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When my hearty co-operation was desired by Mr. Thomas Wright for his *Vita* of my beloved and almost lifelong friend, the late Walter Pater (and I will write of blessed memory, for, to a man, if there are any in these latter days still living to whom his benign personality was known in a personal sense—that is, in a way entirely removed from the mere affectation of being a pen-driver, without any form of trained scholarship to guide it, such men shall at once rise superior to that engaging creature—who, with a wisdom greater than his years, declared the author of the "Imaginary Portraits" to be a "Vicarage Verlaine") I would say I was led out to the slaughter by what he wrote me saying "he had been engaged upon this life of Walter Pater for the last three years." With this letter came printed references or notices of several of his previous publications, including the "Life of Edward FitzGerald," the "Life of Sir Richard Burton," the "Correspondence of William Cowper," etc. etc. with an extract from "Who's Who," reprinted from that book respecting himself, the very opening words of which spoke of himself as being the "Principal of Cowper School, Olney." I only knew of one school with such a name (which is situate in the City of London), and was entirely taken off my guard by the joyance which moved my breast on hearing all these particulars about a friend whose revered memory, in my own days, was to be rescued from oblivion.

Very courteously I answered Mr. Wright, saying I should be pleased to assist him in every way in my power, by the loan of such letters as I had preserved with my own original draft letters and poems to Walter Pater (which draft letters and poems in themselves would make a stout volume), to which he sent the following reply: "Olney, 12th March, 1906. Nothing of the virulence of some of Pater's enemies will appear in my book—which I hope to make more like a beautiful Idyll than anything else—an Idyll written on Mother of Pearl . . ." Things went on smoothly enough, and in May of last year I visited Mr. Wright at Olney, to hear read over to myself his manuscript, and to compare notes. Heavens! Then it was that my eyes were opened to this little country day school for wee little boys and girls, called *Cowper School*, of which Mr. Wright prides himself on being the principal—when, to my surprise, I found but little in his manuscript beyond what one may have seen in supercilious language suitable to the capacity of the readers of the second and third class periodicals in which certain expressions originally appeared, written by those anxious to earn the nimble guinea, directly any personage departs out of this life, of whom it might be said, his manners and talents were *ars est celare artem*. At this visit the portrait of myself, which appears facing page 232 of volume 2, was taken. In some instances Mr. Wright took from my dictation corrections to certain passages, which are visible to any ordinary reader, but I found it impossible to swell the skeleton in manuscript, which was nothing but a bag of dry bones; and, on terminating a visit of the utmost interest to Olney with respect to the associations connected with the poet Cowper, including the sweet *bonhomie* of the whole affair, I returned home, fully under the impression that the proofs of this Life of Walter Pater would have been sent myself, as it passed through the press for revision.

In August there were some strong expressions in a letter of Mr. Wright's written to myself because I had objected to the stupid performance of his father in the portrait he painted of Walter Pater, which in May of last year was not engulfed with absurdity by the artist, who, like the author, had never seen or been in correspondence with the subject of the biography. This wonderful performance of Mr. W. S. Wright is to be found facing page 246 of volume 1. It represents (or is supposed to represent) the sitter when he was about thirty years of age, painted twelve years after his death—who at the time of his demise was fifty-five years of age. Heavens! What can be the value of this monstrosity, the while it graces this so-called "Authentic Biography"? Furthermore, I was given to understand that I should see the prospectus before it was printed, as a free use of my name is made therein, but I never saw a single word of it, nor a copy thereof, until I requested the publishers to supply me with it.

Things glided onward with fresh disagreements, in which Mr. Wright told me he wanted "no more copy," when he had never seen (nor has he seen) any of my original draft letters to Walter Pater, and only a few of the poems. And, will any man believe it, *it is a fact*, that not one single page of this life of Walter Pater was ever sent to me to peruse beyond the chapter where I am said "to come in"! I never saw any single portion of the list of contents, nor of the list of plates, which are in some cases labelled in such a manner as I should never have sanctioned, much less have allowed to be printed had I previously seen their lettering. Again, will it be believed, *that it is a fact*, not one word of the preface was shown to me, although it is said therein "I had helped the author in a hundred ways"?

The "progress" of this Life of Walter Pater through the press was delayed for some reason or other, and I grew more than anxious about the whole thing, when the following letter came from Mr. Thomas Wright, dated from Olney, December 9, 1906: "Messrs. Everett and Co. have informed me that you have asked to see a revise of volume 2 [I never saw the revise of volume 1]; I wish therefore to tell you that I am *not* sending out copies of the revise to any one. It is my custom to allow no one to see revises except myself . . . *Nothing on earth will turn me from this decision*. I have requested Messrs. Everett and Co. to proceed with the book."

There are many expressions contained in this *Vita*, written of a sweet and adorable personality which I loved far better than my own soul (of whom no golden pen can adequately write a single word of praise), to which I take exception, they having caused me untold pain and anguish, although this supposed life may be the most gaudy thing the world may see—

Argumentum ad judicium—thus your Servitor has to find rest in his sorrow, who of late has got to be better known by the cognomen of

"MARIUS THE EPICUREAN."

P.S.—I have been very ill for a long time, hence the delay in sending this expostulation.

WANTED, A DISINTERESTED PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The need of a National Theatre under disinterested management, the sole aim of which is the production of the noblest dramatic literature, is readily recognised. May I suggest there is equal need for a publisher equally disinterested and actuated with similar ideals, only relating to literature generally? May I illustrate this by an experience of my own? For a long period I have engaged in translating with the utmost care and enthusiasm Fromentin's "Les Maitres D'Autrefois," experience having taught me that there are numberless art students, artists and teachers who cannot read French easily who would joyfully welcome an English translation of this noble work, a classic that is unique both as a prose masterpiece and as art criticism. Yet not a single publisher will undertake the enterprise, the answer in every case (I may have missed one or two minor or newly established publishers) being that it would not be a *financial* success, though the value of the English version was admitted.

F. H. L.

LONGFELLOW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is amazing to find in "Blackwood" and other magazines just received survivals of that obfuscate accusation

against Longfellow of confusion of metaphor in "footprints on the sands of time." What are the steps of the argument? There are no such things as the "sands of time." We have not seen them. But we have seen an instrument called the hour-glass. Therefore the poet referred to the sand in a time-measuring hour-glass. You cannot leave footprints on an hour-glass. Therefore—! Surely such density must be partly wilful. Fortunately we also have:

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

Here is confusion indeed! There are no such things as the corridors of time. We have not seen them. But everybody knows the little time-measuring corridors in the great clock at Strasburg. Therefore the poet must have referred to them. But distant footsteps cannot echo through them. Therefore—!

Both the "sands of time" and the "corridors of time" are pure figures. Both the hour-glass and the confusion are hauled in by the critic. One can assume, then, that "footprints on the sands of time" presents a clear image to many persons who, but for these criticisms, were unacquainted with the nature of any instrument for measuring time by the use of sand.

J. M. BUCKLAND.

VANESSA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of March 30, 1907, page 324, second column, F. B. Doveton asks a question as to Vanessa's age. It seems to me that I may be of some help by giving the following particulars as I have found them in Leslie Stephen's well-known biography of Swift, edited in the "English Men of Letters" series.

1. *Esther Johnson*, or *Stella*, was born, as Swift tells us, on March 13, 1681, and was therefore a little over eight when Swift first came to Temple, and fifteen when he returned from Kilroot. In a footnote Leslie Stephen adds: "I am not certain whether this means 1681 or 1681-82. I have assumed the former date in mentioning Stella's age, but the other is equally possible!" In the same book 1728 is given as the year of Stella's death.

2. Mrs. Vanhomrigh made Swift's acquaintance in 1708. Her eldest daughter, *Hester*, was then seventeen, or about ten years younger than Stella. When Swift took possession of his deanery he revealed his depression to Miss Vanhomrigh, who about this time took the title of *Vanessa* (p. 128). In 1723 she wrote (it is said) a letter to Stella and asked whether she was Swift's wife. Stella replied that she was, and forwarded Vanessa's letter to Swift, who now rode in a fury to Vanessa and threw down her letter on the table and rode off. *She died soon afterwards.*

I subjoin the following remarks taken from "The Age of Pope," by John Dennis:

1. After Stella's death, in 1728, Swift's burden of misanthropy was never destined to be lightened (p. 172).

2. At Moor Park, Swift (born November 30, 1667), who was more than twenty years her senior, had seen *Esther Johnson* growing into womanhood.

3. Dennis also mentions Swift's furious ride to Vanessa's house, but is equally inexact as to the date of Vanessa's death. She died soon afterwards, but whether this happened in the very same year (1723) or in the next is not clear.

4. In Morley's "A First Sketch of E. J." I find the date of Vanessa's death exactly given as 1723 in the following passage: "Miss Van Homrigh, who had settled at Selbridge, ten or twelve miles from Dublin, drove Swift, by an excess of importunity, to over-harshness, and, being sickly, died in 1723, in the course of nature, considering herself a victim of love" (p. 803).

H. WEERSMA.

April 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Muther, Richard. *The History of Modern Painting*. 4 vols. Each 10 x 7½. Pp. 444, 416, 420, 458. Dent, £3 3s.

Saglio, Andre. *French Furniture*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 193. Newnes, 7s. 6d.

Watts, G. F. *Landscape*. 9½ x 7. Pp. 18. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY

Houblon, Lady Alice Archer. *The Houblon Family, its story and times*. 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. 382. Constable, 31s.

Charles James Fox. A Commentary on his Life and Character by Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. 9 x 5½. Pp. 255. Murray, 9s.

Ogden, Rollo. *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin*. 2 vols. 8 x 5½. Pp. 322, 278. Macmillan, 17s.

Staley, Very Rev. Vernon. *Richard Hooker*. 8 x 5. Pp. 208. Masters, 3s. 6d.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Annandale, Charles. *The Modern Cyclopedia*. Vols. vii. and viii., 8½ x 6. Pp. 544, 548. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

Hazlitt, W. Carew. *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*. 9½ x 5. Pp. 580. Reeves & Turner, 7s. 6d.

Girls School Year-Book. 7½ x 5. Pp. 514. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

DRAMA

Lee, Thomas Herbert. *The Swordsman's Friend*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 221. Drane, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

Deakin, Rupert. *New Geometry Papers*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 103. Macmillan, 1s.

Bull, L. M. *Easy Free Composition in French*. 7 x 4. Pp. 63. Dent, n.p.

Philibert, A. *Free Composition and Essay Writing in French*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 88. Dent, n.p.

FICTION

Granville, Charles. *A Child of the Everlasting*. 9½ x 5. Pp. 152. Drane, 6s.

Yorke, Curtis. *The Girl in Grey*. 9 x 6. Pp. 126. Long, 6d.

Platt, Wm. *The Blossoming of Tansy*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 288. Celtic Press, 2s. 6d.

Richardson, Frank. *2835 Mayfair*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 310. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Rudy, Charles. *Companions in the Sierra*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 310. Lane, 6s.

Macpherson, J. *A Yankee Napoleon*. 8 x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *The Millionaire and the Lady*. 8 x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Le Queux, Wm. *The Great Plot*. 8 x 5. Pp. 376. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

The Fool Hath Said. 7 x 5. Pp. 207. Long, 6s.

Quiller-Couch, A. T. *Fort Amity*. 8 x 5. Pp. 357. Murray, 2s. 6d.

Oakley, John. *The Great Craneboro' Conspiracy*. 8 x 5. Pp. 348. Ward Lock, n.p.

Meade, L. T. *The Red Ruth*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 328. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Dickinson, H. N. *Keddy: a Story of Oxford*. 8 x 5. Pp. 328. Heinemann, 6s.

Jacobs, W. W. *Short Cruises*. 7½ x 3. Pp. 298. Hurst & Blackett, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY

Browning, Oscar. *The Fall of Napoleon*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 316. Lane, 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

Harrison, Frederic. *The Creed of a Layman*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 411. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

Murray, A. M. *Imperial Outposts*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 210. Murray, 12s.

Barbour, James Samuel. *A History of William Paterson and the Darien Co.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 284. Blackwood, 1s. 6d.

Mead, G. R. S. *The Hymns of Hermes*. 6 x 4½. Pp. 84. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s.

Orage, A. R. *Consciousness, Animal, Human and Superhuman*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 86. Theosophical Publishing Society, 2s.

Sutter, Julie. *Britain's Hope*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 154. Clarke, 1s. 6d.

Halsham, John. *Lonewood Corner*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 288. Smith, Elder, 5s.

Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum. 10 x 6. Pp. 924. Trustees of the British Museum, n.p.

The Correspondence of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, with the Continental Congress. 11 x 7½. Pp. 741. Washington Government Printing Office, n.p.

Macpherson, Hector. *A Century of Intellectual Development.* 9 x 6. Pp. 300. Blackwood, 6s.

Killick, Hallie. *The Animals' Sunday Rest.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 26. The Celtic Press, 1s.

Maitland, J. Isa. *Invalid Cookery.* 6½ x 4. Pp. 64. Melrose, 6d.

Hind, C. Lewis. *Days in Cornwall.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 362. Methuen, 6s.

Mills, J. Saxon. *Landmarks of British Fiscal History.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 121. Black, n.p.

Christy, Eva. *Modern Saddle Riding.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 120. Vinton, 5s.

Slater, Gilbert. *The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of Common Fields.* 9 x 6. Pp. 332. Constable, 10s. 6d.

Peake, C. N. A. *Concise Handbook of Garden Annual and Biennial Plants.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 176. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

Holmes, William Gordon. *The Age of Justinian and Theodora.* Vol. ii. 7½ x 5. Pp. 765. Bell, 10s. 6d.

Scott, R. F. *St. John's College, Cambridge.* 7 x 4. Pp. 107. Dent, 2s.

Warren, T. Herbert. *Magdalen College, Oxford.* 7 x 4. Pp. 134. Dent, 2s.

Levy, S. *Original Virtue and other Short Studies.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 177. Longmans, 3s. 6d.

Crawford, Charles. *Collectanea.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 147. The Shakespear Head Press, 3s. 6d.

Black, Clementina. *Sweated Industry and the Minimum Wage.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 276. Duckworth, 3s. 6d.

Gamon, H. R. P. *The London Police Court, To-day and To-morrow.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 238. Dent, 3s. 6d.

Watson, Petrie. *The Future of Japan.* 9 x 6. Pp. 380. Duckworth, 10s. 6d.

Dixon, Sydenham. *A B C of Billiards.* 5½ x 4. Pp. 86. Drane, 1s.

Beta. *Revelation and Evolution.* 7 x 5. Pp. 102. Drane, 1s.

Mackintosh, C. W. *Coillard of the Zambesi.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 446. Unwin, 15s.

Williams, Howard. *The Ethics of Diet.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 242. London: Richard James, 1s. net.

Lathrop, Elsie. *Where Shakespeare Set his Stage.* 8½ x 6. Pp. 247. Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d. net.

Laycock, F. W. *Political Economy in a Nutshell.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 206. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

Siegfried, André. *The Race Question in Canada.* 9 x 6. Pp. 343. Nash, 7s. 6d.

Neish, Mrs. *A Woman's Note Book.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 157. Pearson, 1s.

Havell, H. L. *Stories from the Æneid.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 230. Harrap, 2s. 6d.

Gilbart-Smith, J. W. *The Cradle of the Hapsburgs.* 8 x 5. Pp. 216. Chatto & Windus, 5s.

MUSIO.

Gilman, Lawrence. *Strauss's "Salome."* 8 x 5. Pp. 85. Lane, 3s. 6d.

POETRY

Peacock, Mabel. *Lincolnshire Rhymes and other Verses.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 46. Goulding, 1s.

Poems of Keats. With an Introduction by Arthur Symons. 7 x 5. Pp. 240. Jack, n.p.

Rose, Henry. *London Lays and Rustic Rhymes.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 115. Simpkin Marshall, n.p.

Hodgson, Ralph. *The Last Blackbird.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 93. Allen, 3s. 6d.

Swale, Ingram. *The Voice of the Sea.* 6½ x 4. Pp. 161. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

Todd, Edgar. *A Life Song.* 7 x 4½. Pp. 32. Melrose, 1s.

Eden, Guy. *Bush Ballads.* 8 x 5. Pp. 152. Sisley, n.p.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Lytton, Lord. *Harold.* 6 x 4. Pp. 432. Routledge, 1s.

Berkeley, George. *Principles of Human Knowledge.* 6 x 4. Pp. 243. Routledge, 1s.

Sydney, Sir Philip. *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 678. Routledge, 6s.

Friswell, J. Hain. *The Gentle Life.* 6 x 4. Pp. 304. Routledge, 1s.

Drummond, Wm., of Hawthornden. *A Cypress Grove.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 48. The Shakespear Head Press, 2s. 6d.

The Maxims of Napoleon. 7 x 4. Pp. 124. Sisley, 1s.

Flaubert, G. *Salambo.* 7 x 4. Pp. 360. Sisley, 1s.

Rousseau, J. J. *Confessions.* 7 x 4. Pp. 272. Sisley, 1s.

Dumas, A. *The Black Tulip.* 7 x 4. Pp. 257. Sisley, 1s.

Brontë, Emily. *Wuthering Heights.* 7 x 4. Pp. 373. Sisley, 1s.

Tennyson, Lord. *Idylls of the King.* 7 x 4. Pp. 180. Sisley, 1s.

The Malone Society Reprints, The History of Orlando Furioso, 1594, The Battle of Alcazar, The Interlude of Wealth and Heath, The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist. Each 8½ x 7. Charles Whittingham, the Chiswick Press, n.p.

Sinless. By Maud H. Yardley. 7½ x 5. Pp. 252. Sisley, 2s. 6d. net.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Christabel.* 11 x 9. Pp. 113. Frowde, 21s.

Wood, Mrs. Henry. *The Channings.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 509. Nelson, n.p.

Allen, H. Warner. *Les Classiques Français.* 6 x 4. Pp. 247. Dent, 1s. 6d.

SPORT

Selous, Frederick Courtenay. *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 504. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

Baden-Powell, Major. *Balloonning.* 8 x 6. Pp. 135. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

Hume, E. Douglas. *The Globular Jottings of Griselda.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 468. Blackwood, 10s.

Synge, J. N. *The Aran Islands.* 9 x 6. Pp. 189. Maunsell, 5s.

Lees, Dorothy Nevile. *Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 305. Dent, n.p.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE dinner of the Authors' Society, held at the Criterion last Wednesday, was rather a tame affair, especially after the heated general meeting to which we referred in these columns some weeks ago. Both the speeches and the dinner were very much below the average of what such things should be. Even Mr. Comyns Carr, the recognised master of after-dinner oratory, was not in his usual form. At an authors' dinner, if nowhere else, you expect interesting or amusing speeches. On Wednesday only Mr. Sprigge and Mr. Bernard Shaw contrived to be interesting, and they alone struck the note of high seriousness demanded by Matthew Arnold in all matters connected with literature.

Mr. Bernard Shaw urged once more the claims for a national theatre, for greater unity regarding the arts of literature, drama and music, and emphasised the much larger rewards of the dramatist over those even of the novelist. He pointed out the significance of separating the toasts of literature and drama. But Mr. Shaw must know quite well that the establishment of a national theatre would mean the endless production of Shakespeare's plays and the endowment of mediocrity among contemporary playwrights. At our national theatre there would be no plays by Shaw, Hankin, Galsworthy, Granville, Barker, or Masefield.

A national theatre could never afford the scenery sufficiently gorgeous for a public palate corrupted by the late Sir Henry Irving, to whom is due the mania for transformation scenes. And when Shakespeare failed we should be given Mr. Stephen Phillips. The dramatic critics would take good care to nip in the bud anything like literature or drama on the boards of a State-subsidised stage.

The most infelicitous speech at the Authors' dinner was that of Sir Thomas Barclay. In the presence of Monsieur Pierre de Sales, of the Société des Gens de Lettres, it was singularly inappropriate to refer to the dearth of contemporary French literature, with a rather snobbish reservation about Anatole France. Sir Thomas should remember the work of his namesake—"The Ship of Fools"; the first fool in the ship is the ignorant Bookworm:

Lo likewise of Bookes I have store
But few I read and fewer understand.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle plunged in the same manner and, in proposing the "Guests," dwelt on the superiority of Shakespeare and Tennyson to any French writer living or dead.

But none of these speeches reached the nadir of Mr. Henry Morris, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. He too was one of the guests of the evening. He responded however for all the other toasts, at all the public banquets ever given at the Criterion; he responded for the Bible, the Army, the Navy, Literature, Art, History, Surgery, and the Criterion Restaurant. To hear him was a liberal education. His speech was a sort of enlargement of the *Times* Encyclopædia which indeed he seemed to have brought with him. If his work on Anatomy is anything like his after-dinner utterances we are not surprised that, as he confided to us, neither he nor the publisher ever made any money out of it. At one time he retired from the Society of Authors. Could he be persuaded to reconsider his re-election?

Mr. Sprigge, as former secretary of the Society, recalled to drooping members the history of its foundation and corrected certain popular errors as to the views of the late Sir Walter Besant and the action of the present committee. A graceful compliment to Mr. Anthony Hope, the chairman, concluded the only observations (with the exception of Mr. Shaw's) which had any relation to the existence of the Incorporated Authors.

The attitude of the Bishop of London towards the living sculpture turns at the music-halls is particularly vexatious. There is nothing in these performances of unwholesome or suggestive kind. The managers of the music-halls might well retort that a certain book recommended by the Bishop in a London pulpit was far more deleterious than any performance at any music-hall in London. It was a vulgar and blasphemous work, and to have praised it debarred the Bishop of London from expressing any opinion on literature or art, although these harmless exhibitions have only the remotest connection with such subjects.

The friends of Mr. Edward Gosse were all much astonished when he undertook to infuse sweetness and light into the *Daily Mail* by accepting the editorship of the new venture which was intended to cut out the Literary Supplement of the *Times*. And no one was surprised at learning that the *pot de fer* and the *pot de terre* did not float down stream in a very satisfactory manner. The clever writers smuggled into the *Daily Mail* were soon hurled forth with their only begetter! And what was for six months a brilliant little sheet in its way has now relapsed into a dismal hotch-potch of head lines, snippety bits, and small beer chronicles. We shall watch its development without interest.

Indignation against the censor of plays for his extraordinary action in forbidding the performance of the *Mikado*, to which we referred last week, seems to be universal. The whole question of the censorship of plays is one that should be taken up and seriously gone into. The obvious absurdity and futility of the whole thing would have ensured a revolt against it long ago, in any country but England. But here it seems that we will put up with almost anything rather than take the necessary trouble to amend it. How long we wonder for example will people in England go on enduring the ludicrous compulsory closing of restaurants at 12.30 A.M. on week-

days, midnight on Saturdays and 11 P.M. on Sundays, which makes us the laughing-stock of Europe?

An attempt has been made by Lord De Saumarez, in a letter to the *Times*, to bolster up the case for the Government against the *Mikado* by pointing out that the Emperor is the head of a Japanese religion as well of the State, and comparing him with the Pope. The attempt is as feeble as the judgment it purports to defend. In the first place, the opera contains no reference whatever to the Japanese religion or the *Mikado* as the head of it. He is the head of the State—nothing more. In the second place, the Japan of the opera is not even intended to be Japan itself. There are, of course, a few hints and names taken from that country; but no more. And it is astonishing that one fact should have escaped the notice even of so acute a critic as Mr. St. John Hankin, who has dealt with the subject in two letters to the *Times*, that it is not Japan at all which the opera satirises, but England.

It would be as just to say that England was not the topic of "Gulliver's Travels," that the Hounyhnnms and Yahoos are not certain parties of Englishmen, as that England is not the subject of Mr. Gilbert's opera. And the distinction is vital. Catholics might well be offended at an opera written in a Christian country making fun of the Pope: if a Japanese opera were discovered satirising Japan under the guise of the Japanese notion of the Papal States in, say, 1760, we imagine that Catholics would be as heartily amused as any one. The objective would not be the Pope or his Church, and there would be no harm done. Mr. Gilbert's objective was not Japan but England, and if any one has a right to object to its performance it would be the corrupt officials and blockhead upholders of conventionality whom we have still with us. Perhaps, after all, it is they who have made the fuss to protect their own sensibilities, not those of our foreign guest.

We do not for a moment believe that the Japanese are so devoid of humour as Lord De Saumarez and others suggest. And the comparison with the Pope is an attempt to drag in a body of the public who might possibly refuse to associate themselves with the cause. The most painful trial to which Catholics are subjected by the English stage is not good-humoured ridicule, but misrepresentation. Some years ago at His Majesty's Theatre there was a figure of the Pope, concocted, if we remember right, by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Tree and Mr. Brandon Thomas between them, which by sheer ignorance and stupid theatricalism rendered itself objectionable in the highest degree. Things are little better at the Garrick Theatre at this moment, in Mr. Bouchier's perversion of *Le Duel*. If the British public goes away with the idea that Catholic duchesses are in the habit of running the world over whining about their souls and confessing with groans but without preparation to every priest they happen to meet; if they believe that there ever was a priest who behaved as Mr. Bouchier behaves—so much the worse for the British public. Religion is not hysteria, even among Catholics; and a Pope dancing a hornpipe would be a less offensive spectacle than the morbid emotionalism of this unpleasant play.

A certain agency for the instruction of persons who desire to be literary is sending round a circular in which the imminent publication of a new book, entitled "First Lessons in Story Writing," is announced. We are sorry to note that the author of this work is Mr. Barry Pain. According to Mr. Pain the "little book is intended to be of some practical use to beginners." He adds the gratuitous

information that he has been "a publisher's reader, an editor and a reviewer"—no doubt by way of qualification to compose "first lessons" in story writing. "The painter," exclaims Mr. Pain eloquently, "has his training. The musician, whether composer or executant, has had to learn and to work hard. Why should writing be the only art for which no study is required?" This is the merest flim-flam. The libraries are flooded with books which purport to instruct people in the whole round of literary performance, and we know nothing in the writing of Mr. Barry Pain which justifies us in supposing that he can produce anything better, or worse, than what has been produced in this department of enterprise. The plain fact is that practically all the agencies concerned with the tutelage of literary aspirants are not concerned to teach them how to write, but to teach them how to make money. The kind of story that is written to pattern and for the delectation of the persons who read weekly and monthly snippet journals is the kind of story which the literary tutors consider to be the only kind worth producing. As it is the country is full of "authors" who turn out "fiction" of this particular brand by the furlong, who esteem themselves literary people and in some way concerned with letters in consequence. Virtually they are a class to themselves, and a decidedly pernicious and undesirable class. It would be a good thing for England if they could be relegated to their native business of trimming hats and keeping other people's books. That Mr. Barry Pain should, for a consideration, become form-master to them is a pity.

How stories are passed from various minds would make an excellent subject for a paper. Given the germ of the idea it is usually applied to a great variety of people and circumstances. An illustration in point occurs in a letter which Mr. Rider Haggard wrote to the *Times* on Wednesday, May 8. In this he says:

I am reminded of a story of a certain Daniel Lambert of a Boer who, being caught napping by savages, rushed to his horse, exclaiming, "O Lord, help me mount!" So abundant and vigorous was the heavenly aid vouchsafed that he not only reached the saddle, but flew right over it to the veld beyond, and as the Zulus came up and speared him was heard to declare reproachfully, "O Lord thou hast helped me too much!"

The original of this story will be found by the curious in an interesting though somewhat neglected book edited by Mr. Alladyce, on Scotland and Scotsmen of the eighteenth century. It is there told of the water-poet Taylor. In those days the small Scotch lairds had no bedroom accommodation for their guests, but when the drinking in which they indulged was over, each was expected to get on his nag and trot to his own dwelling. After the parting at one of these meetings, Taylor, the water-poet, who was a Roman Catholic, was found sprawling in the mud and muttering: "Sweet, sweet Lady Mary, dear Lady Mary, when you are good you are too good." He had prayed to the Virgin for strength to mount his horse and she had given such an abundant reply that he fell on the other side.

We have received numerous letters from correspondents protesting against the extraordinary remarks contained in a letter written to the ACADEMY by Mr. Thomas Wright, in which he informed us that "Burton's 'Arabian Nights' is the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature." We have not printed these letters because we are convinced that the vast majority of our readers have heard a great deal more than enough of Mr. Thomas Wright and all his works. His opinion on the subject of Burton's "Arabian Nights," or indeed on any subject, may surely now be allowed to rest in the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged.

AN ISLAND LEGEND

(AFTER KEATS)

LONG long ago, and all unknown to fame
 Sprung—like a golden jewel from the sea—
 A little isle, whose most melodious name
 Fell on the listening ear deliciously.
 Where poetry and music put to shame
 Each heart that mocked its own divinity.
 Where dwelt a noble youth, or rather say
 Where dreamed a noble youth his life away.

Far, far he lived from human joy, or pain,
 And like a spectre he would sit and stare
 Whilst many a silver city of his brain
 Rose domed and templed on the magic air.
 And to the sound of music there would rain
 A thousand visions, beautiful and rare.
 From starry heights, and sometimes he would see
 On violet slopes the Soul of Poesy.

And dear to him the beauty and delight
 Of that divinest hour when day is done.
 Before the noiseless pinions of the night
 Have folded earth and heaven into one.
 By the wide sea he watched the sinking light
 Till with the stars he felt himself alone:
 Yet being still a stranger to distress
 He deemed himself in love with loneliness,

And harsh to him the revels when the lute
 Echoed from marble pillar, or the beat
 Of dancers rose and fell, or sudden flute
 Silenced the nightingales, whose music sweet
 Soared into heaven—and when the world was mute
 Through ancient courtyard, or enflowered street
 He wingéd sped, till through some shadowed tree
 Dreamed the dim blue of his beloved sea.

And who shall say what strange, ethereal bliss
 Was his, when by the silvered caves he lay,
 Feeling in fantasy the fleeting kiss
 Of ocean-spirit in the leaping spray?
 What elfin-music heard within the hiss
 Of wind and wave in their melodious fray?
 Or when on woodland violets laid to sleep,
 What visionary tears were his to weep?

A Maiden loved this dreamer of the morn,
 This island-poet of the hills and sea,
 Yet loving him in vain, was ever torn
 By sad desire, or fruitless ecstasy.
 The rounded richness of her cheek was torn
 With sighing for a rapture ne'er to be:
 When from her casement like a flower she leant
 Lost in night's hush, and love's bewilderment.

Of noble birth she was—a creature white,
 Purer than dawn, more delicate than flowers,
 A being fashioned for supreme delight
 And for the peace of love's delicious hours.
 Jewelled with innocence, and youth, and light,
 She touched her harp, or broidered in her bowers,
 Deeming her heart nigh broken in its pain
 Of love divinely spent, yet spent in vain.

She watched his form on the horizon flee,
 Or from her tower she saw with strained eyes
 His golden sail upon a golden sea
 Like to some burning fantasy arise.

And wept—"More dear the mermaid's melody
 To that cold heart than my most piteous sighs."
 And when they met, it was to understand
 She had her tears, and he his fairyland.

Then, to her startled soul a scheme was born
 And ere the day had widened into blue,
 She stole into the silence of the morn
 Like Proserpina, 'mid the Grecian dew,
 And with the leaves from ancient forests torn
 She wove a garment of the richest hue.
 All shining green, the colour of that sea
 That trembled through the groves of Thessaly.

Lo that same night with beating heart she sped
 Through summer woods, where he, she loved so well
 Was wont to make his chaste and chilly bed
 Of eglantine, and perfumed lily-bell.
 Furtive and faint, she listened for his tread
 And when at last it echoed through the dell,
 This human dryad—like an emerald flame—
 Flitted before him, calling on his name.

Ah me! He heeded not for oft before
 His tuned ear had caught the flying feet
 Of dryad and of satyr, and they bore
 No wonder to his soul, and he could meet
 A thousand spirits on the rainbow shore
 Of magic, and unstartled could retreat.
 Tho' dearer far to him the furtive kiss
 Of elf, or pard than beating human bliss.

But she had summoned lovely hope,—Next night
 Clad all in silver by the silver sea
 She roamed, and circled by the moon's rich light
 As ocean-spirit sung melodiously.
 Nearer he stole, and with a rare delight
 He listened, then alas! all noiselessly
 Like a dear vision glided from her side,
 While her low singing into silence died.

Then, from that hour she pined. Ah nevermore
 Her eager footsteps echoed, but she kept
 Her eyes wide-fixed, as tho' she ever saw
 A visionary terror. Oft she wept
 Or paced all lonely on the sunset shore.
 Till death unlocked her spirit as she slept,
 O gentle as a sigh he stilled the strife
 Between unhappy love, and trembling life.

Yet ere she died she wrote with burning tear
 The history of her love—and that disguise
 In which she slew her pure and maiden fear
 And flitted to him under starry skies.
 But moving not the heart she held so dear,
 Within the summer dusk she closed her eyes;
 Glad to be folded in eternal sleep.
 Contented to be mute while others weep.

And, lo, the island fishers say that still
 Her haunting spirit in the woods they see;
 And they relate with superstitious thrill,
 And many a quaint and broidered fantasy,
 What sudden wisdom will his spirit fill
 Who hears her ghostly singing by the sea.
 Whilst minstrels flung the legend far and wide,
 Of her who, loving, grieved, and, grieving, died.

ELEANOUR NORTON.

LITERATURE

TARES WITH THE WHEAT

Memorials of Old Kent. Edited by Rev. R. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., and GEORGE CLINCH, F.G.S. (Bemrose, 15s.)

THE most thorough and informed paper in this somewhat unequal volume is that by Mr. Aymer Vallance on "Rood-lofts and Screens." It is also the longest, occupying one fifth of the whole book. We by no means regret this as it is all worth reading, although, in a county like Kent, which is very rich in materials for its past, it appears to us a peculiar form of editing to give the premier position to a feature, which certainly remains prominent in some other counties, such as Devonshire, but which never remarkably distinguished Kent, and which iconoclasm—ancient and modern—has mainly effaced. The narrow chancel arch of our Saxon and Early Norman churches widened with every development of ecclesiastical architecture, and screens of stone or wood occupied the enlarged aperture and gained in elaboration and importance until, in the fifteenth century, the arch was often entirely dispensed with; nave and aisles were carried unbroken from end to end and the east was divided from the west by screens stretching right across from north to south. Though rare in Kent this is a frequent characteristic of Devonshire, where much late Gothic church building took place, and the reason for it was that the arch or arches, with their masses of supporting masonry, were greatly in the way of the wide and lofty gallery which had become almost a *sine qua non* for the service of the great rood.

Though religion is conservative in principle, in detail it is as sensitive to fashion as ladies' millinery, and the clergyman to-day is as keen as the tailor to gain popularity by new services, new ceremonies, new religious views, and new ecclesiastical paraphernalia. And even in the slower-moving Middle Ages it was so. No fourteenth-century parson thought himself up to date until he had gotten himself an Easter Sepulchre on the north side of his chancel; and no fifteenth-century congregation could be expected to attend a church that had not been fully fitted with rood and loft. Rood and loft had sometimes been set up earlier (one of fourteenth-century workmanship stood in Northfleet church, and portions of its screen remain),

but countless references to it in ancient documents and particularly in wills containing directions for the testator's body to be buried in such or such a church before the Cross, or bequests to be devoted to its service and beautifying, bear witness that from at least the end of the fourteenth century down to the closing years of the reign of Henry VIII. in every church or chapel in the land the rood was as indispensable almost as the font or the altar (p. 52).

It was generally life-size and portrayed Christ with outstretched hands attached to the cross, and, habitually, the Virgin and St. John on either side. The object of the loft was for the service of the rood, lights constantly burned before it, it was shrouded in Lent, the gospel was in some cases read at its foot. A stairway in the wall of either aisle or sometimes of the chancel arch, led to an ample platform which rested on a wooden traceried screen from which braces projected at right angles to carry the overhanging floor. These braces were hidden sometimes by a coving but more often by a vaulting which imitated the fan tracery then in vogue, and joined on to the breast-summit which stretched right across the church, and whose face decorations of elaborate mouldings and fillings of pierced vine-leaf carving or similar motifs afford a rich finish to the whole composition. Alone of Kentish churches does Shoreham retain a typical screen of the period still surmounted by such vaulting. In other cases the screen alone remains and "restoration" has been the excuse for producing a wholly new arrangement. The vaulting has not been replaced,

but the spandrels of the arches have been fitted with tracery and a cornice and cresting have been superposed. The church at Stalisfield offers an example of this quite Victorian treatment. One other rood loft besides that at Shoreham survives in Kent, at Lullingstone. But it is of a different type, "patently foreign throughout its length and breadth," Sir John Peché having probably employed a Flemish artist to design and carve it early in the sixteenth century.

Of Kentish roods some three were wonder working, of which the chief was at Boxley, and incurred the special hate of the Reformers. It was torn down and taken to St. Paul's where, after serving as an object-lesson for Bishop Hisley's frenzied sermon, it was plucked to pieces by the excited congregation in 1538. Such as these only suffered destruction under Henry VIII., but under Edward VI. the greater protestantism of the government enabled Cranmer to have his way and "throw out all Popish trash," and replace the rood by the royal arms. A momentary lull under Mary was followed by renewed iconoclasm and the lofts, if not the screens, in many cases followed the rood, not merely during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but almost to our day. The old screen still stood across the chancel of Brasted Church until its restoration forty years ago, when, under the auspices of an exceptionally godly evangelical rector, it was torn out and destroyed. Some remnants have recently been found, and from them a reproduction has been made and set up, as the only, though inefficient, mode of undoing the act of clerical vandalism. Mr. Vallance gives other such cases, but this one had escaped him.

Just as this paper on the screens is the best in the book, so is that on Romney Marsh the worst—though in this there is some competition. There was plenty of space for Mr. Clinch to have given us a clear and succinct account of the interesting customs and ordinances of the Marsh (and not merely refer us to Mr. Holloway's "History"), and yet find room for his very bald notes on "The Days of Smuggling." Except that wool was "boldly carried down to the seashore to be shipped," that revenue officers sometimes were worsted and put to flight, that a true-love ballad of smugglers was written and that an Act of Parliament was passed under William III. to check the illicit export of this raw material of a principal industry, Mr. Clinch tells us very little of what happened on the Marsh, but gives us a good deal of discursive matter as to what happened elsewhere. His object seems to have been to see how little of his chosen subject he could put in and yet fill twelve pages. A short volume is not much to contain the "Memorials" of an important county and any waste of space gives a feeling of thinness to the whole book.

RELIGION MADE EASY

The Religion of Consciousness. By F. REGINALD STATHAM. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Simple Faith—containing God's Message to Man. Set down by DON GLOVER. (Sisleys, 2s. 6d.)

THE interest evoked by Dr. R. J. Campbell's much advertised religious opinions and the success of his book on "The New Theology" have given the signal for a vast number of writers to come forward and air their convictions. Most of these are quite unqualified for their task. They have neither skill, learning, nor any sort of inspiration. And as might be expected the greater the ignorance the louder the assumption of authority. "All religions," wrote Gibbon, "are to the vulgar equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the statesman equally useful." The religious speculation of to-day seems to tend in the direction of an attempt to harmonise old and new "truths." There appears to be a prevalent idea that it is possible by a rigorous process of exclusion

and eclecticism to separate the true from the false, and to recreate a religion which shall do no violence to man's powers of reason and which shall be in accordance with the latest discoveries of modern science. On this view it is only necessary to eliminate the miraculous elements from Christianity and to explain away the teaching of Christ to produce a "common-sense religion." Side by side with this tendency towards what may be called the new Socinianism an opposite movement may be traced in the direction of mysticism. Religious quacks have existed at all periods and in all ages, but seldom if ever in the world's history have they had so open a field and reaped so rich a harvest as is afforded to them to-day.

Mr. Reginald Statham writes from the point of view of "the superior person." He patronises in a lofty manner all religious organisations and churches. "As for the ecclesiastical formulas of whatever church" [he writes], "... they are as valueless as the Greek coin placed in the hand of the corpse to ensure its passage across the Styx." But although he would abolish all creeds and churches and dogmatic opinions he would retain the figure and personality of Christ as an "ideal of conduct made precious by association." According to him the "Christ of the Four Gospels and the Sunday School must remain as the most precious of our European possessions." By "the Christ of the Four Gospels and the Sunday School," he understands a sublime figure who reached a very high point in the development of human consciousness. As for the "theory" of his divinity well "the scientific spirit may reject, as indeed it has largely rejected, the metaphysical Christ, the Christ of the theologians." Whether Mr. Reginald Statham is himself a true exponent of the scientific spirit is open to grave question but it is certain that his book, which consists mainly of vague generalisations, is not calculated to inspire any one with respect for his authority. He has much to say about "the development of the higher consciousness" the manifestations of a "Supreme Consciousness" and the ideal of human conduct. But it has all been said before and said if we mistake not very much better. Moreover the assumption of superiority, when Mr. Statham airily, explains away in a few words the doctrine of the Virgin birth, the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity or other "accretions" of the Christian myth, is exceedingly irritating to the reader. The author's ethical code is of course admirable and if human nature were what it should be rather than what it is the author's words would doubtless prove sufficient incentive to right conduct.

We can see [he writes] how, as partaking in our consciousness, limited though it is, of the Supreme Consciousness, we become verily and in truth "Sons of God" in a sense perhaps wider even than that which was present to the mind of the Apostle. . . . Only there is this obvious proviso—that those who realise the greatness of their origin, and the greatness of their destiny, must live up to that realisation. To do this is to ascend in no small measure to the ideal of sinlessness which does not consist in the observance of prohibitions, but in the consecration of all the powers of life to a worthy end. To fail to do so is to incur the penalty of a self-reproach far more burning than all the imagined fires of a mediæval hell.

Imagine such a sentiment addressed to men when they are sick and sorry, abject and lonely, when they cry out for "comfortable words"!

On a much cruder plane and written in plain language to be understood of the people is the book of "The Simple Faith." There is no false modesty about the author. He announces uncompromisingly that the book contains "God's message to Man." It is "neither a compound nor an abstract of any human creed or ritual. It is the faith of all good men, be they Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Philosophers. It is the faith, the law of God: it is the simple truth." The merit of the little volume is that it does contain an elementary guide to conduct and does not consist merely of vague abstractions. The Simple Faith seems to be "Keep the Ten Commandments; be Temperate in all things: help

the poor and unfortunate; discourage religious dissension; be kind to animals, and advocate universal peace." There might seem to be nothing particularly new or "simple" about all these excellent precepts. But "The Simple Faith" does not stop at precept. An association has been formed with the title of "The Guild of God's Messengers," the members of which are definitely pledged to thirteen articles of "Christian Socialism," and we understand from the volume that the Guild is being widely supported. The doctrines of the Simple Faith seem to be, although the author makes no mention of the fact, identical with those advocated by the Bahai movement which had its origin in the East. In the laws of "universal religion," written by Baha Ullah over forty years ago while confined in an Eastern prison, are to be found most of the things that Western reformers are striving for to-day. He advocated universal peace, and called upon the nations to settle their differences by arbitration; he pleaded for universal tolerance of all religions: he enjoined his followers to find a universal language, believing that in it was to be found "the greatest source of concord and civilisation." Baha Ullah died in 1892, but the movement is spreading rapidly. Bahaim is a force to be reckoned with in India and throughout the East, where it unites in a common bond Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, Zoroastrians, and Christians. We do not know whether the Bahai movement has spread to London, but Paris contains a considerable number of believers. "The Guild of God's Messengers" should certainly unite with the Bahais.

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF ROME

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (Longmans, 15s.)

MR. MACAULAY TREVELYAN has written a book worthy of the two great names which he inherits. He would be a dull man indeed whose blood was not stirred by this splendid description of an heroic episode. The subject is as great and inspiring as any young writer could desire. There is no nobler story in human history than the defence of Rome in 1848 by Garibaldi against the combined hosts of Catholic Europe. But Mr. Trevelyan has not allowed the greatness of his subject to serve as an excuse for hasty workmanship. He has examined all the original documents, journeyed on foot over the very country of Garibaldi's "Anabasis," talked with survivors, photographed the villages—in short, spared no possible pains to make his book as thorough as it is fascinating. There is no need to introduce Mr. Trevelyan to the British public. He has already proved by his study of England in the age of Wycliffe that he is no mean historian. He is a son of whom his father may well feel proud, and this book will establish his reputation.

Those who have been apt to denounce some of the episodes in the passing Russian Revolution as mere foolish waste of human life may be recommended to study the history of the earlier episodes of that long movement which led to the final freedom of Italy. We have grown impatient. We forget how slow is the process of freeing a nation. We have lost the larger vision which led even the early Christians to perceive that the "blood of the martyrs" was the "seed of the Church." Even Garibaldi found it difficult to persuade many of his supporters in those early years that they were not risking life and liberty in vain. This was especially so in this episode of the Roman Republic, from the beginning doomed to material failure, but really perhaps the turning-point in the history of Italy. At first, indeed, the Roman populace greeted their Italian liberators with enthusiasm. Mazzini and Garibaldi were hailed as splendid substitutes for the fugitive and renegade Pio Nono. But the Romans were few and untrained to arms, and the flying Pope could call to his aid the still loyal Catholicism of Europe. France, now definitely anti-

Catholic, was then more than half Catholic. Austria was fighting both for country and religion; Spain was, as ever, the faithful henchman of the Vatican. The very establishment of the Republic in the heart of the Papal States was a defiance of the Catholic spirit of Europe, and directly Mazzini unfolded his banner with the inscription "God and the People" emblazoned upon it, the hosts of Europe began to gather against such a profane alliance. Austria from the north, Naples from the south, France from the west—all these Powers sent armies to surround with a ring of trained troops the devoted battalions of Garibaldi's irregular and badly armed volunteers. Against these embattled hosts Garibaldi could bring no more than a few thousand heroes, composed of his own red-shirts, of students, exiles, Lombardese, and Romans, amounting in all to something under ten thousand men. From the beginning the enterprise was hopeless, and yet those men fought from first to last with a valour that scorned all thought of wounds or death, and literally carried out the words of that mighty phrase: "When you are fighting for your country do not count the enemy."

Mr. Trevelyan gives a brilliant account of those daring adventures—the mighty combat round the Villa Corsini, the defence of the Vascello, and the last great fight along the Aurelian wall. It was the defence of a virtually unfortified city by untrained men against troops that were then the finest in Europe and directed by one of the greatest engineers. It was no child's play—that warfare. During these fights Garibaldi lost nearly all his officers and the greater part of his men, and when at last further resistance became useless and no resource remained except retreat, Garibaldi led out of Rome little more than three thousand men.

Then began a new and perhaps even more heroic story—Garibaldi's famous march to the sea. The only parallel to it in modern history is the story of de Wet in South Africa. Starting out with this little band, melting away as he marched, Garibaldi had but one hope of safety, and that was to cross Italy and reach the sea at Venice where Manin was still carrying on his heroic defence. The venture seemed hopeless, for Italy was over-run with the armies of Europe. The Spaniards in the south, the French in the west, the Austrians to the north—all ringed him round and hedged him in. These innumerable columns were in perpetual movement; hunting for this one man with his little army. How gradually, by feints and forced marches, moving by night always rather than by day, Garibaldi wormed his way from point to point, between the hosts of his enemies, right across the peninsula until he brought the remnant of his little band to the free and independent Republic of San Marino—still standing in splendid isolation on its lonely rock-ridge—is thrillingly described in the later chapters of Mr. Trevelyan's book. That march has become a mighty legend in the history of Italy. It is now marked by statues of the hero, and every wayside inn in which he rested is now a sacred spot. Garibaldi never reached Venice; his fishing boats were caught by the Austrian fleet among the Lagoons, and he was driven ashore almost alone, on to the sand-dunes that break those stretches of shallow, melancholy sea. There, in a humble farmhouse his beloved Anita—the wife of all his voyagings—died in his arms, and he was left to wander alone across the Romagna and Tuscany. The tale of these wanderings through the very hosts of Austria is a story of breathless adventure in which the frequency and narrowness of his escapes seem to pass into the region of the miraculous. Happy the nation whose annals contain episodes so glorious.

Mr. Trevelyan could not have chosen a better theme for his labours. We sincerely hope that he will follow it up by giving the world in equal detail the story of Garibaldi's still greater return to Italy in 1860—of his triumphant march across the very country which he traversed as a hunted fugitive in 1849; of his final blows for the victory of Italian nationality. But that victory was not really won in 1860. It was earned in 1848, in those

futile attacks on the Villa Corsini, in that splendid, hopeless fight at the Aurelian wall. It was paid for in that magnificent march to the Adriatic Sea.

Books such as these give us a clue as to the proper work of the historian. Laborious research is apt to annoy when it is devoted to ignoble periods and the dull intrigues of worldly statesmen. But when it is employed on the achievements of a hero whose every deed remains as a precious legacy to mankind, then we feel that the historian is only placing humanity in secure possession of its title-deeds. In such a case, the smallest detail dredged from oblivion is a gain to mankind.

It is the duty of every reviewer, therefore, to welcome a book that is at once illuminated by enthusiasm and clarified by faithful scholarship. It is a worthy English monument to one of the noblest periods in the life of a noble nation.

H. S.

"BACON'S ALTER EGO"

The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon's Alter Ego. By his Kinsman, ARNOLD HARRIS MATTHEW, de jure Earl of Landaff; and ANNETTE CALTHROP. (Elkin Mathews, 12s. 6d.)

THERE ought to be a special purgatory for early twentieth-century biographers, or at least a hermitage to which, when (if ever) they attain discrimination, they may retire and expiate their sins against the quick and the dead. No one is safe from them, and Mr. ——— (readers may fill up the blanks according to their taste) is as likely to be belauded or belittled as Mr. Swinburne or Mr. George Meredith. Foolish depreciation of a great man is intolerable, but inane exaltation of a small man is worse. To the second class belongs Mr. Matthew's biography of Sir Tobie Matthew—"Bacon's Alter Ego"—whose "remarkable personality" he here seeks to "rescue from oblivion" for the benefit of "the literary world." The rescue has, he tells us, involved much hard work:

In order to obtain full and accurate information, extensive searches had to be made in Madrid, Salamanca, Rome, Brussels, Ghent, Douai, Valladolid, Lisbon, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, Lambeth Palace Library, York Minster Library, the Public Record Office of Ireland, the Public Record Office in London, and in numerous private collections. Much valuable matter was discovered in the Foreign State Papers relating respectively to Holland, Flanders, Tuscany, the Italian States, Rome, Genoa, Spain, France, the German Empire, the German States, and Venice. The Roman Transcripts at the Record Office, from 1603 to 1660, and the Domestic State Papers, from 1590 to 1660, were also thoroughly overhauled.

It sounds very imposing; we can only regret that there is so little to show for it all, and that so much valuable time should have been wasted on behalf of what, we are afraid, will prove a very ungrateful "literary world." We have read every line of Mr. Matthew's lengthy book, and we are forced to admit that it might have been better executed and that Mr. Mathew's conception of a "remarkable personality" differs vastly from ours. To us Sir Tobie's personality seems essentially commonplace. To call him in all seriousness "Bacon's Alter Ego" argues not only an astounding lack of perception and discrimination but ignorance of Bacon's life and work. To go no further, Sir Tobie possessed, so far as we can judge from this life and the specimens given of his prose and verse, no gifts worthy of mention and no attainments save a knowledge of three or four languages, of which his kinsman makes the most possible.

Tobie Matthew, who was born in 1577, was the son of Dr. Matthew, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York, a staunch Puritan who exhibited throughout his life towards those of his fellow Christians who differed from him in the form of their worship, all the bitterness and intolerance which characterised his age. After a profligate youth, Tobie went abroad and ultimately became a Catholic. Mr. Matthew would have us believe him "a

veray parfit gentil knight," but his journey into Italy after obtaining his parents' consent to his travelling abroad on the condition that he did not enter that country, does not redound much to his credit, nor does his dissimulation in pretending to remain faithful to the Established Church after professing Catholicism in a Catholic land. Mr. Matthew, however, is always ready with an apology for his hero.

A clod—a piece of orange-peel,
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

Tobie returned to England, admitted his conversion and incurred the wrath of his parents in consequence, was imprisoned in the Fleet for sixteen months and then exiled, obtained permission to return and was again exiled, and was allowed to return home and played a part in the negotiations which ended in the failure of the projected Spanish match. In return for his services he was knighted, and for some years he lived in fairly affluent circumstances, trying to ameliorate the lot of the persecuted Catholics and subsequently acting not over-honourably towards the Church of his adoption. Finally he incurred the enmity of influential courtiers, fled precipitately to escape being tried, and died abroad. He was, for the greater part of his life, a friend of Bacon, received letters from and wrote letters to him, stayed with him, criticised his literary work, and was once referred to by him as "another myself."

Such, in bare outline, is the story of the life of Sir Tobie Matthew. Like Bacon in that he was always what St. Paul called ἀνθρωπίσκος, he appears to have been unlike him in every other respect. We fail, as we have suggested, to perceive any marked capacity or nobility of character, and he could no more have written Bacon's works than Bacon could have written Shakespeare's. His claim to the title of "Bacon's Alter Ego" rests on the phrase "another myself," employed by Bacon in a letter to express personal esteem for the man who was trying to further his interests. To estimate the importance of the words and their actual meaning it is necessary only to remember Bacon the courtier.

Let us turn to the biography of this uninteresting person. We have said that it might have been better executed. That is mild condemnation for the slipshod, inaccurate, uninspired work before us. Our de jure Earl of Landaff is severe on other editors, regrets that "the original orthography has not been adhered to throughout the transcription" of a letter he reproduces, and so on. There is an old proverb about stones and glass houses which our readers would not thank us for quoting. In the first letter reproduced in this volume there are no fewer than seventeen errors in transcription, including a word inserted, an omission of eight words with nothing to mark the omission, and the phrase "what narrow straights you were like to be drawn to" instead of "driuen to." These seventeen errors occur in a letter eight lines only in length! In the second letter—eighteen lines in length—there are no fewer than thirty-seven errors; and in the third, which consists of twenty-seven lines, there are sixty-seven or sixty-eight errors. We will take as an example of Mr. Matthew's trustworthiness his transcription of the second letter, from which, he tells us, "various expletives . . . have necessarily been deleted." We are curious to know more about these presumably offensive expletives. What are they? And where are they? Perhaps Mr. Matthew will explain. We fail to find them in the original. The letter runs, or rather Mr. Matthew transcribes it:

The barbarouse Bishopp, after he had detained our messsinger, five daies, without wellcom or answear, bath, at last, returned him, but wth so vnexpected and vnnaturall replies, as the like cannot be imagined. His answear to the Vice-Chancellor's letter was that he had rather have heard of his sonne's death, then his sicknes, although this doth somewhat please him, in that he sees God hath harkened to his praiers. He beegann his letter with what shall I write? He saith his sonne shall never recover his favour. He saith he is a reprobate,

a castawiae, an example above example, of an irreverent and disobedient child, and, to conclude, One *quem ipsa salus, servare non potest*. He saith he is one who did impiousslie practise against his mother, his deare (and chaste) mother, whose life he doth tender above seuen sonnes, yea, seuntie seuen sonnes. And, at last, he entreats him to show him no comfort, to undertake nothing for him, nor to be deceived wth his Hyppocriticall shewes, and malenchollie sicknes.

Of the thirty-seven errors, including a wrong reference given by the editor, two are omissions. The sentences which are transcribed: "He beegann his letter with what shall I write? He saith his sonne shall never recover his favour" read in the original: "He beegann his letter wth what shall I write? or what shall I not write? He saith his sonn shall neuer recouer his fauour, Donec et quousque." What strange editorial caprice suggested the first omission, we do not know; perhaps it is due merely to the inexcusable carelessness which is apparent on almost every page of the book. We suggest that the second omission is due to ignorance pure and simple. The words are as clearly written in the original as it is possible for them to be, but the customary abbreviation of the terminal "que" appears to have baffled the transcriber, with the result that he omitted the Latin words entirely. "*Quem ipsa salus, servare non potest*" is "*Quem ipsa salus seruare non potest*" in the original; and, similarly, dozens of inserted commas, in other letters, reduce sense to nonsense, and full stops are frequently ignored. If a sentence does not seem to read, a word is supplied—not in brackets, but in the text—and often wrongly supplied. The extraordinary "*Quis nomen ungua sceleris errori impletet*," in the third letter, is, of course, "*Quis nomen ungua sceleris errori imputet*," and the manuscript would present no difficulty to a fourth-form schoolboy. In the same letter, "unknownen Seceratarie" has been italicised merely because there is a slight underlining in pencil—probably the mark of some other worker in the Record Office.

We have dealt with errors in three letters only, and those the first three; others contain similar inaccuracies—"how" for "her" is a fair specimen—but it would be futile, even if we could spare the space, to expose them. It may be that not the editor but Miss Bluebell Williams, who is the subject of one of the most illuminating foot-notes in the volume ("Now Mrs. Hugh Hunter" it runs), is primarily responsible for the transcriptions; but even if this be so, it does not in any way mitigate Mr. Matthew's culpability. There seems little to show for all the paraded "searches" in "Madrid, Salamanca, Rome, Brussels, Ghent, Douai, Valladolid, Lisbon," and so on. In a large number of cases no references to authorities are given, and we are therefore not always able to check Mr. Matthew; but almost invariably we are unable to agree with him as to the "considerable historical interest" of the documents transcribed. At times he is pleased to attempt to assist his readers to understand the strange words which people used in olden times and do not use to-day. We trust they will be duly grateful for such explanations as that "requyre" means "request," where a child would know that it meant nothing of the sort, and that "her favour" means "her face," where it is obvious, from the words which follow, that it does not.

Into many questions suggested by Mr. Matthew's inaccurate and worthless book we have not space to enter; but we are curious to know why, in giving in detail two items in Bacon's "Confession" which refer to Sir Tobie Matthew, he considers it "only fair to Lord St. Alban's memory to preface them . . . with the summing up of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his admirable 'Personal History of Lord Bacon?'" Why Mr. Hepworth Dixon? And is not every one who is likely to read this biography of "Bacon's Alter Ego" perfectly familiar with the whole facts of the case?

It remains to add that the bibliography is useless; that a great many portraits are inserted in the book merely because their subjects happen to be mentioned in letters or documents; that long and sometimes inaccurate and always unnecessary biographies of these people are given

beneath the portraits; that there is no indication of where the portraits are taken from; that the book is useless for reference or any other purpose; and that Mr. Matthew shows no qualifications whatever for his self-appointed task. Many of his comments are childish and he fails entirely to present a picture of his hero and his times or to enlist our sympathies for an unimportant and commonplace person.

ARCADIA

The Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia." By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.
"Early Novelists." Edited by E. A. BAKER. (Routledge, 6s. net.)

Who does not know Arcadia? All things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling. Do you not see the grass, how in colour they excel the emeralds? Do you not see the beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know and his life to express? The stately trees maintain a flourishing old age, clothed in perpetual spring, because no beauty here could ever fade. The air breathes health which the birds daily solemnise with the sweet consent of their voices, and every echo is a perfect music. How slowly the brooks slide away! they are loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with a sweet murmur they lament their forced departure. Certainly, certainly, it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region who is the soul of this soil.

Who does not know Arcadia? At that time in the evening, when a hush falls upon the earth and all nature is quiet to celebrate the change from day to night, when the sun sinks with careful splendour and the shadows of the cedars lengthen across the lawn. Listen, only listen, and you seem to hear the cadence of some old song, sung to the lute:

See the chariot at hand here of love
In which my lady rideth:
Each that draws is a swan or a dove
And well the car love guideth. . . .

That is the hour when old Time even forgets his enmity, and slowly you pass into Arcadia where love and beauty dwell. A sleeping mood, a waking dream—whose presence would not be an intrusion, whose memory even? Few men who have lived, fewer men who are living. It is a mood of youth, of the youth for which years are no measure:

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

Philip Sidney was its prophet. He wrote a book longer than a summer day and called the book "Arcadia." He dedicated it to his dear lady and sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

You desired me to do it and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you . . . Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence.

He has caught the spirit of Arcadia—the hush and whispering peace after a great day of sun. This is no sluggish peace; it is the peace that comes only after tremendous effort, the last outcome of vitality.

This vitality was the keynote of the Elizabethan age; it is apparent in this aspiration towards beauty just as it is apparent in reckless cruelty. The compass of the age was immense. And every instinct, every tendency of brute or god raging with intense life and was expressed. Nothing lay dormant. The lives of its men express the life of the age in which they lived. Contrast Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney: the contrast is remarkable. In Dudley all the

cruelty and ostentation and savage power of the time seem to find expression; in Sidney all its grace and skill and poetry. Men hated Dudley for his arrogance: he dared to think of setting himself beside their Queen. His name had an evil sound ever since the untoward death of Amy Robsart, his wife. Well enough men knew what was meant when the husband in the Yorkshire tragedy says, after he has thrown his wife down and slain her:

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is—break her neck: a politician did it.

They thought of the stone staircase at Cumnor and shuddered. The people did not like his way of cheapening their Queen's good name; they did not like the man who caused scandals to arise about her. But they loved Sir Philip Sidney for the grace which his hand brought to everything which he touched. He was the antithesis of the rough unmannered Dudley. Men vied with one another in his praises; men fought for the right to call him friend, and a woman became immortal by being "Sidney's sister." "Sidney the Siren of this latter age," writes Barnefield; "divine Sir Philip," Michael Drayton calls him, and Ben Jonson, defying the charge of exaggeration, utters (you can hear him say it) "the godlike Sidney." Even the ribald Nash lowers his mad voice to the note of reverence: "Apollo hath resigned his Ivory Harpe unto Astrophel, and he like Mercury must lull you asleep with his musicke . . . Deare Astrophel that in the ashes of thy love livest again like the Phoenix; O might thy bodie (as thy name) live again likewise here amongst us; but the earthe, the mother of mortality hath snatched thee too soon into her chilled cold armes, and will not let thee by any meanes be drawne from her deadly imbrace; and thy divine Soule, carried on an Angel's wings to heaven, is installed in Hermes place sole prolocutor to the Gods." His life was a poem which all the men who lived with him were great enough to read and to appreciate: his death is an example for all time. Not even fame with its common story can sully the brightness of his name.

Sidney fulfilled the ideal of Castiglione's courtier. Especially did he understand the beauty, in memorable praise of which the book makes its great ending—that Beauty

which is the origin of all other beawtye whiche never encreaseth nor diminisheth, always beutifull and of itself . . . most simple. This is the beawtye unseperable from the high bountie, which with her voyce calleth and draweth to her all thynges.

Certainly, certainly it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region who is the soul of this soil: and Sidney knew that her name was Beauty.

Who does not know Arcadia? And who would not wish to pass with Sidney into Arcadia, for all things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling? His book (it is longer than a summer's day) gave a fashion to the speech at Court; roused many imitators: it even belongs to literary history, and questions are asked about it now in examination papers. The present edition is fit to supply that need: the spelling is modernised: there are not very many misprints: there is a useful introduction. But the heart yearns for that old facsimile, where the spelling has the quaintness of the prose and the type has all its mysterious beauty. There you can read and dream and pass into Arcadia.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Twilight and Darkness. By J. K. MACMEIKAN. Privately printed. (Oxford: Noke, 1s. 6d.)

THERE is a good deal of what Keats one called "yeasting youth" in Mr. Macmeikan's little octavo. The author's thinking is half Arnoldian, half Heine-like: in other words, strongly Germanised, and not much concerned, as yet, with the beauty of the natural world. Honest,

wilful), sad, intolerantly modern, it is expressed for the most part, turbulently, but with a genuine literary touch, with the right instinct for words and for the hang of words. Amid these firstlings which have the note of riot, as also of promise, there are a few verses charming through their attained calm: notably the "Ode to a Kingfisher" and "The Face of a Child":

O childish face! when God was dumb,
The sultry world a seeming,
The light of thy clear eyes has come
Like dew upon my dreaming.

Dear childish face! for when desire,
Brute inclination, claimed me,
(Nor old ideals could inspire,
Nor thought of others shamed me),

The picture of thy sunny grace,
Thy wistful look of wonder
That lives but in a child's fair face,
Have trod the devil under!

No reader will gainsay that such lines, even torn from their context, show true feeling and good art.

Peggotts, or The Indian Contingent. By MARGARET PATERSON.
(Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS book consists of a series of letters, exchanged for the most part between a Scotch lady and her nephew, and dealing with the life of a family in Edinburgh and subsequently in Ireland. The members of the family are all of familiar types, and their characters are not so finely drawn nor their life so interesting as to justify the three hundred and fifty pages of lax and discursive English which make up this volume. The epistolary form, simple though it may appear, is one that requires a practised and accomplished writer to do it justice, and it will be a pity if the recovery of Mr. Swinburne's brilliant "Love's Cross Currents," or any other reason, should revive a method of writing fiction in which it is so easy to be dull. Still, the book is not without a certain slumbrous charm, and Miss Paterson displays at times a very pleasant sense of humour, though we do not find these letters so "infinitely amusing" as her characters do.

2835 Mayfair. By FRANK RICHARDSON. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

It may safely be said at the present time that there was never a day when men and women of average intelligence sought more eagerly for the ridiculous, or had a greater longing and admiration for the sublime. They express the latter sentiments by filling the shelves over their bedroom mantelpieces with cheap classics which stay there unread, even as the portfolios of Landseer prints, which were formed by their less cultured parents, lay unregarded on their parlour tables. To satisfy their passion for the ridiculous there is Mr. Frank Richardson, and, at his bidding, every suburb tinkles with laughter at the mention of whiskers.

We do not know what effect this popularity may have had on Mr. Richardson, but we find in the book before us something of the confused point of view that pertains to his readers. Sometimes his story, of which the central idea is a variant of that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is plainly satirical in purpose, sometimes it is as plainly realistic, and thus, regarded as satire or melodrama, "2835 Mayfair" must be considered unsatisfactory. There is, however, plenty of ingenuity in the manner in which Mr. Richardson develops his tale, and his admirers will find no lack of those inconsequent humours which he has taught them to expect. Indeed, we have never known Mr. Richardson in better form than in his account of the theft of an opal pin, and the army of detectives which works for its recovery enables him to give us some diverting satire on the methods of the London police. But his plot as a whole is hardly adapted to such flippant treatment, and as a consequence the book is marred by several errors of judgment, and its termination is frankly distasteful.

The Beautiful Teetotaler. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. (The Century Press, 5s.)

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND's new book, "The Beautiful Teetotaler," contains with much trenchant humour some very sound good sense. A more scathing and damning exposure of the unscrupulous and dishonest methods by which so-called "temperance" fanatics seek to carry on their "holy war" it would be impossible to conceive. Leaving out the political aspect of the case with which in the ACADEMY we are in no wise concerned, and looking at it from the literary point of view with which we are very much concerned, we can say with truth that Mr. Crosland, by his pillorying of some of the most notorious of the purveyors of literary hog-wash for the consumption of unfortunate children on whom they practise their vile arts, has performed a very considerable service to the community. Mr. Crosland is a man of strong views, and he is given to expressing them strongly. Sometimes we have found with regret that the violence of his methods of controversy or attack overweights the subjects which he chooses as the vehicles of his generally righteous animosity; that fault, if it has existed in some of his former books, is not to be found in the present one. It is a slashing attack, but it is a really damaging and solid attack resting upon ascertained facts, and a rare and unerring insight into the real meaning of things which are obscured to the majority of people by the clouds of false issues, for the most part deliberately and dishonestly raised by those whose interest it is to raise them. Mr. Crosland's book should have a stimulating effect and rouse the public to a sense of the very definite and imminent danger which threatens it: the danger of the tyranny of an insignificant but fatally noisy minority.

PRONUNCIATION

II.—THE SMATTERING OF ENGLISH

THE Erasmian mode of pronouncing Latin could scarcely have had a more favourable opportunity than at the time of its establishment under Elizabeth, who placed great confidence in its surviving founder, Sir Thomas Smith, both as a scholar and as a diplomatist. After filling various important offices, he became Secretary of State in 1572. Yet his system had only begun to be familiar just before that date. It was moreover identified with the party of the Reformation, then completely triumphant. To the scholars of that party the differences between it and the Reuchlinian mode had a poignant meaning, the peculiarly Erasmian syllables now spelt to them burning others, as the Reuchlinian had spelt being burnt themselves. The unhappy Cheke had only narrowly escaped the stake by changing his religious professions, and a namesake and retainer of Smith had been actually burnt in 1557. Yet some twenty-five years after Smith's death his system had already fallen into such decay that the good Protestant traveller Coryate resolved "with God's help" to practise linguistic Popery for the remainder of his days. A hundred years after the burning of Smith's retainer, Milton gets angry in support of the pronunciation of Stephen Gardiner who fired the faggots. Smith and Cheke had found Latin sickly; in order to cure it they killed it, and put in its place an accurate mummy, which all the power of Elizabeth and ability of Smith could not preserve during their own lives. Also, Cheke and Smith had had the foresight to guard against the decay which might threaten their system from its isolation in the midst of an indetermined vernacular. They invented reforms in English spelling in order to stereotype the sounds then in use. Cheke re-translated part of the Gospels and printed his work according to his new spelling. Smith's new alphabet is probably simpler and less repellant to the eye than any which have since been proposed. These inventions might have served as standards of reference for

Latin sounds and have taken the place of living tradition. They actually never had any effect.

The Three Societies have a similar task, without their predecessors' advantages. Their system has now two vigorous rivals instead of one. The traditional pronunciation has been slowly regaining ground and is now used far more than is supposed among scholars, at any rate those who are not engaged in education. It was probably heard in public in the Universities long before the date I name, but the Chancellor's Latin verse was certainly recited in that mode in 1884 by the advice of so well-known a Latin scholar as Mr. Robinson Ellis. It is used in many schools with both the other modes, and it can be heard daily in the new Cathedral at Westminster. There is now no more fire about it than the British people likes to play with. The English language has become much more Latinised than it was in the sixteenth century, there is more communication with the neo-Latin peoples and their two-fold sound of *c* and of *g* is more in accordance with English than the single sound advocated by the Three Societies. Secondly the *Current* mode is as vigorous as ever, and now seems stereotyped. Its sounds have reacted on the vernacular. However we pronounce *caelum* and *Cicero* we shall not alter the sounds of *celestial* and *ciceronian* accordingly, nor call *pronunciation* pronunk-i-a-ti-on. Mr. Wimbolt quotes with satisfaction the decision of the Board of Education. This is the present substitute for the patronage of Elizabeth's Government and the enthusiasm for learning of the Elizabethan Age. The primary duty of the Board is understood to be the superintendence of a minimum of instruction for an unwilling populace that has to be driven to school by fear of fine and imprisonment. Its success is moderate. Its president is some politician whose first duty is to promote the interests of the supporters of his party. It is strange that Mr. Wimbolt should welcome this patronage. At the same moment the University of Oxford stands begging in the streets, stretching out one palm to its own children and hinting plainly enough that the other is open to doles from wealthy foreigners. Its representatives state truly that "in this country it is of no avail to look to the State for the satisfaction of these requirements."

I am glad that the Three Societies do not emulate Cheke and Smith in providing a new alphabet and a new system of spelling English. Dr. Postgate compares the pronunciation of Latin to chaos; what term of comparison could he find for English spelling and what superlative would express the state of English pronunciation? I refer merely to the amazement of all foreigners (except, of course, the inhabitants of the United States) at the differences in the pronunciation of a single word among the most learned Englishmen. I instance the pronunciation of a very able ecclesiastic, a renowned statesman and an eminent headmaster, all of the Victorian Era, as extremely provincial, incorrect and totally different. The ecclesiastic's language was particularly offensive to the ear. Among the headmaster's solecisms was the pronunciation of *boy*—as if it were written *bai* in Italian. At least one Head of a House still pronounces English like a bargee. All such scholars are unaware of their solecisms and would admit them at once if any one could make them hear them. It does not matter how the Board of Education pronounces English, because it obviously does not attempt to teach the teachers of elementary schools even the rudiments of pronunciation. But what is the pronunciation of the Three Societies like? Dr. Postgate takes English words as a pattern on which Latin should be pronounced. He evidently does so unwillingly. I quote his first example. *A* in Latin is to be pronounced like *a* in *father*. Of course he pronounces it and intends it to be pronounced as *a* in Italian. That direction would be plain enough, but how is the pupil to know, when he hears scholars pronounce it also like the Italian *e*, *fayther*, like the English *air*, *fairther*, and like the Scandinavian *aa*, *fawther*? Dr. Postgate considers

the English pronunciation of Latin worse than the current, yet, by yielding to a demand for an English standard of sound, he is forced, in the cases of four simple vowels, to explain them by French words. Consequently he has to cite two sounds which he knows are not identical, as in the case of the English *not* and the French *bolle*. The English sound of *i* in *hit* or *his* is not heard exactly in any Latin language, a Latin tends to say *he's* (short), as do some English provincials. It is difficult to see why English pupils should be made more confused in sounds than they are already. Mr. T. W. Dunn, writing in defence of the *Current* pronunciation, states that if the foreign pronunciation is necessary, it could be taught in an hour. It could by Mr. Dunn, because he is a precisionist in the pronunciation of English, and the continental sounds are much simpler, so that it is easier for an English boy to attain to the beauty of Dr. Sandys's pronunciation of Latin in the Reuchlinian mode, than to Mr. Dunn's accuracy in English. I can only note in reference to the pronunciation of the Latin *v*, which has now to be confusingly represented by *u*, that Dr. Murray points out that the Scottish Classical Association does not insist on its receiving the sound of the English *w*, which is surely far too strong. Finally, Mr. Wimbolt asks: "Could the continental nations be induced to adopt the same system?" The continental nations have therefore not approved of it, and our isolation which Dr. Postgate deplores is merely to be renewed. It is surely unlikely that the continental scholars will accept it in order to come into line with Englishmen who have been unable for more than three hundred years to agree together on the pronunciation of Latin, and are notoriously unable to pronounce their own language. If they did adopt it one of the great impediments to Latin as a universal conversational language might be withdrawn, as Mr. Wimbolt remarks, but not the greatest impediment as far as English scholars are concerned. Owing to the defective system of our public school and university teaching of Latin, few English scholars can talk it with *any* pronunciation.

A. L. S.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN RAG-BAG

HERE is a book ("Shakespeare," by Professor Raleigh), like an old housewife's rag-bag, filled with odds and ends of every kind; here you will find scraps of silk and cotton, lace, velvet, brocade, and homespun of every shape, size and colour in inextricable confusion. The big rag-bag of opinions about Shakespeare has been in the making now for over three centuries; no human ingenuity could bring order into it or plan or purpose; what is old in it, is fusty; what is new, is without use; it should be thrown on the dust-heap and carted away with as little offence as possible to eyes and nostrils.

Professor Raleigh doesn't try even to make a patchwork quilt of it; he empties the rag-bag out before you, throws away half, adds bits of his own and other people's raiment and there you are—the latest contribution to Shakespearean literature and criticism compiled by an Oxford professor and published by Messrs. Macmillan.

That the book is a disgrace to English scholarship, an offence to all lovers of Shakespeare, goes without saying. If you want a rag-bag of disparate opinions brought into some sort of decent order, you can have it, it is already provided. The other day Professor Brandes published a book on Shakespeare which was adequately translated by Mr. William Archer, which gives an excellent account of Shakespeare's life and work. It does not pretend to any originality; Dr. Brandes simply put together the best which had been thought and said about Shakespeare, guiding himself chiefly by Coleridge and tradition plus his own good sense, and the result was a decent and creditable, if somewhat dull and superficial, presentation of the master. Dr. Brandes, at least, was

scrupulous; so far as he could, he gave every man due credit; if he used a piece of lace, he at once said that it was contributed by so-and-so; but Professor Raleigh simply annexes the whole rag-bag and uses whatever he fancies without even a "By-your-leave!" just as if the whole collection belonged to him.

The main point, however, is that Dr. Brandes's compilation was on the whole as satisfactory a piece of work as industry, good sense and writer's talent could produce. For anything better one must pray for genius. On the other hand there is "The Life of Shakespeare" by Mr. Sidney Lee, which is filled with new things that have no value; guesses which have nothing to recommend them except that they are fetched from far; a storehouse of oddities in which pedantry has run wild, pedantry without any restraining guide of judgment or direction.

Professor Raleigh has elected to stew Dr. Brandes down into one small volume; he has left out the Doctor's admirable synopsis of Tyler's great work on the Sonnets; he seems indeed to have been so affected by Mr. Sidney Lee's pedantry that he cannot read the Sonnets for himself; in fine his book is on a far lower level of insight and of learning than Dr. Brandes' work. Why then did Professor Raleigh undertake the job? When Messrs. Macmillan offered him the task he should have refused it; he might truthfully have said to them; "I have nothing new to say about Shakespeare, not one word: why bother me to add another to the innumerable books on the subject that already exist"; but no, Professor Raleigh jumped at the chance and here against the great mirror of Shakespeare's personality he stands admiring himself.

And here we find Professor Dowden calling it in the *Nation*, "a wise and beautiful book," simply because it is much the same sort of treacly chromo of superhuman wisdom, goodness and serenity which he himself produced thirty years ago and put forth as a portrait of Shakespeare, and here is Mr. Charles Whibley in the *Observer* declaring boldly "it may be said at once that Professor Raleigh's book on Shakespeare is far the best thing of its kind that has been written." Poor Mr. Whibley, who would be an Elizabethan if you please and combine courage and learning, and who it must be confessed wears bravely the mantle of Pistol which fell from the shoulders of the late Mr. Henley. Even Mr. Edmund Gosse praises the book; Mr. Gosse, who being something of a poet must of necessity know better.

Some gentle reader is sure to blame me here for violent language; the note of perfection, I shall be told, is to use eulogy with a difference and find good even in a professor who can't paint and yet encumbers the way with botchings. But, after all, Dante was not very kind to mere scholars; he put his schoolmaster in the fifth circle of Hell, and Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* and elsewhere laughed at the pretensions of pedantry in words which have not yet taught their lesson:

Small have continual plodders ever won
Save bare authority from others' books.

But now for the proof of the matter, the indubitable and satisfying proof that all this praise of Professor Raleigh is fulsome-dishonest or else self-interested-ignorant; that Professor Raleigh, far from being a good guide to Shakespeare, is only just fit to measure Alfred Austin, say, or some one of that calibre, and not able to paint a credible portrait even of one of his own size. Let us take the opening sentences of his book: "Every age has its own difficulties in the appreciation of Shakespeare. The age in which he lived was too near him to see him truly." What drivel this is! No age appreciates any great man, nor ever will; the great man must be thought lucky if he finds one human soul "to see him truly," and Shakespeare was so blessed in Ben Jonson. This whole first chapter of the Professor's book gives us the usual servile estimate of Shakespeare: "He was a lover of clear decisive action, and of the deed done." Really? He was not painting himself then in the shilly-

shallying Richard II. or in the hesitations of Hamlet? "Shakespeare holds the balance steady . . . Shakespeare was that rarest of all things, a whole man." The stomach of one's sense rises at the feeble-foolish mispraise.

But here and there one is struck suddenly by a living word: "*The frank geniality of the man and the excitable fervour of the Talker* are matched by the unchecked exuberance of the poet." Do not attribute this flash of insight to the Professor; he has had it out of the rag-bag; a contribution of our own time which he annexes and wears proudly, as the Kaffir chief wears a collar while rejecting the rest of the white man's wardrobe.

But let us find a piece of unadulterated Raleigh if we can; Raleigh at his own brightest and best; Raleigh and no one else that ever lived. After much searching I have found such a page; here it is.

His (Shakespeare's) early play of *Titus Andronicus*, which is like the poems, shows how strangely hard-hearted this love of beauty can be, and makes it easy to understand how he was fascinated and dominated, for a time, by Marlowe. Yet even in "*Venus and Adonis*" there is evidence that he has outgrown Marlowe, and is on the way to a serener and wiser view of things. The protest of Adonis, beginning "Call it not love," is unlike anything in Marlowe, and sounds the knell of violent ambitions and desires.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies."

In "*Venus and Adonis*" then, according to the Professor, Shakespeare, because he writes a schoolboy screed on the difference between lust and love, has outgrown Marlowe, and "is on the way to a serener and wiser view of things." This youthful twaddle of Shakespeare "sounds the knell," if you please, "of violent ambitions and desires."

First of all Shakespeare's ambitions were never violent, but that this verse sounded the knell of his violent desires is too grotesque a misstatement to deserve refutation. All Shakespeare's life, my good Professor, was given to violent desires; if you don't know that, you know nothing about him—nothing. That much you should have learned from *Romeo and Juliet* and from *Twelfth Night* and from *Measure for Measure* and from the Sonnets and from *Othello* and from *Cressida* and from *Antony and Cleopatra*. So far from Shakespeare at twenty-eight or thirty being on his way "to a serener and wiser view of things," he was on his way to the mad passion and ecstasies of jealousy which made him Shakespeare and crowned him king of Tragedy. As I have said and proved elsewhere it was through agony and bloody sweat that he reached the madness of Lear and the disgraceful shriekings of Timon, and it was only when the fire of passion had burnt itself out and consumed his life and strength in the burning that he won to such serenity as the fever patient finds when he lies exhausted waiting for the end.

It is unworthy of any one with a grain of sense to trouble himself about such a book at this. But lest any reader should think I have been severe or unjust, let him read this page on the Sonnets. It is supposed to be fine writing at Oxford, one fancies; but what does it mean and why was it written?

The Sonnets speak to all who have known the chances and changes of human life. Their occasion is a thing of the past; their theme is eternal. The tragedy of which they speak is the topic and inspiration of all poetry; it is the triumph of Time, marching relentlessly over the ruin of human ambitions and human desires. It may be read in all nature and in all art; there are hints of it in the movement of the dial-hand, in the withering of flowers, in the wrinkles on a beautiful face; it comes home with the harvests of autumn, and darkens hope in the eclipses of the sun and moon; the yellowing papers of the poet and the crumbling pyramids of the builder tell of it; it speaks in the waves that break upon the shore, and in the histories that commemorate bygone civilisations. All things decay; the knowledge is as old as time, and as dull as philosophy. But what a poignancy it takes from its sudden recognition by the heart:

"Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go."

"It would help us but little," says the Professor, "to know the names of the beautiful youth and the dark woman" whom Shakespeare loved. And from the Professor's point of view the foolish phrase is true enough: nothing would help him much; but it helps the rest of us, Professor; it even helps some of us to give Mr. Tyler thanks for his book on the subject wherein the names were first set forth; some of us love to pay such debts; but when one has nothing of one's own to pay with, ingratitude becomes a virtue. When will the Professors leave the greatest of poets alone? One doesn't find the sceptics writing the lives of saints.

FRANK HARRIS.

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW IN LITERATURE

A REPLY

MR. ADAM LORIMER has, I suppose, thrown down a challenge, and some of the points he raises tempt one irresistibly to reply.

To begin with, I do not quite agree with his premises. It is too sweeping to say that women write exactly the same as men, or that women have not introduced any fresh element into literature and journalism. And it must be remembered, that living as we do, in the same world, the same country, and under much the same conditions, it is rather a great deal to expect any very startling variations. But I think I see his point and the line of demarcation between men's work and women's is not so definite that we cannot accept his statement as a basis of general argument. He asks why women, now that they have entered the writing arena, do not make themselves felt in a more individual way; why woman, emancipated woman, imitates man when she might develop in quite another direction.

It seems to me that there are several reasons, but one above all others. In spite of her occasional railings and extravagances, woman has quite a great deal of respect for man, whom, in her secret heart, she does not really despise in the very least. We have all of us had fathers, most of us brothers, some of us have men friends, more or less intimate, and a few of us even husbands, and those of us who have been fairly fortunate in our experience are ready to admit that they have their good points. There are lots of things they do better than we can, and lots of qualities they possess that we don't. (I suppose there are likewise things we do better than they, but that does not apply.) So we set out in life with a subconscious conviction that what we have to aim at to justify our entrance into hitherto forbidden fields, is to do things as well as men. And perhaps it has never struck us that to do things as well as men, it is not indispensably necessary to do them in exactly the same way, especially as the elementary conditions of success in writing, good taste, the observance of niceties of style, and grammar, of construction and logical sequence, being precisely the same for women as for men, the line of least resistance will tend to run in the same direction.

But there is another reason, perhaps a more deep-lying one, why women educated under modern freer conditions, so seldom strike out a distinct line, and it is the obvious fact that like conditions bring about like results. A woman who sees, hears, and reads what men do on a given subject, is uncommonly likely to think the same thoughts concerning it, and she will, generally speaking, only think differently on those matters which she does not, and cannot, see from the same point of view. Such are love, marriage, and family and domestic matters generally, and these touch her so nearly, and press upon her so closely, that she is quite incapable of detaching herself from them and seeing them in correct perspective, so she finds refuge, when she takes up her pen, in the generally accepted conventional treatment of them. I

think that women find it very difficult to be perfectly sincere with regard to their most intimate thoughts and feelings, and I suppose that the reason, apart from the difficulty of perspective above mentioned, is that a more restricted circle of ideas and experience has made them more sensitive than men to the opinions of others, and they fear condemnation.

I honestly believe that women, as a sex, cherish high ideals, and when they fall short of the standard they have set up before themselves, they are ashamed to confess it and try to stifle the consciousness of failure, hoping to do better next time, and firmly convinced that every one else does do better. Doubtless the truthful and sincere woman writer, who it appears has not yet arrived, will show up mercilessly everything which in her experience has fallen out differently from the accepted manner in books. But she will be waited for a long time yet. The average woman writer clings to her ideals. If her own experience does not happen to have been picturesque enough for her purpose, she is more likely to write down what might have happened to some one else, or to generalise from an incident she has only observed from the outside, than to represent things as she has really seen them. And say what one will, let the men give, or let us take, all the liberty imaginable, a woman's range of experience will necessarily always be more circumscribed than a man's, and the things she knows at first hand are likely always to be fewer, so she is almost driven to trusting to her imagination sometimes.

Mr. Adam Lorimer seems very anxious to know how a woman feels when she is kissed by a man, and how she feels when she is not kissed. But why should we cheapen such things by putting them in books? Do men, or at any rate those whose feelings matter, let the public into the secret of what it feels like for a man to kiss a woman, or for her successfully to resist his doing it? Does he really wish women to be less discreet?

Besides, we could not tell, if we would. We have the reputation, as a sex, of being very talkative, but for all that we are not articulate. The things we feel and know, we cannot put into words. We are not given to analysis and introspection, and those of us who by any chance are, have departed somewhat from the traditions of our sex, and the results of the analysis will not be the undiluted feminine.

Then, apart from all this, there is one precious quality, exceedingly rare in women writers, without possessing which it would be dangerous to lift the curtain and reveal "woman's" secrets, and that is the gift of humour. By "gift of humour" I do not mean the power of appreciating a joke, or even of making one, but that large, indulgent tolerance, which observes all things with a smile and condemns none, which touches fragile things, not flippantly, but lightly. Without this divine gift of humour it would be too easy to be cruel. And, with all our faults and failings, I think we had better stop short of that.

There is one final reason why women are so far from anxious to urge their own point of view, which, though I believe it to be the most potent of all, I am more than a little shy of bringing forward. It is, that all purely feminine interests, pursuits, and points of view are to the male mind—and presumably to the cultivated mind in general—uninteresting and contemptible. Perhaps this is merely a pose that men adopt, but from her earliest childhood a girl is accustomed to hear from her male relatives and associates—at any rate from those of her own age, whose dicta she naturally considers most infallible—that all she thinks and does, in which they do not take a share, is either "silly," or "unimportant," or "ridiculously easy." She promptly endeavours, therefore, to learn more about the things that "really do matter." Once grown up, she modifies her opinions somewhat as to what these are, but the impression remains that feminine points of view are, to men, trivial and uninteresting, and under the heading feminine she includes all her really spontaneous thoughts and feelings. And

she is quite right. I am sure that even Mr. Adam Lorimer who so good-naturedly and pleasantly wonders what it is all about, does not really wish to know; he would much rather not know, and if any one tried to tell him, he would run away.

I am afraid that the summary of my argument, is woefully illogical: We do not tell the secret of what it is like to be a woman, because: (1) We cannot; (2) We would not if we could; (3) If we could and we would, it would not be interesting; (4) If we could, and we would and it were ever so interesting, it is just as well not to. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that no two women are alike, and that probably not one of my superiors among the women writers and journalists in the length and breadth of the country, will endorse what I have here written.

G. HERRING.

THE PROPAGANDIST AS CRITIC

MR. BERNARD SHAW, in an author's apology which accompanies his two volumes of articles on the drama (*Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, Constable) collected from the *Saturday Review* of the early 'nineties, throws the blame for their republication on the eccentricities of American Copyright Law. If he had not given his consent to an American edition some one would have produced one without that consent—literary piracy being a recognised feature of contemporary civilisation as understood in the United States—and if they were to be published in America it was useless to boggle about England. So an English edition was duly authorised ("not so very unwillingly," as Mr. Shaw confesses with gentle irony), and for the first time I find myself able to be grateful to the dishonesty of American Copyright legislation. For these articles were well worth re-issuing in book form, and it would have been a thousand pities if they had been left unregarded in the files of a weekly newspaper. In fact I am not sure whether they do not contain some of the very best work their author has ever done. They are not only delightfully amusing, but there is a prevailing sanity and good-sense and good-humour underlying their superficial extravagances which is particularly refreshing in these days when so many writers seem to mistake nonsense for paradox. They have also retained their freshness to an extraordinary degree. Although it is now a dozen years since they first appeared they are as keen and stimulating as if they had been written yesterday. So far, in fact, are the opinions expressed in them from seeming antiquated or out of date that many of them are only beginning to be accepted in theatrical circles in London, while the greater part would still be considered revolutionary and even absurd in the Garrick Club. So slow is our English theatre to move. But Mr. Shaw, like the hunted Snark, is always "ages ahead of the fashion." The quality has its drawbacks in a dramatist, as he has probably discovered. It is apt to prevent his critics from grasping more than about one word in ten of what his characters say. But it has its compensating advantages. It prevents his work from growing old as quickly as that of more humdrum folk. The work of the average English playwright and the comments of the average English critic are out of date in three years, unreadable in five. I allow a generous margin for error. Mr. Shaw's early plays are as delightful to-day as they were twenty years ago, when they were first written, more delightful to many people because they understand them better. And Mr. Shaw's dramatic opinions, which seemed mere fantastic heresies twelve years ago, are only just beginning to be orthodox. Twelve years hence perhaps they will have become commonplace. But they will never become unreadable. The brilliancy of their expression, the fun and the irony and the high spirits which lighten every page, will save them from that.

I remember that, when Mr. Shaw began writing in the *Saturday*, just as when he began writing for the stage, people used to complain that he was "not serious." In fact, there are still people who make the same complaint as each new play or preface or letter to the *Times* appears from his pen. It is the most pathetic of delusions and one which these two volumes of criticisms should surely dissipate for ever. For in them Mr. Shaw stands forth unabashed as the most serious of serious persons. He is witty, he is playful, he is flippant even. But he writes as a man with a mission. When "Poems and Ballads" first appeared one of Mr. Swinburne's critics said of him, "He laughs at what other people revere. He would dance in a cathedral." The criticism is equally true of Mr. Shaw. He laughs at what other people revere. But then he reveres passionately what other people laugh at. And though he would dance in a cathedral he would never dream of dancing in a theatre. The theatre to him, in fact (he says so in so many words), is a church, and he thunders from his pulpit as critic with as much fervour as he does from his pulpit as dramatist. Did he not ruin the last act of *Major Barbara* from the stand-point of the theatre because he refused to cut out the sermon? No one who is not a dramatist can realise how much self-denial that means and how tremendously in earnest the man must be who is capable of it. Mr. Shaw, in fact, was primarily a propagandist and only secondarily a critic just as he is now primarily a propagandist and only secondarily a playwright. It is the thing he says and not the way he says it that matters to him, to adapt the music-hall song. He lacks the intellectual detachment, the passion for analysis for its own sake, which marks your true critic. He approached the English drama frankly as a partisan convinced that a certain sort of play and a certain order of ideas were desirable in the London theatre, and that every other sort ought to be expelled with ignominy. And he did what he could to expel them. Everything that satire, invective, pungent irony, good-humoured banter could do to bring this about he did. Truth compels me to confess that the total effect produced on the theatre was not very great. The stupid plays and the stupid people went on much as before. They are going on still. A little uneasy perhaps as to their intellectual position, a little puzzled as to why clever people like Mr. Shaw heap such contempt on their harmless little comedies and romantic dramas and musical imbecilities, but on the whole not much moved one way or the other. And that is why these twelve-year-old criticisms are still interesting reading. There is no interest in watching a man gallantly battering down a door whose panels have already given way. The zest of the struggle is over. But in this case the door still stands apparently as solid as ever. And so it is still excellent sport to watch Mr. Shaw slogging at it.

It is this vehemence, this enthusiasm of Mr. Shaw's, which differentiates him so sharply from the English critics as a whole, and which makes his departure from their ranks so keenly felt. Almost all our dramatic critics are bored with the theatre and I cannot pretend to be astonished at the fact. Though the things which bore them are not always or even usually the things which bore me. Mr. Shaw was never bored at the theatre. In fact, it is not in his temperament to be bored at anything. He imagines he is bored at a play. He says he was bored again and again in these volumes in the most vehement terms, but he is mistaken. The very vehemence shows that he is mistaken. He is constitutionally incapable of so neutral a mental state as true boredom. And besides the theatre is too serious a matter with him to make that attitude possible. You might as well believe that an earnest priest could be bored while a penitent confessed to a murder. Mr. Shaw either approves of a play, in which case he approves of it with ecstasy, or else he loathes it, in which case he tears it to ribbons. He does the tearing good-naturedly, kindly, but when he has finished nothing is left but rags.

One had only to look at him as he used to enter the theatre in those days to know that this would be so. There was a resolute set about the mouth, a fighting glitter in the eye, which meant business. He had come prepared to bless or to damn. He had not come for half-measures. For the dramatist it was to be death or Westminster Abbey. The death sentence would be most humorously phrased and most genially delivered but the man would hang for all that. Contrast this mental attitude with that of his successor on the *Saturday*. Mr. Max Beerbohm, I am sure, loathes the theatre. It bores him to tears. As I watch him passing to his stall on a first night at one of my own plays, suppressing a gentle yawn and usually some minutes late, my heart goes out to him. Poor fellow, what a weariness it all is to him and how silly it is for these playwrights to drag him away from his after-dinner cigarette to sit in a stuffy uncomfortable theatre and watch these poor "mimes" mouthing! He is gentle with us, "mimes" and authors alike, when he writes about us the following Saturday—when he *does* write—but he never conceals the dreary futility of it all from his point of view. And as I read his article I sigh for the ring of Mr. Shaw's battle-axe!

Perhaps I have caricatured Mr. Max Beerbohm in the above sketch. But a caricature is a form of homage—as Mr. Beerbohm knows.

St. J. H.

"JAUNT"

THERE is a good deal of difficulty about the word *jaunt*; and I think something more may be said about it than has been said hitherto. I believe it to have arisen from the form *jaunce* (see N.E.D.), considered (wrongly) as being a plural form; i.e., if *jaunce* was supposed to represent *jaunts*, then the singular form *jaunt* might easily have been evolved, and soon established. How common a phenomenon this is in English, has been shown by Dr. Palmer, in his chapter on "Words corrupted through mistakes about number"; see his "Folk-Etymology," pp. 592-607.

It seems clear that *jaunce* was at first a verb, from F. *jancer*, to keep on the move. Hence the sb. *jaunce*, a fatiguing journey, for which the N.E.D. gives the well-known quotation from *Romeo*, ii. 5, 26 (second quarto); where the first folio and the first quarto have *jaunt*. The only other quotation is from the Sussex glossary. It is suggested that *jaunce* is a mere misprint for *jaunt*; as there is no other known example of its use. But I think this is not the case, and that *jaunce* is (as Nares said long since) precisely the same word as Ben Jonson's *geance*, also given in the N.E.D., with the suggestion that it means *chance*. But a careful perusal of the passage in Ben Jonson should (I think) rather lead us to take Nares's view; the sense "fatiguing journey," the sense assigned to *jaunce*, precisely suits *geance* also. The passage occurs in a speech by Hilts in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act ii., in which the context requires careful consideration. Squire Tub, addressing Hilts, says:

I pray thee *haste* to Pancridge, etc.
Good Hilts, *make thou some haste*
And meet us by the way.

And Hilts replies:

Vaith, would I had a few more *geances* on't;
As you say the word, *send me to Jericho*.
Outcept a man were a *post-horse*, I have not known
The like on't, etc.

Hilts goes on to complain that, if he could get kind words, it would not *irk* him; but that a man "may break his heart out in these days," and get nothing by it. Tub immediately gives him money for his encouragement.

It is clear that what Hilts wanted was not the *chance* (of what?), but a few more *jaunces* or fatiguing journeys, even if he had to be sent to Jericho or to be made a post-horse of, if only he could be rewarded as he ought to be.

Another reason for considering *jaunce* as a real word is that it results at once from the verb; precisely as the Sussex *jaunce*, a fatiguing journey, corresponds to the Yorkshire *jaunce about*, to knock about, to expose to fatigue; see E.D.D. I suggest that the reason why it is not more common in our dialects is simply because it has been almost ousted (as in our literary speech) by the mistaken form *jaunt*, used in many dialects, from Scotland to the Isle of Wight. That *jaunt* was evolved out of *jaunce* is further suggested by the fact that *jaunt* has changed its sense. In Shakespeare the two words were practically identical; but the usual modern sense is merely an excursion, a pleasure trip; and the verb *to jaunt* means "to trip along jauntily." Obviously it has been affected by association with the adjective *jaunty*, which was, originally, merely the same word as *genteel*, and lost its final *l* just as *jaunts* lost its final *s*.

The O.F. *jancer*, to move about, to fatigue, is surely allied to the E. dial. *jankit*, "fatigued, jaded": see E.D.D. This suggests that the *ce* was due to an older *k*. Cf. further E. dial. *jank*, to trifle; *to jank the labour*, to trifle at work; which is compared with Norw. *janka*, to waver, to totter. We may further note Swed. dial. *jank*, useless trouble (Rietz); which suggests that *jank* and *jaunce* are, ultimately, of Scandinavian origin.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

FICTION

The Wrestlers. By MARION BOWER. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS is a very irritating book although the matter might have been made fairly interesting if offered in a more readable form.

She came up to him. His teeth met. She looked in his face.
"I am sorry," she faltered.
"Don't be sorry," he growled out, "I am not."
She walked from him to the window. Left him alone in the middle of the room. A step at a time he came behind her, etc.

This quotation may give the would-be reader some impression of the staccato style which has jarred the nerves of the would-not-be reviewer! We meet in the first chapter horrid people with hardly any manners, we begin by pitying the virtuous "hero" for having to stay in such a house, but afterwards we see that he must have been accustomed to such things, from the readiness with which he accepts the early confidences of his hostess. We were also a little surprised when the husband accuses his wife of reading Ibsen, till we remembered how unnecessary it is for a man of that type to have read the works of an author before using his name as a catchword of reproach. We noticed that he had not yet "found" Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, or surely he would have used him too, for, as Mrs. Attledon sits at her writing table carefully arranging affairs prior to her departure, she assumes a decidedly de l'Isle-Adamesque attitude. It—the attitude—ends at the desk, and *she* does not immediately like the other woman; on the contrary, she plunges into a sea of political—and other—intrigues where a patriotic Polish prince, his attractive cousin, a chancellor, a wily Bavarian baroness, and her wavering son, jostle each other. Mrs. Attledon at first looks on, but we feel that sooner or later she will be drawn into the vortex—and so later she is. She emerges—assisted by the elements—a "heroine." As we began with a quotation so we will end with one:

"Come," he said.
She understood.
"That," she gasped.
"Yes," he answered.
"Already," she faltered, etc.

The reviewer, like the heroine, has both gasped and faltered but has not yet understood—why such a style is used!

The Child of Promise. By NETTA SYRETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

IN writing as good as Miss Syrett's—for if not exactly art it is skilful at times in workmanship—faults stand out more clearly than in novels which are merely a mass of obvious mediocrity. It is a pity that this writer cannot deal with life as it is, but resorts instead to avoiding difficulties by trying to force the reader to accept an impossible incident—without which the whole fabric would go to pieces—just because the "story" needs it. This is surely a very inartistic method. It is in life of course that we come across the most amazing situations. In life—and also not infrequently in fiction—we meet with lovers who do not know each other's real names, but it was impossible that "Val," if really in earnest about finding Natasha, would not have been able to do so—even without the assistance of Scotland Yard—within a few days—hours we might almost say: whole colonies cannot get lost so easily! What more he required as a clue we can hardly imagine. That two women of the types of Natasha and Julia should have accepted his absurd explanation of why he deserted the former deepens the atmosphere of untruth which mars this book. That "one false step" really seems more disastrous to life in fiction, than to life in fact; delightful people are often past masters, or mistresses, in false steps. Is it merely that they do not offend our self-esteem by too obviously sieve-like statements, but instead rather subtly give us the credit of possessing some intelligence not to say a little broad-mindedness? As broad-mindedness even might sum up Val's behaviour at this point in a word which would unfit him for remaining, for the rest of the story in the part he was playing, the reader has to be treated as if slightly "wanting" in order to avoid difficulties. The structure of a novel must indeed be flimsy when the pinprick (or rather pen-prick) of common sense causes it to burst. The study of Miss Syrett's study of character is up to a certain point interesting, anyhow in the women's characters; but for the most part the people are treated like the structure—they do what is convenient to the authoress—but they get horribly "out of drawing" in the process, and as in a broken glass we seem to see two or three images of the one person—the person Miss Syrett wishes to draw, the person she actually draws, and the real person. Are we not right in feeling sceptical about a man whose sense of honour was so strong that he married a woman he did not care about because of a few words from a scheming mother, and who could yet leave the girl he was in love with and had seduced, because it was not quite easy to find her address? If he had been intended as a contemptible weakling we should consider he got more than his deserts in so capable a mother-in-law to manage him. Natasha also seems to have got away from the character the writer would reveal to us at such length. One sentence of hers on page 331 shows us that—in spite of slanting green eyes, an affection for her father and relations, and a penchant for decadents—her true self belonged to blackest Balham. The book all through strikes the reader as being "made up." This fault is noticeable in the manner as well as in the matter, only in the former it is less apparent as careful workmanship often hides the lack of penetration, individuality and inspiration. It is this careful, often skilful manipulation (which is largely due to knowing what to avoid) which makes the higher mediocrity seem so much less mediocre than the lower.

The Leaven of the Pharisees. By E. B. BENNETT. (Drane, 6s.)

MISS BENNETT is discreetly silent as to the precise position on the English sea-coast of the fashionable watering-place, which she calls Sandrewe. This is certainly fortunate, otherwise serious consequences might follow the publication of her novel. Whether her description of the clergy and her unrestrained attack on their sincerity has any justification in reality, or whether she has deliberately chosen her characters to suit her

purpose, are questions which it would be scarcely profitable to discuss in any case, and which certainly do not concern us here. Our chief complaint against her is her inconsistency. She has chosen as her heroine a most militant young lady, in whom the leaven of the Pharisees is present quite as much as in the objects of her unsparing condemnation—and in a far more subtly dangerous form. Marie Ismay is quite ready, even eager, to pluck the various motes from the eyes of all her acquaintances, but she is never really conscious of the beam in her own. At the last she certainly admits that she is herself pharisaical, but her admission is not convincing, and rather appears as an unwilling concession on the part of the author, than as a genuine confession. Of the various types of cleric depicted by Miss Bennett we have little to say. They are all familiar figures to the student of novels of this class. The "Leaven of the Pharisees" is certainly an advance on "The Scottish Bluebell," but Miss Bennett must do much better if she wishes really to be welcomed as a writer of fiction.

Madame de Treymes. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.)

MRS. WHARTON writes with wit and with distinction. All her work has quality; it bears the mark of a personality, and accordingly should be read. In "Madame de Treymes" she has found an excellent subject, which contains a fine effect in dramatic contrast. Fanny Frisbee is an American girl who has married a reprobate French marquis, and has been living in consequence for twelve years in Paris. The family into which she has married have the old Catholic traditions, and though she has obtained a separation from her husband, she does not sue for divorce, because she knows that the family will oppose it strongly, and she shrinks from scandal for her own sake and for the sake of her little boy. That is what John Durham discovers to be the position when the story opens. John Durham is a straightforward American gentleman with many of the traditions of George Washington. He has loved her as the American girl Fanny Frisbee, and loves her still as Madame de Malrive. He proposes to her immediately and is accepted on condition that he can obtain for her an undefended divorce. He finds that one of the family, her husband's sister, Madame de Treymes, is kindly disposed to Madame de Malrive. Through her agency he determines to work. He makes her acquaintance and a meeting is arranged in which to discuss the position. At this meeting Madame de Treymes behaves like an aristocratic sphinx. She tells him at once that the family are bitterly opposed to a divorce, and watches the effect of her words. They parley. Suddenly the mask falls from Madame de Treymes's face. She says that the man she loves must go away because of debts which he cannot meet. She will give Durham all the support of her great influence if he, rich American that he is, will write her a cheque. He refuses. Any subterfuge is against his upright nature. He will win his wife by fair means or none. He resigns himself to endurance. Naturally surprise overcomes him when he hears from this lady that Madame de Treymes has used her influence to such good purpose that the divorce will not be defended, and when he next meets Madame de Treymes she tells him that the pleasure of furthering the happiness of a man so noble as he, is its own reward. So the divorce proceeds: it is just on the verge of completion when he meets Madame de Treymes for the third time. She begins by triumphing over him. She has been successful in deceiving him. The family were no longer interested in the woman. They want the child. And the child they will inevitably get at the close of the proceedings. But Madame de Treymes has reckoned without Durham's honesty, even as he has reckoned without her malign dishonesty. He will stop the proceedings immediately. Then she is touched by his bravery, and when she says that this is only a last lie he is touched by her kindness. "You poor good man," she says, and "you poor good woman," he

answers, as he goes to carry out his own unhappiness. Now there is much that is admirable and subtle in the story and in its treatment. The different points of view of two types of character are set forth with great clearness. The story, however, loses its poignancy owing to the fact that these types are not individualised. The contrast between the old civilisation and the new civilisation is excellent, and a good background, from which the characters should stand out clearly. But they do not. We see John Durham and Madame de Treymes; we see an American, and we see a French woman of the old school. And in consequence we find our attention wandering to such impertinent questions as: Are all Americans so strait-laced?—are all French women so malignant and ingenious?—and of course the answer is that they are not; and the story loses the conviction which it would possess if the people were individuals and not emblematic of a nation's decadence or a nation's honesty.

Passing down the Avenues. By L. RUTHERFOORD SKEY. (Griffiths, 6s.)

SUCH words as "they were mere commonplaces but this is a commonplace world," written at the outset of a novel with no apparent irony rouse a dreadful suspicion as to the nature of the novel itself. And that suspicion became a dreary fact, as we passed down the avenues. Nothing in the expression or conception raised it above that dead level. The book has the same effect upon the mind as a yellow fog in November upon the spirits—a suffocating effect.

Sweet Rogues. By OWEN RHOSCOMYL. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THERE is spirit in the writing of this book, as there should be in a story which follows the fortunes of two gay troopers of Prince Rupert. Gallantly the story rollicks on its brave way at one time with Red Ned Pugh, at another with honest Phil, and then shoulder to shoulder they win, as such fellows must surely win, each his fair lady for a bride. Brave, witty, charming, they are in love or war, irresistible. They are buoyant as corks, and bob up head erect from every misadventure. Unfortunately the construction of the book is not on a level with either the line-by-line gusto of the writing or the dashing gentlemen themselves. There is a lack of invention; and two important incidents plop into the stream of the story with a clumsy splash. We are in no way prepared for the sudden prominence, which the frightful scheme of revenge with boiling pitch gives to the character of the dandy cavalier. It has all been smiling and talking and jolly fighting up to that moment, and the shock of grim earnest is unpleasant and unnecessary. The picture of the wretched man screaming from the pain of the scalding pitch is both horrible and unconvincing, and the fact that he boiled the pitch himself to make honest Phil scream is no atonement. The whole episode is as out of place as a fall of snow in an English summer.

A Yankee Napoleon. By JOHN F. MACPHERSON. (Long, 6s.)

IF Mr. Macpherson had only one-tenth of the power of Mr. H. G. Wells for marshalling scientific detail in support of his "prophetic" inventions, "*A Yankee Napoleon*" would be a wonderful book. But unfortunately while his imagination is boundless, his narrative owing to an absolute lack of any "corroborative detail," remains "bald and unconvincing." At no point in the story do either his characters or their actions approach the plane of reality. This is a pity, for the central idea is promising and though not entirely original, is certainly not hackneyed. The Napoleon is a second Dr. Moreau, with this added horror, that while Mr. Wells's vivisectionist worked simply in the cause of Science, Julius P. Almug is inspired by a far baser motive—personal power. He vivisects human beings and discovers a brain serum by which normal brains are improved beyond recognition, and gain wonderful magnetic power over their fellows. He

also, as the title shows, becomes Emperor Dictator of the United States, and he finally meets his Wellington in the person of a rival scientist whose inventions are as powerful as his own. That there is great scope here for a thrilling romance is evident, but it is no good for an author simply to postulate for his chief characters inventions, beyond the range of present probabilities, without some slight support for his claims in the way of *vraisemblable* explanations. As at present written the book is very reminiscent, in its naive demands on our credulity, of "*The Swiss Family Robinson*."

The Wisdom of the Serpent. By CONSTANTINE RALLI. (Griffiths, 6s.)

IT is only a sense of fair play to Mr. Ralli that prevents us from revealing the secret of his book. So rarely does an author light upon a really original idea in fiction, that when he does so, the reviewer feels driven in his turn to publish it, through gratitude. But such gratitude is misdirected, and as Mr. Ralli has in the present case succeeded in keeping his secret until the very end, it would be—to say the least of it—unkind to give it away in a review. Let the curious discover it for themselves; they should not be disappointed. In his preface Mr. Ralli says, "There is no strength in pleasant things." If this is true, or rather if the implied corollary may be accepted, "*The Wisdom of the Serpent*" should be one of the "strongest" novels ever written; it is certainly one of the most unpleasant. At the same time it leaves no bad taste in the mouth, and in tone, at any rate, if not in incident, it is supremely moral. But Mr. Ralli's preference for the unpleasant leads him to pile Pelion upon Ossa in the way of horrors, until his Olympus is reached—his explanation of it all, beyond which even his imagination cannot soar. Mr. Ralli's preference for the unpleasant shows itself in his characters as well as in his incidents. His men, and especially his women, are far more naturally drawn, and certainly far more interesting when they are bad, than when, like Julia Mowbray, they are good. It is, perhaps, not her fault so much as her creator's that she irritates us, but we must confess frankly that we grow very tired of her resemblance to Pallas Athene. Doubtless only a goddess could save John Faversham, but Mr. Ralli is so insistent on her divine attributes, that they become wearisome, and we turn with no little relief to Pauline, who with all her faults is quite fascinating. Of the men Sproule is admittedly the central character, in interest as in vice. But though he is perhaps the most villainous villain ever imagined, he succeeds in attracting not a little sympathy, for he has an unpardonable wrong to avenge. His great mistake is that, like Monte Cristo, he arrogates to himself the functions of Providence, and visits the sins of the father upon the children. There is just one point as regards Mr. Ralli's method that we should like to notice. He has arranged his book in a prologue and two epochs. Now the prologue is dated 1870, while the epochs begin in 1844, and end where the prologue begins. This, in our opinion, is irritating, and serves no useful purpose. Had the prologue been transferred to the end of the book, the true sequence of events would have been preserved, and the reader's interest would not have been dulled by the knowledge of the ultimate fate of the chief actors.

Malcolm Canmore's Pearl. By AGNES GRANT HAY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is a tale for simple-minded mothers to read to their offspring on Sunday afternoons—if their children can be made to listen; but we fear it smacks too much of the "*Fairchild Family*" and other Sunday books of that ilk for the taste of the modern child. We are given a discreet picture of the family life of King Malcolm of Scotland, son of Macbeth's ill-fated victim, and his wife Margaret, daughter of Edward the Confessor. They seem to have been an eminently worthy couple, and we have a

shrewd suspicion that their compatriot, Robert Burns, would have classed them among the "Unco' Guid." The most human figure in the book is that of Editha of Normandy, an unfortunate lady, who is never mentioned without the addition of "Sharp-tongue" in brackets after her name, but who rouses the momentary admiration of even the good Malcolm, for he remarks on meeting her: "What a remarkably showy, handsome person this Normandy woman is," but reflects that "he would pity the man who married her," thus showing both discernment and caution. It is a most harmless book.

The Great Cranboro' Conspiracy. By JOHN OAKLEY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE modern highwayman has quite usurped the place of his eighteenth-century prototype as a popular favourite. A very few years ago we were required to sympathise with the dare-devil escapades and hair-breadth escapes of masked desperadoes, scouring the country on fleet grey mares variously entitled Bess or Nell, holding up respectable old gentlemen at the point of the sword. The modern gentleman of the road is a no less romantic character, though clad in twenty-two and sixpenny tweeds and armed with a chloroform bottle and a revolver. The greater number of murders and robberies that can be put down to his name the greater his glory. Mr. Oakley has given us a fair specimen of this twentieth-century Dick Turpin, and the part he plays in "The Great Cranboro' Conspiracy" is clever and ingenious. The plot centres on the mysterious disappearance of a country shopman who is really a well-known usurer, and is further complicated by his extraordinary likeness to some twin brothers, who are thus enabled not only to take his place, but to masquerade as each other when the occasion arises. Providence, as usual, comes to the rescue in the end, and both the money-lender and his enemy are killed by the opportune collapse of a balcony.

FINE ART

BURLINGTON HOUSE

THERE are several ways of *not* admiring the summer exhibitions at Burlington House. You can say that the pictures are worse than in any previous year; you can attack the Chantrey Trustees; and you can praise the works of Mr. John Sargent. But these devices are rather stale. Though what you say may be true and unkind it does not change the policy of the Academy. A Parliamentary Commission did not succeed in making the Chantrey Trustees amend their ways. The appointment of Mr. McColl to the Tate Gallery was, of course, a snub from the Government, and the Royal Academy have recently received another snub from an even higher quarter. Still, there is the Academy in all its ancient splendour, unravaged by the fierce intellectual purpose of the strenuous outsiders, the best of whom do *not* beat against the doors for admittance; they leave that to the critics. The private view is always a great social function; it starts the season; a week hence the pavement of the principal London thoroughfares will be up; these are the two swallows which really constitute our summer. Then, whatever critics may say and whatever Christie's hammer may do, the immortals always have this crushing retort: "After all, you must come here to see Lady Sassoon, or whatever the Sargent of the year happens to be." Again, though this perhaps is irrelevant, Academicians are such charming people; collectively we may dislike them and reprobate their ideals, but individually they are cultivated and irresistible. Even the artists among them are charming, and artists are not always charming people. I believe the Academicians paint their very best. I vow that I give no credit to the grim stories of favouritism and the careless methods of selection on the part of the hanging

committee. Conscientious as Billington they hang whatever comes their way. I do not believe the Chantrey Trustees deliberately choose mediocre pictures. An honourable and *blind* justice dictates their choice. I have been told that they weigh the frames in order to compute the amount of gold, thereby ensuring the country getting something for the money bequeathed by the foolish Sir Francis. An old Academician once told a friend of mine to be very careful about the gold on his frame. With great delicacy he added, "you cannot think how important it is." The picture is now, metaphorically, in the bosom of Mr. MacColl. Oh! for the pen of that silenced critic, or of the latter-day Longinus, Mr. Roger Fry, another Ganymede, half-buried in the Eagle's down, snatched away to preserve the sublime and the beautiful at Central Park, New York. The chilies of criticism are pickled in museums and Mr. Claude Phillips is the only oracle that is not dumb. I do not forget Mr. Clutton Brock, his fireworks, nor Mr. Nichols, Mr. Rutter and Mr. Rinder, their admirable criticisms. And I can imagine the anxiety of the Chantrey Trustees before Mr. Konody has spoken.

Yet if the Academy must be reformed, criticism should be reformed as well. I would chide the Academicians more for what they accept than for what they neglect. Their flirtation with that Dowager Miss Preraphaelite seems to me a sorry spectacle; and now that impressionism has lost its front teeth and its false front hair we can guess what the next *liaison* will be. Oh reader, prostrated by the smell of new paint and enervated by the new criticism, hide with me in an old wardrobe; let us masquerade in clothes far too big for us—at least too big for me—perhaps we shall earn for our reticence the gratitude of painters, and that of the visitors to Burlington House. Let us pretend to be Mr. Thackeray. . . .

The rough Channel crossing experienced by His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. on Saturday last recalled to the royal memory several pictures by Mr. Napier Hemy, as did the landing-stage at Dover a canvas by that old favourite, Mr. Frith. It followed as a matter of course that when seated comfortably in a saloon carriage, he determined on arriving in London to drive straight to Burlington House, leaving the luggage to be sent on to Buckingham Palace. The Saturday following the private view is always a *dies non* at the Academy, but owing to an odd coincidence, or to Marconography, Sir Edward Poynter and his henchmen were standing at the entrance to receive their Sovereign and his suite, which consisted of my Lord Althorp, the Hon. John Ward, Major F. E. G. Ponsonby and other members of the court *entourage*. After suitable greeting on the part of the President, His Majesty shook hands with each Academician and Associate, and exchanged several words with Mr. Arthur Cope. "Let us now follow our leader," he observed glancing significantly at the great landscape painter and then at Sir Edward, both of whom did justice to the august pleasantries, as walking backward, they led the way up the staircase.

"Here it may please your Majesty," said Sir Edward in the first room, "to observe a portrait of Lady Eden by Mr. Sargent. Lady Eden is famous not only for her beauty but for her husband. With a symbolism rare on the part of this artist he has represented her playing patience, a game of cards, not the opera. Mr. Sargent does not quite come up to our Academic standard. His pictures lack a certain amount of finish."

"I thought he was an American, not a Finn," says one of the party, "but Americans always lack finish." "At the same time I am bound to tell your Majesty," continues the President, "that he is considered by outsiders the greatest painter in the world and that his admirers regret you have never sat to him." "*N'importe* he shall kneel to me instead," was the gracious reply. "Where is Mr. John Sargent?" There is a hurried search for the famous artist who with characteristic modesty has been hiding in the image department. He is dragged

into the Presence. "Kneel, kneel," cried several Academicians, "What is your name?" "John Singer Sargent." "John there has been some talk of reforming the House of Lords. I am going to do so without the advice of my Government. It is really impossible to add to your honours because your pictures are patents of title for ever. Nevertheless it is our royal pleasure, as it is your duty, to be decorative. Rise John Singer Sargent, Duke of Columbia." With his well-known fluency, his Grace of Columbia returns thanks and regains his feet. The King was observed to stoop and pick up a paint-brush from the floor. "I think this must be yours," he says smiling. And Mr. Seymour Lucas was observed to make a note of the scene for his next year's picture to be entitled *History Repeats Itself*.

"Here," continues Sir Edward Poynter, "is a small thing of my own, a motive borrowed from Catullus." "I think I can give the quotation," says His Majesty, who has not forgotten his Oxbridge erudition, "*Oh rem ridiculam cato et iocosam*." "Not exactly that," exclaimed the president, "but please observe the *finish*." A whispered consultation with my Lord Althorp, and the King tapped Sir Edward gently with a sword; "Rise, or stand, Marquis of Finish."

On reaching Gallery III. His Majesty started and said, "Surely that is Lady Sassoon, I must go and speak to her." It is then explained that this is merely a counterfeit representation of that lady by the Duke of Columbia. After much hearty laughter the inspection proceeded. The august visitor's attention was then arrested by a picture of Sir William Richmond, entitled, *Demeter at Eleusis*, which recalled in a delightful way a picture by Calvert which he had seen at the Luxembourg on his recent visit to Paris. This and a beautiful work called *Old Durham*, by Mr. Alfred East, resulted in further additions to the Upper House. Noticing that Mr. George Lambert's Portrait Group, No. 171, was skied, His Majesty conferred a knighthood on the young artist, while baronetcies were conferred on Mr. W. G. Von Glehn for his *Avenue*, No. 342, and on Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas for his picture, *Marie*, No. 892. Universal surprise (shared by the Academicians) was expressed at the places in which these works were hung and that there was no other work by that brilliant young painter, now Sir Sholto Johnstone Douglas.

His Gracious Majesty after inspecting Mr. Conrad Dressler's bust of the "Queen of Spain," evinced some sign of fatigue. As representative of all that is best in the nation, he assured Sir Edward Poynter that he would take for granted the "values" and "tones" and "brush work" of the pictures if he did not find time to read the art criticisms. He was rapidly passing through Gallery No. XI. (having firmly refused to visit the water colours) when he suddenly halted before the most fascinating and remarkable subject-picture in the whole exhibition, No. 836, entitled, *The Music of the Woods*. On inquiring for Mr. E. A. Hornel, His Majesty was informed that the painter of this exquisite work by some extraordinary accident was not even an Associate. Showing some displeasure he immediately ordered the Chantry Trustees to acquire the work for the nation, and bade My Lord Chamberlain to forward by the next post a patent of nobility, by which the distinguished Scotchman might be known in future by the style and title of Viscount Glasgow.

CHRISTIAN FREEBORN.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Galton's "distingos"—when a vicarage is not a vicarage, and the rest of them—require a Jesuitical training to fully appreciate, and also more time than is at my dis-

posal. "I have read nothing," he says in conclusion, "more touching than the 'Supplique d'un Groupe de Catholiques Français Au Pape Pie X.'" . . . which was one of the most impudent newspaper "fakes" of recent times! And this gives the exact measure of the value of his work as criticism, or history.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

A NEW READING OF KNOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In John Knox's "History of the Reformation" (Bannatyne Club edition, vol. i. pp. 392-3) it is stated that the "Lord Seytoun, without any occasion offerit unto him brak a chaise upon Alexander Quhitelaw, as he came from Prestoun, accompaneit with William Knox, towartis Edinburgh, and ceassit not to persew him till he came to the town of Ormestoun."

According to Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary," under "Chase," the words "brak a chase" mean "began a pursuit;" and under "Chase"—with the definition "the action of chasing or pursuing with intent to catch"—Knox's "brak a chaise" is given in the "New English Dictionary" as an example of the use of the word "chase."

In Mr. Andrew Lang's "John Knox and the Reformation," page 151, the incident related above is referred to, the page bearing the heading "The Broken Chair." This is how Mr. Lang describes it: "Lord Seton, of the Catholic party, 'broke a chair on Alexander Whitelaw as he came from Preston (pans), accompanied by William Knox.'" Mr. Lang afterwards alludes to "the matter of the broken chair," and states that "Lord Seton pursued and broke a chair on the harmless Brother Whitelaw."

On the same page from which the last quotation is taken, Mr. Lang in a footnote refers to Knox's story to Croft as given in Bain's "Calendar of Scottish Papers, Elizabeth," i. 236-7. If he had continued his study of the same volume he would have found on page 239, the following passage in a letter from Knox to Croft: "We arrived safely, not without danger, for our brother Alexr. Whytlaw was chased 3 miles."

There is surely a difference between "brak a chaise" and "brak a chair," Mr. Lang's ingenious transformation of the passage.

It would be interesting to learn from Mr. Lang—(1) How a rider on horseback pursuing another rider similarly situated could manage to "break a chair" on his "harmless Brother"; (2) Where the chair was obtained, and the price thereof; and (3) Who put the fragments of the chair together for subsequent exhibition? Swords, not chairs, I believe, were the usual weapons of military assault in the days of Bothwell and Queen Mary. Perhaps Mr. Lang may correct me on this point if he believes I am wrong in my surmise.

It appears to me—and more than me—that this latest "curiosity of literature" is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Lang's notable cleverness in the compilation of Scottish history. He is so keen to make points and to render his narrative "lively" that he drops occasionally with readiness—even eagerness—into very absurd blunders. In this case he has probably been misled by the French word *chaise*. Is this an excuse for so comical an error in one who poses as an accurate writer of history?

GEORGE STRONACH.

A LITERARY PARALLEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I noticed the other day a literary parallel which may interest your readers.

Wordsworth in "The Tables Turned," says

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Huysmans in "En Route," page 193, says

"Les forêts vous instruiront mieux sur votre âme que les livres—aliquid amplius invenies in sylvis quam in libris—a écrit Saint Bernard."

Had Wordsworth read St. Bernard?

[PERCY L. BABINGTON.

DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Paradiso xxvii. 136-138:

Così sa fa la pella bianca, nera,
 Nel primo, aspetto, della bella figlia
 Di queich' apporta mane e lascia, sera.

The usual interpretation as given in the notes of the Temple edition is that "bella figlia . . . sera" means humanity, the daughter of the sun. May not the passage be an allusion to the "Song of Solomon," i. 6, "look not upon me because I am swarthy, because the sun has scorched me" (decoloravit, Vulg.)? If so, "figlia" would be the Church, according to the universal mediæval tradition, and "di quei" would go with "si fa nera" and mean blackened by the sun?

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“An English Garner,” by Edward Arber, contains some “Sonnets to Fidesa,” by B. Griffin. Sonnet iii. beginning:

“Venus and young Adonis sitting by her,”

is identical with Shakespeare's Sonnet iv. under the heading of “The Passionate Pilgrim,” with the exception that lines from 8-12 inclusive are entirely different, and there are one or two minor differences in the other lines, as “clipp'd” for “clasped,” and “so she fell,” for “so fell she.” Dyce, in his memoir of Shakespeare, tells us that “The Passionate Pilgrim” was given to the Press without Shakespeare's consent and knowledge, and how much of it is his cannot be ascertained. Griffin's sonnets were published 1596, Shakespeare's 1609. Besides a dedication to William Essex Esq. of Lambourne, Berkshire, Griffin prefaces his book with an address: To the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court. So he was probably a barrister or engaged in the law in some capacity, and Sonnets v. vi. and vii. contain various law terms. This is even more noticeable in the Sonnets of B. Barnes 1593, in the same volume. Nos. vi. vii. and viii. are full of law terms and the latter Sonnet is almost composed of them. It contains pawn, forepledged, bail, mortgage, and deed of gift. Owing to his frequent use of legal terms, it has been surmised that Shakespeare was at one time in a lawyer's office.

It is remarkable that these three poets should use law terms in poetical compositions.

H. D. BARCLAY.

May 5.

THE LATE REV. WENTWORTH WEBSTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am interested in noting in the public press that it is suggested a memorial should be arranged to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Wentworth Webster.

It was in your columns in the early days of the ACADEMY, under the direction of its first Editor, that I first became acquainted with the work of Mr. Webster. At long intervals I had some correspondence with him, but it was not until January of this year that I had the pleasure of meeting him.

I was staying at St. Jean de Luz, and remembering that he must be living somewhere in the neighbourhood, I made my first visit to Sare. I spent a delightful half-day with him talking about books and Spanish literature and looking over his books and literary curiosities. I found him mentally bright and as interesting as ever, but in going away I could not but feel that it was both the first and last time we should meet. He wrote to me in February, confessing that he was not well and could not write more.

As I returned from Sare one thing came to my mind and has recurred again and again since—the pathetic and almost dramatic question, what would become of all the papers and all the literary material collected in that out-of-the-way village? That all the material in that brain has practically been lost for ever comes back to one very forcibly when one remembers how very few living men there are to carry on his work, and now he has gone may I suggest perhaps the best memorial would be the placing of his books and papers in the library of one of the universities, and the editing of the literary papers he may have left.

I cannot claim to have any special knowledge on the subject, but there are some Spanish scholars in England whom I think would be proud to be identified with the work.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

“MEASURE FOR MEASURE”

II. i. 39. “Some run from brakes of Ice” (folio).

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The desperate efforts of the commentators from Rowe (1709) to Hart (1905) to extract an attenuated glimmer of sense out of this grossly misprinted passage have only “established” the sheer hopelessness of the Folio text. But these efforts are surpassed by the frantic efforts of Mr. Payne, as a “lover of literature,” to maintain what he is pleased to call the “established reading.” A glance at the textual notes of the Cambridge Shakespeare, or at the significant obelus (†) of the Globe edition, shows any unbiassed reader how it is “established.” It was “established” in the printing room in Fleet Street in 1623.

Rowe, Theobald, Malone and the others retain “brakes,” says Mr. Payne. Of course they do. They had no alternative. They were baffled by the corruption and had nothing better to propose. Their attempted explanations are, as Hart pithily remarks, so much waste of ink. An excellent example, which may stand for all, of this “waste of ink” is found in Staunton's note (I quote from vol. iii. page 198 of his edition of 1864): “The old text has ‘brakes of Ice.’ *Vice* is an emendation of Rowe. If this be the true word the allusion may be either to the instrument of torture termed a ‘brake,’ or by ‘brakes of ice’ may be meant, as Steevens conjectured, a number or *thicket* of vices. It is by no means certain, however, that we have got either the poet's expression or meaning in this difficult passage.” Nothing can better illustrate the failure of two centuries of commentators. And with all the damning evidence of this failure staring him in the face, Mr. Payne has the assurance to say that the reading of the Folio is “established.” Well, *trahit sua quemque voluptas*.

By the way, it is disingenuous of Mr. Payne to drag in Dr. Johnson's “great acumen.” Mr. Payne knows as well as I do that on a point of technical criticism Dr. Johnson's opinion is not worth a—recording. It is very much more to the point that the corruption quite baffled Theobald, “the Porson of Shakespearean criticism,” just as it has baffled every critic and commentator since—always excepting Mr. Payne.

Mr. Payne is certainly gruelled for lack of matter when he cavils at the imaginary discrepancy between my remark, in the issue of April 6, on “the inability of critics to see what was staring them in the face” having “lasted for two centuries,” and that in my first article, in the issue of February 16, as to the crux having “resisted adequate solution for close on three hundred years.” This is sheer trifling. Where on earth is the difference? In the first case I, of course, reckoned roughly from 1709, the date of Rowe's first edition, till the present time, in the latter case from the publication of the Folio in 1623. From any point of view this alarming discrepancy is wholly immaterial, there being, so far as I am aware, no criticism of or comment on Shakespeare's text in the interval between 1623 and 1709.

I never put forward any “plea,” as Mr. Payne alleges, “that the passage was corrupt because ‘brake,’ meaning a ‘bit’ or ‘curb,’ appears nowhere else in Shakespeare.” I simply said, and I repeat it, that “the chances are therefore dead against the meaning in this passage,” the clear inference being that the probability of Shakespeare having employed it here in that sense was very remote. Mr. Thielton's quotation, which I know very well, would be “fine” if it were only applicable, and besides, if for no other reason, it is damned for the cacophony introduced by the dissyllable “Iron” preceding “and.” This, however, may be a matter of the length of the critical ear. But poor Shakespeare, at any rate, must be allowed to have had a reasonable good ear in the music of a blank verse. “Runs not this speech like iron through your blood,” says Don Pedro in *Much Ado*, V. i. 52. In no verse-passage in Shakespeare is the word “iron” anything but a pure dissyllable.

Mr. Payne, quite gratuitously, remarks that he prefers the latter emendation to mine; and again I can only say, *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*.

The word “answer,” with all respect to Mr. Payne's parade of inapplicable quotations, has nothing to do in line 39 with “brakes,” or “bits,” or the “governance of horses,” for the simple reason that the word “condemned” in line 40 clearly shows that the “answer” is to the demands of *justice*, as in II. iv. 60 of this play, where Angelo says:

“Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;”

or, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii. 31, where Dromio S. says of the Sergeant of the Counter, "He that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band"; or, as in *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 299, where Portia says:

"And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we shall answer all things faithfully;"

or, as in *Sonnet 126*:

"Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be;"

or, as in numerous other passages, particularly in those where Shakespeare effectively displays his early legal training.

I am glad that Mr. Payne has now cleared up the ambiguity, which existed entirely in his own mind, as to the pronunciation of the vowel "a" in "brake." There was no ambiguity in either of my communications, and they stand in this respect exactly as they did.

In the matter of my reference to the Germans, Mr. Payne is again a trifle disingenuous. I said I did not recognise the authority of any foreigner on a point of this kind, i.e., on a question of Elizabethan pronunciation. Mr. Hart's reference to Schmidt has nothing to do with this, but merely with Schmidt's opinion (for what that is worth, and it is worth very little) of the hopeless corruption of the passage.

I emphatically did not invite Mr. Payne to any discussion whatever of the passages I. iii. 40-42, and III. ii. 275-296, nor do I seek to "emend" them. I simply referred them to his consideration as examples of Shakespearean syntax—as examples of very much more difficult constructions than that of my emendation. Mr. Payne is "still in ignorance of the substantive verb that has been omitted" in line 39. Perhaps he will look at line 40, where the substantive verb is also omitted, *I think* by Shakespeare himself. I observe, also, that Mr. Payne is still particularly careful not to say how he obtains the force of "throw aside" out of "run from." He cannot. "Running it thus cracks the wind of the poor phrase" with a vengeance!

Lastly, Mr. Payne has the assurance to say that I have "not yet explained or paraphrased my explanation." This is too bad of Mr. Payne. If he will take the trouble to refer to my first article in the issue of February 16, page 162, second column, lines 43-46, he will see my paraphrase. This only confirms me in my strong suspicion that he has not even troubled to read the article he attacks, much less to understand it.

In conclusion, I would once more call attention to the striking phraseology of the passage III. ii. 22, "or clothe a back From such a filthy vice," which I have already quoted. "It is not uncommon for Shakespeare," says Canon Beeching, "to use a word or a phrase twice in a single play and never afterwards." This, I strongly believe, he has done here, and I think the collocation of the two passages, read in the light of the whole atmosphere of the play, is enough to "establish" my proposed reading.

So far as I am concerned this discussion will now close. Mr. Payne, in the textual criticism of Shakespeare, is "yet but young in deed." A little more experience will perhaps enable him to appreciate more clearly than he seems at present able to do, the wide difference between legitimate emendation and extravagant alteration, and to judge more sympathetically of any earnest effort, however poor in his opinion it may be, to penetrate into the sanctuary of Shakespeare's genius.

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

April 21.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the work of the late Joris Karl Huysmans there were combined many excellent literary qualities, and one or two of the first order. Kiplingism owes much, if not everything, to him in the matter of style. No French writer—not even Théophile Gautier—had a rarer or richer vocabulary, or manipulated words with more consummate virtuosity. The French inspiration of the Kiplingese manner is admittedly traceable to the school of expression of which Huysmans was the last and most subtle professor. This is what modern English literature owes to Huysmans—largely without knowing it. As a novelist, Huysmans delineated for the first time certain highly interesting phases of the French character, particularly its mysticism, bringing to this task rare powers of sympathetic analysis, and an admirable sense of colour. His work is as superior to that of Zola, who was his first master, as a Greek bronze statue is to Madame Tussaud's waxworks, and his principal achievement lay in the artistic point which he gave to the ideals of naturalism. He vivified and illumined a literary creed which, in the narrow and dogmatic interpretation of its high priest, never rose above a dead-level of vulgarity and meanness. No more painstaking and conscientious artist than Huysmans ever lived.

Huysmans' attitude towards religion, whether in his Satanic romance of "Là-bas," in the mystical sequel "En Route," in "La Cathédrale," and in his last work on Lourdes was ever that of the pure artist. His convictions (such of them as appeared) were artistic. He believed in God because he was conscious of Beauty, and of the beauty of Belief. It was only on questions of what was or was not beautiful that he came into contradiction with modern Church teachings, and these points of disagreement were few and of no vital importance, for in recognising the eternal perfection of the line of Nature and of all that has grown out of Nature, including Human Nature, Huysmans was almost as universal as Rodin.

Huysmans, till within a very short time ago, was employed in a comparatively humble capacity at the Ministry of the Interior. If you had seen him there, with spectacles on his nose, diligently driving a pen, or hurrying through the corridors with a dossier under his arm to answer the call of some pompous little *chef de cabinet*, you would have taken him for the perfect *rond de cuir*. In his modest apartment in the rue Ste Placide the official dryness and timidity were thrown off, Huysmans' voice

found free and cheerful vent, and at the little dinners which he gave every week to two or three intimate friends he would be the gayest and most talkative of the party. He was not witty in the French sense of *spirituel*, nor was he vastly erudite, in spite of the learned air of his stories, but he maintained to the end the fresh and naïve curiosity of a child, with much of the child's marvellous power of observation.

Apparently *The Palace of Puck* has only met with a moderate amount of success at the Haymarket, seeing that it is to be withdrawn at the end of this week after filling the theatre for some six weeks. But we hope that the comparatively short run will not discourage Mr. Harrison in his laudable endeavour to give the public something a little out of the ordinary. In Paris a run of two months is by no means a bad one for a piece by a man of letters, and Mr. W. J. Locke is certainly a man of letters first and a playwright afterwards. *The Palace of Puck* is a charming little entertainment, sparkling with bright and wittily turned lines, and very fresh in its conception. It is full of the philosophy which Mr. Locke puts into his novels and which proves him a very decided disciple of Anatole France. It is merely an incident in unreal life which illumines much of the real life of to-day; and apart from the distinction with which it is written the acting of the dramatic trifle is most satisfactory. Mr. Frederick Kerr is as good and as satisfactory as he always is, while Miss Marion Terry, in a small part, cannot help being exquisite, as befits the most perfect of our English actresses of to-day.

Lack of space has prevented our commenting adequately on the important work of the late Mr. C. E. Kempe. Though he has left abundant evidence of his talents as a decorator of mural spaces and ecclesiastical furniture the work by which he will be best known was, as we have mentioned, his stained glass. In this he rendered immense service to the Church of England in particular and to the country at large. Besides his work for wealthy foundations, in which he was unrestricted by considerations of expense, examples of his art are to be found scattered over the country in buildings which present no spot on which the eye can rest with pleasure except some solitary window, always beautiful, designed by him to meet the smallest possible expense. There is perhaps no artificial object which appeals so easily to the untrained mind as coloured glass. Kempe broke away from the vulgarities with which the purely commercial decorators have disfigured our ancient churches, and did all in his power to accustom the public to glass which is not only attractive to the many but beautiful to the few.

Among the examples of Kempe's work none more beautiful could be named than that in the severe and dignified church of the "Cowley Fathers" in the outskirts of Oxford. Some of his early windows are to be found in the nave of Wakefield Cathedral, in the ambulatory of Gloucester, and in the east window of St. Agnes's Church, Kennington Park. In this church and in the newly cathedrized church of Southwark, his early and latest styles may be seen in juxtaposition. Later glass by him is in St. Paul's, in Lichfield Cathedral, St. Mary's Church, Edinburgh, and St. Matthew's Church, Newcastle. The windows of the Lower School Chapel at Eton are an example of a whole scheme by him. He completely decorated the chapel of his own college of Pembroke at Oxford, and now that the mural decorations have been spoiled through gross neglect he had intended generously to restore them at his own expense. It is to be hoped that his friends will at once make a careful iconography of his work in stained glass. From the qualities of his art, indeed from its very limitations, he has done more

to raise the standard of taste in glass than any other artist, and the Church of England deserves well of amateurs of the arts for having so much identified his work with herself.

We have received inquiries on the subject of the local subscription libraries, which are now disappearing fast. Some sixty or seventy years ago it was the custom in the provinces for societies to be formed with the object of providing their members with literature more or less current. Scarcely any centre however small was without its Book-Club, which first circulated books among its members for a year, and after circulation preserved them to form a permanent club library. The constitution of these clubs varied, but the following description may supply a fair example. Some twenty-six residents in a neighbourhood combined to form a club, they paid an entrance fee, and in addition an annual subscription. With the funds thus raised sufficient books were purchased once a year, to supply each member with three or four fresh books about every fortnight. These were passed round in succession until by the end of the year all the members had received all the books; they were then placed in a room conveniently situated for the further use of the members as a permanent library. Earlier than this period acquaintances with somewhat similar tastes had combined in a slightly different way; each had bought books of his own choosing, which returned to his possession when they had been the round of his associates; consequently no permanent library was formed. Of course lending libraries also existed but these at present were merely trade speculations and not clubs.

A second visit to the Court Theatre confirms us in the opinion that Miss Robbins, who has conquered as an actress and a novelist, has still to learn how to write a really good play. But in spite of the weakness of her first and third acts, she has managed to give us one of the best second acts ever written, though much of the credit of this must be given to the stage management and the splendid troupe of Court actors. Mr. Edmund Gwenn's performance is, with no wish to pay a conventional compliment, a masterpiece.

The forthcoming exhibition of the New English Art Club will be held during May and June, at the Galleries in Dering Yard, 67A New Bond Street, W., and the Receiving Day for pictures is fixed for Saturday, May 18. The Selecting Jury and Hanging Committee include Messrs. Steer, John, Orpen, Tonks, Bone, and Walter Russell.

"The maiden mit noddings on" in the shape of the "living statue" still continues to fill the public eye. "La Milo," the originator of this form of spectacle in the music-halls, contributes to a morning contemporary a well-written and well-merited rebuke to Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who has seized the opportunity afforded by the living statue controversy of projecting herself once again into the limelight of publicity. Meanwhile what has become of Mr. Stead? He constituted himself the champion of "La Milo" and all her works at the time when that lady made her first appearance on the stage. Now that the dragons of British virtue have been aroused he will surely not leave his fair *protégée* in the lurch. A battle royal between Mr. Stead and Mrs. Ormiston Chant would surely be as enthralling to the spectators as must have been the famed combat between the Kilkenny cats. We will not push the comparison further, but "thoughts are free."

May, in spite of much rain, is peculiarly "propitious" this year in country places where the cuckoo is singing.

We are reminded both of the ancient love of the poets for May and of their antipathy to the cuckoo; to them it is nearly always the bird of fear. They can only regard it with moral disfavour as if they were haunted by the remembrance of its derivative;

before the shallow cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love;

and ;

The cuckoo then, on every tree
Mocks married men for thus sings he,
Cuckoo :
Cuckoo, cuckoo—O word of fear
Unpleasing to the married ear ;

and ;

The plain-song Cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer Nay.

Or is it merely the principal character of Spring or Summer, as in one of the oldest English notated songs; here, indeed, the writer is charmed by its voice:

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing Cuccu ;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu,
Sing Cuccu.
Awe bleteth after lomb
Lhouth afte calve cu ;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth ;
Murie sing Cuccu,
Cuccu, Cuccu.
Wel sings thu, Cuccu ;
Ne swih thu naver nu.

Wordsworth's affection for it is mainly founded on the memories with which it is associated :

Thrice welcome darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing
A voice, a mystery.

It remains for a minimus poet, John Logan, to become really enthusiastic in verses which otherwise approach doggerel;

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

What becomes of the hundreds of pictures exhibited annually at the Royal Academy? This is one of the minor mysteries of life. The subsequent fate of the many thousands of "rejected" is too tragic to think of, for it is obvious that the New Gallery cannot find room for them all. Still it is doubtful whether the mere fact of being "accepted" does a picture any real good. Very few indeed of the exhibits are bought, and the comparatively unknown artist must persevere for several years before he can be certain of a profit from his Burlington House exhibits. The "art patron" of to-day is generally a dealer who bases his estimate upon the cost of the frame and having divided the sum by one-half flings it at the artist. Since the first exhibition of 1769 considerably over one hundred thousand pictures have been hung at the annual shows of the Royal Academy, and of these it is safe to say barely thirty per cent. have been purchased. Where the rest have gone to it is impossible to say. One hears occasionally a legend concerning a Derby winner ending its career as a cabhorse, or a first edition of an Elizabethan poet serving to conceal small purchases of tobacco, but it is rarely, if ever, that in exploring an East-end tenement or a country cottage a picture "once exhibited at Burlington House" is discovered. This year the unbought will likewise disappear to keep company with the unloved productions of the artists of Great Britain of the last century. Where will they go? Is there a lethal chamber for the unsold "accepted" as well as the "rejected"? Judging by the state of some of our galleries one is inclined to say that there is not.

THE MILLER'S SONG

FULL many a night in the clear moonlight
 Have I wandered by valley and down
 Where the owls fly low and hoot as they go
 The white winged owl and the brown.
 For it's up and away ere the dawn of the day
 Where the glowworm shines in the grasses
 And the dusk lies cool on the reed-set pool
 And the night wind passes.

Full many a day have I found my way
 Where the long road winds round the hill
 Where the wind blows free on a juniper lea
 To the tune and the clank of a mill.
 For a miller's a man that must work while he can
 With the rye and the barley growing
 While his slow wheels churn, and the great sails turn,
 To the fair wind blowing.

PAMELA TENNANT.

MAY

THERE is a look of summer in your eyes
 Which, though it be too soon for summer heat,
 Presents indeed so fair a counterfeit
 That I would have it thus, nor otherwise ;
 And though May's beauty be not fierce July's
 Her earlier blossoms are to me as sweet
 As the red berry or the yellow wheat—
 For as a young bird fluttering ere it flies
 Or as a bud that holds the opening leaf
 Do you foreshadow all the long delights
 Of summer days, and of the cool sweet nights
 As in your lips I see the budding rose.
 And in your fair soft hair the golden sheaf,
 And in your heart even fairer things than those.

R. D.

MAY

(SICILIAN OCTAVES)

I

WHO flings sweet blossoms in the face of Time,
 And laughing, runs light-footed through the dales ?
 'Tis May—she hears a distant blue-bell chime,
 Sees fairy ships unfurl their moonlit sails ;
 For her young Strephon turns a dainty rhyme
 And, flute to lips, outvies the nightingales ;
 For her the year adventures to its prime,
 And to beguile her, naught but love avails.

II

Her lilac robe is bridal, broidered well
 With dusky roses ravishing and rare ;

Down the dim hills past April's citadel
 She comes with heart exultant, debonair ;
 As sounds immured in some frail Orient shell
 Her voice is soft ; and proudly from her hair
 Falls sheen of dewy diamonds. Who can tell
 Of one so dear, so indiscreet, so fair ?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE BELOVED

MY love is all my life, he holds and fills
 The Chalice of my soul, he is the King
 In all the world of my imagining.
 His purity the morning dew distils,
 All the green valleys and the flower-starred hills
 Are places of his beauty's tarrying.
 He lies in the delight of lute-playing,
 And in the joy of yellow daffodils.

I have desired so his down-soft curls
 That my desire has melted ecstasy
 Into the harsh delight of bitter tears.
 I will devise a necklace of fine pearls
 To bind about my neck, and let them be
 Numbered unto the rosary of his years.

EVELINA HOWARD.

LITERATURE

THE RISE AND FALL OF JAPAN

The Future of Japan. By W. PETRIE WATSON. (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.)

OF the making of books about Japan there is no end, yet if historians have been many prophets are naturally few. It is rash to prophesy, unless you know a great deal more than chroniclers choose to tell. Hitherto, moreover, no little contradiction has obscured accounts of the wonderful Samurai, whose achievements in international tournament aroused both admiration and dismay. Some said his shield was of gold. These had woven surmises in a garden of geisha and cherry-blossom, whence war was barred. Others reported the shield to be of iron, for they had followed the strange knight's relentless advance from Seoul to Mukden, or tracked his cruisers across the Yellow Sea. But Mr. Watson has seen clearly and studied closely both sides of the shield. He claims to have arrived by observant intimacy at a just analysis of the Japanese character and situation. He distinguishes in them on grounds of *a priori* reasoning and universal experience those elements which imply strength and those which, no less surely, indicate decay. So confident is he of the soundness of his diagnosis that he not only exposes the secret of Japan's rise: he ventures warily, but not dubiously, to predict her probable fall.

His speculation on "the future and its problems" is preceded by an accumulation of data labelled "conditions of the time." Among the most interesting of these early chapters is a concise summary of the events which led up to and followed the change from feudal to constitutional government. This transformation is well shown to be due to no miraculous intuition of the superiority of Western civilisation, but rather to a combination of causes at work

in Japan itself—to the revival of Shintoism, the growth of historical research, the consequent strengthening of the Emperor's authority and dissatisfaction with the usurped tyranny of the Shogun. Foreign pressure merely applied the torch to a train of potential revolutionary powder. Nor was the adoption of European institutions either rapid or complete. Army and navy were indeed equipped as soon as the finances would allow with the latest resources of applied science, for national defence had the first claim on national pride. But the doubtful boon of a parliamentary régime was long deferred. Whereas the Daimyo surrendered their privileges in 1871, an Imperial Diet was not summoned before 1890, and even to-day, in 1907, out of forty-eight million subjects less than a million enjoy the franchise. This fact, taken by itself, might be regarded as a proof of political sagacity, which would naturally hesitate to introduce representative methods except by cautious degrees to a population accustomed for two centuries to obey an omnipotent bureaucracy. But, as Mr. Watson points out, the working of the parliamentary machine has been hampered by peculiar difficulties, which seem at present to preclude any further democratic development. When the constitution was promulgated, it affirmed the inviolable sovereignty of the Emperor and the responsibility of ministers to him alone. Party cabinets were neither explicitly nor implicitly mentioned. The Marquis Ito, after governing for eight years without the support of a party, advised the Emperor to invite Counts Okuma and Itagaki, leaders of parties, to assume office. When the experiment failed, as the chief of the elder statesmen no doubt anticipated, he at once formed a party with the avowed object of resisting a party-system and of re-asserting the sovereign's prerogative to appoint ministers without reference to factions in the Diet! Thus at the opening of the twentieth century we have the following situation: the power behind the throne vested in a group of privy councillors, whose capacity is neither denied nor deniable; the power before the throne in a cabinet of nominees, largely independent of parliamentary influence; a semblance of power below the throne in a diet of shifting parties so far negligible as to recall the Duma rather than the Reichstag or the House of Commons. This anomalous arrangement springs from a crucial fact, which underlies much that is perplexing to a foreigner in Japanese politics: to wit, the gulf that divides leaders from led. The former are intellectual, highly trained, self-reliant; the latter superstitious, inexperienced, submissive. If Mr. Watson's gloomy prognostications should be averted, that result will be due to the efficiency of national education in bridging this gulf.

But our author attaches to political phenomena less importance than to moral and spiritual assumptions, which, if plausibly asserted, are far less certain of acceptance. Starting with the proposition that European progress "has been achieved solely or mainly by aid of the leverage, which Christianity as a system of dogma offered to our fathers," he concludes:

The strength and the potency of the world remain with Europe. They do not find a new centre, a re-organisation or a reconcentration in Japan. For in Europe—in the mind and in the heart of Europe—there is a concept and image of the Universal that guarantees the essential permanence of the European idea against every particular type and every peculiar originality.

That is, the Japanese must eventually go under, because he has no use for dogma or "saving truth." Philosophy he regards as an intellectual, but not an intelligent amusement. His mind is apprehensive, not comprehensive; his guiding principles are concerned with local and practical results. Accordingly, in Mr. Watson's eyes, the national superstitions, which have hitherto fallen far short of universal dogmas, must eventually succumb to these. One by one the religious counterfeits, in which these unfortunate heretics have put their trust, are examined and found wanting. Bushido—the Way of the Warrior—makes chiefly for military virtues and has already become

anachronistic—a "moral curiosity." Buddhism and Shintoism have lost their hold on the rationalistic upper classes, while their common and most popular belief, expressed in the worship of ancestors, is bound up with the supposed divine origin of the Imperial Family, which belief, in its turn, depends on mythological records, exposed more and more to the assaults of historical criticism. Confucian ethics are dissolving in moral chaos, and thus Japan's only hope of success in this world and salvation in the next, lies in response to the appeal of "the Christ-personality." But this must be dissociated from ecclesiasticism of the Western type, since even Japanese converts declare that "Christianity will first have to become 'Japanised' before Japan can be Christianised."

Now to impartial readers two considerations will at once suggest themselves as impairing the force of these assumptions. Is it so certain that European progress rests on religious dogma? Has not recent history rather illustrated the divorce of dogmatic tenets from public policy? Do we not find Lord Cromer stemming the flow of missionaries into the Soudan, the Kaiser throwing his ægis over Islam, the orthodox Czar protecting the Buddhist Buriats of Central Asia? It requires some courage to deny that quite secular and local appetites have played a prominent part in European politics of at least the last two centuries. Then, again, we think too much stress is laid on the "moral chaos," caused by the contact of Asiatic creeds with scientific thought. Should a Japanese seek to harmonise the generalisations of science with the postulates of religion, he would find Buddhism far more elastic than Christianity, as Lafcadio Hearn perceived. And, if he were moved to speculate on the future of Europe, he would find divergences of creed and conduct numerous enough to warrant him in applying the term "moral chaos" to any but the most retrograde of western races. Happily, in both hemispheres, humanity has a habit of sloughing dogmas and adapting itself to a new environment without any general sense of convulsive disturbance.

So far from being handicapped in the international struggle for existence by a disinclination to foster "a concept of the Universal," the founders of modern Japan owe perhaps their success in no small measure to this very distrust of the Absolute, of abstract theories. Their politicians are no more committed to any theory of inalienable rights than their generals to one of infallible strategy. Their education is not hindered by the theological bickering nor their art confused by humanitarian motives. In every department of life is the same careful choice of means to ends, the same wise economy of intellectual and emotional effort. Their very patriotism—so prodigal of self-sacrifice—is not more passionate than utilitarian.

Yet, though one may dissent from Mr. Watson's conclusions (perhaps on account of a bias as purely personal as his own) full justice should be rendered to the absorbing and stimulating qualities of his book. In it the salient characteristics of Japanese life and mentality are admirably brought out. It is refreshing to find them not merely reported or lauded, as is the fashion of most English writers, but subjected to independent criticism. The effect of his statement is occasionally marred by fanciful phrases and vague terminology, but it is long since we encountered so interesting and well-informed an attempt to solve the riddle of the Nipponian Sphinx.

OSMAN EDWARDS.

"DICK" SEDDON

The Life of Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand.
By JAMES DRUMMOND. (Siegle.)

THERE is a gap in the ranks of the Colonial Premiers attending the conference of 1907—a gap which no other man in the British Empire can easily fill. "Dick"

Seddon, the father of his little people in far-off New Zealand, was the most notable figure in the last Colonial Conference. His vigour and vehemence gave such an impression of vitality that it was impossible to connect with him the idea of sudden death. But there is a law of irony that governs these things. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the fragile and delicate figure of the last conference, has come back with renewed health. Mr. Richard Seddon, the great burly miner, has died suddenly and dramatically at the height of his power.

No man can quite take his place. He represented the immense, vigorous optimism of the younger branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. He brought to this country the breath of a younger world. Accustomed to invariable success in his smaller sphere, he displayed a self-confidence which irritated those used to larger and more complex problems. This country was glad enough of his help during the South African War, but it did not receive so willingly his exhortations to social reform. He went home from the last Colonial Conference a rather disappointed man. He was puzzled and troubled by the old country. He did not understand her ways. But nothing daunted him; and he looked forward with unabated hope to the conference of 1907.

This biography by Mr. James Drummond, a distinguished journalist of New Zealand, deals only with the externals of the man, and gives no more information than is already in the possession of every intelligent New Zealander. But it will be read with the closest attention in this country—and rightly, for it records a very remarkable and astonishing life. No wonder that Mr. Seddon wore himself out. The only surprising thing is that he lasted so long. For he did everything himself. He rose, entirely by his own energy, from the position of a gold-digger to that of a Prime Minister. He held that position for thirteen years. He held his party together without a single failure, and prevented in New Zealand the rise of that disturbing third party of labour which has distracted Australian politics. But all this was but the outer political machine side of his work. What he really did, as a statesman, was to transform the New Zealand State from a *laissez faire* community of old-fashioned mind into a State approaching as nearly to the ideal of a socialistic Utopia as any now existing on the face of the world. He became, in actual and literal fact, the "father of his people." There was no side of their lives that he considered alien from his interest. He created departments for looking after the New Zealander in almost every action of his life; and he looked after all those departments himself. At the end of his life he was at the head of seven departments of State!

No man could stand such a life. But he would have preferred such an end himself—to wear out rather than rust out, as the saying has it. He ruled a little people, but he did a great work. He was the pioneer of the empire. He plunged ahead through the jungle, tomahawk in hand, and tore a way for the poor and humble through the thick undergrowth of interest and prejudice that makes the lives of the masses so hard for them in every settled country. He found New Zealand a young country, but about to enter upon the old path. Lancashire-born, he knew what the life of the European poor was like, and he determined that the New Zealand poor man should not live the same life. He made up his mind that New Zealand should mean something new to the world—should voice a new hope. It was not easy, for he had many vested interests to fight even there. But he was from the beginning a man of singular daring. Perhaps his boldest act was his famous blow for the aged poor—Mr. Seddon's Old Age Pensions Act that has now become famous—but it was not easily passed. It was twice rejected. There was the party who desired a contributory system after the German model. There was the party who desired a universal system for rich and poor. Mr. Seddon was equally opposed to both. His object was to establish a civic right to relief on behalf of the aged poor. His system has now been in operation for

ten years, and it has worked so well that it is about to be adopted by the Australian Federal Parliament. Perhaps in the end Great Britain will have to follow in his steps.

But Mr. Seddon's Pensions scheme forms but a very small part of the great social policy developed in New Zealand through the last ten years. That famous Arbitration Law which has saved New Zealand from strikes and lock-outs for a decade was passed by Mr. W. P. Reeves under Mr. Seddon's guidance. But since Mr. Reeves—leaving a country too small for two kings—came to England, Mr. Seddon has done all his work himself. The immensity of his labours is shown by the bare fact that he introduced five hundred and fifty bills himself and placed one hundred and eighty on the Statute Book. His consolidated Factory Act, that of 1901, is a model labour law, alike for men, women, and children. His Labour-Bureaux have helped forty-five thousand New Zealanders to gain employment. But he was never content, never at peace. His bold, active mind was always exploring ahead into new fields of social legislation. He nationalised the railways, and used them boldly for land settlement and social purposes. He opened State coal-mines, and brought down the price of coal for the poor. He founded a State free insurance system. He turned the State into the chief trustee of the Colony. He passed a model Shop Assistants Act, which now ensures health and a tolerable existence to every New Zealander serving in a shop. He fixed a minimum wage for children—five shillings a week the first year, rising by increments of three shillings up to twenty shillings. He allowed his towns, if they wished, to rate on unimproved values. When he died, he had just established State maternity homes for New Zealand mothers and was seriously tackling the problem of infant mortality in his own audacious way. He dared to the very end.

Such achievements meant a life of incessant strain. Mr. Seddon never spared himself. He was here, there, and everywhere—speaking, admonishing, persuading. But no one ever dreamed of his dying suddenly. He seemed so vital. Even London still remembers how Mr. Seddon roused them with a cheer which reverberated from end to end of the hall. There was scarcely a New Zealander who had not felt, at some time of his life, happier for Mr. Seddon's work. "Dick will see to that" was the common phrase of the New Zealander in a difficulty. His death is to them the loss of a father. Has he left behind him any man able to take up his burden?

HAROLD SPENDER.

ROMA REDIVIVA

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Translated by ALFRED E. ZIMMERN, M.A. 2 vols. (Heinemann, 17s. net.)

Insufficiency of original and trustworthy materials [said Grote in the preface to his great history of Greece] not only limits the amount of information which an historian [of Greece] can give to his readers—compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank—but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is constantly obtruding itself and requiring a decision which, whether favourable or unfavourable, always introduces more or less of controversy; and gives to those outlines, which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous, a faint and faltering character. Expressions of qualified and hesitating affirmation are repeated until the reader is sickened; while the writer himself . . . is frequently tempted to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counterbalancing considerations and to substitute a pleasing romance in place of half-known and perplexing realities.

THERE is no fear of the reader being sickened by "qualified and hesitating affirmation" in reading Signor Ferrero's history of Rome, for Signor Ferrero handles his authorities with no tender hand. True, the sources for Roman history flow more clearly and more continuously than those from which Grote had to draw. But there is more than this in the difference. To Grote history was the setting out of ascertained facts or their qualified

approximation in due order, as a lawyer sets out a brief. To the author of these volumes history is drama, with its characters, its passions, its plot and its setting—above all with its exquisite irony, the analytical fore-knowledge of a Greek tragedy-chorus of which he is the leader. Roman history is no longer a weary catalogue of wars and laws, of risings and assassinations, sprinkled with names which by their very schoolday familiarity have become meaningless. Still less is it the blind hero-worship of a single personality to whom is ascribed a purpose and ambition beyond all human likelihood.

For history is the gigantic jest of Fate upon humanity. It is true that individuals make history, but how or whose, they themselves can never tell. Cæsar, diving headlong into debt, could never have foreseen that his embarrassments would found a world-empire. Lucullus, working his legions to desperation in Asia, did not dream that his name would come down to history as a synonym for the glories of the table rather than for those of the tented field. Crassus, piling up his millions and balancing his accounts, fussing over the health of his children or planning Parthian conquests, could not dream that the young libertine whom he financed would overshadow him, the hard-headed man of business. Pompey, winning easy triumphs here, there, and everywhere, had no fore-warning of his ultimate place in the history that seemed to ring with his name.

Still less could the farmer, who substituted vine and olive for corn, and to whom the influx of slave-labour came as a welcome relief from personal toil, realise that his individual action would in the long run alter the whole economic balance of the Roman world, and force the Roman state to the unwilling acquisition of territory beyond the seas. Each man worked for himself, and all together forced the hand of history, though the card that fell was not the one that was expected.

But Signor Ferrero is a looker-on at this game of cross-purposes, who can use the eyes of his mind. He overlooks all the hands at once, and his book is the result of his observation, not of the platitudes of result, but of the human elements of process. In reading this book of his, we must feel that it is not the game that matters, but the players; for we can but see that the game was not what they meant it to be, but what Fate knew it must be. Yet every one of those players, each with his qualities, of greed, ambition, lust, pride, obstinacy, or other, was necessary to the evolution of the game that he played blindfold.

Amid the accidents and confusion of history, men criticise events from their immediate results, they instinctively resent the loss of anything that is dear to them; and they stand continually in dread of an utter and final extinction, amid the suspense and vicissitudes of an age that is slowly dying and an age that is coming to birth. For the fitful and mysterious movements of history are like the alternations of night and day in the far Northern summer—a long, almost endless, day, a long twilight, then the extinction of all the visible world in the total darkness of a brief midnight; then again the long twilight of morning, heralding the dawn of a new light over the world. But when he has lived through the splendour and sunshine of a familiar civilisation and watched its slow decline in the darkness, man thinks that the light is quenched for ever and turns back in a blind and instinctive despair to worship the sun of a vanished day.

So the author defines the "conservative instinct," that most potent brake upon the wheel of remorseless progress, and again and again as we read on, the definition rises in our minds. It explains the death of the Gracchi, the ruthless consistency of Sulla, the ultimate failure of Pompey. It all comes to this: that the main qualification of the history-maker is blindness to all save the immediate present—make that how you will, the future makes itself.

His *dramatis personæ* are all living men.

Lucullus was one of the few who, in a world of unscrupulous adventurers, represented with sincerity and conviction the one respectable element in Sulla's government, the primitive and genuine aristocratic tradition which had been brought back to power with such disappointing results;

and it is with a genuine sympathy that one reads how

"the man who two years before had dominated Asia like a second Alexander, became in his own camp the butt and laughing stock of his soldiers."

The story of Crassus runs like a romance of millions through the pages of this history. With all his pettifoggish meanness, with all his underground methods of political attack, Crassus was yet a man, a fine type of Roman, and Signor Ferrero's portrait of "the elderly banker, buckling on the sword," though touched with kindly humour, yet betrays his admiration for the "man of great gifts—able and active, though self-centred and lacking in generosity," of whom he says that "destiny had chosen him to be the first victim of the megalomania of his countrymen."

After the great part that Crassus has played in the history of his time, it is with dramatic suddenness that the end comes.

And when death suddenly stared him in the face amid the mountains of Armenia, far from his family and his home, like a criminal given but a few minutes to prepare for his fate, he revealed no sign of weakness . . . He set out with an escort and was killed on the 9th of June.

That use of the bare date is the touch of a born dramatist.

But, of course, Cæsar is the central figure in these volumes, and it is in drawing this character that the dramatist-historian is most happy. It is with difficulty that we refrain from quoting whole pages of this brilliant contribution to the world's portrait-gallery of great men. Cæsar the student and romancer at Rhodes, Cæsar the hot-headed young blood in Rome, piling up debt and outraging decorum, yet boldly refusing to divorce the young wife he loved—Cæsar the noisy demagogue, the electioneer, the conqueror of Gaul, the world-power; Cæsar pitifully dead—from first to last it is the portrait, not of a mere historical lay-figure, nor of a relentless, conscious instrument of fate, but of an exceptionally quick-witted, and an exceptionally lucky—*man*.

And when he fell

Rome was wrapped in funereal silence, like a city of the dead. All parties were afraid of one another.

Parthia was saved. The Archdestroyer had himself been cut down at the moment when he was setting out to conquer the Empire of Parthia and set Rome on the road trodden by Alexander. For this was the dream which had absorbed all his energies during the last months of his life, while the rumours as to his monarchical ambitions were probably nothing more than inventions or at least exaggerations on the part of his enemies. How he would have acted on his return, supposing he returned victorious, no one can say. Perhaps he did not know himself. After all, he had been an opportunist all his life.

We put the book down reluctantly, and with gratitude to Signor Ferrero for his promise of more. For these two volumes contain but "a history of the age of Cæsar, from the death of Sulla to the Ides of March," and are but the beginning of the scheme sketched by the author in his preface. If he completes that scheme as worthily as he has begun it, he will have written a more living, a more actual, history of Rome than any we have encountered up to now, and we can only hope for him and for ourselves that the task of translation may remain in Mr. Zimmermann's hands.

THE SEEING EYE

Days in Cornwall. By C. LEWIS HIND. With illustrations by WILLIAM PASCOE. (Methuen, 6s.)

REFLECTIVE readers of "Days in Cornwall" will be almost as grateful to Mr. Hind for what he has not done as for what he has done. He might so easily have filled up his book with fairy tales about giants and legends about saints which are only Cornish in the sense that they are also Irish, and could be bettered by anybody with half a grain of imagination; or with smuggling stories which might just as well have happened at Deal. Most Cornish smuggling stories are W. W. Jacobs's stories with a Newlyn or a St. Ives accent. It is worth remembering, by the way, when you talk of Cornwall, to be sure whether you mean the Cornwall of, say, Mevagissey or

Bodmin or St. Just: they are, as Mr. Hind has recognised, very different Cornwalls. Whether he writes about "the interminable sand-dunes of Perranporth" or the flower gardens of Lamorna, or the hoary stones of Carn Kenidzhak, Mr. Hind has wisely ignored most of the things that superficial people call "so delightfully and typically Cornish, don't you know." He has observed the sound rule: if you want to get a vivid impression of a place, avoid the local "character" as you would avoid a pestilence. Is there, then, no peculiarly Cornish character? Yes, there is, and Mr. Hind has got it into the pages of his book. It would be pathetic were it not so natural how even intelligent Cornishmen fail to recognise their essential differences from the inhabitants of the rest of England. The legends they tell, the local customs they laboriously keep alive are generally pointless in this connection, but let them sell you a horse or judge you on a jury or play football against you, or even direct you on your way, and the deep racial characteristics come out. It is the fashion to scoff at the reality of racial types. Everything, say the authorities, depends on environment. But it is precisely environment—using the word even in its widest sense—that tends to keep the Cornishman distinct. His differences are being constantly renewed. When the Cornishman isn't getting on at home he doesn't go to the nearest big town, he goes to Africa or America or Siberia. San Francisco, Irkutsk, Copiapó—these, and not London or Manchester, are the important factors in the Cornishman's larger environment. Every week, from West Cornwall alone, an average of thirty men emigrate to South Africa. And they nearly all come back again and, as Mr. Hind says, "build a little granite house in the environs of Camborne or Redruth." During the Russo-Japanese War, when London dailies were printing confusing maps of Manchuria, quiet men in Cornish villages were detailing to their companions first-hand information about the places involved. Less affected by common national influences, Cornwall is more directly touched by international influences than any other part of England.

The thing which is consciously and deliberately kept alive is very seldom the real thing. Real things have a way of surviving on their own account, though by a sort of self-protective instinct they take on the superficial colouring of their changing environment. It is to this real character, to these subtle differences which make up the enduring fascination of Cornwall, that Mr. Hind has given attentive eye and ear. He writes frankly as an outsider, he assumes no special knowledge. He gives you that most valuable of all writing, the personal impression frankly stated. Above all he has preserved his faculty of wonder. Occasionally, as is only natural, this leads him to set down with pains and gravity as remarkable something which might have happened to him in Gloucestershire or Kent. But that only proves his sincerity, his determination to ignore preconceived notions, to see what he sees and not what he wants to see.

The plan of his book is admirable. Regarding Cornwall objectively before he began to explore it, he recognised that its essential characteristics as a piece of land are its coast-line and its hills. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, by the way, has unconsciously summed up Cornwall in the title of his recent book "Hills and the Sea." Starting from Saltash—the gate of Cornwall—Mr. Hind walked up the Tamar valley and on to Marsland Mouth—the northern extremity of the Devon and Cornwall boundary. Thence he walked by the north coast to St. Ives, round the Land's End, and back by the south coast to Saltash again. Then, starting from Launceston, which lies in the very middle of the Devon and Cornwall boundary, he zig-zagged through the interior of the county, from hill to hill, visiting all the important towns and villages by the way. The advantage of this itinerary is that the six sections of his book are a series of clear and coherent pictures. He has followed the drawing of the

land, so to speak. Finally, recognising that the essence of Cornwall has run into the end of the bag, as it were, he has given a special section to Western Cornwall; the Promontory of Penwith, almost an island, cut off from the rest of the county by a wide valley running from Hayle to Marazion. Here are the greatest number of prehistoric remains, here are the flower-farms and here are the two most important fishing-towns.

Not less surely than he has gripped the topographical features of the county Mr. Hind has seized upon the character of its people. Take this picture of the underground man—the miner—whom he meets in the little inn on the old road between St. Ives and Penzance.

Lank, dark-visaged, with the remote look of the mystic in his eyes, he came quietly into the bar-parlour and sat bolt upright in a high chair. He ordered nothing. He shrank neither from the fire, nor from the draught. Heat, cold, frost, snow, fog, were the same to him. There is no weather in a mine.

As this passage indicates Mr. Hind has paid as much attention to the casual person he met by the way, the hotel waiter, the mining engineer, the artist, the farmer, as to the local "lion"—whether church, cromlech, cliff-castle or "view"—and consequently his book is full of human interest. In questions of history or archæology instead of adding confusion by vain speculations of his own, he has frankly and wisely quoted the special authorities.

"Days in Cornwall" is a tempting book to quote from. Perhaps the description of Launceston Church gives Mr. Hind at his best.

In those dim moments, before the lamp over the south porch was lighted, it was enough to feel the beauty of the long body of this church, and to let the eye roam over the weathered granite, wonderful with carvings of sacred or heraldic significance, and to remember him who gave this monument of grief to Cornwall—Sir Henry Trecarell, manorial lord of Trecarell in Lezant.

... I saw it that night as Trecarell made it, all but the tower, which belongs to the old fourteenth-century church that stood upon the site. He left that untouched, bewildered and broken in spirit, it is said, by the "religious disturbances of the Reformation."

Strange looked those grey, grievful carvings on the Church of St. Mary Magdalen in the half light, the Trecarell arms mingling with Mary's minstrels, the figures of bears, an eagle, a pelican and a carved prayer.

... Then in a stride came the dark, and I saw only the effect of that loveliness of carving, a church raised by the dead, yet alive with menacing mystery and communications to the living. And while I gazed, out of the darkness came the lamplighter, who set his fire within the glass lamp that hangs from the corner of the south porch, near the symbol of the extinguished torch, and the rays illumined the scroll held by two angels above the roses of York and Lancaster, and on the scroll is carved An. Dom. M.C.CCCCXI. That was the year when Trecarell turned from his desolate house in the world and sought to build, in Cornish granite, a mansion in the City of God.

Mr. Hind has been fortunate in his illustrator. Mr. William Pascoe's drawings are not only beautiful pictures but they are full of the spirit of place. The whole atmosphere of Western Cornwall is summed up in the picture facing page 312. A brown hillside, an abandoned mine-building, an unfenced, winding road, little fields, intakes from the moor—set like jewels in their furzy hedges—and in the foreground an old Cornish Cross. The other illustrations in the book are photographs and frankly topographical with the exception of two excellent studies, one of wandering cattle, the other of a wave breaking against the backs of houses in St. Ives, by Mr. Herbert Lanyon.

"Days in Cornwall" is neither a rehash of legends and stories nor a mere guide-book, though it ought to go into the knapsack of every visitor to the Duchy. Those who know Cornwall will be grateful to Mr. Hind for having preserved within the pages of a book so much of its charm, while those who do not may be strongly recommended to begin their exploration under his guidance.

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON

The Fall of Napoleon. By OSCAR BROWNING. (Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE weekly book on Napoleon is becoming a bore, there is no doubt of it. During the last two or three years there have been published books by the score, dealing with almost every aspect of Napoleon's work and character; and very few of them have attained to any permanent value as historical works. Mr. Browning's new book is a personal history of Napoleon between the years 1813 and 1815, and the author does not claim therein to bring to light new facts, but to summarise the results of other people's researches. His book is, however, more valuable than might be expected, because he gives for the first time in English a view of Napoleon's character and conduct, largely founded upon the work of M. Albert Sorel, rather different from that generally accepted in this country. He shows, for example, that Napoleon could not have acted otherwise than he did when he refused to accept terms of peace during the armistice of 1813. Of course many chapters in the book are necessary for the continuity of the story; but they are at the same time inadequate as history, or unnecessary to the student, as the subject dealt with has been so lately treated by other writers. In the latter class comes the chapter on Elba, a very interesting chapter, which will probably be passed over by those who have kept up with Napoleonic literature, since M. Gruyer's book on that phase was published only the other day. The chapters on the Waterloo campaign, on the other hand, fall into the former category. They cannot by reason of the small space allotted to them be adequate; it would be absurd to compare them with M. Houssaye's great work, but even when compared with lesser things, such as the chapters on that campaign in the "Cambridge Modern History," they do not appear in a very favourable light. It is curious to find Mr. Browning giving the "Up guards, and at them!" story with never a word to say that the authenticity of the order has been disputed; it is interesting because it makes one hesitate to accept his facts for which he gives no authority. He has an eye for the picturesque, a failing common to many historians but seldom found to be of advantage. Had he dealt with the battle of Austerlitz he would no doubt have made the most of the so-called ice-incident, following the story of Marbot and Ségur, which has by now become so famous that even the most prosaic writers have accepted it without question. Mr. Browning, however, does give a version of "The Guard dies, but does not surrender," which is vastly entertaining but which we should blush to repeat. We should like to know its origin.

As a whole the book is useful. The tale is clearly told, but without the help of maps, and it is told moreover with rare self-restraint. The opinions of the author seldom intrude; the opinions of those whom he follows appear unfortunately more often. Occasionally the glamour of the subject has seized Mr. Browning so that he becomes almost apostrophic. In one paragraph he writes:

Napoleon was an incomparable financier, as he was the greatest of all generals and nearly the greatest of all diplomatists.

A few lines later he is moved again to state:

He may be regarded as one of the ablest financiers whom history can record.

If Mr. Browning had omitted his interjections, we should have liked his book better; for after all they only prove that he, like most of us, is a hero-worshipper. But we have suffered so much from indifferent books on this subject that we are compelled to be grateful for this, which is decidedly an advance on the same author's work on the youth of his hero.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Atonement and Personality. By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D.; *Ministerial Priesthood.* By R. C. MOBERLY, D.D. (Murray, each 6s. net.)

MR. JOHN MURRAY has done well to issue a new and cheaper edition of Canon Moberly's well-known works on the Atonement and Priesthood. Dr. Moberly is essentially a sound man. He has nothing of the extremist about him, and is a firm upholder of the *via media* of the Church of England. At a time when the fundamental doctrines of historical Christianity are being attacked on all sides many will welcome Dr. Moberly's masterly exposition of the doctrine of the Atonement. Of the priesthood he writes that "the basis of a true understanding of Church ministry is a true understanding of the Church." His volumes, though primarily intended for theological students, can be read with equal pleasure and profit by the layman.

Companions in the Sierra. By CHARLES RUDY. (Lane, 6s.)

To follow the ancient advice "Beware of one who apologises—the serpent draws back its head to strike" would be instantly to suspect a book which possesses, as does this, a dedication (to an ass): an introduction (by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Grahame, who is himself so excellently qualified to write a book about Spain); a preface (by the author); and still another chapter "By Way of Introduction" (also by the author). So much pother about the beginning would overweight a book of heavier calibre than this lightly written and occasionally too artless sketch of the travels in Spain of a modern Don Quixote. The "Companions" of the title are Perico the wise ass, and its rider Don Casimiro Gonzalez y Bartoleme de la Torre, mercantile clerk of Madrid, who after years of subjection in his office, and of domestic bullying by his shrewish mother and sister, answered to the call of the mountains and shook the dust of the city off his feet. The story is Mr. Charles Rudy's excuse for relating his personal experiences of the Sierras of Guaderrama and Gredas. There is no reason why the fear of plagiarism should have been the occasion of so much artifice, for Mr. Rudy is genuinely interesting in his pictures of simple Spanish life and peasant character—of charcoal burners in their forest huts, of evenings in wayside *ventas*, of the courtesies and curiosities of Castilian villagers, and of the wisdom of the ass Perico. There is a charm in his description of the long roads, white under the high Spanish sun and the glory of voldepeñas wine, "a lightly tinged claret, in appearance as harmless as mare's milk, though in reality stronger than champagne." But Casimiro, the suddenly awakened prophet of the simple life, is rather a tiresome person in his moods and tenses, unless indeed he be intended to show how much better such things are done by Cervantes.

The Aran Islands. By J. M. SYNGE. (Dublin: Maunsell, 5s. net.)

THE Aran Islands, it is probably necessary to remind the ignorant Saxon, are three small islands lying off the west coast of Ireland, about thirty miles from Galway. The largest is about nine miles long, and the inhabitants, who are for the most part still strangely primitive, gain their living by burning kelp, fishing, and tilling their scant fields, though the soil is so poor that a field hardly produces more grain than is needed for seed in the following year, and the straw is all the profit.

Of his four visits to these islands, Mr. Synge, the author of *The Playboy of the Western World*, the play that caused so much disturbance at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has written an attractive book, which, while relating his experiences simply and without literary artifice, is rendered charming by the author's sympathy with the kindly men and women of whom he writes.

Mr. Synge has a fine eye for colour, and he has painted a truthful though sombre picture of the islands, with their grey clouds, and grey seas, and slaty limestone rocks, the men dressed in indigo and grey, and the women in red petticoats with grey shawls twisted round their heads. There is little division of labour on these barren rocks; every man is a good sailor, an expert fisherman, sufficiently wise in agriculture to till his poor fields, clever enough with his hands to make a cradle or a coffin. They dwell in thatched cottages, whose chief room, the kitchen, has an earth floor and open rafters and two doors facing each other, one open and one shut according to the wind. In this room the men sit on the wet foggy days that are so frequent on these desolate islands, drinking, perhaps, the grey poteen in a haze of turf smoke, and listening to the wonderful tales of the old men or talking endlessly of tides and fish and the price of kelp in Connemara. But in all the speech of this simple folk there sounds a note of despondency, a sadness of things passing. For their growing sons leave the islands nowadays for America or the mainland, unwilling that like their fathers before them they should spend their days in snatching a poor livelihood from the winds and the sea. Even here the Gaelic seems to be dying out, and the younger men are no longer ready to believe in the fairies, whose strange hatred of the human race colours so many of the stories that Mr. Synge has collected from the old men of the islands. Progress, which may not spare either beauty or simplicity, is reaching these primitive men and women at last, and we therefore owe a double debt to Mr. Synge for having written this book before it was too late, and for having written it so well. Mr. J. B. Yeats contributes some clever illustrations.

THE PARIS SALONS

DECIDEDLY the one painter in France, represented at the Paris Salons, who knows how to paint is M. Louis Anquetin. Perhaps it is for this reason that the hanging committee of the Société des Beaux Arts has skied his portrait of *Docteur Robin*, and hidden away under the cupola in the worst possible light his admirable *Portrait de Mégard*, which is one of the most solid and masterly productions of this or any age, and alone of all its contemporaries worthy to be hung beside a Velasquez or a Franz Hals, or, indeed, any of the great craftsmen of what one might call, for want of a better name, the antediluvian period—in which circumstance it would most successfully hold its own, neither yielding nor taking, but maintaining, with the proper distances, the courteous but stately demeanour proper to the self-respecting partner in some old-fashioned minuet.

Alas! of what other pictures in the Salons could so much be said? Take "any old thing," so to speak, from our national galleries, some unnamed little masterpiece of the Italian, or Flemish, or old French schools, and give it a good place in either of the Paris Salons and what a *débâcle* there would be, what a stampede, what an explosion of soap-suds, how all these moderns would, to use the French expression, "break camp," or disappear like last year's flies into greasy spots upon the walls! We honestly believe it, only the little old gentleman of the Middle Ages and M. Louis Anquetin would be left behind to exchange a polite bow and smile. No wonder that the committee of the Société des Beaux Arts has tried to put him in the corner, *en pénitence*—this *enfant terrible*! In the kingdom of the one-eyed the two-eyed man is both a constant reproach and a public danger, for his very existence is subversive to the social order, a *lèse majesté*, a monstrous and blasphemous pretence to visual superiority over the whole of a respectable humanity cast by providence in a one-eyed mould. If M. Louis Anquetin is in the right, then all the others are in the wrong, and that, surely, is advancing a great deal. Would you really have these

gentlemen begin their business all over again? Remember that many of them are already middle-aged, and others greatly advanced in years. Official and popular recognition is theirs. Honours and distinctions have been showered upon them. They are members of the Institute and grand crosses of the Legion of Honour. Kings and queens dispute the privilege of being their sitters. Their coffers are literally overflowing with the dollars of American millionaires. You do not mean seriously to contend that *they cannot paint*! Well, if they can, there were some very eminent masters of painting who, curiously enough, are still universally acknowledged as such, among them Rembrandt, Rubens, to mention a couple of the ancients, Gainsborough and Delacroix, to drop down into more modern times, who either could not or would not paint, who were either strangely ignorant or obstinately perverse, for certainly nothing that they ever did, or tried to do, resembles in the remotest degree from the point of view of construction, or technique of painting the mud-pies of M. Léon Bonnat or M. Rochegrosse's ice-creams.

Anquetin seems to us to have solved almost wholly the problem of paint considered as the medium of coloured pictorial expression under conditions which establish a complete and lasting work of art. He has achieved, if not entirely, at least to a very great, to a brilliant and triumphant, degree, the suppleness, the solidity of construction which were the secrets of the old masters, and distinguish them so completely from the moderns. How admirable is the *ensemble* of his *Docteur Robin*! How transparent the colours, bright with a hidden fire within the picture and of it! the lights not being daubed on as a kind of superficial finish to the general effect, which is one modern manner, or achieved by ephemeral trickery which is another, but animating every inch of the canvas. And what backgrounds he gets! And then the facility and masterliness of it all! What other painter in these two exhibitions comes within shouting distance of Anquetin in respect of "giving to all matter its appropriate nature," which is the acknowledged goal, not always reached, of M. Carolus Duran, and the art and science of which enabled Rubens to paint with unimpeachable masterliness a square yard of canvas every day? It is but right to add that M. Leonard Sarluis, a much younger painter than M. Louis Anquetin, comes very close to him in power of technique and brilliant manipulation of colour, but the visitor to the Paris Salons will have no opportunity this year of examining his work, which has been most unjustly excluded. Inspired by the same conscientious aims, by the same contempt for the French academic methods which M. Auguste Rodin has always professed in sculpture, there is little doubt, however, that these two earnest and highly gifted men, M. Louis Anquetin and M. Sarluis, will sooner or later obtain the recognition and reap the reward which is certainly their due, a recognition for which in a parallel case M. Rodin has had to wait so long.

And truly of all the sculpture in the two Salons what is there of first-class interest outside of M. Rodin's "*Homme en Marche*"? His three female busts are marvels of subtlety and delicacy of expression. They are humanised marble. They show M. Rodin at his best as an interpreter of Nature in her most intimately graceful suggestions of line and volume. By an incredibly clever manipulation of shadows the sculptor has put living expression into the eyes of his two female heads. This effect may not be of the highest artistic quality; there is just a little disquieting note of trickery about it; but it is ineffably beautiful. In strong contrast with the refined detail of these busts is the splendid vigour of the "*Homme en Marche*." The sculptor has contented himself with developing the movement with its implied form of the thighs and legs of a mature masculine figure in the act of walking. The rest of the headless and armless body is merely roughly outlined, constituting a partial framework of puissant suggestive effect above the marvellously modelled limbs. M. Rodin has been reproached by certain

French critics for leaving formless so large a portion of the figure, but these objections come from people who fail to perceive that an artist is under no obligation to achieve more than he sets out to perform. M. Rodin, in spite of certain rival claims, may be looked upon as the pioneer in modern sculpture of that ingenious art of shadow manipulation for the purpose of obtaining vivid effects of colour and expression which he has so successfully used in the above-mentioned busts, and among his most intelligent disciples in the application of this method, Herr Arnold Hechberg, whose "L'Oubli," a head carved in high relief in an antique marble column, has, thanks to the shadows which fall mainly from the brow, an expression of magnificent and classical dignity which we shall remember.

The visitor to the Salon of the Société des Beaux Arts should not leave it without admiring the glorious ceramics of Taxile Doat, who, as the inventor of *porcelaine dure* and *grés flammés* in combination, is not only as great a pioneer as was Palissy in his time, but is at the same time an imaginative artist of the highest rank. The mantle of Catullus seems to have fallen upon his shoulders, and he has the gift, so rare among the craftsmen of manual arts, of real poetic conception. It is in fact a poorness of imagination, apart from the poorness of paint, which is another striking characteristic of the hundreds of mediocre paintings which this year crowd the walls of the Société des Artistes Français. Why will the painter try to think?

ROWLAND STRONG.

A PLEA FOR THE MINOR POET

"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"; and just now Tennyson's well-known couplet trips glibly off the tongue of the laughing Philistine. The writers for the comic papers are grinding out their old puerilities, and even the serious and dignified journals harbour sly allusions to the passion-stricken minor poet. For there is a widely prevalent notion that in the month of April the editor's post-bag is loaded down with a stock of impossible odes to skylarks. The minor poet who is content to wait humbly on the slopes of Parnassus, hoping all things, and enduring all things, must now and again feel his gorge rise as the gratuitous sneer passes round. I think that some one should undertake a defence of the minor poet. The mere fact that the adjective is applied at all, not let it be remembered as a means of differentiation, but in a spirit of open ridicule, is in itself an indignity that ought to be very properly resented. Who for example ever heard of any one speak of a minor musician or a minor painter? Yet whilst music and painting merely produce a thing in itself, poetry, if it is good minor poetry, suggests what exists outside the essence of the thing and is capable of much finer gradations of passion and fancy.

The grown man who writes verse is regarded either with good-natured contempt or with indifference, according to the estimate which may have been formed of him by a critical minority, whose verdict is accepted as a matter of course. The average reader is frankly ignorant on the subject of poetry, though if he must occasionally submit to it as in the case of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," he prefers a riot of sentiment or a boisterous jingling measure. And by a strange irony, though he is ignorant of the fact, the very poets to whom he lends a condescending ear are unquestionably minor poets—and very minor indeed at that.

We all know the man who when the subject of poetry is discussed exclaims at once: "Thank goodness! I never wrote a line of poetry in my life"; and the disclaimer is made with that evident sense of relief and thankfulness that might attach to a confession that he had never suffered from an infectious disease. No sooner does a youth

leave off scribbling Latin verses than the world enters into a conspiracy to prevent him ever again lapsing into the habit of verse, be it concerning love or any other passion that surges through the human soul. The attitude is that of the elder Weller: "Poetry is unnatural. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy!" Ridicule, though it may not kill poets (Shelley's "Adonais" notwithstanding), has, I doubt not, brought sharply to a standstill more than one promising youth whose beaming face was turned joyously toward the heights.

A journalistic friend of my own confesses that years ago he laboured with exaltation and joyousness at a spring lyric, and glowing with pride he carried it to the sanctum of a worldly minded editor. "Yes," said the editor solemnly when he had glanced it through, "leave it with me!" Two days later the pair accidentally met. "You may trust me implicitly," whispered the man in authority, "I burnt it, and not a soul shall ever know of its existence." I suspect that my friend, now and long since passed the heyday of youth, joins in the triumph of the Philistines. I know he regards that passionate spring-time lyric as among the indiscretions of an impetuous and hot-headed youth.

But editors are unsympathetic out of all proportion to the trials they undoubtedly have to endure from the wholly illiterate, and a small but extremely pertinacious class of leisured scribblers—clergymen and others—who write verse without the least conception of the rules of the game. The other day a young and enthusiastic poet sent a sonnet to a newspaper of high standing, and to his delight it was published. The editor, whose literary labours are confined to the editorials and who knows nothing of poetry, had no hand in the publication of the poem. Great was his astonishment a few days later when he was effusively greeted by the young poet: "I am delighted that you liked my sonnet. I must thank you for the splendid position you gave it." "Sonnet! sonnet!" exclaimed the bewildered journalist, "what the devil is a sonnet?"

It may be that the mild spirit of contempt which the average workaday journalist feels for the writer with a proclivity for verse is largely induced by the victim himself. Not very long ago a poet of established reputation among the Minors sent off a sixpenny telegram to the editor of a provincial daily paper containing the warning: "Sonnet on 5.20 train." The precious burden (subject to the ordinary freight charges) arrived safe and sound.

Then the Minor Poet is the Cinderella of the magazines. The editors calculate the value of his work with a foot rule, making sure that the poem does not overrun the spare half-page which he cannot otherwise fill. No matter how mighty the line, so far and no further! Was it not the printers' foreman who once brought the blush of pride to the cheek of Kipling, then himself a Minor Poet, by the remark, "I liked that little poem of yours immensely, Mr. Kipling. It just fit the column." One of those familiar rejection forms, cold-blooded printed things, drawn up with almost Oriental politeness, contains the warning that "No poem should exceed thirty lines." And this document emanates from a house that has a reputation for the highest standard of literary taste.

The derisive cry which was hurled at Keats—"Back to your Gallipots"—has always followed the young poet into the solitude of his dreams, vexing his tender soul and making him a furtive beggar at the Gate of Letters. It is no new thing, this contempt for the unhappy man who is moved to rhyme. The Elizabethans were as contemptuous as the educated reader of the twentieth century. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* says: "I began shrewdly to suspect the young men of a terrible taint—Poetry." That word "taint" defines exactly the orthodox view of the divine gift. Almost all speakers and a large majority of writers think it necessary to apologise for quoting poetry in any serious company—and that not necessarily the poetry of the Minor. The

grown man who is known to write it is as much the subject of compassionate interest as a person with an ill-balanced mind or a strange and elusive disease. Yet the world is undoubtedly full of poets; locked up securely in countless desks, hidden away from the irreverent eyes of dearest and nearest, are budgets of odes and sonnets that will never see the light. It is only here and there that a man is seized with the irresistible impulse to give to the world the good thing that has come into his heart rather than that it should slip into the void. He is the Minor Poet; and down from the snow-topped heights of Kosciusko he tumbles into the unfeeling clutches of the Philistines.

Scott, in spite of his own many weak performances, had, I fancy, a mild contempt for the Minor Poet. There is an unfeeling passage in "Rob Roy" which supports the view that it were better for the Minor Poet that he had never been born. "To the memory of Edward, the Black Prince," reads Frank's father in astonishment. "What's all this?—verses! By heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!" "Then," says the writer, "my father read the lines, sometimes with an affectation of not being able to understand the sense—sometimes in a mouthing tone of mock heroic—always with an emphasis of the most bitter irony, most irritating to the nerves of an author." What Minor Poet who does not number among his household such a one—if not father, then, most likely, wife.

I shall always feel grateful to Oliver Wendell Holmes for what he wrote about the Minor Poet. "What is forgotten," he said, "is this: that every poet, even of the humblest grade, is an artist." He does not ask for any more consideration than is bestowed upon the Minor in other arts; he asks, indeed, only to be left alone. But, as matters stand at present, the world would almost deprive him of the benefit of clergy.

ALFRED TURNER.

THE TONE AND THE WORD

ALWAYS of an interest wider than that of the circumscribed and well-tilled field of the student, the old question of the association of music with poetry is assuming, in the light of the ceaseless and often restless experiments of contemporary composers, a new importance. It is strange, perhaps, in view of the comparative maturity of the forms in which the two independent arts are united—song, oratorio, opera—that the æsthetic problems underlying their co-partnership have not been more thoroughly investigated. It would be more strange but for the fact that, in art, practice almost invariably precedes theory, and not infrequently continues and ends in sublime indifference to it. "The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know," wrote Browning in "Abt Vogler"; and the creative artist, pressed unsympathetically for "explanations," must in the end fall back on that position. But it is not therefore the less natural that we should seek to discover, if not from him, the principles to which his work may be related—principles that may serve, incidentally, to determine for us the nature of the new and often strangely fascinating appeal of songs and vocal scores of larger scope written by such unquestioned masters of their craft as Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and Claude Debussy.

Intimate alliance or more, or unequal and half unwilling co-operation: is the former of these alternatives anything better than a deluding dream? "Like perfect music unto noble words," wrote Tennyson in symbol of the ideal mating of man and wife; and the phrase voiced a widely accepted belief in the power of music to enhance the emotional appeal of poetry, to impart to it greater clarity and resonance. According to this conception, poetry is ever the predominant partner, the male of immaculate virtue raised to the highest power of effective expression by a marriage of which not the least satisfying

feature is its indissolubility. And if, as Mr. Hadow has suggested in an essay on Berlioz, all deep emotion, however engendered, is one and the same, the perfect fusion of the two arts—in the language of chemistry, their actual "combination"—should, *a priori*, be realisable in some conditions if not in all.

But the matter is not quite so simple: another, and an apparently opposing consideration has to be taken into account at the outset. In "The School of Giorgione," it will be remembered, Walter Pater contends that the fine arts are not merely independent of each other, but reciprocally exclusive. It is a fundamental error, he tells us, to suppose that all of them draw on a single fixed quantity of imaginative thought: actually, each has its own special quality of beauty, untranslatable into the terms of any other. Each, too, strives to fulfil a condition realised most completely by music in its ideal moments—that of the obliteration of all distinction between manner and matter, between form and content. In other words, each seeks to be self-sufficing, to embody the perfect inheritance of energy in form, the complete saturation of form with energy. And Wagner was giving collateral support to this tenet of Pater's when he wrote, in "Oper und Drama," that musical melody and verse melody are essentially different, and that the composer must take his verses in hand and break up their rhythm as a preliminary to imposing on them a new rhythm conditioned by a musical idiom.

Without regarding this reciprocal exclusiveness as absolute, it must be allowed that it is a basal factor in the problem. Rhythm, in its narrower connotation, can be reproduced in music readily enough: Sullivan has left it on record, for instance, that before looking for a melody for a song he made, in every case, a kind of shorthand *précis* of its scansion. But what may be called the tidal rhythm of a poem is not so easy of expression in other terms. The integral value of the single line and the activity of concrete thought are stubborn material for the alembic of the composer. And, further, the better the poem realises an ideal balance between formal idea and pure emotion, the more intractable it is from the point of view of the acquisitive musician. There is a sense in which it is no more possible to set Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" to music than to set Beethoven's C minor Symphony to words. Who but the merest tradesman among composers would lightly lay hands on:

The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn?

The effect of music on a poem may be compared to the transforming effect of an unfamiliar light on a landscape that, seen for the hundredth time, suddenly takes on a new aspect through some unexpected play of shadow or the like. As Pater, in the essay to which reference has just been made, acutely suggests, the kind of scene that lends itself most easily to this trick of circumstance is that possessed of but little salient character of its own. Whatever Tennyson may have meant to convey by his simile of perfect music and noble words, he has confessed that none of the settings of lines of his own quite satisfied him; and the reason is most probably to be sought in this matter of salient features, in this elusive "special quality of beauty" that, like an evanescent colour in the course of some chemical reaction, defies the heavy-footed pursuit of the analyst.

There was a time when the composer's task seemed relatively easy. Broadly speaking, he regarded the poet as his humble servant: he took his lines, "saw something" in them, and sat down to wait for melodic phrases to which they might be fitted. The adjustment was not often accomplished without violence to the poem; unstressed syllables received strong accents, and lines and sentences were repeated without better reason than the demands of a musical fashion of utterance, or perchance of a mannerism. And this was not surprising when the

composer insisted on being the predominant partner, or when, like Schubert, he poured forth his profuse strains on the pretext of any inspiration, however trivial. But a process of evolution had already set in elsewhere in music, and the song had to give place to the *lied*. Cornelius, for whom Liszt fought so valiantly over "Der Barbier von Bagdad," endeavoured, often with a high degree of success, to bring about a closer union between the high contracting parties of the song as an art-form; and, almost simultaneously, Wagner was pursuing the colossal labours that were to open new territory to the composer of every degree. In the full expression of his genius that *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger* reveal, the voice part is, in his own phrase, as a skiff on a tide of melody, having no *raison d'être* apart from it. Composers of the present generation have not been slow to exploit the possibilities of this great conception. In the *lieder* of Richard Strauss, of Hugo Wolf, and of many another hardy explorer, the weaving of voice part and accompaniment into a continuous and seamless whole is carried to an extraordinary degree of plastic perfection. For any one who has entered into the spirit of certain of their settings, indeed, it becomes almost impossible to think of the poems apart from the music. It is significant that, in many cases, these songs are designated as "for voice and piano" or "for voice and orchestra"; and in view of the actual technical developments that have within living memory taken place in music—notably the virtual displacement of the old diatonic scale by the chromatic, and the enormously enhanced sense of tone-colour values—it is not unreasonable to hold that the work of Debussy, Max Reger, and the few bold spirits who may roughly be classed as of their "school," represents a real advance in intimacy of expression, in the fineness of truth in which, according to a well-known definition, beauty consists.

We are still far from having heard the last word on the problem. Developments in music as yet unforeseen may establish a new centre of gravity in song-writing—and even to-day there looms before us the possibility of the introduction of eastern scales, or of quarter-tones, or both, into our system. When these shall have had their effect, and the so-called natural inflections of the voice shall have been more scientifically studied, shall we be within sight of a new art, an organic union of two hitherto known in the relation of parallel lines or of circle and tangent? It may be doubted. The two can blend, like alien substances in an emulsion, so intimately as perfectly to satisfy the æsthetic palate; but that they can ever become one would seem to be a dream of the speculative imagination in quest of marvels. For in the practice of all the arts there must be a convention, a postulate, a "let it be granted"; and if the end of each is "to speak the highest wisdom in a language the reason does not understand," we are hardly justified in looking for a synthesis, a universal language in which each will no longer acknowledge responsibilities to its own material.

HOWARD BAYLES.

THE INCOMPLETE BOOKSELLER

THERE is in Naples a Swedish bookseller who will tell any travelling Englishman all he wants to know about modern English books. Whether the Swede knows very much about books himself is another matter, but he knows quite enough to act as guide, philosopher and friend—and long practice has made him a master of these parts—to the tourist. He has another quality, more valuable, and one which enables him to sustain the others, that of being thankful for and eager to profit by such information about books as the traveller may give him in passing. Thus what he has learnt from the man who left yesterday he hands on to the man who arrives to-day. And what he knows about English books he

knows equally about French, Italian and German books, not to mention those produced by his own particular nation and the now divided sister Norway. Among other nations I have not followed him, but I am sure he could prattle pleasantly about them all.

Where shall we find such an English bookseller as this? We are much concerned about our books. Authors, publishers, and the managers of the *Times* Book Club, to say nothing of the members of the public who have stepped into the arena, have been fighting about them for many months. Only the booksellers have remained uninterested spectators of the struggle—uninterested but by no means disinterested. Indeed their aloofness in their business is somewhat remarkable. They are quite willing to hand over books you ask for—if they have got them. They will execute orders more or less quickly and more or less accurately, but interest in their wares and special knowledge about them, they have none. The haberdasher is ever ready to show you the newest thing and the newest variant on the newest thing, he bores you with suggestions, and upsets your content with his hint as to what you want or what you ought to want or what every one but you is wanting. He knows the price, the age, the use of every fashion; he tells you many things you didn't know before; he brings all his special knowledge to bear on your ignorance; and perhaps he cajoles you into ordering all sorts of things you will never use. But not so the bookseller. Book-buying is entirely a one-sided affair, and generally not a very pleasant or easy one. You have to know all about the new books, the new editions, the new translations, he knows nothing. To the expert and the professional this makes but little matter, though it is pleasant to find a responsive seller when you are buying anything, it is as stimulating as a capable and amiable co-talker. But most of the people who buy books are people who want "something" to read, and have the vaguest idea as to what it should be. There are, of course, certain bookshops where the assistants try to make suggestions, but I have heard them at their work and a miserable mess they make of it, offering the wrong people the wrong books, and disgusting or confusing their customers before any bargain is struck. But even these worthy failures are few to find. The ordinary bookseller desires you to ask for a particular book, provided that book should happen to be included in his stock. It is when you ask for a work which he hasn't got in his shop that the British bookseller comes out in all his glorious weakness. I will choose one example from many I could offer. Two weeks ago I went into one of the great English bookshops in Paris. As there are several the reader can choose which, for probably my experience might be capped at all of them. I asked for "The Country House," by John Galsworthy. The young man stared at me in an unfriendly way. He made no attempt to pretend that he knew the book or the author. For a moment I felt guilty. He looked as if he thought I was trying to buy a book in Paris which I shouldn't like to ask for in London. I repeated the title rather feebly. "It's been out about a fortnight," I said. "I never heard of it," he answered. "It's been very well reviewed," I repeated, "by all the literary papers." "Whom by, did you say?" "John Galsworthy." "I never heard of the author," he assured me. "He's the man who wrote 'A Man of Property,' you know." "We never had that book." Then I caught at a straw to preserve my dignity. "His play, *The Silver Box*, is being performed at the Court Theatre in London just now." "No doubt, no doubt," said the man, in a tone which suggested that there was grave doubt. "But we don't stock his works." Then we seemed to come to an *impasse*. He stared stolidly at me and I stared stupidly at him. I think the inclination of both of us was to put up our fists and have it out in good old English fashion. "He's a new author—for a bookseller," I said, "you should find about him." Perhaps to prevent himself from "answering back," he

turned swiftly to—if you please—a French assistant and made an inquiry. "Mais, oui, monsieur. Je connais cet auteur là," said the Frenchman with an encouraging smile, and offered to get the book for me. Doubtless he was lying, but his smile cheered and soothed me, and I managed to say that it didn't matter with some grace. But as I walked out of the shop I am sure the English assistant watched to see that I didn't "lift" a *Strand Magazine*.

That is only one of many like experiences. And how shameful it is. A bookseller who doesn't know anything of a new book which is being widely, and deservedly, talked about; a tradesman who has never heard the name of a man who is supplying his trade with his novel and attractive wares. And this ignorance is common in London, the worst feature of it being that the ignorance too often seems wilful. It may be some trade secret which makes a bookseller positively discouraging if not rude when you ask for a book he hasn't got by an author he doesn't "stock." But it is not good for the trade.

What a pleasant trade it might be! Many a young man who is not quite suited to the church, or finds an office stool irksome, or wants to learn something not only of authors but of men and women, might sell books to his greater happiness and profit. I am sure that to benefit the booksellers, and so also the authors, publishers and public, all that is wanted is an intelligent class of men who know something of books and take an interest in them. They need know so little, yet that little would make all the difference. A fairly clever salesman should know enough about books and human nature to be able to encourage or discourage a client. Some years ago there was a bookseller in Oxford Street who did know enough, and I have spent many pleasant hours in his shop hearing him attract his customers. Sometimes I would tell him of a book he had not heard of and give him a hint as to its purport. That was enough for him. From behind a friendly pile of books I would hear him detailing its merits to the next customer, and expressing surprise that he or she had not heard of it. If he hadn't got it in stock he wouldn't give them time to ask to have a look at it. "You *must* read it," he would say; "I shall send it to you to-night." Or if he had the book to hand he would force it on them thus: "It's a good book, take it home with you." But such a rare bird was he that ladies came in to have long literary chats with him, and he wasted so much of his time with them that, I am sorry to say, he went from Oxford Street to Carey Street, though I think he took the Stock Exchange on the way, so that his failure was not really due to his knowing how to sell books.

If I had a bookshop I should engage as assistants only young men who had passed a little examination which I should set them. It would not be a hard one, and some of the questions would take this form: Given certain authors which would you recommend (1) to a lady of fifty with a carriage and pair; (2) to a man of sixty with a single eye-glass, white hair and a black moustache; (3) to a girl of twenty with white gloves? I should expect them to know the difference between a "Burne-Jones" girl, a suffragette, and a widow. Then I should insist on all my assistants reading carefully two literary weekly papers, noting all the books published during the week, and especially studying the reviews. Every Monday morning I should examine them briefly on their reading of these two papers, and I am sure my bookshop would be a success. But the pity is that all booksellers do not adopt such methods. They ought to, for it is high time they set their houses in order. At present the English bookseller is the least competent and the most casual of tradesmen. And that is a pity, for, ignorance of their wares apart, and the irritation which follows on that ignorance, they are, as they ought to be, a pleasant set of fellows. You can hardly live in a bookshop without being pleasant, you ought not to live in one without knowing something about books.

REGINALD TURNER.

A GREAT ELIZABETHAN POET

THE undeserved neglect which has overtaken the poetry of Richard Barnfield is exemplified by the fact that the complete edition of his poems, edited by Mr. Edward Arber, in the English Scholar's library series, is the only public reprint of his poems ever made. With the exception of the oft-quoted Ode to the Nightingale which has been included in almost every anthology I remember, his work has been completely ignored. This is all the more extraordinary when one considers that his name has been associated with that of Shakespeare in the "Passionate Pilgrim," and by his generous tribute to Shakespeare's genius contained in the poem entitled "A Remembrance of some English Poets," a fact which would, one would have thought, have drawn attention to him apart even from the great beauty of his work. Barnfield is a remarkable instance of the effect that Oxford always had, and still has, on the minds of her sons. Scores of undergraduates in the last twenty years have gone up to Oxford, and under the influence of that wonderful place have written poetry (astonishingly good poetry sometimes), and have then gone down, and once removed from the Oxford atmosphere, never written a line again. Barnfield went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589, at the age of fifteen, and though his first publication "The Affectionate Shepherd," appeared only in 1594, when he had reached the age of twenty, there can be little doubt that he was writing poetry and circulating it among his friends during his residence in Oxford. In his fore-word to his next published volume "Cynthia," which also contained twenty sonnets and the poem "Cassandra," his reference to "the last terme" proves that he was still addressing himself to his friends at Oxford, though he had then actually "gone down."

Gentlemen [he says] the last terme there came forth a little toy of mine, intituled *The Affectionate Shepherd*: In the which his country content found such friendly favour, that it hath encouraged me to publish my second fruites. . . . Thus hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet for that it is the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister Spencer, in his *Fayrie Queen*), I will leave you to the reading of that which I so much desire may breed your Delight.

His sonnets have been compared from the nature of their subject-matter to those of Shakespeare, but they are obviously merely *exercises* addressed to an entirely imaginary person, and beautiful as they are, from their honeyed and iridescent diction, they are entirely devoid of the blood and fire of passion with which Shakespeare "unlocked his heart" in those supreme cries of his tortured and wounded soul. The same remarks can be applied to his "Affectionate Shepherd" which as he explains in the fore-word quoted above, "is nothing else, but an imitation of 'Virgill' in the second eclogue of Alexis." Barnfield, like Shelley, like Mr. Swinburne, and like another poet whom I may not name, did not ever take his degree. Poets have always loved Oxford and Oxford (the real Oxford, the genius of the place, the mother of all her loving sons) has always loved poets. But then as now official Oxford was very often the antithesis of the real Oxford; the same pathetically fallacious belief on the part of dons and professors that they are Oxford, existed then as it exists now. This is not to say that there is any record that Barnfield actually came into direct conflict with the powers that were in his time, but anyhow the known facts are: that he was a poet, a charming gentleman, and, very evidently, a most accomplished and learned scholar, and—that he didn't take a degree. Probably he was "sent down" for some trifling peccadillo. He is supposed to have entered Gray's Inn when he came to London, but as Mr. Arber tells us in his careful and valuable introduction his name does not appear in the Index of Admittances. "Cynthia" appeared when he was twenty-one and the "Encomium of Lady Pecunia," "The Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie," and the "Poems in divers humours" in 1598 when he was

in his twenty-fifth year. From that time forward he ceased to write poetry. If he had died then he would surely have been preserved in the memory of lovers of English literature as a "peerless boy," cut off just as he was reaching the maturity of his genius. But instead he went to live on his own estate in Shropshire and lived to the age of fifty-one the life of an ordinary county gentleman. Who knows, he may have lived to be ashamed of his early and youthfully innocent indiscretions; perhaps he did not wish it to be generally known that he had written poetry, and it may be that the neglect which has overtaken him was the result of his own relapse from the beautiful aspirations of his shining youth. Perhaps—but I prefer to think of him in his later life as a charming, cultivated and amiable man shedding the light of a wise and suave humanity, a gracious and mellow scholarship on all those who were fortunate enough to be within his sphere of influence.

His very best work was achieved at once, he does not fall from his own high level in his later poems, but he certainly does not rise above it. As an example of his wonderful power over words I cannot do better than to quote these lines from "Hellens Rape, or a light lanthorn for light ladies," contained in his first volume. They are written in English Hexameters:

Flowers were fram'd of flints, walls, Rubies, Rafters of Argent:
Pavement of Chrysolite, windows contriv'd of a Cristall:
Vessels were of gold, with gold was each thing adorn'd:
Golden webs more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt,
And her selfe more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt,
And her selfe more worth than all the wealth she possess'd;
Selfe! Indee'de such a selfe, as thundering Jove in Olympus,
Though he were father could find in his haste to be husband.

First they fell to the feast, and after fall to a dancing,
And from a Dance to a Trance, from a Trance they fell to a falling,
Either in other armes, and either in armes of another.

And Astræa fades before she faints to be falling.

What crafty skill, what wealth of vocabulary, what deftness of alliteration and cunning repetition, that could turn the English Hexameter, that nightmare of every other poet who tried it, into this gorgeous poetry. One has only to think for a moment of Longfellow's

Children's children sit on his knee and hear his great watch tick,
to realise over what unplumbed and uncharted depths of bathos this wonderful Elizabethan boy fearlessly and safely sailed in his silver ship of verse.

A. D.

THE VAMPIRE

ONE whose opinion I value very highly was complaining the other day of the tyranny of the novel, and ended with a wish for the revival of the essay. Those who have anything to say nowadays are afraid that no one will read it unless it is expressed by means of fiction: those who have nothing to say, but can catch the trick, put out volume after volume of scraps stolen from the six or seven living novelists and the sixty or seventy dead ones who had dreams or thoughts to sell—volumes that contain not a single genuine thought, not a single sincere emotion, not a single living or lifelike character. And not one of them but runs to its three hundred pages, and costs its four and sixpence cash.

Now it is as easy to lie in an essay as in a novel, as easy to be imitative and as easy to be feeble. But it is impossible to take up so much space. A story will spin out of itself. The hack novelist has only to borrow his characters and give them new names: it will be hard if he cannot find incidents or even whole plots in the same storehouse; and there he has his sixty thousand or eighty thousand words. Let him borrow an idea for an essay, and his poverty of invention will bring him to a stop at six thousand, and the world is the richer by at

least fifty-four thousand unwritten words. There is another advantage, too, about the essay. In spite of "the reading public's" rooted preference for twaddle, the feeble essayist proves himself feeble more quickly and clearly than the feeble novelist. There is no incident to distract the attention. Where nothing "happens," the "reading public" cannot be lured on to "see what happens." The nakedness of the land is clear at first sight.

Putting aside the "reading public" and the hack novelist, a revival of the essay would be a boon both to the few genuine authors and to those who have a taste for literature. It is absurd to suppose that every living novelist chose the novel because he found it artistically the best vehicle of expression for his idea. He chose it because it was the fashion, and finds himself compelled by the fashion to cumber what he has to say with a mass of flummery. In an essay he could be far more direct, more personal, more sincere. He could meet his readers face to face, instead of dodging behind a row of puppets. And, rightly used, the essay would allow him far more freedom of movement. If he wants to dance before his readers, to be fanciful, whimsical, uncertain, capricious, wilful, he can dance himself, instead of pulling the strings of figures who are only dolls after all. If he wants to make you think, he can attack your mind direct; if he wants to make you feel—is there anything more moving than some of the essays of Elia? If he wants to paint you a picture of his times—Addison or Steele will do that better for you than the modern novelist.

The essay, then, can do nearly all that the novel can do (except provide hashed "plot" for the "reading public") and a great deal that it cannot. There was a time in the past when the essay did a signal service, which it might well be asked to repeat now. The comedy of the Restoration was overloaded with extraneous things, much as some modern fiction is overloaded, because it was the fashion to write comedies, and there was no other means handy of saying what was to be said. The very servants in Congreve or Vanburgh are pressed into the task of delivering—in the most finely polished prose—the author's views on society and morals. Then Steele and Addison invented the essay. Comedy was relieved of work which had never by right belonged to it, and became, in the hands of Farquhar, for instance, a director, cleaner form than it had ever been before. Not only that, good comedy became rarer: the distinction between good and not good became sharper. How we should thank the essay to-day if it could make our good fiction better by relieving it of its unjustly imposed burdens; and separate by a sharper line the authors to whom fiction was the inevitable mode of expression from those to whom it was not! The "reading public" would still have the novels of its taste, perhaps; but the genuine lover of literature would be spared the pain of seeing talent perverted, of trying to get at a man's meaning through a mass of the wrappings imposed on it by the fashion. While the feeble essayist, as we have seen, would stamp himself as feeble and negligible quickly, and could go back to the novel for the "reading public" or take to selling butter.

The worst, or the best, of it is that the essay is an uncommonly difficult form to manage—almost as difficult and as fascinating as the sonnet. Looking round, we find few living writers who have any gift for it, or make any serious effort to handle it properly. The friend to whom I referred above declares that it was killed by the essays of a certain lady whose preciosity is no less remarkable than her seriousness. He overstated the case. The lady has doubtless frightened away half the readers who might have found joy in the essay; but she acted from good, if mistaken motives in struggling nobly to conceal in a tangle of words any personality she might possess. She was shocked by the slackness, the formlessness, the slippered ease of the "columns" contributed to the daily papers and the illustrated papers by fluent journalists. She was

right to dislike them; but she chose the wrong method of counteracting them. There is only one method of doing that: the method of absolute honesty. Be yourself, and say what you think at the moment—and time and taste will tell if your cheque from newspaper-proprietor or publisher is to be the limit of your reward. Spontaneity is the great charm of the essay, the charm which gives Charles Lamb his value and is worth more to Steele even than his exquisite sense of form. No one will imagine that spontaneity is incompatible with hard work; but the most important work is done not on the essay, but on the mind that conceives it. Make yourself as wise and as witty and as learned as you can, and the essay will look after itself. There is no form of literature that depends so much on the personality, the character and the attainments of the author.

Perhaps that is why Mr. Quiller-Couch is the best living essayist. (Mr. Swinburne lives—for ever—but writes no more: Mr. Birrell is dead and buried—in politics: the "works" of Max Beerbohm were finally collected years ago.) Mr. Quiller-Couch knows more, he feels more deeply, he is more alive and more himself than any other. Contrast his little paper on "The Secret" in the prospectus of the Oxford Pageant with a paper on the same subject by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in his new book "Seeing and Hearing" (Grant Richards). But Mr. Russell is to be reckoned with. He has observation, fancy, and a pleasant whimsicalness. What he needs is more depth, more trust in himself, and less in the doctrines of the Anglican Church and principles of his political party. Then there is Mr. Arthur Benson, who would do much better if he would follow the example of the Devon farmers, and keep every one short of milk in order to have plenty of cream for them. Then there is Dr. Edmund Gosse, who (though he might be ruled out of the list as a specialist) would make an exquisite miscellaneous writer if he chose. There are plenty more; and if there is no Hazlitt among them, it is mainly the novel's fault. Let the vampire be slain.

H. C.

CATECHISMS AND STATUES

WHEN on Monday morning of last week a certain little boy was informed that a distinguished man had made a new catechism for children he reflected for a few moments and then asked: "Is that an extra one?" Poor little chap, he is suffering so much, as the rest of us have done, from catechisms already in existence that the prospect of an extra one to plague him, depressed him terribly. The first thing to do was to relieve his feelings on this point. The next was to try the effect of Sir Oliver Lodge's proposed catechism upon him. "What are you?" he was asked. "I am a boy," he answered. Presumably even in heaven he would get one mark for that answer. Not even an archangel could deny that he is a boy. But to get the full number of marks this is what he would have had to learn to reply: "I am a living being on the earth with a body ascended from animals and a spirit descended from God." It is a sad fact that the little heathen did not seem a bit awed or surprised when this beautiful admixture of Darwinism and Dogma was read out to him. It is even probable that he still believes he is just a boy, ascended from a gooseberry bush. What a lot he has to learn. He was next tried with what are called Nos. 2 and 3, although there seems to be only one question: "What is the chief difference between animals and man?" That certainly set him thinking. It became quite clear that he was interested, and in a little he gave forth this answer: "Animals bite and men shoot with a gun." Now, Sir Oliver Lodge would have this little savage know that the difference is as follows: "Man can choose between right and wrong. He is not in a state of innocence like animals. He is conscious of a fall when

he has done wrong." Observe what this boy, this product of centuries of civilisation and Christianity, has yet to learn before he can "say his Catechism." He has to conceive of an "innocent" tiger. And when he finds out as his Latin studies progress that *innocent* comes from *in*, not, and *nocere*, to hurt, he will have to make a painful choice between the credibility of Sir Oliver Lodge and the tiger-hunters. If it came from *in*, not, and *nocere*, to know, he would see at once that the tigers, poor things, do not know any better. When they devour a chance traveller they are not "conscious of a fall"; they are conscious merely of being full.

It was soon found to be useless persevering with the boy. He could evolve nothing at all resembling the new Catechism answers, and that of course is the best proof of the necessity for the Catechism. Besides, he proceeded to ask who made the new Catechism. He evidently thought that catechisms had always been there. When told that the author's name was Sir Oliver Lodge, he wanted to know if Sir Oliver Lodge was a man. A most distressing question this, for nobody likes to impair the reverence that all children ought to feel for the maker of a catechism. The case would not have been so embarrassing if Sir Oliver Lodge had been a bishop, but how to give an apostolic air to a chemist who is a knight passed the parent's wit, and the subject was dropped. More properly the parent closed it peremptorily, for the boy—and he is not a boy in any but a catechismal light—began to be uncomfortably inquisitive about catechisms and their makers.

For relief the parent turned to the question of Living Statuary in the music-halls, and found to his surprise that this also was being settled by way of catechism. The catechist in this case was the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and his class was composed of eminent public men like Sir Andrew Torrance, M.P., and Mr. Lucas Malet. We do not suppose for a moment that the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* takes his catechism so seriously as Sir Oliver Lodge does his. But it occurred to the before-mentioned British parent to see if the Lodge catechism threw any light on the moral aspect of Living Statuary. Passing over the consideration that Living Statuary is a nonsensical combination of words he found this: "What is our duty? To be helpful and industrious. To endeavour to be good. To learn the rules of life and to obey them." Try as he would, and the parent in question is a fairly ingenious man, he could not fit the statuary into any of these monitions. There is no "rule of life" that requires one to look at statues or avoid them. The other week we saw a British tourist, wearing a golf cap, stand in the statuary room of the Luxembourg Museum, amidst the terribly overcrowded forms of marble gods and mortals, mostly with nothing on them, and we found him vastly more interesting than the statues. He was surveying them in all their nakedness at the distance of about a foot. When a lady, who might be an artist, came near him he was manifestly embarrassed, and moved aside the space of a yard. Then he resumed his conscientious scrutiny. We would have given a good deal—our *honorarium* for this paper, for example—to know what was passing in that more or less honest Englishman's brain. Evidently you cannot study the artistic effect of a statue at twelve inches distance. It was long odds that he did not know La Pêcheuse from La Pécheresse, Minerva from Mary Magdalene. But perhaps he had learned the "rules of life" as well as any of us, and was obeying them, or not disobeying them to the best of his lights. Where these rules are to be found in a succinct and comprehensible form we do not know, and Sir Oliver Lodge does not tell us. He only tells us to learn them. Perhaps his next literary effort will be "The Rules of Life." We hope he will make them as easy as he can.

In the matter of the Living Statues however, it is a strange thing that no more guidance is afforded by the *Daily Chronicle* catechism than we find in Sir Oliver's.

Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, sculptor, says he has not seen them, and does not want to see them. That sounds like the resolution of a man "trying to be good," if only he had stopped here. But he gives his reason which is, that "they are a travesty of a noble art;" and he adds that "art is art because it is not nature." That observation strikes one between the eyes with the happy obviousness of the answer to a conundrum. The living statues thought they were art and they turn out to be merely nature, which is very vulgar. Dr. Forbes Winslow considers that "living pictures in general exert a baneful influence on impressionable minds;" while Lord Radstock, who has never been in a music-hall, believes that "living statuary must be most harmful and corrupting." Mr. Charles Hawtrey opines that "in all such matters it is safe to trust to the good taste of the public and of the managers." Personally we think this is the only answer that gets to the root of the matter. The catechism otherwise is a melancholy failure, for the answers kill one another. But Mr. Hawtrey throws real light on the matter—this way. Mr. Hawtrey appears on the stage and enacts a person who usually is not very truthful or faithful. The public laugh and applaud. A girl appears covered with enamel only and represents, not a living being, but a dead thing of stone. The public gaze and applaud. What is the difference? This precisely: that the girl is naked. English ladies, young and not so young, appear at theatre and opera only partially clad—clad only so far that if you were to take them unawares on a stair in such a condition they would rush away and hide. Can anybody see a "rule of life" for a catechism in all this? Obviously it is public taste. Mr. Hawtrey says *good* taste, but the adjective begs the question. A man who cannot look on Living Statuary without being demoralised should avert his eyes from the stalls and boxes of the theatres. Let him remember that "he is not in a state of innocence like animals." But if by self catechism he finds he is not demoralised let him repose in safety on public taste. He may then gaze with equal interest on the living statues on the stage, and the living nature in the boxes. If public taste is to change let the boxes begin.

ADAM LORIMER.

THE WORTH OF ATTITUDE

HAVE been consulting the dictionary to discover the correct meaning of the latter word. In doing so I happened upon a quotation by Macaulay. He is speaking of England, and opines that she occasionally took up a menacing *attitude*, although she remained inactive. With this particular position, and its modern application, I propose to deal. It is common knowledge that with caste and class, the point of view differs materially—that, for example, with the higher classes conviction matters least, whilst the attitude to be adopted matters most. I do not suggest that it is wilfully so. It is really a question of policy, and upon a point of social polity the wealthier classes are conscious that certain traditions are vital to the upkeep of good government, and essential for the retention of their class-position. To have attained a point of view argues a fair amount of experience and no little power of reasoning. Upon consideration it will be found that however much an individual has reasoned himself into a conviction, such will be quickly discarded when he is called upon to take up a definite personal interest in a public matter. It is the frank recognition of this necessity which is responsible for the growth of this diplomacy. It becomes desirable, by adopting a given attitude in an affair of national import, that an impression should be conveyed to the country being dealt with, that certain facile proceedings would ensure certain happy results. It would render matters more complex than they need be to point out that the larger share of those results would accrue to the

attitudinarians. Thus it may be argued that though there was no direct attempt to deceive still the action was in effect insincere. Certainly it was doing evil that good might come. But the obvious defence is that the other nation might equally have been culpable.

In virtue of this argument it may be contended that an essay of this character should have been labelled, "An Inquiry into the Value of Sincerity." That would be to misinterpret the question. Though there can be little doubt as to the face-value of this rare virtue, still it is out of court when we are regarding modern social assets. For sincerity is one of the ideals we treasure, but, being a precious jewel, it is kept in a hidden place. A man may have his Sunday virtues and his week-day vices, yet he is seldom so anachronistic as to forget the set days for the practice of either. It is the mark of gentility to refuse to recognise insincerity as such. There are other and politer terms. It often happens that two people in concluding a bargain are equally aware of the deception they have practised upon one another—the one wishes to hide his urgent desire to sell, the other his urgent desire to buy. It is considered the height of diplomacy to conceal either of these passions, though its utility is not apparent to the unsophisticated. I trust I do not forget to render due reverence to the illusions of modern life. It is matter for regret that the realities are mostly illusions, while what we consider illusions are the only realities. Most of our illusions are traditionary. Unfortunately one must appear profane when he proceeds to the evaluation of tradition. And attitude and tradition are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. A man may hold a distinctive attitude upon the subject of painting. He may attitudinise as a lover of Impressionist Art, not because it affords him any new joy, but sheerly out of a sense of appearing exclusive whilst his disregard of the old Masters may arise from an imperfect acquaintance with their work. In any case sincerity cannot be expected. What is important to the connoisseur is the attitude adopted. Your cosmopolite art-lover is the bugbear of the "School" fanatic. It is the fashion in art which tells most. Negatively this may accomplish what no amount of special pleading will do. The reason is not far to seek. In composing an army the opinion of each unit is disregarded. It is when the services of the unit are employed in the movement of the grand aggregate that so much is added to the profit of the cause. Nuances of opinion cannot count when the movement is unanimous.

To the worship of precedent (sometimes called convention) and appeal to the pecuniary advantage of the unit, most of the success of a political party is due. The position is not derived through a lack of principle, but from the candid avowal of the value of attitude. Only the violent Nihilist would describe parliamentary members as the parts of the machinery. Such a critic fails to understand that whatever good a parliamentarian might judge to accrue from the acceptance of some measure of government, is turned aside on behalf of an attitude which demands that he shall serve the interests of his party first. It is somewhat to the credit of England that there are so many self-denying people who are ready to allow their own ideals to stand aside for the sake of their party. To the man of the world the correct attitude is the salient factor in his life. To him it becomes the categorical imperative. He is ever a close follower of the fashion in morals. Doubtless it is hard to realise that morals can ever change. The evidence nevertheless is very strongly in favour of this assumption. One has only to compare the children's moral tales of the early part of the nineteenth century with those of the latter part, to note the difference. The ease with which an adult forms a juvenile code of morals is only equalled by the difficulty a child finds in squaring them with the practice of his elders. Each generation has its code, just as it has its varied ideals of virtue. Elizabethan morality may be the immorality of to-day, and early Victorian immorality the

morality of present-day society. The average man does not adopt a code of morals from any acute sense of ethics. The chief cause of its presence is attitudinarianism. He is a parent and it is needful that the young ones be furnished with an *ensample*, and his own sense of moral pride is sufficiently high to desire recognition, public or otherwise. The number of men who make public protestation of their goodness is a constant contradiction of the maxim that "Virtue is its own reward." The status conferred on the philanthropist by acknowledging his gift, is surely a public attitude which recognises that advertisement is the reward of merit, and the adoption of that attitude is an earnest of favours to come. If a millionaire should make a habit of presenting public baths, the receivers of the gift have no right to infer that the sermon preached is that cleanliness is next to godliness, nor that their township has been selected as being in most need of cleansing. Similarly the gift of a public library to a town is no inference as to the ignorance of its natives, although it may be true that the least-librariated place usually possesses the best informed people. The philanthropist's gifts are not questions of points of view, they are indications of his mental attitude. The donor of a bath may have a desire to be remembered as a domestic benefactor knowing that the pursuit of cleanliness is one of the most hard-worked of the virtues, whilst the donor of a library may wish his name to mingle with the use of the lowliest or highest literature, amongst civilians given over to emotional abandon in the fields of romance. Consult a physician respecting a disease which he cannot diagnose, he will still assume an attitude of knowledge. It is the fashion of his profession to do so, or at least their custom to veil their ignorance. To do them justice, this attitude is not of their own seeking. Remember the fable of the eastern king who, when his prophets could not prophesy in the manner he wished most, shut them up until they proved more amenable to reason; or else he put an end to the days of their prophecy. And the prophets, being only human, generally managed to arrange things to the king's taste. The attitude of innocence adopted by the defendant in a civil action is an intimation to his legal adviser that he expects all the assistance of forensic argument to convince him of the injustice that is being thrust upon him.

It may be said that all these observations are fallacies. Then it is well to remember that although most attitudes are fallacies, not all fallacies are attitudes.

ROBB LAWSON.

FICTION

From One Man's Hand to Another. By G. H. BREDÁ. (Unwin, 6s.)

It cannot be truthfully said that vol. xiv. of the First Novel Library maintains the high standard of its predecessors, for the author of "From One Man's Hand to Another" makes an hysterical effort to depict the emotions of the artistic temperament and fails because of lack of imagination. The story is built on well-worn foundations. There is the familiar youth of eighteen, who throughout the book is called "The Boy," and we have his inaffinity in the person of a woman of forty who is, of course, termed "The Woman." "The Boy" is introduced to us in the opening chapter, the scene of which is laid in Ireland. He is at this period a gawky youth who does not quite understand the significance of the fact that his sister is about to give birth to an illegitimate child. Then comes upon the scene the artist who is not an artist—in other words, a teacher of painting. He discovers the talent in "The Boy" and in due course takes him to London. Here "The Boy" meets "The Woman," who has a past of the length of forty years. It is she who has been passed from one man's

hand to another for over twenty years, but "The Boy" does not mind a little thing like that. He falls in love with her, and she tries to discourage him as *Lais* is inclined to do when she becomes sentimental. It is of no use, however, "The Boy" has his way, and for a short period they live together, "The Woman" having previously declined to marry him because she is forty—an excuse which will strike most persons as being rather inadequate. Later "The Woman" breaks away to return to her old life, and "The Boy" goes back to the Irish farm where he passes a year in manual labour. But he meets "The Woman" again—the first love-scene is repeated—she goes away into her old world, and "The Boy" is satisfied. He puts her in the "picture of the year" and prospers. That is all. It is difficult to criticise the author's crude style. Apparently there is a firm belief amongst budding authors that to produce an effect in words it is only necessary to write a series of short, sharp sentences without any particular regard to redundancy or grammar. In this book we have a weary iteration of one-line paragraphs and abrupt sentences which are unpleasantly crude. Candidly the story is a failure from every point of view and if "G. H. Bredá" is desirous of creating interest he or she must work upon different lines altogether. The public does not desire imitations, while the critic is equally averse from judging books which are not worth the time and attention they demand.

The Great Plot. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

BEFORE the popularity and fecundity of Mr. William Le Queux criticism must be silent. What remains to be said of a book of three hundred and seventy-six pages crown octavo, of which, on page one, the author declares it to be "a story so strange, so mysterious, so utterly incomprehensible, so complicated, and so bewildering that even to one versed in the art of recounting facts its telling becomes a difficult task"? The claim is more than justified by the following three hundred and seventy-five pages. From the mysterious murder by unknown assailants of the daughter of an English county family on her wedding-day, while the guests are still at luncheon, the story takes its plunge into deep waters, leading to scenes, intrigues, and adventures in London, Paris and St. Petersburg, in plots and counter-plots involving the loves, and lives and deaths of crowned monarchs, cosmopolitan countesses, simple English gentlemen and sinister Russian revolutionaries. It is a story of the true Queux brand with a thrill on every page, and the curtain comes down with a bang at the close of each chapter. The whole is perfectly prepared after the similitude of an eighteen-penny *table-d'hôte* dinner in Soho.

A Legal Practitioner. By CHRISTIAN TEARLE. (Routledge, 2s. 6d.)

A HALF-CROWN novel is not necessarily a bad novel. Most of them are, nevertheless. It is pleasing to come across one that is not at all bad. The scheme of "A Legal Practitioner" is not very encouraging; it professes to be a collection of stories from the professional experience of a solicitor who has chambers in Gray's Inn. The cheaper monthly magazines have given us rather a surfeit of this sort of thing, and the reviewer is agreeably surprised to discover, on reading these five stories by Mr. Christian Tearle, that some of them have distinctly good points. "A Passive Resister" is an excellent tale; it describes the difficulties which beset a Dissenting minister, rather a nice little man in his way, after he had allowed his "conscience" to stifle his sense of legal rectitude. "Water Rights" contains amusing studies of rustic character, and the account of the rival land-owners' law-suit makes a good chapter. "The Calamity of Charles Hartrigg" is almost worthy of the pen of Mr. Robert Hichens. The last story, which describes the adventures in London of the Rev. Patrick Angus, B.A.,

a superannuated parson of irrepressible cheerfulness, with his one visiting card and his painfully shabby clothes, proves beyond all manner of doubt that Mr. Christian Tearle has a distinct gift for characterisation. His book is well worth half a crown, and we shall look to him for something more in the same excellent vein that these stories are written in.

The Money-Lender. By BURFORD DELANNOY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

It is difficult to criticise a novel which is frankly a sensational detective story, and nothing more. Of literary merits "*The Money-Lender*" has of course none, and the author's habit of leaving out all the pronouns at the beginning of his sentences often renders it almost impossible to follow his meaning. His other cherished trick of style is that of joining together by hyphens any number, from three to ten, of consecutive words. What his particular purpose is in doing this we are unable to fathom.

She threw off the world-has-no-charm-for-me air of "anything will do" when talking to her dressmaker, and exhibited a keen interest in the shade of grey submitted for her approval, betraying even an excitement over the question of the buttons matching the material. There was reason.

Horace Williams appeared upon her horizon. He had white teeth, dark eyes and hair, and a moustache which would need a novelette writer to thoroughly describe and do justice to it. He might have stepped off a page in "*The Girl's Very Own Paper*."

This is a sample of Mr. Burford Delannoy's style. Whether it is superior to or up to the level of that of the journal which he is presumably holding up to ridicule, is for the reader to determine. It would be wasted time to criticise the action of the story or discuss the characters. The author's sentiments are mostly in questionable taste, and he clothes them in execrable English.

Parson Croft. By NORMAN INNES. (Nash, 6s.)

It is a pity that so many novelists, when writing of past times, should think it necessary to fill their pages with archaisms, and the mouths of their characters with a jargon that is not and never was English. It is true that Scott did this, and Stevenson also in his worst novel; but the former triumphed in spite of his many faults of style, and the latter damned it in his saner mood with the name of "tushery." This is Mr. Innes's first book, and its pages contain a maddening number of inversions; "tush" and "methinks" are not absent, and his characters invariably address one another in the second person singular. But when we have grumbled at these things, we are pleased to welcome the author as the writer of a spirited and exciting romance. The action takes place chiefly in France in the year 1714, and the reader who has the temperament for such things will spend most of his time driving along dusty roads, with a drawn rapier in one hand, and a pistol in the other. To rescue lovely ladies from the hands of ruffians, to outwit villainous innkeepers, to avoid being poisoned by one's enemies, to engage in endless races with a strong conviction of ultimate success, what better life can a man desire? Even the villain in this book is permitted to make a thrilling escape from the Châtelet, so generous is Mr. Innes with his adventures; and to those who can overlook a crude style for the sale of a good story, we heartily commend "*Parson Croft*."

The White Hand and the Black. By BERTRAM MITFORD. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a tale of the Natal Rising, which should please those who like the modern combination of boy's book and love-story. It begins with a dark and mysterious prologue in which Mr. Mitford humbugs his readers very prettily, and it ends with two marriages and champagne for lunch. Between these two points there are other desirable things; a heroine with blue eyes and an aureole of golden hair, a

Zulu of great though somewhat complex nobility, an interesting account of the causes that led to the rising of the natives, much local colour and best of all some very fine fighting. Indeed, if the author had given us more fighting and a little less local colour, our debt would have been the greater, though we recognise his knowledge of the country and the wayward children who inhabit it. Mr. Mitford is more successful with his men than with his women, though his heroine has the two customary qualifications for that position in modern fiction, an unusual Christian name, and a certain charming disagreeableness, which, in her case, expresses itself in the snubbing of shy young men and in suspecting her father of murder. The book is written in slipshod and interjectory English.

The Chorus Girl. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.)

WE believe Mr. Applin to be correct when he states that the amazing popularity of musical comedy is due to the fact that in it the spectators see represented that ideal life of champagne and expensive raiment, which they would like to lead themselves; and to the patrons of that curious perversion of drama, we have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Applin's book. It is the story of a young Devonshire girl, who, on account of her parents' financial embarrassments, yields to the persuasion of Morley Francks, the well known writer, actor, and producer of musical comedies, and comes to London to become an actress. Thanks to the assistance of Francks (whose mannerisms resemble a little too closely those of a certain actor, well-known to collectors of picture-postcards) and of one Balthazar, a wealthy Jew, she achieves immediate success on the musical comedy stage. The remainder of the book is concerned with the rivalry of Francks and Balthazar for her hand, and the story ends with her dramatic death on the boards in the sight of the audience, the death of Balthazar in the Alps, and the production by Morley Francks of a musical comedy with a real plot. All this is not very original, but Mr. Applin tells the story well, and gives an interesting and truthful account of the inner workings of musical comedy theatres. He has the art of making his characters live, and in Iris Colyer, the friend of the heroine, he has drawn a clever picture of the unconventional type of actress. In a brief preface, Mr. Applin takes the unusual course of denying his responsibility for the advertisements that heralded the book on its serial publication, and, recalling the nature of those advertisements, we are inclined to think that Mr. Applin is justified. We do not know why the book has its present title, as at no time is its heroine in the chorus.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DISINTERESTED PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last issue F. H. L. appeals for a disinterested publisher who will cheerfully incur a loss in order that a certain number of people too lazy to read Fromentin in the original may be enabled to do so in his translation. It is difficult to understand why a publisher should be expected to make to the public a present of something the public is, *ex hypothesi*, not willing to pay for. No such expectation is entertained with regard to coal merchants, butchers, tailors, landlords, bookmakers (in the sporting sense), or lawyers. The request for a "disinterested" member of any of these useful professions, in the sense in which F. H. L. uses the word disinterested, would be received with universal derision. The reason is plain: coal and beef, clothes and land, even "book-makers" and lawyer's oracles are regarded as necessities, and the well-conducted person does not beg for necessities. But good literature, in the library or on the stage, is a luxury, and really we cannot be expected to pay for luxuries; somebody ought to be disinterested enough to provide them gratis.

All civilised nations (our own to a less extent than any other) recognise that much good literature (as well as much

good art) cannot live by its own strength in the world as at present constituted; it must be subsidised in some form or other. It should be of interest and profit to Englishmen to consider the form taken by the subsidising instinct in communities more truly cultured than ours. In France the encouragement of "letters" is regarded as natural and becoming on the part of possessors of accumulated wealth. Whereas in England a bequest for this subsidising of scholarship or poetry would doubtless be regarded by the heirs as *prima facie* evidence of feeble-mindedness and by the courts as a legitimate ground for "setting aside," in France such bequests are common. The amount of money entrusted to the various sections of the French Institute is, absolutely, not inconsiderable and, relatively, very considerable. And in effect, it may be said that no department of literature is left absolutely unnoticed. The majority of these bequests are, it is true, as is natural, for the encouragement of literature in its scholarly aspects, learning being even more distinctively a luxury than art, but still *belles-lettres* pure are not neglected. The novelist, the poet, the essayist, the translator, may all expect to receive a substantial money reward, and what is perhaps still more gratifying to the conscientious scholar and artist, to receive it at the hands of competent and acknowledged experts. Whether the example of France is ever likely to bear fruit in England is doubtful. In the first place rich men in this country seem to be exceptionally unimaginative, and *bornés* as regards the disposal of their wealth. In the second we lack, as regards science (other than natural) and art, the publicly constituted bodies fitted by tradition and by the consent of the cultured part of the community, to act as wise distributors of wealth. But perhaps if French practice is understood and appreciated it may produce some effect even upon the sluggish intellect of rich men. In the meantime it is surely characteristic of the English attitude that when F. H. L. wants a present to be made to the public he does not think of making it himself, he does not even think of asking his well-to-do friends (everybody has some well-to-do friends) to make it, he clamours for a disinterested publisher.

ALFRED NUTT.

"RELIGION MADE EASY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just seen the kind mention of my book, "The Simple Faith," in your issue of May 11, and while thanking you, I beg your courtesy in permitting me to correct an error which has been made by more than one of my critics.

In your critique you state that a vast number of writers have come forward since the success of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's book with their views on religion and you imply that I am one of these.

This is not the case as my book was in the publishers' hands in November last and at the time it was written I had never heard of Dr. Campbell. That "The Simple Faith" was in the press before the Campbell controversy began my publishers, Messrs. Sisleys, can confirm as also the fact that the book was issued to the public some considerable time before the appearance of Dr. Campbell's work, which, I may add, it in no way resembles.

Please do me the justice to allow this correction to be made known through your valuable columns.

DON GLOVER,
Author of "The Simple Faith."

May 13.

A NEW READING OF KNOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Stronach's letter on this subject, which appeared in the ACADEMY of May 11, was most entertaining. I await Mr. Lang's reply.

It exposes a somewhat shallow mental capacity in the author of the new reading: a capacity for jumping at childish conclusions. I would not be so hard on Mr. Lang, however, if he had not affected the *wiseacre* by adding "pans" to Knox's Prestoun.

I cannot find the narrative in my Knox (an old-fashioned edition of 1790). One wonders how or why a horseman (and here one has to be guilty of the same sin as Mr. Lang: namely, that of reading one's own ideas into the text, and fancying that Seton was on horseback; and also that the fugitives were on horseback) had a "chair" handy when he met Whitelaw.

Surely it is a childish jump to fancy that Knox's Scotch-French (I suppose Scotch-French) word, "chasse" means

chair; but the addition of "pans" to Prestoun is almost worse. It would almost seem that Mr. Lang is ignorant of the geography, as well as the history, of the district. Whitelaw's journey from Prestoun to Edinburgh would naturally be *via* Ormiston, Dalkeith, and Kirk o' Field. He would not go out of his way to the Pans, and then by the track along the shore which would lead him into the robbers' fastnesses between Calton Hill and the east of Arthur's Seat. Nor is it likely that Seton would be at the Pans; but quite likely that he would be hanging about the village of Prestoun, his own castle being about a mile to the east of that. The Pans in these days were merely the salt pans, with a few cottages for the salters, belonging to the monks of Prestoun; and were probably quite isolated except from Prestoun, and that only by a pack-horse track.

It seems to me that the probability is that Seton, with some of his friends, was hanging about the pretty village of Prestoun, with its monastery and cross, and when they saw Whitelaw and his friend set out on their journey they (Seton's party) had the fun of terrorising the two countrymen. Had they really wished to harm them, a sword would have been a more convenient and efficient instrument for harm than a chair.

JOHN TOD.

May 14.

ANOTHER INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be most grateful to any one who can give me the source of the quotation:

"In things essential unity,
In things doubtful liberty,
In all things charity."

I have exhausted all means of verification here, and beg assistance.

G. DARLOW.

Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

April 22.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Kitson, Arthur. *Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S., "The Circumnavigator."* 9 x 5½. Pp. 525. Murray, 15s. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Royal University of Ireland. *The Calendar for the Year 1907.* 8½ x 5. Pp. 549. Thom, n.p.

DRAMA

Housman, Laurence; and Barker, H. Granville. *Prunella.* 7 x 5. Pp. 70. Builen, n.p.

EDUCATIONAL

Wright, Joseph. *Historical German Grammar.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 314. Frowde, 6s.

FICTION

Boothby, Guy. *The Man of the Crag.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 247. White, 6s.

White, Percy. *Colonel Dameron.* 8 x 5. Pp. 342. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. *Needles and Pins.* 8 x 5. Pp. 353. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Handasyde. *For the Week-End.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 319. Lane, 6s.

"Alien." *His Neighbour's Landmark.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Digby Long, 6s.

Huxley, L. *Letters of a Betrothed.* 8 x 5. Pp. 239. Smith, Elder, n.p.

Munro, Neil. *The Daft Days.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 281. Blackwood, 6s.

Barr, James. *The Witchery of the Serpent.* 8 x 5. Pp. 315. Gay & Bird, 6s.

Halifax, Robert. *The Grip of Gold.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 315. Digby Long, 6s.

Wildridge, Oswald. *Margery Manesty.* 8 x 5. Pp. 311. Ward, Lock, n.p.

Burgin, G. B. *Which Woman?* 7½ x 5. Pp. 344. Nash, 6s.

Benson, E. F. *The House of Defence*. 8x5. Pp. 293. Heinemann, 6s.

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. 8x5½. Pp. 377. Smith, Elder, n.p.

HISTORY

Hindustan under Free Lances, 1770-1820. By H. G. Keene; with a preface by the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. 9x5½. Pp. 238. Brown, Langham, 15s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Seymour, Frederick. *Siena and her Artists*. 7½x5. Pp. 207. Unwin, 6s.

Betham-Edwards, Miss. *Literary Rambles in France*. 9x5½. Pp. 276. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

The Love Story of a Minor Poet. By Stellarius. 6½x4½. Pp. 31. Elliot Stock, 1s.

Washburne, Marion Foster. *Family Secrets*. 7½x5½. Pp. 212. Macmillan, 6s.

Belloc, Hilaire. *The Historic Thames*. 10½x8. Pp. 224. Dent 21s. net.

Gardner, Percy. *The Growth of Christianity*. 8½x5½. Pp. 278. Black, n.p.

Morrison, Hugh Alexander. *American Almanacks, 1639-1800*. 11½x9. Pp. 160. Washington Government Printing Office, n.p.

Stanway, Kate. *For Valour*. 6x4½. Pp. 142. Drane, 1s.

Baring, Maurice. *A Year in Russia*. 9x6. Pp. 319. Methuen, 10s. 6d.

Bradley, A. G. *Round about Wiltshire*. 8x5. Pp. 386. Methuen, 6s.

Fitzpatrick, S. A. O. *Dublin*. 8x5. Pp. 360. Methuen, 4s. 6d.

Morris, Henry. *The Governor-General of India*. 7x5. Pp. 189. Christian Literature Society, n.p.

Wright, H. Nelson. *Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta*. 10x6. Pp. 280. Oxford, 30s.

Jennings, Louis G. *Field Paths and Green Lanes in Surrey and Sussex*. 8x5. Pp. 299. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Buxton, Noel. *Europe and the Turks*. 7½x5. Pp. 143. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Recollections and Letters of the Rev. W. H. E. McKnight, M.A. By his niece, Edith Isabel Thomson. 7½x5. Pp. 371. Masters, 6s.

St. John, Christopher. *Stars of the Stage: Ellen Terry*. 7½x5. Pp. 97. Lane, 2s. 6d.

Train, Arthur. *The Prisoner at the Bar*. Pp. 349. Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d.

Lang, Andrew. *New and Old Letters to Dead Authors*. 6½x4½. Pp. 233. Longmans, 2s.

Le Foin, Carl. *Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher*. 7½x5. Foster Groom, 2s. 6d.

Putnam, Geo. Haven, Litt.D. *The Censorship of the Church of Rome and its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Literature*. 9½x6. Pp. 510. Putnam, 10s. 6d.

Bax, E. Belfort. *The Roots of Reality*. 8½x5½. Pp. 331. Grant Richards, n.p.

Allies, Mary H. *Thomas William Allies*. 7½x5. Pp. 208. Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.

Frankland, F. W. *Thoughts on Ultimate Problems*. 7½x5. Pp. 48. Philip Wellby, 1s.

Richardson, Frank. *Love, and All About It*. 7½x5. Pp. 180. Grant Richards, 1s.

Loftie, W. J. *The Colour of London*. 9½x7. Pp. 236. Chatto & Windus, 20s.

Simpson, Selwyn G. *Thomas Edward Brown*. 7½x5. Pp. 244. Scott Publishing Co., 6s.

Maxwell, Maj.-Gen. Patrick. *Pribbles and Prabbles*. 8½x5½. Pp. 284. Skeffington, 10s.

Strong Eugénie. *Roman Sculpture*. 8x5½. Pp. 408. Duckworth, 10s.

MUSIC.

Terry, Richard. *Catholic Church Music*. 9x5½. Pp. 216. Greening, n.p.

POETRY

Newby, Alfred E. *Metrical Tunes and Talk*. 7½x5. Pp. 215. Drane, 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Roundabout Papers and Denis Duval*. 7½x5. Pp. 431. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Brontë, Emily. *Wuthering Heights*. 6½x3½. Pp. 373. Sisleys, 3s. 6d. net.

Goldsmith, Oliver. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. 6½x3½. Pp. 190. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.

Dumas, Alexandre. *The Black Tulip*. 6½x3½. Pp. 257. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.

Flaubert, Gustave. *Salambo*. 6½x3½. Pp. 360. Sisleys, 2s. 6d. net.

Ruskin, John. *Pre-Raphaelitism*. 7x4½. Pp. 412. Dent, 1s.

Ruskin, John. *The Elements of Drawing*. 7x4½. Pp. 308. Dent, 1s.

THEOLOGY

Vine, Rev. C. H. *The Old Faith and the New Theology*. 8x5. Pp. 266. Sampson, Low, 4s. 6d.

Russell, G. W. E. *Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900: Dr. Pusey*. 7½x5. Pp. 213. Mowbray, n.p.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

Baillie Grohman, W. A. *The Land in the Mountains*. Being an account of the Past and Present of Tyrol, its People and its Castles. 9x5½. Pp. 288. Simpkin, Marshall, 12s. 6d. net.

Roscoe, E. S. *Penn's Country and other Buckinghamshire Sketches*. 8x5½. Pp. 115. Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.

Rhys, Ernest. *Atlas of Ancient and Classical Geography*. 7x4½. Pp. 93. Dent, 1s.

THE BOOKSHELF

Racine's Athalie, edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. (Blackie, 10d.)—This is one of the supplementary volumes of Blackie's Little French Classics in which complete plays are printed with introduction and notes. The introduction in this particular case is concise, interesting, and well-arranged; but we are inclined to think that the remarks on Prosody are not sufficiently full and possibly attempt too much to be very helpful "to readers who have no previous knowledge of the rules of French versification." The notes are written with judgment, and we are glad to find that some notice is taken of pronunciation; but we question the value to ordinary pupils of long quotations in French such as those given on lines 430, 436 and 1135-1138.

A rather ambitiously named book is called *The Main Tendencies of Victorian Poetry*. By Arnold Smith (The Saint George Press, Limited).—The substance of it was given in a series of University Extension Lectures, and while evincing study and a facile pen, the book does not show any great insight. A study is made of each of the great poets of the Victorian era. Under the heading of "The Poetry of Hope" comes Tennyson. What does Mr. Smith mean when he says of him "He does not deny to Science its meed of honour, and his attitude is in noble contrast to that of some other great men among his contemporaries. Let knowledge increase, he says, but let her steps be-guided by Wisdom." Who among great men of recent times have questioned seriously the light thrown by science on life. Mr. Smith is dull and conventional. Science has changed all. A new heaven and earth has opened to the meanest, and none question that but the ignorant. And it is not usual for a University lecturer to neglect mundane matters so entirely as to write "Perhaps the most fundamental difference," The foundations of the world are evidently rocking and grammar has perished in the universal chaos. Mr. Smith rejoices also in discussing earnest things which appeal to earnest minds. Of Tennyson's *Harold* he writes "The life of the King raises a grave question of ethics: can a man venture to do wrong in order to do right?" The immorality of King Arthur's court is surely hardly worth referring to. The stories of the Round Table are from the land of romance; the knights, whether in Malory or Tennyson, wished to imitate the gentleness of Christ, the perfect man who knew love but not the words "morality" or "immorality." "The Statue and the Bust" in Browning had a "dilatory desire to perform an immoral action." Literature is not made thus, but shorter Catechisms are.

The Evolution of Matter. By Gustave Le Bon. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)—This book, which has passed through three editions in French with a sale of twelve thousand copies, has been translated, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. F. Legge. We may also notice in passing that under the editorship of Mr. Legge a translation of another book by a French author, M. Alfred Binet's "L'Ame et le corps," has just been issued as the most recent volume in "The International Scientific Series," with the title of "The Mind and the Brain." To many people the appearance of Dr. Le Bon as the author of a book dealing with the most recondite subjects of modern physical science will be somewhat of a surprise. Dr. Le Bon has a European reputation, but while he was widely known by his two books, the "Psychology of Socialism" and the "Psychology of Crowds," his claims to be an original physical experimenter and theoriser were known to comparatively few. Yet five years ago in the *ACADEMY* Mr. Legge called the attention of English readers to certain remarkable papers which had recently appeared by Dr. Le Bon in the *Revue Scientifique*, on the phenomena associated with Crookes's tube, the Becquerel rays, the X rays and the series of radio-active bodies, such as thorium, uranium, and especially radium, which were astonishing and occupying the attention of the scientific world and exciting the lovers of the marvellous in still wider circles. For ten years, from 1896 to 1906, Dr. Le Bon published his experiments intended to demonstrate the radio-activities of all bodies, the identity of the phenomena of the Crookes's tube with those of radio-active bodies specially so named, and more startling than all, the decomposition of matter itself and the liberation of intra-atomic forces by which the phenomena of electricity, of the Hertzian rays, of the X rays and of light, all become manifestations of these intra-atomic forces. He more than hinted that possibly we might find means of applying these colossal intra-atomic forces to the service of man as electricity and their other manifestations have been applied. Dr. Le Bon at first was not happier than Ohm or Mayer; and his results and theories were either neglected or fiercely disputed. This has given to his book, which summarises his researches and states his views, rather too much the air of a polemic; but his claims are not stated offensively though they are perhaps a little too insistent. He may be excused some exuberance in telling the story of the gradual change of opinion which took place in regard to his theories. Mr. Legge states the result thus: "The violence of Dr. Le Bon's adversaries was only equalled by the volubility with which they contradicted themselves and each other. How this storm gradually abated, and was succeeded first by impartial consideration, and then by a pretty general acceptance of his theories, he tells us at sufficient length in the book itself. But I may perhaps remark here that his earliest adherents on the Continent were drawn from the ranks of those who—as was my own case until some two years ago—had no other acquaintance with him than through his writings." In only one respect is Dr. Le Bon still dissatisfied: he has not obtained universal consent for his greatest generalisation, the liberation of the new force of intra-atomic energy. We may say, then, that readers who, without being scientific experts, wish to inform themselves of the latest developments of physical science may safely trust themselves to the guidance of this book. It has the prestige on which the general reader must rely; and it is as fascinating for its literary qualities as for its combination of marvellous facts and bold speculation and suggestion.

Mrs. Bearne always makes delightful historical studies of royal women, and her new volume, *Heroines of French Society* (Unwin), will be found attractive. The four ladies whose most remarkable stories are given in full detail are Madame Le Brun, La Marquise de Montagu, Madame Tallien and Madame de Genlis. They are all interesting, but perhaps the most charming of them all was Madame le Brun. All know the picture of herself and child, but few are acquainted with her story and how she spoiled the beautiful girl who grew up selfish and utterly regardless of her mother and her affection. She died thirty years before her mother after a foolish and reckless life which became the grief of Madame le Brun's existence. In 1842, after a strange eventful history, Madame le Brun died at the age of eighty-seven. Her life was a busy and happy one if her daughter's share in it be discounted. She had painted six hundred and sixty-two portraits, two hundred landscapes and fifteen pictures. The life of Madame Tallien is perhaps the next most enthralling. It deals with all the horrors of the Revolution and the remarkable fascination of this lady who could hoodwink and charm the bloody leaders of the mob and save the lives of aristocrats and finally her own. The book is one which deserves more attention than we can give it.

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No. 1829

MAY 25, 1907

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is announced that the Pope has issued a decree entrusting to the Benedictine Order the revision of the text of the Vulgate. This is the result of the Biblical Commission, which was appointed towards the end of the late Pontificate. The importance of this revision can scarcely be over-estimated; its publication will mark the present century. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the influence of the Bible on European thought up to the present time, but the Bible is also the vehicle through which the ideas of other Asiatic religious systems have been made not altogether unfamiliar to us. The Vulgate is by far the most important version of the Bible in existence. For fifteen hundred years it has been to all Latin peoples, and to the strongly Latinised races such as ourselves and the Germans, what the Authorised Version has been in the restricted field of the Anglo-Saxons for the brief period of three centuries. Irrespective of its authoritative theological value to half Christendom, its influence over all European art and literature has been so great that neither can be justly appreciated without some study of it. Its general accuracy in representing the sense of the original scriptures according to the estimate of modern scholarship is shown by the continually nearer approach to it of versions made since its date. When we reflect that the Authorised Version is the result of the labours of many writers, and is based on many other earlier versions such as those of Wycliffe, Tyndall and the Bishops, while the Vulgate is mainly the work of one man, we are inclined to attribute to St. Jerom, perhaps alone among Translators, a portion of that *afflatus* which we recognise in poets.

The term Vulgate has been used to designate three different versions of the Scriptures. It was applied first to the version of the Septuagint most generally used by the Greek fathers, later to the old Latin version of the whole Bible (the Itala) current in the West during the first centuries, and finally to the version of St. Jerom. In 382 St. Jerom was commissioned by Pope Damasus to revise the Itala version of the New Testament, by comparing it with the best Greek codices. St. Jerom next corrected the Itala version of the Psalms by comparing it with the Septuagint Vulgate. This psalter is still used at St. Peter's and in the Ambrosian rite at Milan. Later he made the further revision called the Gallican Psalter, now incorporated in the Vulgate. The remainder of his first revision, with the exception of the Book of Job, has perished. After the death of Damasus, St. Jerom undertook, at the

instance of his own friends, to retranslate the Old Testament from the Hebrew. As is well known, he retired into Palestine in order to accomplish the work. He was assisted by learned Jews. He accomplished his task about the year 405. He added latter a free translation of the books of Tobit and Judith from the Chaldee version, and the Itala version of the books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and Maccabees without alteration. His works together form the Vulgate in the third and present meaning of that term. The text having become corrupted in the process of copying, Charlemagne employed Alcuin to procure and distribute accurate copies. Later *correctoria* or corrected lists of common errors were continually compiled by the University of Paris and certain of the Religious Orders. The Council of Trent (1545-1563) declared that the Vulgate was the *authentic* version of the Catholic Church, and ordered it to be printed as correctly as possible. The first result was the edition of Sixtus V. in 1590. This was quickly recalled, and that of Clement VII. issued in its place in 1592, and again in 1593, and finally in 1598. The Clementine edition of 1598 is the Vulgate of the present day.

Our dramatic critic will deal next week with the revival of *A Woman of No Importance* at the Haymarket on Wednesday last. In the meanwhile we are bound to record that with the exception of the *Times* and *Standard* nearly all the morning papers gave a false account of the evening. Whatever the opinions may be about the play or the author, the fact remains that the audience was enthusiastic. We have heard of dramatic critics of daily papers who leave after the first act and hurry off to Fleet Street. On Wednesday one of them spent the whole time in the bar of the theatre writing his notice after the first Act; he did not return to the auditorium, but left the theatre in the middle of the fourth Act.

There were many people who remembered the first night of the play at the Haymarket on April 19, 1903, and perhaps a few of them regretted that the author was not alive and present to witness the brilliant performance of Miss Viola Tree as Hester Worsley. It is a most difficult part. Miss Tree realised to a supreme degree the beauty of the lines she had to say, and Miss Marion Terry was, of course, born for the "purple patches" of Wilde's dramas. Every one knew Miss Terry would be perfect. We did not know that Miss Viola Tree was the ideal impersonation of Hester.

We have on former occasions made observations on the competence of the dramatic critics. But even the incompetent are entitled to their opinion, based though it may be on a deficient education. When, however, the theatre critic, always an adept at *suppressio veri*, falls back on *suggestio falsi*, the actor-manager, if no one else, ought to interfere. Any one present at His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday night must have rubbed his eyes if he happened to see the *Daily Mail* on the following morning. The account of the evening given by "K. H." is a deliberate misrepresentation of facts: it is about as truthful as the *Daily Mail's* account of, say, the Colonial Conference. The curtain was raised four times after the last Act, and twice after each preceding Act. Mr. Tree was called upon for a speech and each of the actors was individually, repeatedly called before the footlights. The recently formed "Society of Dramatic Critics" should inquire into the conduct of "K. H.:" if by chance he is a member of that body. That a fifth-rate playwright and the author of vulgar suburban stories should be a critic at all is only another of the amazing features of Lord Northcliffe's amazing organ.

The death of Mr. Hodge, the head partner in the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, the well-known book auctioneers, will be deeply regretted by bibliophiles all the world over. Mr. Hodge had made himself universally liked by his suave manner, keen business intelligence and real erudition. Some fifteen years ago he succeeded as head partner of the firm to the late Mr. John Wilkinson, who himself was the successor in that capacity to the last of the Sothebys. Both were self-made and self-taught men, yet both became acknowledged authorities on book-lore, and it is in their famous rooms that for many decades past the greatest libraries in the world have been sold, and the most sensational records established for rare books. The influence of this firm upon the book-market has been vast. The late Mr. Quaritch was originally a humble employee of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, and it was largely due to their foresight, encouragement, and pecuniary assistance that he was able to establish himself as the first retail dealer in old books in England, and perhaps in the world. The late Mr. Sotheby was personally connected with literature as the author of a curious epic poem on Adam and Eve, copies of which are now rather rare. One of the late Mr. Hodge's sons, Mr. Harold Hodge, is editor of our esteemed contemporary, the *Saturday Review*.

The *Tribune*, whose literary page is one of the best-conducted among the daily papers, has blundered badly. A recent issue contains a poem entitled "A Flattering Illusion":

I thank you for the flowers you sent, she said,
And then she pouted, blushed, and drooped her head.
Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right.

Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,
Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old sign;
And as we wandered through the dim-lit bowers,
I wondered who had really sent the flowers;

which is quoted from and attributed to the *New York Tribune*. The author is Geoffrey Clark, and the poem, which appeared originally in *Kottabos*, the old T.C.D. magazine, was reprinted in "Echoes from Kottabos" and quoted in our review of the book in the *ACADEMY* of February 2. America borrowed it, and the *Tribune* borrows from America!

We regret to record the death of Sir Benjamin Baker, at the age of sixty-six; it occurred suddenly at Pangbourne on May 19. The name of the great engineer is known throughout the world, if only in connection with the Assuan Dam. It is remarkable that his death should synchronise so nearly with the termination of Lord Cromer's connection with Egypt, with whose administration his great work was associated. The moralist might draw an analogy between their labours and speculate as to which is most likely to remain longest intact. While recognising the great service rendered by Sir William Willcocks, it is fair to say that Sir Benjamin Baker undertook the responsibility of the dam in the first place, and the reinforcements and additions to it have been finally decided upon by his advice as consulting engineer. These will enable the storage of water to be practically doubled. In this country Sir Benjamin's fame is scarcely less on account of his other great work, the Forth Bridge. Though he acknowledged, with his accustomed generosity, the assistance which he had received both in the design and in the construction from his partner, the late Sir John Fowler, the inception of the bridge in its present form was due to him. Recently it will be remembered that he undertook the considerable risk of personally inspecting the structure of the roof of Charing Cross Station after its disastrous subsidence. His services were always avail-

able, not only to plan and execute great national enterprises, but to take preventive measures against catastrophes dangerous to human life. His loss will be widely felt, not only on account of his great professional abilities, but on account of his kindness and geniality to a large circle of personal friends.

Among the crowd of pageants which are announced to take place this year, none should attract more visitors by the deservings of its object than that to be held at Romsey. This ancient little town is trying to raise money to finish the restoration of its beautiful Abbey Church. Whatever interest the historical associations connected with it may have, and they are considerable, the beauty of the Norman building itself is a sufficient claim on the generous. There is scarcely a Norman building in England so little spoilt by later additions, and so little vandalised by the recent restorations. These should have an additional interest for many people because they were effected by the energy and taste of the late incumbent of the Church, the Rev. W. Berthon, the inventor of the collapsible boats which bear his name. There is moreover on the west wall of the south transept the most majestic crucifix in this country, life-sized and in good preservation. It is enormously to the credit of the little out-of-the-way town of Romsey that it has succeeded in guarding so well these splendid monuments, and it will be a great pity if it is not enabled to continue its good work. It is only to be hoped that it will follow on the restrained lines of restoration initiated by the good taste of Mr. Berthon.

A correspondent writes: Can any of your readers match for false quantities the hexameter and pentameter that follow?

Femina perdigna quidem longiore vita
Si non ad feliciorum festinasset.

I found them on a monument in the church at Rous Lench, Gloucestershire; the manner in which they were printed made it clear that they were intended to be verses; but it took me a good ten minutes to discover the structure. For the help of others I may state that the *cæsura* of the first line falls after the last syllable of *perdigna*, and that the second syllable of *feliciorum* ends the first half of the pentameter. The lines surely excel any mediæval lines ever seen, even those of Commodianus quoted in the notes to chapter ix. of Hallam's "View of the State of Europe":

Praefatio nostra viam erranti demonstrat,
Respectumque bonum, cum venerit saeculi meta,
Aeternum fieri, quod discredunt inscia corda. . . .

We believe that M. Escoffier, the *chef* of the Carlton Hotel, is not only a practical authority of the first order upon cooking, but also possesses a valuable collection of culinary works of all ages and countries. He is a bibliophile, as well as a *maitre de bouche*, and none of the secrets of the great gourmets, from Rabelais to Brillat Savarin, is sealed to him. But when he asks for legislation to protect the inventor of new *plats* is he not displaying a somewhat unpractical spirit? After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The success of the cook lies quite as much in his technical skill as in his inventive genius. M. Escoffier knows as well as we do that a *poularde à l'étouffé* prepared by a tyro hand, even with the best receipt in the world to guide it, is more than likely to be a failure. How can you patent the *tour de main*, the experience, the soulfulness, which make up the great artist? Who can combat—alas! not even M. Escoffier himself—that dread doom and darkest curse of English restaurant cooking which is "cooking butter"?

A PORTRAIT

CRINKLED face of the white rose,
Old lady!
Perfume of the white rose,
Eyes of gold,
Old lady,
Wrinkled as a rose.

THE RAIN

ALL day long with pitiless patter
Falls the Rain.
Its chatter
Benumbs the brain.
The Rain,
As white as pain.

YOUTH TO THE SEA

WHY do toss your yellow hair, O Sea
And weep?
Do you weep for me?
And groan in your sleep?
Are you moaning for me?
And sigh so deep?
Ah me!

R. S.

PALMISTRY

I SAW in dreams a room within a chamber
Whereon the moon had cast a curious ray,
And one that slept whose hair was like fine amber
With head down drooped like flower at close of day.
And as he slept I scarcely heard his sighing,
And in the moon the motes moved with his breath,
Scarcely at all, like weary white moths flying
On soft vague wings towards desired death.
One tired hand lay on the coverlet,
Whereon, as from a mountain seen, were lines
(Like to the little streams in meadows set)
Which God has made for everlasting signs
Of the eternal roads of Life and Death,
Of Joy and Woe and Danger and Desire,
Of Love that goeth out or tarrieth,
Of Hate and Hope, and Sin that burns like fire.
And lo! from out the hemispheres of night,
With veiled face, on swift and soundless feet,
That came which is the Mysteries' acolyte
And sits beside the undesired seat
Of Fatal things, which marked his hand and went

As it had come an undiscernèd road,
Then on his palm my eager eyes intent
Espied a cross, O lamentable load!
Laid on his hand that slept. The sleeper stirred
And softly moaned; and, prisoned in a mesh,
Methought I saw his soul, a frightened bird,
Behind the eternal barriers of flesh.
At length his body quickened with slow sighs
And broke the bondage of his sleeping-place.
He turned his head, and opened wide his eyes,
And looked at me,—and lo! 'twas mine own face.

A. D.

LITERATURE

FOG AND BEAUTY

The Colour of London. By W. J. LOFTIE. Illustrated by YOSHIO MARKINO. (Chatto & Windus, 20s. net.)

A HAPPY title adds a fresh grace to a good book, and the title of this book is particularly happy both for what it declares and what it suggests. It declares itself to set forth in some sixty plates, in colour and sepia, the impressions which London produced upon the vision of a Japanese artist. The result is undoubtedly most interesting. It is specially interesting because it contains nothing of politics. These plates record, as faithfully as "process" reproduction will permit, the colour and forms suggested by this seething cauldron of humanity called London, its streets, buildings and atmospheres, to the mind of an artist so free from the prejudices of nationality that the workings of his artistic sense are undisturbed by considerations alien to art. It is startling to be told by Mr. Yoshio Markino in the ingenuous little essay which he prefixes to the book, that "age and the fogs have made the buildings so beautiful." Coming from Japan, where the "atmosphere is so clear that you can see every small detail in the distance," he is enchanted by the mists of London, that visible atmosphere which so attracts him that he "does not feel he could live in any other place but London." When the medium of this strange and ever-changing beauty is called fog, mist, or damp, it becomes a mere meteorological fact, suggesting colds and discomfort. Yet to the properly attuned eye of the artist it provides London with its great distinctive charm, for the sake of which he would be content to live there for ever.

Do these pictures then, as reproduced here, realise to some extent this misty phantasmagoric London? They do, and doubtless the originals do so more clearly and in a higher degree. The *Spring Mist, Westminster Bridge*, seems to us extraordinarily successful for a "colour process" plate. So also the *Winter light effect, Grosvenor Road Station Bridge*, and more so than either the *Evening Scene on Vauxhall Bridge*. But what makes these pictures a pure delight is the never failing felicity with which the artist depicts the English girl in her fashions of last year, or was it the year before that? There is this girl on Vauxhall Bridge, the girl under the lamp-post in the *Victoria Tower* plate, the two girls at the corner of *Winsley Street*, and the girl in *Constitution Hill*. Not one of these resembles another. They are not the result of a typifying process which leads to the dreary abominations of the "Gibson girl," or any other popular draughtsman's "girl." Each is a distinct and separate impression. To contrast with them all take the hospital-nurse in the *Westminster Bridge* with its so much conveyed in so little. Let Mr. Yoshio Markino say what he will about the mists

of London, it seems to us that his artistic mind is stirred most by the English girl, the poise of her head, the curves and flickings of her dress, and the grace of her movements. The nurse-girl in the pretty picture of *Early Autumn at Grosvenor Gate* is delightful. Is it due to imagination or is it by deliberate intention that she seems to be enviously regarding the dashing, richly clothed lady passing in front of the lodge?

It is hard to believe, as Mr. Spielmann says in his introduction, that the same hand executed all of these very various pictures. The artist tells us that he is self-taught save for a two years of study in a life-class. Whatever Mr. Yoshio Markino may yet achieve it is to be hoped he will not settle down into a monotonous "style" but may as he improves, preserve that variety, freshness and delicacy of observation which make this series of pictures of London and its people one of the most enjoyable and suggestive we have ever come across. No one, we imagine, will be able to go through this book without feeling a strong desire to see the original drawings.

As for the letterpress by Mr. W. J. Loftie, its chief defect is that it has nothing to do with the pictures. From the antiquarian and topographical points of view it seems to us of very high interest, marked by strong common sense and enmity to popular fables. In another place, and duly amplified it suggests Mr. Loftie as the author of the still wanting history of London on broad lines. But the London which the illustrations suggest, distinguished from what they declare themselves to be, that London every man must write for himself. How the mind of the dweller in London, the man who "came to London," who has grown a Londoner, teems with recaptured visions, hopes, and depressions as he views these pictures! The great glare of Piccadilly means one thing if there was money in the pocket, another thing altogether if there was little or none. The Alhambra picture with its flood of ineffectual light cast on the great murk of the square, what thoughts it recalls! There never was elsewhere in the world such another place as Leicester Square. Would you taste of "life," practically or contemplatively? You had but to walk the northern pavement amid the foreign women and the men from Manchester and elsewhere "doing" London, past the Empire Theatre and the bars and cafés on the western side, and there was "life" for the money's worth in all its grades. Did you want dusk and solitude? You had but to confine your footsteps to the southern and half of the western side where was scarcely a passer-by to jostle your body or disturb your thoughts. Was it fame you sought? London had many colours then, and they leap at you like remembered lines of great poems out of the pictures of this book. Was it wealth you pursued? She had other colours with which although no poetry is entwined, the primal hopes and fears of the human mind are inextricably blended. The visible colour of London may be as beautiful as our artist finds it to be, but that other colour which is in the mind of the man who has lived, loved, struggled, won or lost in London, that is a great poem which no one man is yet great enough to write.

"PLATO THE WISE"

The Republic of Plato. Translated into English with an Introduction by A. D. LINDSAY. (Dent, 2s.)

THE *Republic* of Plato may almost be said to stand by itself without anything exactly like it in all literature. It purports to be a conversation held in the house of an old gentleman named Cephalus in the Piræus of Athens in the year B.C. 410. But Cephalus retires to perform a sacrifice, and the dialogue (which subsequently becomes almost a monologue) is carried on between Socrates, Glaucon, Adimantus, and others, with an admirably written scene in which Thrasymachus, a truculent sophist, tries to browbeat Socrates into accepting his answer to the

question, "What is Justice?", an inquiry which arises in quite haphazard fashion from a conversation on the trials and consolations of old age, and which ultimately expands into the ten books of supreme wisdom and wit known as Plato's *Republic*. Plato early announces his determination to let the discussion flow "wherever the wind of argument may take it," and so, intermingled with the profound exposition of idealism, which from Berkeley to Hegel has held the floor in modern thought, we have exquisite little side-lights on Athenian life, on questions which are still on the carpet and types which are still treated in fiction on the stage and in *Punch*. We can merely refer to passages where these topics are touched with the hand of a master dramatist: the social qualities of the *nouveau riche* (330 and 549 A), the prosing old lady (350 E), the ailments of those who will not take Dr. Abernethy's advice to live on sixpence a day and earn it (405 D), the ridicule to which the higher education of women has always been exposed (452 B), the love that can see no fault in the object of its passion (474 D, E), the little bald tinker *endimanché* (495 E), mischief-making wives and servants (549 A), education "on a sound practical and commercial basis" (559 D).

The question, "What is justice?" leads naturally up to the Ideal State and the progress of the mind to the Form of the Good, which is traced in the famous allegory of the Cave in the beginning of Book vii. (514-518). We are shown that the king (who typifies the "royal" and orderly desires) lives exactly seven hundred and twenty-nine times as pleasantly as the tyrant (who stands for the lustful and tyrannical desires) (587 E). The word meaning "seven hundred and twenty-nine times" has twenty-one syllables, and is, we suppose the longest word in Liddell and Scott, save the celebrated *λεπιδό-τεμαχο-κ.τ.λ.* (Aristophanes, *Eccelsiaz* 1169). We are now in a position to criticise the doctrine of Thrasymachus, that it is a man's interest to be absolutely unjust, provided he can escape the penalties of his crimes by assuming the mask of justice. Finally the happiness of the just man is consummated by the consideration of the life after death, and depicted in the sublime vision of Er, which concludes the *Republic*. As an example of the urbanity (*ἀστεϊότης*) of Socrates we must quote (in Mr. Lindsay's version, 337A) the passage in which he meets the truculence of Thrasymachus with words of sweetness and light:

When Thrasymachus heard this he burst out laughing and said, "O Heracles, this is our ironical Socrates whom we all know so well, I knew how it would be, and I told the others that you would refuse to give an answer, and would take refuge in irony or anything to excuse your answering a simple question."

"You are a wise man, Thrasymachus," I said, "and you know that if you asked some one what are the factors of twelve, and said to him 'Don't dare, sir, to tell me twelve is twice six, or three times four, or six times two, or four times three, for I will not have any such nonsense from you,' you could see, I fancy, that no one would answer that kind of question. . . ."

"Oh, well," he said, "the cases are so exactly parallel!"

"There is no reason why they should not be," I said. "But even if they were not, but one of those answers seems true to the person questioned, do you fancy that he will not answer as he thinks, whether we forbid him or not?"

This delightful treatise should form part of the mental furniture of every man who wishes to be counted among the educated; and the Greekless reader can approach far nearer to Plato than to Homer, though he loses a good deal. The present version is quite adequate, much cheaper than Jowett's, and perhaps somewhat better than the excellent translation by Davies and Vaughan, which appeared about forty years ago. In the very beginning of the dialogue, Mr. Lindsay scores a point in translating "old age, the threshold." Old age is the threshold of the other world, and the genitive is definitive. "The threshold of old age," as Jowett and Davies and Vaughan have it, would indicate middle age, approaching old, which does not suit the passages where the phrase is used by Homer. We like "think away" (339 B). A somewhat bizarre expression in 344 D is not hit off by any of them. We would suggest "having flooded our

ears with words, like a bathman giving a *douche*." In 345 B "am I to take the doctrine and feed you with it?" is not nearly so good as Jowett's "Would you have me put the proof bodily into your souls?" But if we went through the whole treatise comparing the versions, the world would not contain the reviews which should be written. In 375 A Davies and Vaughan's version "swift to overtake it when discovered," would mislead junior students into supposing that αἰσθανόμενον could be passive. Mr. Lindsay far better gives "quick of foot to pursue the moment they perceive"; αἰσθανόμενον is the accusative before δῶκαθ' αὐτῷ. "Musical modes," too, is better than "harmony." The passage on education, iii. 401-403, which Mr. Lindsay in his introduction rightly calls a notable passage, is, we regret, too long to quote. The phrase εἰ μὴ δδῶκα seems to be not "I should not be justified in refusing your request" (Jowett), nor "I should be churlish to refuse" (Lindsay), still less "as I am an honest man" (Davies and Vaughan); but "I have a good right to do so," as explained by Stalbaum, who compares 608 D. Professor Adams, however explains, "I have no right to refuse."

Mr. Lindsay, in his excellent introduction, makes some instructive remarks on the relation between the form and the matter of the dialogue, and the disadvantages resulting from their combination:

Although the doctrines expounded in the dialogue are those of Plato, and although Socrates certainly never held them, yet Plato considered them to be the outcome of Socrates' teaching and life. In a sense Socrates is the subject of the dialogue. In his life he had given an example of that justice which it is the purpose of the dialogue to define and exalt. If Plato in the *Republic* no longer shares Socrates' optimism regarding the state, if this dialogue is in a sense, as Krohn says, a condemnation of Greek civilisation, it is so because Athens in putting Socrates to death had condemned herself. . . . Dramatically it is perfect; as an exposition of philosophy it presents certain difficulties.

The only misprint we have noticed is that of "tricker" for "tinker," in 495 E. It is a pity, because it spoils the passage (of which Matthew Arnold was so fond) in which Socrates expounds how the very qualities which make a man a philosopher may also divert him from philosophy. Thus philosophy is left desolate; her own have fallen away from her, and she is left unwed; unworthy persons enter in and dishonour her—puny creatures who, having been clever at their own miserable crafts, have made money. Such persons "take a leap out of their trades" into philosophy,

exactly like a bald little tinker who has just got out of durance and come into a fortune; he takes a bath and puts on a new coat and is decked out as a bridegroom going to marry his master's daughter, who is left poor and desolate [Jowett's version].

Such is the opinion of the wise Plato concerning the real condition of persons who are unworthy of education, when they approach divine philosophy, and thus, as it were, marry out of their own sphere. Hear, ye Board Schools!

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A "FREE" STAGE

The Struggle for a Free Stage in London. By WATSON NICHOLSON. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

To the ordinary, sane man there are few subjects so uninteresting as stage-history. One has to be a little stage-struck to take a delight in it; and even then, as usually handled by the chroniclers, it is barren. But there are moments when stage history becomes important, and there are ways of treating the subject that lift it out of the ruck of the chroniclers. Such a way is Dr. Watson Nicholson's (he is professor of English in the University of Yale), and such a moment we are inclined to believe, is the present, when the question whether, after all, we have a "free" stage is being forced upon our notice.

The English stage never has been free. If Dr. Nicholson had cared to start his story a century earlier than he does,

he would have found the Elizabethan authors and players tyrannised over by the Master of the Revels, who could, on occasion (usually on occasion of fees), make himself exceedingly and perversely unpleasant. He would have found, too, the same official doing his utmost to stifle the renewed life of the drama at the Restoration. So that even before his starting-point—the granting of the patents to Killigrew and Davenant by Charles II. in 1660—the stage was in bondage; just as (in the opinion of some at any rate) it may be held to be in bondage still, more than half a century after Dr. Nicholson's concluding event, the passing of the Theatre Regulation Bill of 1843.

Between those dates, 1660 and 1843, the story told by Dr. Nicholson (and told, we may add, remarkably well) is that of the growth and decay of a tyrannous monopoly. In 1660 Charles II., flourishing the inevitable British motive of the morality of the drama, granted patents to Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant, the playwright and poet who had succeeded in performing operas even under Cromwell, and to one Tom Killigrew, a boon companion of the king, which gave them the sole right of having plays performed in London. Each started his theatre, Killigrew building the first Drury Lane, and Davenant occupying at first the house in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The system worked fairly well for a time, while London was not so large as to require more than two theatres; though the combination of competition and restriction tended to lower the tone of the productions. But even moderate smoothness did not last long. Drury Lane failed, and in 1682 the two patents were united in one. A genuine monopoly was established, from which Betterton and others found themselves compelled to revolt. By granting Betterton a new licence, William III. showed that the position of the monopolists even as regards the Crown was not very sure, since what the Crown gave the Crown could take away; and the invasion of new theatres (e.g., the little theatre in the Haymarket and the Goodman's Fields Theatre of Odell and Gifford, which was soon to be rendered famous by Garrick) made their positions still more insecure. They found means to strengthen it in the Licensing Act of 1737.

Ostensibly the Licensing Act was aimed at the burlesques which Henry Fielding had been writing and producing at the Haymarket, in which Walpole and his Government were very roughly handled. This fashion had begun with the *Beggar's Opera* in 1728 and grew rapidly into favour. In effect the Bill proved to be nothing but a lever for exalting the two great patent houses, by checking or hampering all attempts at independent theatrical production. In giving parliamentary recognition to the fact of the Crown's absolute prerogative over theatrical amusements the Act admitted the exclusiveness of Charles II.'s grant, and also vested absolute power in the hands of the Crown's representative, the Lord Chamberlain, whose position was thus for the first time defined. He was the mouthpiece of the Crown, and in spite of conflicting legislation, which attempted to give some power to the magistrates, he was absolute in all matters relating to the theatre.

The use of absolute power depends on the mind and character of the person in whom it is vested. The Lord Chamberlains for a considerable time were all on the side of the great patent houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and against any attempts to establish independent theatres. Their power was used to bolster up the position of the great houses, which were constantly being attacked by the need for more theatres and the need for better drama than the patent houses gave. For the curious and interesting feature is this: Charles II. had granted his patents for the purpose of freeing the theatre from "prophanation and scurrility," and in the hope that "such kinds of entertainment . . . might serve as moral instructions in humane life"—an admirable phrase, and one which it is by no means impossible to reconcile with the Restoration drama as we know it. Within a few years restricted competition had ousted the "legitimate" in

favour of spectacle, music, and so forth—the “musical comedy,” in fact, of the day; and thereafter the patent houses were never, with rare exceptions, in the van, and often very far in the rear. Instituted to be the home of Shakespeare and the better sort of drama, they became not only themselves the home of trained elephants, human flies, and the like, but the greatest obstacle existing to the performance of the drama proper in other theatres. When the public complained and complained in the most practical manner, by petitioning for, or by starting, another theatre, Drury Lane or Covent Garden rebuilt itself rather bigger than before, with the result that drama became even more impossible than ever in a place where three-quarters of the audience were too far away to see.

There came a time, however, when the double edge of absolute power became apparent. A Lord Chamberlain arose—Lord Dartmouth—an enlightened man, who took the intelligent view of these monstrous blots on English drama. He found that authors could not get their plays produced, that the public could not see what they wanted to see, that the actors could not free themselves from the tyranny of monopolist employers, that mismanagement, stupidity and vulgarity were the marks of the patent theatres. Early in the last century, though he could not remove the anomalies of the law, he did all in his power to encourage freedom of competition. The result was that the minor, independent theatres were more or less free to give the public what it had long clamoured for—the drama proper. True, it was still necessary in some cases to adhere to the form of the “burletta”; that is, to present *Macbeth*, for instance, with a certain amount of music, and at least five songs—for each of which a fee had to be paid to the Examiner of Plays; but less and less importance was attached to this pretence, and Dr. Nicholson quotes a case in which all that was required was that there should be a pianist who once every five minutes struck a chord, inaudible to the house. Meanwhile, the patent, protected, Royal houses kept to their lions, elephants and human flies. The end came in sight in the eighteen-thirties, and by 1843 the monopolies were broken, and London had a “free stage.”

How free? That is just the question. “The general construction placed upon the measure,” writes Dr. Nicholson, “was that the Chamberlain’s duty was the defence of morals, and that, otherwise, managers should be left free. . . . One objection only was raised to it as originally prepared, namely, to that clause empowering the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit, at his pleasure, the representation of any play whatever in any theatre in his jurisdiction. This was thought to invest that official with a power too inclusive, and hence too dangerous.” An effort was made to alter the clause, but the effect was left unchanged. Some few years before, when a committee sat under Bulwer to consider the question of the theatres, it had been recommended “that the office of the censor should exist at the sole discretion of the Lord Chamberlain”; and in presenting his Dramatic Performances Bill, 1833, Bulwer had stated that “although the Dramatic Committee had thought the office of examiner of plays a needless one, they had retained it in the proposed bill, fearing that any attempt to abolish that office might militate against the bill itself.” He had previously insisted that “the only true censor of the age was the spirit of the age,” and that the public and the press were thought to be “better censors by far than any ‘ignorant and bungling official’ appointed for that purpose.”

The story, then, is fairly clear. The office of censor was regarded as useless by enlightened minds as long ago as 1832; but since the Lord Chamberlain was to be relieved of his autocratic power over the drama of London the office of examiner of plays was retained, partly in order that, by being placed under his control, it might act as a small consolation, partly lest the proposal to abolish it might frighten the House into rejecting other reforms. It is no part of our purpose to examine the conduct of the

office since that date. It is enough to point out how it came to have the status it holds and how it comes to be in existence at all nearly one hundred years after it had been implicitly condemned. We move slowly in England, and the effort to rid the drama of one huge injustice seems to have exhausted the efforts of its champions.

FAMILY, FINANCE, AND FASHION

The Houblon Family, its Story and Times. 2 vols. By Lady ALICE ARCHER HOUBLON. (Constable, 31s. 6d. net.)

THERE are reviewers who regard “Family Histories” as their natural prey. To them the amiable tendencies displayed by authors of such books to gather into the bosom of the family they celebrate all whose name affords the least justification for such a welcome, is an eighth deadly sin, to be chastised with scorpions. They may be justified in their strictures from their own point of view, in certain instances. But for the most part it would seem that their mountain in labour is delivered of the most ridiculous breed of mice. For the best kind of family history is seldom written either by a profound antiquarian, or from a profoundly antiquarian point of view. The real value of a family history is to paint in upon the broad background of history bright and lively foreground figures, little personalities whose mannerisms of speech and dress, whose little everyday joys and sorrows, successes and failures, may serve, by reminding us that human nature is much the same in all ages, to make the social and political *milieu* in which they moved as clearly defined and as real as themselves. And if among the figures so depicted, there are some which loom large upon the background of their day, so much the better for the perspective and harmony of the picture.

It is precisely this same craving for humanity in history which attaches an exaggerated interest to the Duke of Wellington’s “twopenny tinker’s damn”: which has made the fortune of Madame Tussaud’s and which invests the birthplace of Shakespeare with more value than his works for the Transatlantic devotee. And though this inversion of values is food for sorrow and contempt to the “serious” historian to whom results, not processes, are all that matter, and who finds more joy in the bald record of an event than in the character of the men who made the event possible, it is none the less the very marrow of living history.

Lady Alice Archer Houblon’s book is an admirable example of this most desirable type of Family History. The right ingredients are all here, and they are most judiciously combined. A family of quite respectable antiquity, having a highly reputable known record in its early stages, with more than a hint of greater glories in the dimmer past: for members of that family, merchant princes and pioneers of finance, friends of men perhaps more famous but no more humanly interesting than themselves; generous glimpses of wider history, whose relation to the “figures” is at times almost shadowy, but which well fills in the scene; romance a little, humour a little, pathos a little, moralising a little, and love (not a little) for the family whose credit and renown she celebrates—these furnish the amiable authoress with ample material for the two beautiful volumes which contain the history of the Houblon family.

But it must not be inferred that the genealogical aspect of the history has been either neglected or unduly expanded in the slipshod fashion to which allusion was made in the beginning of this review. On the contrary, the actual pedigree of the Houblons is soberly and clearly traced, both in chart and paragraph form. Scanty reference to authorities does not imply incorrectness or lack of actual verification; and the authoress has wisely abstained from the wild speculation which mars many works of this kind. True, she is prone to claim all Hoblyns, Hublands, Houpleines, and most Hopes as

collaterals of the Houblons; but as often as not she has some ground for her surmises in this field: and her pedigrees are not obscured by the introduction of doubtful individuals. The family has played a sufficiently distinguished part in the history of the city of London to be able to dispense with adventitious aids to its glory. And an unbroken male descent from the opening years of the sixteenth century to the present day needs no mythical trimmings to put it in the first rank of English pedigrees.

Moreover, the Houblons themselves, as portrayed by the sympathetic pen of the authoress, are very charming and natural people; not free from weaknesses and failings, yet worthy representatives of the country of their adoption; diarists, and letter-writers too, of a rare verve and charm, especially the witty and unfortunate lady, of whose romantic marriage to Baron Feilitzsch in the troublous days of the first Napoleon is told for the most part in her own words—and orthography! Her lightning word-sketches of the great figures of the seething European muddle are rendered indescribably piquant by the dash of quaint *malice* in their colouring.

It is scarcely correct to speak of the "rise" of the Houblons. For the persecutions of Alva enriched London by many solid and prosperous Lillois merchants, among whom was the "confessor" of this family. So that their whole history so far back as we know it has been one of continued prosperity and honour. The time of Elizabeth sees them not yet endenized, but prominent among the "Merchant Strangers" of London. In 1592 was born James Houblon whom Pepys styled "Pater Bursae Londinensis," and who in his span of ninety years saw the end of a dynasty, the reigns of four monarchs, civil war, revolution and regicide—the dour days of the Commonwealth, and the mad excesses of the restored Court, London scourged by plague (which nigh on a score of years before had claimed his wife) and cleansed by fire. It is this James Houblon who is really the central figure of the book. His name, with those of his five sons, appears frequently in the pages of Pepys' Diary, which is largely drawn upon by the authoress. Associated with some of the earliest banking ventures in this country, James Houblon was the progenitor of the most remarkable family in the history of English finance. Sir James and Sir John were both in the first three of the directors of the Bank of England elected by ballot. The latter was first governor of the Bank, Lord Mayor of London in 1695, and a member of the Commission of the Admiralty formed in the previous year. He was also Master of the Grocers' Company. During the crisis at the Bank brought about by the jealousy of the Goldsmiths, and by its support of the ill-considered Land Bank scheme, there were, as "J. A." complained in a tract expressing the complaints of the shareholders at the high-handed action of the directors, "six relations of a certain family" among the twenty-six directors of the Bank, viz., Sir John, governor; his brothers Sir James and Abraham (afterwards deputy governor and governor), and his nephew Peter; his brother-in-law John Lordell (also of Huguenot descent), and his cousin Peter du Cane.

Sir James, merchant adventurer, is associated with one of the wildest romances in the history of British trade. It was his ship *The Charles II.* that was re-christened the *Phansy* by the pirate Every, formerly her mate, when he started on his career of adventure, which ended so disastrously, not for himself, but for the poor Governor of the Bahamas. And it was to appease the wrath of the East India Company that Captain Kidd was despatched by the Admiralty, to suppress the calling of which he soon became the most famous exponent!

From piracy to parsons is a far cry. But one of the most delightful characters in the book is that of the Rev. Stotherd Abdy, Rector of Coopersale, Essex, as revealed by his diary of "the Welford Wedding" of Jacob Houblon (the fourth of the name) to Susanna, daughter and eventual heiress of John Archer of Welford, Berks, on June 18, 1770. From the careful record of

good fare—"Excellent veal cutlets and a Rabbit, roasted" "Tea and Coffee and many eatables of the Cake and Bread and Butter kind" "a most noble Pike" and so on, we should judge that the good parson loved his inner man. And an extract which tells of a Sunday spent in the wildest horse-play, because card-playing was not considered seemly on that day, suggests that the rowdiness of house-parties is no modern development, while the Bridge of to-day seems to have had a worthy predecessor in the Brag of the days of George III. Nor was the modern rivalry between billiard-room and drawing-room unknown, for Parson Abdy tells how he got into sad trouble with the ladies for deserting them to join in "a Party at Hazards."

And do we not recognise the scene described by young Mrs. Houblon, at the Herts Militia Ball?

Some few were dressed with that neat elegant simplicity that surpasses every distinguishing ornament, and must at least pass uncensured as it is unstudied. Some were gaily apparelled but with taste and elegance. But more had called every flower, ribbon and feather to their aid! And yet it is most probable that among all this motley crew none had the least idea that they were not well dress'd! As to the gentlemen they were, I believe, all very properly dress'd. The eighteen of our Regiment who were there could not be otherwise. . . . *Memo.* My Dress was a new polonese of dove-colour'd satten trimmed with ermine; apron, &c. &c. of Brussels Lace, pink ribbon bows and diamonds.

From 1778 to 1782 Jacob and John Houblon were both on service in the Herts Militia, and were among those who were encamped in Hyde Park during the Gordon Riots.

The two chapters "Lætitia" and "My Baron" contain the story to which allusion has already been made and it is difficult to refrain from quotation. But Lætitia's stay in Paris affords some choice morsels of rapid characterisation:

Went to the Opera. Violent squalling and no good dancing. French don't sound well in recitative.

At Versailles she observes:

The King looks heavy and bloated, and waddles. Monsieur the same. Comte d'Artois a fine figure. His sons fine Boys. The Queen's a majestick figure. Madame Royal ugly, and looks sulky. Madame Elizabeth a pleasing Woman. The Savoyards not so.

In 1795:

The Duke of York is extolled as a Commander. It pleases me that he is good for something.

And to conclude, here is a love story told with the brevity of a despatch, but full of joy in the romance:

What a pretty Novel is the Princes of Prussia's love! How the 2 Princesses (of Mecklenburg) "begged Grandmama to take them to Frankfort." How Granny said: "I wish it with all my heart, but as I have but 3000 Thalers for both your maintenance, I can only buy you muslin dresses & that's not fit." How Misses wept & coax'd, & that they should die with anxiety to see the King of Prussia, & that they would be quite incog. Granny relented and all packed up. How a Burgomaster who knew them invited them to a Ball, & the moment the Princes' (of Prussia) entered, they fell desperately in Love; but that the Prince Royal would not speak to the eldest Princess that He might observe Her the more. And how the next morning He threw Himself at the King's feet, & said, as His Majesty had always been so kind to allow Him to speak His mind, He now declared that His whole happiness depended upon the Princess of Mecklenburg for a wife. The K. took Him up, embraced Him, said His first wish was accomplished, which was that His Son's heart might speak. That he highly approved, & would instantly write to the Queen for Her approbation. The Prince went to His Brother; said He was the happiest of Mortals, for His Father had sanctioned His Passion. The young one was sadly alarmed, recollecting that He had noticed the only youngest, hesitatingly asked which? The eldest! Then my dearest Brother, you are not the happiest of Mortals, for I will marry the youngest! So they hugged; & Papa was as agreeable to this as that. Granny liked to have died with joy. The Princesses only feared that it would bring on their Father's Jaundice again, who was just recovering. A fine Ball was given, the want of dress was removed, & there's a pretty Tale just as I heard it from a Lady who has come from Frankfort. The King wanted one of our Princesses, but George said it must be the Eldest, & she was thought much too old! If that's true, our poor Daughters must remain as good Maids as they can!

The elder of these two sisters was afterwards Louise,

Queen of Prussia, whose heroic life is the subject of a recently published biography.

The history is brought down to the present day; but we can do no more than note the exquisite beauty of Mary Anne Eyre, the mother of the present representative of the family, Colonel George Bramston Eyre (now, Archer Houblon), whose wife is the authoress of these volumes: the general excellence of the illustrations throughout, including those in colour; and the unostentatious beauty of print and binding, which go to make the appearance of the book worthy of its contents. Lady Alice Archer Houblon is fortunate in having material of such wide interest on which to exercise her skill, and the family is fortunate in its historian.

THE CZAR'S DOMINION

A Year in Russia. By MAURICE BARING. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN his preface to this book Mr. Baring says that most of the books published on Russian affairs increase, rather than dispel, the ignorance in England about Russia; it must be a satisfaction to Mr. Baring to know that this charge can never be brought against his own unpretentious work. The book, it must be said at once, is founded largely on letters contributed to the *Morning Post*, and is a record of things seen and heard in Russia by the author in the year which began in August 1905; and some day the author hopes to give an explanation of these facts by writing a book on the Russian people and literature. Newspaper letters do not as a rule appear to advantage in book form, but Mr. Baring's do not suffer much by being transplanted, because his interests are so wide and his treatment of affairs so human that he manages to make his "copy" of more than ephemeral interest. The fact will be remembered by those who read his "With the Russians in Manchuria," and it may well be suggested now that he is, if not the best informed, at any rate the pleasantest writer of the small body of English correspondents in Russia.

Mr. Baring is, of course, too wise to be a prophet or a violent partisan; he owns that his views have been changed during the last three years, and we suspect that, like those of whom he writes, he is not vexed by public affairs, but anxious to knock the factious dogs on the head. He does not force politics on his readers, though in his more serious moments he can be, as in the chapters on the Duma, most illuminating; his favourite plan is to give a ludicrously commonplace appearance to facts, which, under the treatment of the sensation-monger, might be tricked out in all sorts of garish ways. One instance may be enough to illustrate this:

The first thing which brought home to me that Russia had been granted the promise of a Constitution was this: I went to the big Russian baths. Somebody came in and I asked for some soap, upon which the barber's assistant, aged about ten, said with the air of a Hampden, "Give the 'citizen' some soap."

It is not, however, so much for the political views expressed in it that this book will be valued, as for the light which the author throws on the life of the Russian people. He has much to say of the Russian taste for English literature, of the peasants' love for "Paradise Lost," which is popular (in translation) just as "Pilgrim's Progress" has always been popular in England, and he quotes, to go to another extreme, the case of a doctor in the Far East, who admired Jerome K. Jerome enormously. All through the book, which is in diary form, are scattered stories and observations, which are often instructive and more often still amusing. One day's entry may be devoted to describing a sunset, ending with an account of a Chinese peripatetic school, where one of the students asked whether in England "you write and a big captain comes to look-see, and if all was not well, beats you," to which Mr. Baring truthfully replied that practically this

was the procedure of our competitive examinations. Then you may open a page by chance and find nothing more serious than this:

January 3.

In the hospital a soldier told me two fairy tales; one was about a wizard, and the other was in octosyllabic verse. It took twenty-five minutes to tell. When he alluded to the "cloak of darkness" he called it a "waterproof" cloak.

January 4.

A cabman who drove me home last night drove me again to-day. He said it was lucky I had taken him yesterday, because he had not had another fare; and that he had told his comrades all about it, and had said he would have been lost had not the Lord sent him a Barine, and such a Barine too. (I had heavily overpaid him.) I said, "I suppose you said, 'God sent you a fool.'" "Oh! Barine, don't offend God," he answered.

But it is not all so light as this; in places the diary is almost lyrical and the account of the ride on the hay-waggon near Moscow might have been written by Mr. Belloc; and the humour too is the humour of Mr. Belloc (are they not both contributors to the same daily paper?) as may be seen by one more extract, dealing this time with the hackneyed subject of Easter at Moscow:

I heard a faint mutter in the next room, a small voice murmuring "Gospodi, Gospodi" ("Lord, Lord"). I went to see who it was and found it was the policeman, sighing for his tip, not wishing to disturb, but at the same time anxious to indicate his presence. He brought me a crimson egg. Then came the doorkeeper and the cook. And the policeman must, I think, have been pleased with his tip, because policemen have been coming ever since, and there are not more than two who belong to my street.

Those who read the book will probably, even if they start with average ignorance of Russia, close it with saner views and with a keen desire that Mr. Baring's promised books on Russia will be speedily published.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF FLOWERS

Nature's Own Gardens. By MAUD M. CLARKE. (Dent, 21s.)

THE long series of reprints and new books on gardens and wild flowers still continues to be published, and seems to continue as popular as ever. These books mark a very pleasing characteristic of ours as a people—our love of flowers. English horticulture has always ranked high in that humanising craft, and the record of the acclimatisation of foreign plants has been more carefully kept in this country than perhaps in any other, ever since the printing of the first herbal, Gerarde's, in 1597. The principal master-gardeners in England are of course usually Scotch. This is owing to the superior intelligence in Scotland of the class from which gardeners are drawn, and to the long and arduous apprenticeship which they there have to pass through. The love of flowers is nevertheless peculiarly English, as the beauty of village gardens all over England plainly shows. The love of wild flowers is no doubt a later development than horticulture, and attention to them was at first confined to the scientific, who regarded them purely for the sake of their properties, but the number of English popular names shows that they were valued by the country people not only as simples, for the names frequently do not refer to their medicinal qualities, but to their forms. The frequency with which posies of wild flowers are still seen in cottage windows also seems to show that if a love of them is not indigenous, it has been very easily and unconsciously acquired.

Miss Maud U. Clarke seems to have inherited this taste, as she has certainly cultivated it to some purpose. She has essayed to make a book by herself, both writing it and illustrating it fully. This is a bold undertaking; very few observers have the gift of recording their observations in words, and also in line and colour. Miss Clarke shows herself a diligent and enthusiastic observer of plant life, and even of plant form. Unfortunately for her book-making, she has studied Richard Jefferies too much. Like all great individual artists unapproached in their peculiar field of art, Jefferies is a bad master, his thoughts

and his expression are very difficult to assimilate. His pupil's style is so much affected by his, that comparison between them becomes inevitable, and the pupil's work suffers unjustly. We cannot help comparing Miss Clarke's too sententious analysis of natural economy with such passages as this:

Sweet is the bitter sea by the shore, where the faint blue pebbles are lapped by the green-grey wave, where the wind-quivering foam is loath to leave the lashed stone. Sweet is the bitter sea, and the clear green in which the gaze seeks the soul, looking through the glass into itself. The sea thinks for me as I listen and ponder; the sea thinks, and every boom of the wave repeats my prayer. . . . Leaving the shore I walk among the trees; a cloud passes, and the sweet shore rain comes mingled with sunbeams and flower-scented air. The finches sing among the fresh green leaves of the beeches. Beautiful it is, in the summer days, to see the wheat wave, and the long grass foam-flecked of flower yield and return to the wind. My soul of itself always desires; these are to it as fresh food.

Though there is room for criticism in the form of such writing, it has an extraordinary vividness of expression, which Miss Clarke entirely misses. Her elaborate inquiries into the economy of Nature conducted in a certain literary style lead to obscurities. They leave more blurred and less suggestive impressions of Nature itself than the familiar gossip of Ann Pratt or even than the well-meant efforts of C. A. Johns to popularise elementary Botany. Miss Clarke's best chapters are those in which she casts off Jefferies and gives practical notes for the semi-cultivation of plants in wood and water-gardens. Her notes suggest the possibility of creating charming places where the spirit of Jefferies might dwell. In her illustrations Miss Clarke does not show much knowledge or trained observation of flower forms. Her outline studies of flowers lack perspective, clearness of expression, sureness of touch and delicacy in the treatment of their subtle curves and angles. They have the air of having been studied from pressed or faded specimens. She might do better with the brush alone. In this particular style she would get help from the true and very simple flower-studies of Miss A. M. Corfe. More advanced and more exquisite are the beautiful flower studies of Ruskin. Nothing of the kind is more difficult than the treatment of flowers as landscape, and Miss Clarke is rash in attempting an art in which so few trained painters succeed; such rare pictures as the *Tulip-fields* of Monsieur Claude Monet should show her what genius it needs, if indeed the work of Monet does not make her despair. For flowers treated as *genre* she should study the contemporary work of Fantin-Latour and of Mr. Walter James, and of course the earlier Dutch, French and English flower-masters, such as Van Huysum, though these may not please her so well. She is not afraid of pure, strong colour, indeed she is not sufficiently afraid of it, for she has little idea of its relative values. It is a great merit to have a natural love for it and she may yet learn to see it and use it, in its true proportions. No doubt her work suffers from reproduction, for the representation of flowers by mechanical processes has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished, as may be seen by comparing the first years of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine* and the first edition of Sowerby's "British Botany" with the later volumes of those works, which have no artistic merit whatever. For the rest Messrs. Dent's prints are up to their well-known and popular level.

We have criticised Miss Clarke's text and illustrations from a strictly technical standpoint, but it must be said, that she probably does not intend to appeal to that standard, and we should lose by failing to refer it to the standard which she really seems to have in view. After all, such criticism appeals to but a small and perhaps too artificial public. These people are not too sincere in the expression of their tastes, and they often fatigue us with their continual efforts to keep them up to the mark. Miss Clarke shows that she possesses delicate powers of perception, a cheering personality and a well-ordered, not too subtle intelligence. Her book shows on every page the pure pleasure which she had in making it, a pleasure which

will communicate itself to the more simple-minded of her readers. There is a healthy country atmosphere about it which is pleasant to us and will be especially attractive to the less sophisticated. There are many charming, restful people, *animæ candidæ*, who will be delighted with it. They shrink from a strong personality. The all-pervading presence of Jefferies in the nature which he creates in order to express his own soul repels them and interferes with their perception of Nature. They absorb Nature unconsciously as it were through the pores of the skin, and they carry with them something of the breath of May. Miss Clarke's mildly meandering philosophy may supply thoughts for their country rambles that may quicken their perceptions, but it will not interfere with their natural enjoyment; it will only make them think they have been thinking. We are grateful to her and to Messrs. Dent for providing us with another pretty gift-book for our gentle, less-critical friends.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Wanderings East of Suez. By FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE was once an egregious globe-trotter who boasted that he had "discovered" India, and nearly "detected" America. Mr. Penfield, being an American, is even more ingenuous. In his introductory chapter he admits that "so thorough was my mental acquaintance with India through years of sympathetic study of Kipling that a leisurely survey of Hind simply confirmed my impressions." Could anything be more naïve? It seems almost unkind to remind the author of a certain Pagett M.P., who "came on a four months' visit, to 'study the East' in November," with disastrous results. But there is a fatuous similarity between Pagett and Penfield, which it were idle to ignore. The itinerary of the latter covers Suez, Colombo, Bombay, Benares, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and Tokyo. He includes in his travel-talk a dissertation on the Suez Canal, a description of the Cingalese pearl-fishery, considerable admiration of Great Britain's world commerce, and some lamentation at the paucity of American trade.

What the American, zigzagging up and down and across that boundless region spoken of as East of Suez fails to see is the product of Uncle Sam's mills, workshops, mines and farms. From the moment he passes the Suez Canal to his arrival at Hong Kong or Yokohama the Stars and Stripes are discovered in no harbor nor upon any sea; and maybe he sees the emblem of the great republic not once in the transit of the Pacific.

Which is well. And again:

If one be a sufferer from Anglophobia, a tour of the globe by conventional paths may produce rather more irritation than is good for man—to such a traveler the British Empire is a chronic nightmare, for the red flag is everywhere. Every harbor seems choked with English shipping, if not guarded by a British warship, and Tommy Atkins is the first man met ashore.

This is all very satisfactory, but Mr. Penfield has really nothing new to tell about any of the places he visited. He has assimilated much useful information, many statistics, and not a few superficial impressions. These he has clothed in picturesque language, decorated here and there with such gems as "truthlet" for a little truth; "honked down in his motor-car"; "dicker" for negotiation; "standees"; and "drooling idiot." The book has some fair illustrations and a good index.

Hindustan under Free Lances, 1770-1820. By H. G. KEENE. (Brown, Langham, 15s.)

THE period of the great anarchy in India is to be gathered from the title of this book, which is a history of the more prominent European adventurers, outside the control of any European government, who played a part in Hindustan after the downfall of the Great Moghul.

Mr. Keene, whose works on the history of India are well known, is fully qualified to deal with these men whose life history is of interest to many besides those acquainted with the field of their exploits. They were a curious collection of men: the late Sir Richard Temple describes them well in the preface as being

like stormy petrels hovering over the sea of trouble, or like mariners in their barques riding on the crests of the waves, often nearing the breakers, yet rarely striking on them and but seldom engulfed. . . . Their origin was as various as their employments, Italians, Savoyards, French, Flemish, Dutch, and occasionally even British; some were of gentle, almost noble, birth, some were soldiers from the ranks, some were from the fore-castle, some were deserters, some were mere swash-bucklers, some were gentlemen and administrators, some were honourable though rough soldiers, some were money-makers, and some were adventurers of the meanest type.

When political existence was a continual life and death struggle, men of this kind were always welcome to Asiatic rulers, who were glad enough to have in their service men capable of drilling troops and leading them in the field. They were employed, too, in many cases in the hope that the dreaded tide of the British advance might be checked by native troops if they were drilled by men of one or other of the fateful European races. The most notable of them all was M. Boigne, a Savoyard by birth, education, and experience, who rose to be the right-hand man of Sindhia, the most powerful chief in India, and who ultimately died full of honour in his native country, to which he made several benefactions, in 1830. The use, indeed, which he made in his retirement of the wealth which he had accumulated, is in striking contrast to the conduct of his British contemporaries who were spending their gains in raising, as has been said, nothing but the price of fresh eggs and rotten borough. As an example of the British free lance there may be quoted the case of Colonel James Skinner, the son of an English officer and Rajput lady, who served for some time in Sindhia's army and afterwards did such good work for the British army; his famous corps of cavalry in canary-coloured uniform is still represented. A remarkable fact is related of him that though quite English in his habits, in his latter days he used the Persian language by preference when he had to write at length.

The book, which has already appeared in chapters in a Calcutta review, is throughout interesting, and written in a way that will make the narrative easily intelligible to English readers. Most of those who read it will probably be struck by the resemblance of these free lances to those who learned the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus.

Ornithological and Other Oddities. By FRANK FINN. (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.)

In this volume Mr. Finn has brought together a number of essays, mostly ornithological, which have appeared from time to time in various magazines, and they certainly make a most readable volume.

Mr. Finn touches lightly on many themes, and withal after a fashion that shows an intimate acquaintance with his subject. As the title of his book implies, his aim has been to bring together all the out-of-the-way facts about the creatures he writes about, and his choice of instances has been a very happy one. The chapter on the "Toilet of Birds" may serve as a sample. Herein he discusses the uses of the birds' oil-gland, or as he calls it, "pomatum-pot," and the still more curious "powder-puff" and "comb."

While it is generally supposed that all that can be known about the first-named has been discovered—a supposition which we have many reasons for regarding as fallacious—no one has yet been able to fathom the real purpose either of the "powder-puff" or comb. The first of these two accessories takes the form of curious down-like feathers which are constantly disintegrating, giving rise to an extremely fine powder, peculiarly smooth to the touch, reminding one, when rubbed between the fingers, of "fuller's earth." In the herons and bitterns these

feathers form large matted patches on the throat and over the thighs, while in the parrots and certain birds of prey these feathers are scattered all over the body. But they are found in several different kinds of birds, and have therefore been independently acquired—but for what purpose? The peculiar bloom on the cheek of the grey parrot—a bloom which extends even to the beak—is due to this powder, but when we have stated this fact we have said all that can at present be said.

The "comb" is a no less mysterious instrument. This is represented by peculiar serrations along the inner edge of the claw of the middle toe of a considerable number of quite unrelated birds, such, for example, as herons and night-jars, while in birds which are certainly closely related, some may have it while others do not. The barn-owls, for example, possess this strange instrument, but no other owl. The night-jars are supposed to find it useful in cleaning the long bristles which fringe the mouth, though there seems to be no evidence in support of this!

With this sample of the fare which Mr. Finn has provided for his readers this notice must perforce close, since any attempt to survey the book as a whole would be impossible within the space at our disposal. Suffice it to say, by way of general summary, there is not a dull line in the whole volume, while the illustrations are remarkably good.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

THE extraordinary action of the Lord Chamberlain's department with regard to *The Mikado*, deplorable as it is alike from the artistic and the political standpoint, will not be wholly matter for regret if its result is to direct public attention to the absurdities of our whole system of licensing plays. The subject is not one which as a rule comes under the notice of the ordinary man. Nine times out of ten he is probably quite unconscious that the Lord Chamberlain is interfering or has power to interfere with his amusements at the theatre. But the tenth time some piece of more than ordinary stupidity brings home to him the outrageous character of the rules under which our drama is governed, and every time this happens the end of the present system is brought a step nearer.

As the details of that system are not generally known in this country it will perhaps be well to explain briefly the nature of the English dramatic censorship and the principles on which it is administered. The King's Reader of Plays (to give him his correct designation) is a subordinate official in the Lord Chamberlain's department. It is his duty to read every play which it is proposed to perform publicly in Great Britain and to advise the Lord Chamberlain whether a licence for such performance shall be granted or withheld. Ireland, it appears, is exempt from his ministrations, which perhaps explains why Ireland to-day has an active literary theatre zealously engaged in fostering a contemporary drama of some artistic sincerity while England has not. If the licence for a play is refused no public performance in any theatre or hall in Great Britain can be given, and from that decision there is no appeal. The licenser, being the mere deputy of a Court official, is not under the Home Office and is not responsible to Parliament. To curtail or take away his powers would require special legislation, though, of course, the spirit in which they are exercised might be modified if wiser views as to artistic questions prevailed at the Lord Chamberlain's office. But as the Lord Chamberlain is not selected for his artistic proclivities or for his knowledge of contemporary drama, but exists for a totally different purpose, namely, to see that ladies who attend Drawing-rooms drive up to the right door and have the right length of train, no alteration in that direction is to be looked for. Be this as it may, no stage play can be performed publicly in England without

a licence from the Lord Chamberlain. And here we meet with one of the most glaring anomalies of the system. *No dramatist can get his play licensed in England at all.* A licence can only be granted to the manager of a theatre. In England, it seems, dramatists are not supposed to exist, only theatrical managers. If a dramatist therefore wishes to have the play licensed he must submit it through a manager, and if, as may easily happen, he desires to get it licensed before any arrangements have been made as to production at any particular theatre, he can only do this through the friendly offices of some manager whom he chances to know. If he is merely a man of letters who has no acquaintances in the theatrical world his play must go unlicensed until he makes such acquaintance. In this country apparently the idea of a man of letters having anything to do with the drama is so abhorrent to the Lord Chamberlain's department that they feel bound to exert all the influence at their command to prevent so disastrous a connection. But though the existence of the dramatist is not recognised at the Lord Chamberlain's office for the purpose of licensing a play, a fee is exacted from him for the granting (or the withholding) of that licence, namely, one guinea for a one-act play, and two guineas for a play in more than one act. The author, in fact, has to pay for having his play read though he is not allowed to submit it for reading purposes or to receive a licence for it if a licence be granted, an illuminating instance of the workings of the official mind when it has to deal with the artist.

The system on which plays are licensed in England being of this gloriously haphazard description it is not surprising that the wrong plays are constantly passed by the Censor and the right plays constantly refused. The problem of deciding what to allow and what to forbid in any department whether of art or morals is notoriously almost insoluble, and is indeed one great argument against any Censorship at all. But when the duty is left in the hands of a Department which has no knowledge of and no interest in the subject in hand the result is inevitably chaos. The plays which have been refused a licence during the past few years include *Monna Vanna* and *Sister Beatrice* by Maeterlinck, *Ghosts* by Ibsen, *La Città Morta* by D'Annunzio, *The Cenci* by Shelley, three plays by Brieux (*The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, *Maternité* and *Les Hannelons*), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* by Bernard Shaw, *Salomé* by Oscar Wilde and now *The Mikado*. There are of course, many others, but these are the more conspicuous examples. Why were these plays refused a licence? Why does the Lord Chamberlain license *Zaza* and reject *Mrs. Warren's Profession*? Why does he accept *Sapho* and refuse *Les Hannelons*? Is *Ghosts* a less ennobling and artistically admirable piece of work than *A Wife Without a Smile*? Is *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* which he banned a depraving play and *Education du Prince* which he blessed an elevating one? We cannot think so. We admit the enormous difficulties of the Censor's position. It would probably be impossible to fill that position without making mistakes. But we maintain that the present Censor makes very many more mistakes than are at all necessary, and that a drastic reconsideration of the principles on which his decisions are based is imperatively required. And we also suggest that if the administration of the Censorship is quite so difficult as it appears, it is at least a question whether the office had not better be abolished and its functions left to the Police who already have power to interfere in the theatre whenever decency or order require.

We have spoken of the "principles" on which the Censor's decisions are based, but it is not easy to say what those principles are. The rejection of *Monna Vanna*, for example, has always puzzled even the most zealous defenders of the present system. The legend is that the Censor misread the stage direction which bids *Monna Vanna* enter, "*nue sous un manteau*" as "*nue sans un manteau*" and, blushing, refused a licence. But it may be only a legend. The D'Annunzio and the Shelley and

the Shaw plays were probably refused on account of their subjects. The Brieux and the Ibsen ones because they were immoral (!). But there is no knowing. The secrets of the licensing mind are well guarded. *Salomé* no doubt was refused because its cast includes persons mentioned in Scripture, and it is a rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office that no Biblical subject or character should be presented on the English stage unless the play was written before the days of Sir Robert Walpole. This rule, it will be remembered, was enforced in the case of Massenet's opera *Hérodiade*, the characters of which had to have their names altered before the work could be given at Covent Garden! The same principle, no doubt, will apply to Strauss's *Salomé*, and London will be cut off from all chance of hearing the most famous opera of to-day unless Herr Strauss (and Mr. Wilde's literary executor) consent to the alteration of *Salomé's* name to Mary Ann and Herod's to Harrods. Then the cause of religion will have been safeguarded from the corrupting influence of the theatre—and the Censorship will have made itself so unutterably ludicrous that its days will be numbered even in this solemn country. It is therefore much to be hoped from every point of view that music-lovers in London will make every effort to secure the performance of Strauss's opera in London during the present season. Opera in England to-day has a powerful backing among the rich and intelligent classes of the community, and they are both able and willing to exert their influence on behalf of the art which they love. If they bestir themselves Strauss's opera will be performed here. If the drama in this country had ever succeeded in enlisting a similar measure of intelligence and enthusiasm on its side the Censorship of plays in its present form would not have survived till now. It would have perished of its own ineptitude.

ON THE DECAY OF FRENCH MANNERS

ACCORDING to the late Mr. F. Trollope (a brother of the novelist), who was familiar with the continental society of half a century ago, the last Frenchman to retain, in the perfection of its traditions, "*la grande manière*" was Châteaubriand, the author of "*Le Génie du Christianisme*." That this complex personage, who had shown himself to be in so many respects an innovator, and even, politically speaking, an iconoclast, should have displayed an unswerving loyalty to forms which to a modern mind might seem to matter as little or less than any other, is attributable doubtless to his romanticism. An ineradicable pride of race was one of the most significant elements in the romanticism of this great writer, the founder indeed of the Romantic School, the literary father of Victor Hugo; on it was based his passion for politeness, and out of this in turn grew in a great measure his admiration for Christianity and his attitude of veneration towards the Catholic Church, whom he upheld and defended, and whose tenets he accepted in a spirit of chivalry which was the very essence of good breeding. Châteaubriand would have condemned the conduct of the French Government of to-day towards the Catholic Church as, above all things, ungentlemanly, and therein it would, we fear, have been difficult to gainsay him. Good manners are impossible without sincere religion in one form or another, and the converse is also true. The decay of French manners—which is alas! a real thing—has been contemporary with the gradual disappearance or decline of most of the finer artistic instincts by which the life of the French people was formerly inspired.

This is a world-wide disaster. Be it understood, however, that we are not seeking to establish invidious comparisons. We are not saying that while French manners have deteriorated, English manners have improved. We

have no knowledge of English manners, as such, nor do we fully believe that they have any categorical existence. But France has hitherto been the fount of politeness from whose sparkling sources the rest of the civilised world has drawn its supply. That this fount should be running dry is as terrible a catastrophe as was the decay of Greek art, and the final oblivion which has overtaken its principles and teachings. In a few years it is more than likely that Europe will no longer possess any but defunct models of *savoir-vivre*, dilapidated antiques without arms or legs.

Politeness, to which the French nation has given so subtle and suave a countenance, probably originated in a sense of fear. To study fear in its highest expression we must go to the insect world. No living thing will make way for you with greater conviction or *empressement* than the common insect of our fields and roads, which through countless æons of fear has gradually acquired an elaborate coat of armour, a number of eyes in its back, a habit of only going out at night, and a thousand legs to run away with. Such a creature is wonderfully adapted by nature for the practice of the cheaper courtesies of life. It could hardly ever make a *gaffe*. In semi-savage countries, such as Germany and certain states of America, politeness is, though barbaric, of a more ceremonious description than among better bred and better fed peoples. A more or less vague feeling of apprehension governs it. And even in France to-day the cheerful good-morning which the French peasant as a rule gives you is often distinctly reassuring when you meet him at some lonely corner of a wood. The practice of handshaking is traced by certain authorities to a desire common to the parties concerned to show that neither is carrying a weapon. But these origins are of small import. The art of politeness, invented and brought to its apogee of completeness by the French, belongs to quite a different sphere of ideas. Politeness, instead of being a homage to the strong, had developed from the days of chivalry when its chief mission was to protect the weak, into a perfect compendium of the art of living based upon unrestrained generosity both of thought and action. Perfect politeness is perfect liberality. A liberal education, the liberal arts are identical with a polite education, the polite arts! And any decay in national politeness cannot fail to react to a most alarming degree upon the intellect and character of the civilised world at large. Brief reflection aided by the most superficial examination of the main facts in the history of man's development will amply suffice to show that literary and artistic decadence has ever been accompanied by a dulling of the instinct of liberality—the cheap church has taken the place of the cathedral built at an inestimable expense of labour and devotion, and similar mental and moral degeneracy has marked the invasion of the cheap house, the cheap book, the cheap *objet d'art*, the cheap everything. All truly artistic effort is a labour of love, and love never counts the cost. Art has no price, and makes none. A perfect act of politeness ever involves in one respect or another act of self-abnegation. There is the famous example of Lord Stair and Louis XIV., when his lordship, being bidden by the king to precede him into one of the royal carriages, immediately complied. The politeness was equal on both sides. The French sovereign gave proof of unrestrained liberality worthy of so magnanimous a monarch by abandoning his prerogative of precedence in his own dominions to the Scotch viscount. The English Ambassador returned the compliment by yielding immediate obedience to the behest of a king who was not his master. Neither sacrifice was outdone by the other. In another and even more typical instance the Duc de Richelieu, having called upon the English Ambassador, courteously *forbade* the latter to see him to his carriage. "I shall disobey your orders, monseigneur," was the Ambassador's reply. "In that case," said the Duc with a smile, "I shall imprison you," and, slipping through the door, he

deftly locked it behind him. But the English Ambassador was equal to the occasion. He leapt from the second-floor window of his apartment on to the stones below, and, though he broke his leg in so doing, he was bowing at the door when the Duc de Richelieu, delighted to have been so elegantly outwitted, entered his *carrosse*. It were wrong to laugh. That was the "*grande manière*."

The decay of politeness in France may be variously traced to the coarsening and levelling effects of obligatory military service, to the growth of democratic ideas, the spirit of rapacity which is masked under the word "*égalité*," to the absence of a Court, to political discontent, to financial embarrassment, to many causes, the analysis of which, however, possesses but little interest. That the French are not as polite and, concomitantly, not as cheerful as they were is obvious to even a week-end tripper. For within the memory of man quite the majority of the Parisians, even of the lower middle-class, were examples of civilised and pleasant courtesy to their social peers across the Channel. Did not Heinrich Heine say (who, however, was not an altogether reliable judge in such matters) that the ladies of the Paris Central Markets talked like duchesses? To-day the elaborate phraseology of the French colloquial tongue is giving place to slang, to snippety idioms borrowed from English, the idioms which English can best afford to lose, to sporting abbreviations. The very grammar is being slowly but surely uprooted. And with the stately old language is disappearing the environment which was appropriate to it. The *café où l'on cause* has yielded up its life to the noisy beerhouse. Art and literature are both deeply affected by the decay of manners in France. The vulgar automobile, whose inconsiderate movements are everywhere the epitome of bad manners, is acknowledged to be a chief cause of the poverty which has befallen both artists and men of letters. The devotees of the new sport have neither money to buy pictures nor time to read books.

ROWLAND STRONG.

WILLIAM BARNES

WILLIAM BARNES published in 1868 a small volume of verse, containing some of his best work. The volume is called "*Poems of Rural Life in Common English*," for he had previously published poetry only in the Dorsetshire dialect. This poetry in dialect is so well known that it needs no word here; even in his life-time it was sufficiently appreciated to cause him to feel some misgiving in publishing the English poems; but it was surely his humility that bade him hesitate, for in these pages is to be found the poem called "*The Mother's Dream*," long ago garnered by Professor Palgrave into the "*Golden Treasury*." Is it too well known for quotation?

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
O, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O, it did not burn;

He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

And there are others here that have the same tenderness and directness, and these are perhaps not so well known. Take, for instance, the one called "Joy passing by," with its gentle opening, that tells of the sorrows and compensations of childhood, leading up so quietly to the profound sadness in the concluding lines:

When ice all melted to the sun,
And left the wavy streams to run,
We long'd, as summer came, to roll
In river foam, o'er depth and shoal;
And if we lost our loose-bow'd swing,
We had a kite to pull our string;
Or, if no ball
Would rise or fall
With us, another joy was nigh
Before our joy all pass'd us by.

If leaves of trees, that wind stripp'd bare
At morning, fly on evening air
We still look on for summer boughs
To shade again our sunburnt brows,
Where orchard blooms' white scales may fall,
May hang the apple's blushing ball.
New hopes come on
For old ones gone,
As day on day may shine on high,
Until our joys all pass us by.

My childhood yearn'd to reach the span
Of boyhood's life, and be a man;
And then I look'd, in manhood's pride,
For manhood's sweetest choice, a bride;
And then the lovely children come
To make my home a dearer home
But now my mind
Can look behind
For joy, and wonder, with a sigh,
When all my joys have pass'd me by.

Was it when once I miss'd a call
To rise, and thenceforth seem'd to fall,
Or when my wife to my hands left
Her few bright keys, a doleful heft,
Or when before the door I stood
To watch a child away for good,
Or where some crowd
In mirth was loud,
Or where I saw a mourner sigh,
Where did my joy all pass me by.

In a life full of research and occupation William Barnes rode one hobby; and this was the Anglicising of our Latinised English, Philology, which he called speech-lore. He wrote two books on this subject called "Redecraft" and "Speechcraft." In his preface to "Speechcraft" he announces it as "a small trial towards the upholding of our own strong old Anglo-Saxon speech and the ready teaching of it to purely English minds by their own tongue." He boldly puts away all derived or foreign words and substitutes words formed by himself from Saxon roots. He has a glossary of Latinised words with his own alternatives to face them.

Accelerate	to on-quicken.
Accent	word-strain.
Acoustics	sound-lore.
Aëronaut	air-farer.
Alienate	to un-friend.
Ancestor	fore-elder.
Aphorisms	thought-cullings.
Botany	wort-lore.
Democracy	folkdom.
Deteriorate	worsen.
Equilibrium	weight-evenness.
Equivalent	worth-evenness.
Foliate	to leafen.
Initial	word-head.

His daughter writes "speechcraft was one of William Barnes's favourite mind children" and she quotes a letter of his:

Our speech will go to wreck if the half learned writers from the press follow their own way. The *Athenæum* thinks I am an enthusiast but that my book will do good, as it teaches many overlooked (I say little-known) points of speech lore.

He loved the phrases of children; and it is easy to see why. For a child not knowing the accepted word, and seeking to express its meaning will often coin just such a definition as Barnes delighted in. As for instance when a child spoke of Honey as Bee-jam. Heloved the Dorset characters and phrases of country life, the boy "who scrope out the 'p' in Psalm cos he didn't spell nothen."

But his research in languages was not only confined to the Teuton and the Saxon. He writes:

I have sought and feel sure I have found the cause of a phenomenon in Celtic speech, and find that the Professor of Celtic at Oxford has been at work at the same problem and reached the same outcome;

and in another letter in answer to some question, he wrote at length on the Runic characters and their peculiarly angular shape, suitable for cutting with a knife on the four-sided rods.

In 1869 he published a copy of "Early England and the Saxon English." In this he traces both Angles and Saxons from their earlier sources. He traces the landmarks of their first settlements which are now found in the form of dykes. The Roman and British Roads were his great study, and with the help of "The British Chroniclers" and his own philological studies in the names of places, he made a complete map of the great roads. He found (I quote again from the Life of W. Barnes by Leader Scott) that these were in ancient times the Ermyn Street and the Akerman Street, a road through dense forests, which led to the north-western haven whence ships departed for Ireland.

The chief fact proved by these studies of roads is that the Britons were road-makers before the Romans came, and that the Romans made use of roads already existing. Maiden Castle, three miles from Barnes's home at Came Rectory, he held was British work. "Its very name is Celtic," he would say, "*mai dun*, the stronghold by the plain, or with a plain top," and he would look at the wide expanse of green turf that crowns the summit of the earthwork.

I believe many dykes were made for peaceful jurisdiction [he writes] rather than for war walls; 'as we marked our borough boundaries, the good of which is we know without strife whether a law-breach outside or inside of it, is to be tried by the county or borough magistrate; so a wrong on the English side of Offa's dyke was under English law, and a wrong on the Welsh side was under Welsh law.

But we will return to his poems. He made a deep study of metre. The poem of Woak Hill is an instance of his peculiarly rhythmical style. The original of this metre is a Persian form called "The Pearl" because the rhymes form a string like beads upon a thread. The pearl, or series of assonance, lies in the second word in the last line of each stanza. And the poet, while observing a rule so binding, through a poem of ten stanzas succeeds in keeping the perfect ease in line and thought:

When sycamore trees were a-spreading
Green-ruddy in hedges
Beside the red dust of the ridges
A-dried at Woak Hill.

I packed up my goods all a-shining
With long years of handling
On dusty red wheels of a waggon
To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen roof of the dwelling
I then were a-leaving
Had sheltered the sleek head of Mary
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now for some years her light footfall
S' a-lost from the flooring
Too soon for my joy and my children
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that in soul
She do hover about us
To ho' for her motherless children
Her pride at Woak Hill.

So lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'thout her
And left her un-called at house-riden
To bide at Woak Hill:

I call'd her so fondly, with lippens
All soundless to others
And took her with air-reaching hand
To my side at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talking
To light at my shoulder
And then led her in at the doorway
Miles wide from Woak Hill

And that's why folk thought, for a season
My mind were a-wand'ring
With sorrow, when I were so sorely
A-ried at Woak Hill.

But no; that my Mary mid never
Behold herself slighted
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide from Woak Hill.]

Another Persian metre used by him was "The Ghazal." This has a rhyme followed by the same word recurring at the end of each stanza. "The Ghazal" is a couplet instead of a four-lined metre.

Our summer way to Church did wind about
The cliff where ivy on the ledge was green

Our Summer way to town did skirt the wood
Where shining leaves, in tree and hedge, were green

Our Summer way to milking in the mead
Was on by brooks whose flutt'ring sedge was green

Our homeward ways all gathered into one
Where moss upon the roofstone's edge was green.

There are poems in this little volume which hold, if the whole poem be not of his best, lines of beauty and imagery that could be written by him alone. Such lines as these:

And there the moon, at morning break,
Though yet unset, was gleaming weak,
And fresh'ning air began to pass,
All voiceless, over darksome grass,
Before the sun
Had yet begun
To dazzle down the morning moon.

By poplar trees that stand as slim
'S a feather, by the stream's green brim;
And down about the mill that stood
Half darkened off below the wood,
The rambling brook,
From nook to nook,
Flow'd on beneath the morning moon.

Or, again, such lines as these, excellently descriptive:

The ox with sleek hide and with low swimming head
The sheep, little-kneed, with a quick dipping nod;

Sheep have never been so truly painted before.

And listen to this poem called "The Wind at the Door":

As daylight darkened on the dewless grass
There still, with no one come by me,
To stay awhile at home by me,
Within the house, now dumb by me,
I sat me still, as evening-tide did pass,

And there a wind-blast shook the rattling door,
And seem'd, as wind did moan without,
As if my love alone without,
And standing on the stone without,
Had there come back, with happiness once more

I went to door, and out from trees, above
My head, upon the blast by me
Sweet blossoms there were cast by me,
As if my love had pass'd by me,
And flung them down, a token of her love.

Sweet blossoms of the tree where now I mourn,
I thought, if you did blow for her,
For apples that should grow for her,
And fall red-ripe below for her,
O, then how happy I should see you kern.

But no. Too soon my fond illusion broke,
No comely soul in white like her,
No fair one tripping light like her,
No wife of comely height like her,
Went by, but all my grief again awoke.

What of such lines as these?

By winding ways on wand'ring wide,
Or wilder waste, or wind-blown wood.

Or, again:

By dipping Downs at dawn of day,
Or dewy dells when daylight dies.

These are very beautiful; and they are typical of Barnes, for they are pictures as well as word-sounds. They have the wind and the sunlight in them and the warm breath of nights in June.

By morning meads, or midday mound,
Or mellow midnight's mounted moon.

But the last stanza in this poem that has these alliterative couplets must be given in full, just because it is so pretty and amusing:

And when my work has brought me all
Its earnings day by day
And I have paid each man his call
On me, for lawful pay;
I still can spare enough to grant
My wife a jaunt, with weather fair
Or buy my boy a taking toy,
Or make a doll my daughter's joy.
With limber limbs all lopping loose
Or leaning low in little laps.

There are isolated lines of his that remain in one's memory:

The clover-whitened knap.

The mother-holden child.

The bird's thin cries, by tangled boughs.

And this of twilight:

—Where evening smoke rose grey
While dells began to miss the light of day.

"I write pictures which I see in my mind," he said. And reading his lines we see these pictures too. It is well if we care for Barnes's poems, "deep whispering fountains of the wells of thought."

And in the story of this sheltered life, a life so impressed by quietness and beauty, changed and overshadowed though it was by one great grief, we realise anew that Nature never does betray the heart that loves her.

PAMELA TENNANT.

REVERENCE

It was a profound idea of the Greeks to give to every element its particular genius and of the alchemists to speak of the principles of matter. Everything animate or inanimate even to the ground we tread upon has the virtues and the defects of its qualities, and it is perhaps worth while remembering that it is our peculiar privilege to fulfil the hidden powers of these our humbler brothers of clay and stone. Art is the joyful recognition of this privilege and more particularly any form of art in which the actual material plays an obvious part in the finished work; as, for example, in the art of sculpture. Inferior work in sculpture generally means that the artist has approached his material in a missionary spirit; has tried to convert one substance to the uses of another, has put upon marble the responsibilities of bronze or pretended to discover in clay the tendencies of a fluid. He has in some way violated the instincts of the material; he has failed of reverence for its nature. The story of the boy Canova coming to the rescue of the Faleri's cook with the image of a lion done in butter goes a long way to

explain and condemn Canova's work in marble. It is of course possible to abuse marble to imitate lace as it is possible to teach a dog to stand on its hind legs and shoulder arms, or a pig to pick out the letters of the alphabet, but the one process is no more art than the other is education. There is a danger in attaching too much importance to derivations, but it is worth while for the hundredth time thinking about the real meaning of the word education. As in ourselves, so in every inanimate substance, there are higher possibilities than are apparent at first sight. Latent in ivory, lurking in bronze, sleeping in stone, there is a hidden soul waiting release, as Ariel suffered in the pine waiting the wand of Prospero. The legend of the Sleeping Beauty is true of everything created, and as a woman's nature waits upon the kiss of her lover there are properties of marble only discovered by the chisel.

The artist adds nothing to the material that was not implicitly there already; he merely makes the most of its qualities of whiteness or hardness or smoothness or plasticity. For the problem of sculpture is not to illustrate such and such an idea with marble or bronze, but to conceive an idea in terms of marble or bronze; to state an impression in the language and idiom of the chosen material. Perfect expression is only reached through sympathy with the material and therefore it is not surprising that the greatest sculptors have approached their art by way of the mason's yard, and have not out of a general culture arbitrarily turned to the handling of marble.

In the earlier Greek sculptures it is as if the artist were actually oppressed by his reverence for the material, so that fearful of outraging its nature he says always less than he might. Sex and action are merely hinted at, but those placid limbs and serene faces are not inexpressive from want of skill. With growing confidence in the generosity of materials, the Greeks produced their noblest works and then, from whatever moral causes, they lost reverence; and the decadence of Greek sculpture began when artists forgot or insolently ignored that they were dealing with marble. Even their legends contain indications of this transgression: when Galatea was warmed into living woman ivory was violated.

Fortunately, in spite of much that is evil, much that is mistaken in the art of to-day, there does appear to be a growing sense of the dignity, the inalienable rights of materials—even of words. It has been said that the future development of poetry will be not in a more striking use of poetic images nor in the invention of new and exquisite rhythms, but in a more considered use of words themselves, not in their dictionary meanings but for their intrinsic properties; and it seems to me that any advance in the plastic and pictorial arts will be obtained by the more sensitive recognition and use of the absolute qualities of paint and clay and bronze and marble. Every work of art is a collaboration between the genius of the artist and the genius of the material, and I am beginning to believe that the final test of greatness is that the artist shall apparently renounce something of his technical dexterity so that the material has the last word. Apparently, because not to do so is the hardest thing of all and needs an extremity of skill.

For this reason, of all the works of Rodin I am inclined to take that head in the Luxembourg called "La Pensée" as the one most peculiarly significant of his genius as a sculptor. By leaving the head chin-deep in rough-hewn marble he has, whether consciously or not, symbolised the whole art of sculpture, which is a setting-free of something already latent in the block. It is as if he has discovered the secret meaning of all marble. Merely as the study of a woman's head the work has a poignant beauty. It is the head of a woman no longer very young in the terms of human life; she is as young and as old as the world was when marble was made. Her lips, one might say, have been kissed, have cried out with the pain of child-bearing, have laughed and sung and at last have

found the better part in silence. Not without meaning is she hooded like a nun and her eyes that have seen so many things have returned to the inner vision; and regretfully, as if they had been fatal to brothers, look down upon the marble which she is. For with all this pathetic human significance marble has the last word. If marble has a soul it is surely something like her; she is a white thought, the white thought of marble itself.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

"HABERDASHER"

THE word *haberdasher* still awaits explanation. The latest account is that in the New English Dictionary, where it is connected with "the Anglo-French *hapertas*, of unknown origin, perhaps the name of a fabric, which occurs in an Anglo-French customs list of imported peltry, furs and fabrics, where a parallel and nearly contemporary list has *haberdassherie*." The Anglo-French *hapertas* occurs, in fact, in the Liber Albus, at p. 225, and *haberdassherie* in the same, at p. 231.

The question, then, is this: what is meant by *hapertas*? And this is really a double question, viz., what is *haper* and what is *tas*? For the word is probably a compound.

The form *haper* has been questioned, because elsewhere it is *haber*. But I hold that it is quite right and affords the clue; the spellings *haper* and *haber* being alternative. As to *haber*, it occurs again in *haberjet*, also the name of a fabric; and in the more familiar *habergeon*. The last of these is a known form, viz., the diminutive of *hauberk*. And *hauberk* is the Old French *hauberc*, which Murray rightly derives from "the Old High German *halsberg* or *halsperc*." Just so; the form *halsberg* gives *haber*-, and the form *halsperc* gives *haper*-. The *p* is due to the High German *p*, as seen in the Old High German *perkan*, to defend, which in most German dialects was *bergan*. Hence it is all quite right; *haper*- is a legitimate occasional variant of the more usual *haber*-.

Next, as to the sense: *hals-perc* is "neck-defence," and so was the name for the *hauberk*, originally meant to protect the neck and shoulders, but afterwards applied to denote the whole coat of mail. *Habergeon* was "a little coat of mail," at first applied to a small and light *hauberk*, but afterwards used in almost the same sense. The form is that of the Old French *haubergeon*, *habergeon*, formed from the Old French *hauberc* by adding a diminutive suffix.

We now pass on to *hauberjet*, *haberjet*, "a kind of cloth named in Magna Charta and in some ancient records." All that we are told is that it is spelt *haubergetum* in mediæval Latin, and is "apparently related to *hauberk* and *habergeon*."

But it is also spelt *haubergettum*; see Fleta, ed. Selden, 1647, lib. i. c. 24, § 12, p. 36. And Riley, in his edition of Liber Albus, iii. 326, says [rightly, as I think] that "*hapertas* is perhaps the same as *halberjet* and *hauberjet*, the uniform breadth of which is enacted by c. 34 of the Magna Charta of John, c. 23 of the first Magna Charta of Henry III., and c. 25 of the first Magna Charta of Edward I." Next, in Richard Thomson's Essay on Magna Charta, 1829, p. 217, we find it said of *halberjet* [it misprinted for *as* usual] that it "was a kind of very coarse and thick mixed English cloth of various colours, sometimes used for the habits of monks."

This Latin *haubergettum* represents an Old French *hauberg-et*, with the commonest of diminutive suffixes; so that the literal sense is "small *hauberk*." But it was not made of mail at all, but of cloth. What are we to understand by this?

Surely it is easy; it must refer to the under-*hauberk* or doublet. Let Chaucer speak to us from his famous Prologue: "Of fustian he wered a gipoun," etc., i.e., he wore a jupon or doublet of fustian, all besmattered with

the marks made by the habergeon that had been worn above it. I suppose that *hauberjet* or *haberjet* was merely the older name of *fustian*, a word which first appeared at the surprisingly early date of 1200, and supplanted the older *haberjet*; and that is why we hear of it no more.

And now, what is *hapertas*? It is merely another derivative of *hauberk*, and at first signified a fabric which could be used, like *haberjet*, beneath the mail. Thomson says of the latter that it was "very coarse and thick," and it had need to be, if it had to be used for a doublet beneath armour, or for the durable dress of a monk. And, as shown above, you may alter it to *habertas* if you like.

What is *tas*? This is the hardest point; but I guess it to be the original of *tasset*, the name of a plate of armour used to piece out a hauberk. Cotgrave explains *tassette* as "(1) a little cup [a totally different word], and (2) the skirt of a garment and the *tasse* of an armour." The later *tasset* was made with several movable plates; but "at first in one piece (tuile-shaped)"; see A. Demmin, "History of Arms," English version, p. 228. Compare the Bavarian *taschen*, a flat tile, in Schmeller.

As for *hapertas*, I guess it to be a "hauberk-tass," i.e., addition to a hauberk, but here applied, not to the coat of mail, but to the doublet; or, strictly speaking, to the skirt of the doublet whereon the chief stress came, owing to the chafing of the coat of mail's lower edge. It was then naturally applied to the fabric used for it, which would of course be of a very strong and coarse texture, or a *haberget* of the best quality. Like *haberget*, it seems to have been supplanted by *fustian*, except in so far as it was referred to the dealer in *habertas*. From *habertas* was formed *haberdasserie*; it is quite a natural variation (cf. Verner's law); at any rate, we have evidence of the change from *t* to *d*. The *sh* for *ss* is quite regular, just as in the English *flourishing* for the French *fleurissant* and the like; or in the English *bushel* for the Norman *bussel*. And from *haberdasserie* we get *haberdasher* at once.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

TINCTURE OF BLOOD ROYAL *

It is an old story, this persuading of Mæcenas that he is sprung from ancient kings, and the tale is told with greater insistence now that the names of Mæcenas, patron of the popular genealogist, are Legion and Subscriber.

A long generation has passed since Sir Bernard Burke, the father of modern pedigree-making in England, showed many nobles and gentles to their wondering delight how through a grandmother's great grandam a zig-zag pedigree might be traced for them to princely Lionels and Edwards, not to speak of more breathless clambers towards Charlemagne or Hugh the White.

But a few such experiments contented Sir Bernard. An industrious and enthusiastic compiler of the old school—indeed he was the old school—his quick Dublin wit soon saw that this "Royal Lineage" was a honour which Nokes and Stiles in the village might share with the squire. Others, however, followed through his gap and the "Royal Lineage" is still a most marketable commodity, a pedigree-maker's ware which can be furnished up for any customer whose two parents were not foundlings.

For this "Royal Lineage" has not the narrow meaning which would confine it to members of a royal house. The duke parts it with the mobsman. English society, knowing nothing, now or at any earlier time, of a sharp line between gentle and simple, of *hoffähigkeit*, of *seize*

quartiers or of noble castes, has always been in a state of flux. Cloth of frieze has often patched cloth of gold, and high kinship that brought with it neither money nor manors was lightly held. The London barber's family whom a memorandum before us shows as second cousins to King Edward VI. were probably but modestly elated with a fact that could attract no custom to their striped pole.

If we be not the band of brothers that Harry of Monmouth would have us, at least we are a nation of cousins. There can hardly be a man jack of us all without a drop of the blood of the fierce house of Anjou, and since Gurth the swineherd settled down on his hide of free land in Walsingham to rear a brood of little Gurths, doubtless his blood too runs in the beings of our proudest barons. But King John's strain flows the wider, for intermarriage of great folk took that up and down the country.

In the Marquis de Ruvigny et de Raineval the discoverer of Royal Lineage has a wholesale competitor. Not content with tracing the royal lineage of carefully selected county families he sets himself to follow all the lives which run from Edward III. With some judgment he has chosen the common royal ancestor for his clients. A descendant of Edward III. cannot be said to be more notably royal in his origin than one whose descent comes from Edward I., but no pedigree of the latter sovereign's million descendants could pretend to be final. M. de Ruvigny persuades himself that the third Edward's issue can be marshalled within the limits of a row of large volumes and can even affect a pretty air of a select caste, difficult to maintain even in the face of M. de Ruvigny's very untrustworthy estimate that they number a mere sixty thousand.

The service to the historian or genealogist that such books can do is naught. The "royal lineage" book is a toy and a trumpery toy which can but appeal to the most uninstructed imagination. If we can truthfully tell Mr. Smith of Tooting, that he comes from a Smith who drew a good bow at Agincourt, from Smiths who were notable citizens or manor lords, old Smiths whose monuments he may find in brass or marble in some far parish church, the news may hearten him in his day's work, and give him no unwholesome desire to push forward like a man for the sake of his little Smiths whose ancestry is thus illustrated. But if we make him subscribe for a work which shows that he can claim a sixty-thousandth in a king we minister to his idlest snobbery and to the ignorance that keeps him from recognising that this royal lineage must logically be balanced by his descent from the rabble of ancient gutters and the serfdom of old villages. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gave all of us who do not come from the marriage of cousins eight great-grand parents, but arithmetic will prove that our thirteenth and fourteenth century ancestors are the crowd—court and mob.

M. de Ruvigny's preface to his "Plantagenet Roll—(Anne of Exeter volume)" gives his own view of the matter. At the outset his use of the word Plantagenet sticks in our teeth, for M. de Ruvigny shows that he is with those novelists and others who believe that the name Plantagenet was the commonly used and recognised surname of our old royal house. "The Plantagenet roll of the Blood Royal, being a complete Table of all the descendants now living of Edward III., King of England" is the book's full title. Letting Plantagenet pass we are stopped again by the absurdity of describing these "60,000" somebodies and nobodies as a roll of the "Blood Royal," a phrase which even in the royal house is nowadays denied to princes whose relationship to the King is more remote than that of a first cousin. A glance through M. de Ruvigny's pages shows the latter point of the title—the essence of the book though it be—for a most reckless mis-statement.

To essay a genuinely "complete table" of the living descendants of Edward III. would tax the skill and best energies of all the trained archivists and genealogists

* The Plantagenet roll of the Blood Royal, being a complete table of all the descendants now living of Edward III., King of England, by the Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval. (The Anne of Exeter volume, Jack.)

in England for years to come, and in no case would they vouch for their work's completeness.

Needless to say that M. de Ruvigny, who cites no documents, an antiquary who in his second page shows that he cannot blazon the very arms of his "Plantagenets" without error, has failed hopelessly in his single-handed task.

Where ordinary peerages and well-known works of reference can help him he has copied his pedigrees carefully if uncritically, and the checking of the long list of modern names and addresses must have cost many months of industry. But his range of printed books has been limited and we have not observed any trace of original research amongst records properly so-called.

As a natural consequence of this limitation, M. de Ruvigny feels able to assure his subscribers that "with one or two trifling exceptions among the descendants of Edward IV., none of Duke Richard's descendants will be found in the lower walks of life." If M. de Ruvigny had written that the issue of cadets of great families cannot as a rule be traced by reference to the nearest bookshelf, he would be nearer the fact.

There is probably not an antiquary with a taste for genealogy who could not add out of hand names in scores and hundreds to this "complete list" so lamentably incomplete.

The table of those who have their thin stream of "blood royal" through Lady Frances Manners, wife of the sixth Lord Abergavenny, may be taken as an example of the insufficiency and inaccuracies of this pretentious book. Amongst the children of the first Earl of Westmorland we find George Fane without any issue assigned to him. Yet he was ancestor of the Viscounts Fane and the existing Earls of Sandwich and Counts de Salis. On a later page M. de Ruvigny incorrectly derives these viscounts from George Fane's brother, Sir Francis, through a son, "Sir Henry Fane, K.B., and Elizabeth Sapcott his wife." There was, indeed, a Sir Henry Fane, K.B., but his wife's name was not Elizabeth Sapcott, nor was he a son of Sir Francis Fane. Likewise, Robert Fane, youngest son of the same Earl of Westmorland, had many descendants unknown to M. de Ruvigny, amongst whom are the Webber-Incledons and other west country families.

We do not need to go beyond this single generation of brothers of a well-known house for a third and final example of M. de Ruvigny's insufficiencies. William Fane, yet another son of the same earl, is here as having married a wife, but M. de Ruvigny does not know that he had any issue. Would it surprise M. de Ruvigny to know that he was twice married, and that he had issue thirteen children, whose living descendants, an unnumbered multitude, include not only a plenty of those humble folk not shown in M. de Ruvigny's peerages, but also the not undistinguished family of Lord Halsbury, the late Lord Chancellor of England.

Thus without rising to consult a single work, without referring to a record, we have easily overset M. de Ruvigny's preposterous tale of a "complete list" of the living descendants of King Edward III. The most superficial study of English archives would have kept him from making it.

As a last word we re-assert against M. de Ruvigny that his work is in no sense the complete list it purports to be, and that the claim to "blood royal" of those who figure in it may be shared by the humblest of their neighbours. The antiquary can be pardoned who, as a genealogical exercise, sets himself the not very difficult puzzle of tracing his descent from a King of England, but to publish the result is an old-fashioned folly. To collect and print an inaccurate list of sixty thousand such descents is an aimless task which rouses in us the sort of pity we feel for the man who has built a model of Salisbury Cathedral out of sixty thousand champagne corks.

OSWALD BARRON.

FICTION

The House of Defence. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE wish the author of "Dodo" would forget that he is the son of an archbishop and not try to be serious. He has a very pleasant little gift of nonsense, and good nonsense is rare in this world of puritans and parish councillors. There is a dash of it in the book before us; charming Lady Thurso talks nonsense before she becomes involved with a lay-figure of a foreign nobleman; so does Lady Maud Raynham before she becomes involved with the "Christian Science" hero, Bertie Cochrane; while the character and conversation of Alice Yardly, a specimen of "Christian Scientists" at their flabbiest, are good nonsense all through. If Mr. Benson had kept the Christian Science at its flabbiest we should have had an amusing book; he has chosen to try and show it at its firmest, and is so busy fighting against the suggestion that his Christian Science hero is a prig that he has no leisure to make him a man. And all to no purpose, so far as the art of fiction is concerned, does he treat the subject in deadly earnest. The story is not exciting and only rarely amusing; the characters are not alive; the whole effect is of a story concocted with but moderate skill to lead up to a "great scene." And the great scene, when it comes, is not convincing. Mr. Benson says he saw it with his own eyes—the characters, of course, being different. He saw a Christian Scientist cure a victim of the laudanum habit by drinking a large dose of the poison without suffering the least harm from it. And Bertie Cochrane, after all the doctors have failed to break Thurso of the habit, finally breaks him of it in that manner. But how? By Christian Science? Or by the mere shock—often a wonderfully efficacious thing in mental cases? That is just the question. It remains unanswered; and so we miss both a good novel and a convincing exposition of the powers of Christian Science. When Mr. Benson tries to be earnest he merely succeeds in being respectable. He means well.

The Queen of a Day. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Unwin, 6s.)

ANOTHER fictitious little kingdom! Its name is Montalba! The name is the freshest thing about it: for otherwise there is hardly a new variation on the old theme, and the theme is one which has grown old as such themes do, with incredible swiftness. It is a pity that Mr. Fletcher whose "Grand Relations" was a capital comedy of Yorkshire life should have sunk to such an imitative level. He tries to tell his story with vigour, but the effort is too much for him: his people remain wooden puppets who go through stock movements with stiff joints. There is one gleam of vivacity in the little surprise which is kept for the end and which shows Mr. Fletcher's fertility of invention, but which does not save the book from being a disappointment. We beg Mr. Fletcher to return to his Yorkshire men and moors, and to leave these dreary little kingdoms for others to exploit.

And the Moor gave up its Dead. By ERIC HARRISON. (Greening, 6s.)

APART from its title—which has little or nothing to do with the book—there is no suggestion of murder and sudden death in this novel. It is, we should surmise, a first book, and it has many faults, most of which might have been remedied by an intelligent publisher's reader. They are faults due mainly, if not entirely, to inexperience and they are counterbalanced by a love and understanding of nature which are rarely found in modern fiction, and are proportionately valuable. The author is too fond of "sermonising." He strips the clothing off a score of bad small boys, as it were, and whips them mercilessly in public. We believe that a few quiet words, spoken in the privacy of an emptied class-room, would be more efficacious. Mr. Harrison, however, will learn as he ages.

It is a little difficult to accept his "visions"—which, by the way, were not essential—but his style is good, he has an eye for character, and when he writes of subjects in which he is interested—of fishing and poaching and open-air life—he carries the reader with him. His book is entertaining; we expect that his next will be very much better and we shall look forward to it.

Doctor Pons. By PAUL GWYNNE. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. PAUL GWYNNE is a clever writer who will one day startle the people who delight to croak about decadence. He has not yet given us the best of which he is capable. "Marta" contained some of the best sketches—and they were something more than mere sketches—of Spanish life and character that it has been our good fortune to meet; "The Bandolero" and "The Pagan at the Shrine" were almost equally good; "Doctor Pons" is, in some respects, better. Mr. Gwynne has insight, humour, power, a fine discrimination, a knowledge of phases of life which remain a sealed book to the many, and, above all, sympathy and a vivid style. And yet we are convinced that his book has yet to be written: we feel that he has not done himself full justice here or in any novel he has published hitherto. The fault we have to find with the book before us is not one that could be urged against his previous work: that there is too little action in parts and that the "linked sweetness" is a shade too long drawn out. On the other hand, the character-drawing is clear, incisive and convincing, the story well told and in its details original, and the *dénouement* clever and dramatic. It is difficult, indeed, once the book is picked up, to lay it down. Perhaps its greatest merit lies in the fact that Mr. Gwynne has not set up any graven image. He shows us men and women as they are: here a virtue, there a vice. Consuelo and her sister, little Doctor Pons, Barclay and Alvaredo live, and the pictures of Mexican life are charming. "Doctor Pons" is decidedly a book to read. As to that other novel of Mr. Gwynne's—we shall not watch for it alone.

The Vigil. By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WHEN we began this novel we found that the two leading characters were an heiress who goes slumming in sables and a clergyman who lived in a room that the author considers proclaimed his character as clearly as the titles of the books on the two white shelves which ran round three of the walls. We cannot say anything about the books because we are not told their titles, but Mr. Begbie gives us a careful inventory of the furniture and we do not believe for one moment that it was ever collected by a man with a high absorbing mission to his fellow men's souls. The proper inhabitant of that room was a siren or a dilettante; a woman who knows the value of a beautiful background or a man whose tastes are either genuinely or fashionably fastidious. Men like Rodwell no more care for kidney-shaped tables and tortoiseshell clocks than Hotspur cared for the pouncet-box: and when they raise and comfort sinners they do it by the force of their own great personalities and not by their *bric-à-brac*. We are not forgetting that Rodwell fails to comfort a sinner at a crisis and has to go for help to the old Wesleyan minister Simon Eyre: nor that at the very end of the story "he was dragged away from the benign atmosphere of refinement and culture." We only mean that there is a little too much about "the courts of culture" in the picture of a man we are asked to revere and admire. "Culture" is a spoilt word to-day. However, the heiress and the clergyman are the centres of a fluent entertaining story. They go to a little Cornish town that is curiously inhabited by vicious Londoners, a strong man from the Brontë country, some amiable persons out of Dickens, a melodramatic Spaniard and one Cornish countrywoman who is true to life and such pleasant company that we wish there were more of her. Mr. Begbie believes that the world is a wicked one and that few men live as they should in the fear of the Lord.

He is very much in earnest and he makes his appeal with eloquence but not as it seems to us with great success. His illiterate agnostic for instance who claims to derive from "Hackel and Heagle" is farcical and can never be taken as representative of the class.

The Invader. By MARGARET L. WOODS. (Heinemann, 6s.)

IT required a Robert Louis Stevenson to write Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and it will take a finer artist than Miss Woods to do full justice to such a theme as that of "The Invader." The success of a tale of this description depends largely on the skill with which the plot is constructed but more on the capacity of the author to achieve a really subtle character-study. Miss Woods gives us something of a magic-lantern entertainment in which, like a bland showman, she casts first the portrait of a gentle submissive soul upon the screen, then whisks it suddenly away and flashes its exact antithesis upon us. As the little weatherwise figures in a Swiss toy pop out and scan the horizon, the disembodied souls of Miss Wood's unhappy heroines succeed each other in the possession of Mildred Stewart's body. They take it in turns with the utmost dignity and decorum, until the jealousy of Number One prompts her to put an end to herself and thus frustrate the machinations of Number Two. Their characters are drawn consistently if heavily; Mildred is always an unscrupulous, gay coquette, Milly (note the subtle distinction of names) always the dull, conscientious wife. The tale is neatly arranged and carefully carried out, and it is a pity that a certain inability to rouse the sympathy and interest of the reader should make a dull book of what might be, at worst, an ingenious one.

Margery Manesty. By OSWALD WILDRIDGE. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

WE have to thank Mr. Wildridge for a good healthy tale, dealing with men who are at least men, and not the neurotic dyspeptics dear to the heart of the modern novelist. His bluff old sea-dogs are survivals of a better day when men really "went down to the sea in ships," and fought the elements in the open, face to face, on decks slippery with brine, and knew nothing of the life men lead stifling among clanking engines, waging grim battle with an invisible foe. In Jacob Graham we have too short a glimpse of a fine type, and his friend "Cap'n Dan" is a very lovable character. Even the unpleasant portions of the book are singularly free from any morbid taint; the villain is the thorough-going, whole-hearted villain of melodrama, and his repentance is as sincere as it is sudden. The women in the story (there are but three) owe their charm to a straightforward honesty and true-hearted loyalty which is indeed refreshing, and it is this breezy, open-air element which saves the book from mediocrity and makes a fresh, entertaining story of what would otherwise have been a very ordinary tale.

His Neighbour's Landmark. By "ALIEN." (Digby, Long, 6s.)

"ALIEN" has added another quiet and unremarkable but pleasant novel to a steadily growing list of quiet and unremarkable but pleasant books. As in other novels by the same author the scene is laid in New Zealand and the atmosphere is healthy and bracing. The plot and the majority of the incidents have done duty before, but the characters are sympathetically drawn and there is a certain individuality in them all. Paul, the "Remittance" man, is the least satisfactory; his renunciation in the one crisis in his life of voluntary exile does not ring true, and his attitude on his meeting with Marah in London is even less convincing. "Ben" and Marah, on the other hand, are faithful portraits which many Colonials will recognise. Here and there there is a suggestion that "Alien" has the ability to do more original and more powerful work, but there is a quiet charm about the descriptions of New Zealand life and the slow, sure movement of the story which we would not willingly miss. We recommend the book to any one seeking companionship in a hammock on a summer afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IN NECESSARIIS UNITAS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I believe that the best form of the quotation, the origin of which is sought by your correspondent, is as follows:

"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus autem caritas."

In a tract by a German writer named Rupertus Meldenius we find the following words:

"Si nos servaremus in necessariis unitatem, in non necessariis libertatem, in utrisque charitatem, optimo carte loco essent ras nostrae."

The date of this work was about 1625. Nothing else is known of Rupertus Meldenius. Some think that he is identical with Gregorius Francus (1585-1651), as the very same words I have quoted from Meldenius occur in a tract written by Francus in the year 1628.

A. L. MAYHEW.

[We have also received replies to the same effect from C. B. Roylance Kent, "G. S.," Walter T. Browne, and "A.B."—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The words about which Mr. G. Darlow inquires on p. 493 of THE ACADEMY are generally attributed to Saint Vincent of Lerins, near Cannes.

E. S. DODGSON.

May 17.

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Allow me to endorse the evidence of F. H. L. in regard to the unique qualities and value of Fromentin's "*Les Maîtres d'autrefois*." It is really amazing that publishers should give us volume after volume of trash in the shape of eighteenth-century Memoirs or Letters of French persons of both sexes that might well be left in obscurity and are too little instructed, or judiciously advised, to neglect such a book as Fromentin's.

Has F. H. L. tried Heinemann?

Failing ordinary methods could he not try publishing by subscription. I would willingly subscribe.

A. M. POWELL.

"THE ART OF LIVING"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may sound ungrateful for an author to find any fault with such a favourable appreciation of her latest work as you printed in your issue of April 20. However, in justice to myself, I should like to excuse my use of the title *Charles the Bold*, when in the text I refer to *Charles le téméraire*.

An American student finds in the "*Century Dictionary of Names*" the son of Philip the Good called Charles (the Bold), the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" calls him Charles the Bold, as also does Chambers's "*Cyclopædia*." Sir Walter Scott also sins in the same company. There are others.

ESTHER SINGLETON.

New York, May 6.

TWO QUEENS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have two questions to which I seek answers, and shall be grateful if you will allow me to put them in your paper.

(1) In the fourteenth century Portugal sent to England, among other exports, a wine called "osey." What sort of wine was "osey," and what is the derivation of the name?

(2) A seal of Gérard de Saint Amand (1199) bears the inscription: SECRETUM MEUM MICI. I understand that in mediæval days MICI was commonly written MICH. Why? And was MICI a recognised variant form, or is it so written here by mistake?

W. H. M.

May 20.

A GREAT ELIZABETHAN POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems almost ungracious to append a footnote to A. D.'s charming paper upon Richard Barnfield; but the latter is not one of that illustrious company which includes Shelley, Landor, Mr. Swinburne, and the poet who wrote:

"Tell me not of Philosophies
Of morals, ethics, laws of life;
Give me no subtle theories,
No instruments of wordy strife.
I will not forge laborious chains
Link after link, till seven times seven,
I need no ponderous iron cranes
To haul my soul from earth to heaven."

Barnfield certainly took his B.A. degree on February 8, 1592. Moreover, there exists a "record that he actually came into direct conflict with the powers that were in his time:" for, according to an old register of B. N. C., Barnfield was permitted on March 19, 1591, to return to College on condition of delivering a declamation publicly in the hall within six weeks, or of paying in default 6s. 8d. (v. D. N. B. III. 263).

Accomplished critics frequently differ in their estimate of what is, or is not, fine poetry; and it is curious to find Mr. A. H. Bullen writing of "*Hellens Rape*" as follows: "a copy of 'English Hexameters' so atrociously bad that one wonders whether it was written to bring contempt on the metre which Gabriel Harvey and others were vainly striving to popularise."

Barnfield is responsible for a fine epitaph on Hawkins:

"The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his
Toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome."

A. R. BAYLEY.

May 20.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In view of the approaching visit to London of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, when it is to be hoped we may see a performance of Mr. J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* as well as of Mr. Yeats's poetic plays, I venture to call your attention to the following human document, recently clipped from a Sunday newspaper.

A Derry girl complained to the magistrates that a young man was persecuting and threatening her; and a letter which she wrote in protest was read in court:

"I am informed that you have made a song on me, interfering with my features, and now I am going to take steps of the law against you; and there was another young man told me last night that he heard you at the song at the end of the road. I know I am envied for my shape and my features, and I have the paint that God sent to the world with me, and if you were minding your soul instead of the devil's service it would fit you better, for I regard neither you nor no one that walks the road. If every one would look as far before them as they do behind, they will see plenty."

This, with its picturesque phraseology, naïveté, and rhythm, might well be an excerpt from one of Mr. Synge's plays. Being, however, an actual letter written by a peasant girl in modern Ireland, it helps us to realise that Mr. Synge and his fellow dramatists reproduce rather than invent.

FRANK SIDGWICK.

May 21.

"SHAKESPEAREAN" OR "SHAKESPEARIAN"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A fashion has come in lately of writing "Shakespearean." Why? We do not write "Gladstonean." We do write "Jacobean," and the result is that most people accentuate this word on the third syllable instead of on the second. For there is a natural tendency to expect a long *e* in such words, and to throw the accent on it. Hitherto we have spoken of "the Popian couplet"; if we take to printing this "Popean," I feel sure it will soon be pronounced "Popéan."

This tendency is sufficiently marked in words like "Européan" (which some Americans pronounce "Európián"), "Hyperboréan" (yet we say "Bóreal"), "Epicuréan," "empyréan," etc. Of course there are exceptions, as always in English. "Cerulean" retains the short *e*, as does "subterranean"; but these are departures from the usual rule. Any

one confronted with such words as "adamantean," "Tartarean," "Pygmean," may pardonably feel some doubt about their pronunciation, and the spelling will suggest accentuating the *e*; had these words been written with *ian* the suggestion would have been otherwise.

I submit, therefore, that if we wish to maintain the present pronunciation of the word in question we should write it as our fathers did—"Shakespearian." The new spelling is probably due to some one ignorant of the reason why *e* should here become *i*; and when once such a new spelling becomes fashionable people rush to adopt it. We look to literary journals to keep us right in such matters, and I hope you will instruct your printers to set a good example.

A strong instance of accented *e* is supplied by Shelley's line in a chorus of "Hellas":

"A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came."

Here it is necessary to make four syllables of "Promethean," just as it is necessary to make two of "power." The word "empyrean" quoted above is sometimes accented on the second syllable, and similar uncertainty attends on "empyrean"; but the former, as a noun, is accented by Milton on the third syllable, the latter (adjective) on the second. It will be noted that the words cited above are mostly of foreign derivation.

T. S. O.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Calvert, A. F.; and Hartley, C. G. *The Prado*. 8x5. Pp. 149. Plates 223. Lane, 3s. 6d.

Van Dyke, John C. *Studies in Pictures*. An Introduction to the Famous Galleries. 7½x5. Pp. 136. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Millar, D. A. *George Buchanan*. 9x7. Pp. 490. Nutt, 7s. 6d.

Nicoulaud, M. Charles. *Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne (1781-1814)*. 9x6. Pp. 391. Heinemann, 10s.

Roberts, W. *Sir William Beechey, R.A.* 8x5½. Pp. 302. Duckworth, 7s. 6d.

DRAMA

Coutts, Francis. *King Arthur*. 8x5. Pp. 217. Lane, 5s.

EDUCATIONAL

Lightfoot, J. *An Elementary and Intermediate Algebra*. 7½x4½. Pp. 472. Ralph, Holland, 4s. 6d.

Charles Kingsley. *The Heroes*. Edited by L. H. Pond. 7½x4½. Pp. 148. Bell, 1s.

Symonds, Aubrey V. *The Annals of Tacitus. Books XI.-XVI.* 7x5. Pp. 249. Swan Sonnenschein, n.p.

Marsh, Lewis. *Literary Reading and Composition*. 7½x5. Pp. 256. Blackie, 2s.

Morgan, R. B. *Readings in English History from Original Sources*. 7½x5. Pp. 216. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Shaxby, J. H. *Elementary Electrical Engineering*. 7½x5. Pp. 192. Blackie, 3s.

Sannois, Clémence. *Vivent les Vacances*. 7½x5. Blackie, 1s.

Heath, Carl. *Selected Fables*. 6½x4½. Pp. 46. Blackie, 6d.

Patterson, R. F. *Gespräche mit Goethe*. 6½x4½. Pp. 40. Blackie, 6d.

Barlet, S. *Huon de Bordeaux*. 6½x4½. Pp. 63. Blackie, 6d.

Major, H. *Moral Instruction, Middle Stage*. 7½x5. Pp. 80. Blackie, 1s.

Orange, B. *Dona Reginae*. 6x4. Pp. 22. Blackie, 4d.

Epochs of English Literature. Volume viii. *The Wordsworth Epoch*. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. 7x4½. Pp. 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

Arnold's Lectures Françaises. Book IV. Compiled and edited by Maurice A. Gerthwohl. 7x4½. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

Epochs of English Literature. Volume v. *The Dryden Epoch*. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. 7x4½. Pp. 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

FICTION

Stacpoole, H. de Vere. *The Crimson Azaleas*. 7½x5. Pp. 308. Unwin.

Fletcher, J. S. *Mr. Poskitt*. 7½x5. Pp. 261. Nash, 6s.

Danby, Frank. *A Coquette in Crape*. 6½x3½. Pp. 192. Chatto & Windus, 1s. net.

Jerome, Jerome K. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back and other Stories*. 7½x4½. Pp. 160. Hurst & Blackett, 2s. 6d.

Albanesi, Madame. *The Strongest of all Things*. 8x5. Pp. 368. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Woods, Margaret L. *The Invader*. 8x5. Pp. 312. Heinemann, n.p.

Brewer, Daniel Douglas. *A Full-length Portrait of Eve*. 8x4½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Scot, Hew. *The Way of War*. 7½x4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Smith, Mrs. Isabel. *The Jewel House*. 7½x4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Crouch, Archer Philip. *A Wife from the Forbidden Land*. 7x5. Pp. 314. Long, 6s.

Williamson, W. H. *A Race for a Crown*. 7½x5. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Stevenson, Burton E. *Affairs of State*. 7½x5. Pp. 335. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.

Davis, William Stearns. *A Victor of Salamis*. A Tale of the days of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles. 7½x5. Pp. 450. Macmillan, 6s.

HISTORY

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the ACADEMY of March 16 a review appeared of Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Walter Pater." The book was treated as it deserved to be treated by our reviewer. A perhaps mistakenly wide view as to the rights of an author to reply to adverse criticism induced us to print two letters from Mr. Wright. In one of those he made an absurd statement to the effect that Burton had plagiarised his translation of the "Arabian Nights" from Mr. John Payne. This grotesque statement naturally aroused indignation, and the whole subject of Mr. Wright's qualifications as a biographer was exhaustively discussed in our columns in a correspondence which lasted for seven weeks. On May 11 we intimated that though we had received several further letters concerning Mr. Wright's remarks about Burton we did not propose to go on with the correspondence, our opinion being that the majority of our readers had heard quite enough of Mr. Wright and all his works. Our disappointed correspondents thereupon, it appears, turned their attention to our worthy contemporary the *Saturday Review*, and last week we were amused to see that the overflow of the ACADEMY correspondence had found an outlet into our contemporary's guileless columns. We feel flattered. The *Saturday Review*, like David Copperfield, is "going it."

The Commendatore Boni delivered an interesting lecture on Wednesday afternoon, in the rooms of the Royal Society, on the object of Trajan's column and the meaning of its dedicatory inscription, AD. DECLARANDVM. QVANTAE. ALTITUDINIS. MONS. ET LOCVS. TANTIS. OPERIBVS. SIT. EGESTVS. Archæologists have believed on the strength of the inscription that the column was raised to mark the height of a hill which had been removed in order to level the Forum, and that it probably never contained a sepulchral chamber. It would appear to have been easy to set this latter doubt at rest before now, but it has remained to the Commendatore to discover in the pedestal a loophole similar to those which light the spiral staircase which did not serve for that purpose. By this very simple indication he found in the inner vestibule of the column a door which had been walled-up and covered with plaster. He cut away the masonry and discovered within two chambers. In the inner chamber were the remains of a funeral table, and above it, at opposite ends, two holes drilled in the walls. The Commendatore concludes that to these were fixed stanchions which supported

two urns which rested on the table. An inscription preserved in the Vatican Lapidarium states that Hadrian erected a temple to his parents, which stood close to the column. The Commendatore seems therefore to have fairly established as a fact that the column was erected as a mausoleum over the ashes of Trajan and Plotina, the parents of Hadrian.

As regards the inscription, the Commendatore has we hold arrived at a conclusion still more convincing, but, we think, merely negative. He dug pits near the column and a trench across the whole valley which contains the Forum. At the level where the substrata of the supposed hill would have lain, he found in their place remains of early imperial and republican work such as foundations and drains. In particular, he found traces of a wall built of blocks of tufa, exactly similar to the still existing fortifications on the slopes of the Quirinal. It is evident that these are the remains of the fortifications which Livy mentions as having been built after the retreat of the Gauls in the fourth century. The existence of any hill occupying this spot is therefore abundantly disproved, without the Commendatore's further argument, which we do not consider would be very conclusive in itself. He has discovered that the column is so exactly one hundred feet high that the length of the Roman foot has been more accurately fixed in accordance with it. He argues against the probability of a hill existing of such accurate measurement. Surely a *columna centenaria*, being a stereotype, might well have been chosen to mark the removal of a hill of about that height. We cannot accept the Commendatore's positive explanation of the inscription as very convincing. He considers it to refer to the height and proportions of the buildings on the level of the Forum Ulpium and on the slope of the neighbouring hill. We cannot follow him in extracting this meaning from the Latin words, which remain to us as little explicable as before.

The revival of Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful comedy, *Man and Superman*, at the Court Theatre, was chiefly remarkable for the change in the cast occasioned by the retirement of Mr. Granville Barker in favour of Mr. Robert Loraine in the part of John Tanner. Mr. Granville Barker is one of the most brilliant, accomplished and versatile actors in Europe, and it was with a premonition of disappointment that we noted that he was not to take his former part. As it happened, however, this premonition was so far from being borne out, that the substitution of Mr. Loraine proved an added attraction to the play. Mr. Loraine's reading of the part was in every way better—at any rate it appeared to be so. How much of this undoubted fact was due to his personal appearance as distinct from the appearance of John Tanner as he appeared in the make-up adopted by Mr. Barker, and how much was due to his different style of interpreting the part, it would be very difficult to decide. We can only record our impression that the whole "probability" of the play was enormously increased by the change. Miss Lillah MacCarthy seems to get better as Ann Whitefield every time she plays the part, and the whole performance was in every way worthy of the best traditions of the Court Theatre. No higher praise could be given to any production.

Mr. Clement Shorter, in his literary letter in the *Sphere* last week, was tenderly solicitous as to the fate which, according to him, may overtake the ACADEMY if it continues to provide "pepper and gall" in its reviews of books. He warns us that publishers will refuse to send books to the ACADEMY if the writers on that paper say—well, what they really think about these

books. We think Mr. Shorter is doing the publishers a grave injustice; we are under no apprehensions at all that they will resent frank and honest criticism, whether it be favourable or unfavourable. Even the most sensitive publishers must occasionally revolt against a continuous treacle diet. At any rate: *s'ils ne sont pas contents ils n'auront qu'à le dire.*

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's forthcoming book on the British occupation of Egypt is sure to provide some sensational reading; and couched as it is bound to be in his noble prose style it will, whatever the individual reader may think of its political tendencies, be a matter of considerable literary import. Lord Cromer doubtless considers himself quite invulnerable to the attacks of Mr. Blunt on questions of politics, and very likely he is right. But like Achilles he has a heel. The "heel" in question is a volume of about the worst "poetry" that has ever been perpetrated by any public man in the history of Europe, not excepting Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Blunt is known to possess a copy of this work, which consists of rhymed translations from various classical authors. But perhaps he will consider that to make use of it in a controversy of the present kind would be "hitting below the intellect."

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, under the able management of Mr. Gaston Mayer at Terry's Theatre, continues to draw, we are pleased to note, the crowded houses which its real merits as a melodramatic comedy amply justify. To that portion of the audience which is unacquainted from personal experience with such types of Americans as are represented by Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, Mr. Frederick Burton, Miss Louise Closser, Mrs. Grace Griswold, Mr. Gus Wilkes, Mr. Thomas Kelly, and their clever colleagues of both sexes, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is a most interesting study in morals, manners, and, above all, accent of speech and intonation. Nearly every variety of the numerous accentuations of the English language adopted by Americans of different origin and class are here represented with unfailing skill. The characterisation of the personages and the dialogue are also subtle and vivacious to no ordinary degree, and notwithstanding the popular bid which such a piece must necessarily make, it provides an artistic and intellectual treat which is as uncommon as it is unexpected.

Journalists will hear with very great regret of the death of Mr. George Byron Curtis. His name was intimately associated with that of the *Standard* in its best days, when the energy and enterprise of Mr. W. H. Mudford made it for a time what may be called, without exaggeration, the leading paper of Europe. Mr. Curtis, who had won his spurs as the first editor of the *Echo*, proved the very best sub-editor to Mr. Mudford. He had the faculty of understanding his chief almost as well as the chief understood himself, and the combination was splendidly effective. It suited Mr. Mudford admirably, because he was one of those editors who like to do their work in privacy. In fact very few of the contributors to the *Standard* ever saw him or heard him but for a moment when they beheld the vision of a shaggy head and a somewhat ponderous figure appearing through the door of the room in which Mr. Curtis held his interviews.

As an editor Mr. Curtis was not quite so successful. He had the merit of being very thorough and careful and accurate and in the end this made the *Standard* somewhat dull. Certainly for our own part we prefer his defects to the showy and unsound brilliance that distinguishes the cheap press of to-day. When the *Standard* changed hands it is no secret that Mr. Byron Curtis was very much cut up, and his disappointment combined with the

worry incidental to the legal proceedings in which he embarked perhaps had the effect of shortening his days. However that may be there are few journalists who will have any but pleasant memories of the old editor of the *Standard*. Most of us remember the old days at the Whitefriars Club when it was very rare indeed for him to miss one of the weekly dinners. As a companion he was one of the most cheerful and pleasant of men. As a friend he was staunch and true to a degree. We do not know of a single individual who belonged to the *Standard* circle during his time who ever expressed any but the very warmest feelings for George Byron Curtis.

A sale of important manuscripts relating to Scottish History took place at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on Wednesday, the 29th. It included nine autograph letters of John Graham of Claverhouse to George Earl of Linlithgow, major-general of the forces in Scotland, relating to Claverhouse's efforts to repress the Covenanters. They were written just before his defeat at Drumclog, and the two last are dated just after the murder of Archbishop Sharp, in 1679. A still more interesting document is the original warrant for the Massacre of Glencoe, February 1692. Its appearance may revive the controversy as to the complicity of William III. in the execution of this measure.

On the one hand the Rights of the People as they were estimated by the directors of the Glorious Revolution of 1688, afforded little protection against such methods of securing Puritan Liberty. The remembrance that his Dutch Guards had scarcely succeeded in overawing the Houses of Parliament into offering him the Crown of England must have shown William the necessity of securing his position by any means. His Calvinistic training must have prevented him from feeling any compunction in devoting Papists to the perdition for which Providence had created them. The sophistries of his most ardent partisans have never succeeded in clearing him of an accusation which has since become inconvenient to their cause. On the other hand it is unlikely that so astute a ruler should not have foreseen the danger of using methods which were rapidly ceasing to appeal to the feelings of civilised peoples; and that he should not have taken measures to conceal his complicity in them if it actually existed.

The astonishing neglect which has overtaken the beautiful English madrigals of Wilbye, Campion and their like is a very sad feature of modern life. There exists of course the old-established Madrigal Society which has occasional meetings, and with the assistance of the choir-boys of the Chapel Royal gives excellent renderings of these beautiful examples of an almost lost art. But as this is a private club and as admittance to its meetings can only be obtained by the occasional courtesy of an invitation from one of its members, music-lovers are debarred from hearing the masterpieces of part-composition which ought to be one of the great glories of England. The words of some of these madrigals are as beautiful as the music. We make no apology for quoting (from memory) "Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees," a madrigal in five parts by Wilbye:

Sweet honey sucking bees, why do you still
Surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
As if the choicest nectar lay in them
Wherewith you store your curious cabinets?

Ah take your flight to Melisuevia's lips,
There you may revel in ambrosian cheer,
Where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
Keeping their Spring-tide graces all the Year.

Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.
Touch not her soft lips, O! beware of that.
For if one flaming dart fall from her eye
(Was never dart so sharp), Ah! then you die.

FOGGY NOON

(FROM BLACKFRIARS RAILWAY BRIDGE)

UPON the sombre waterside she lay
 Sullenly heaving, like a monstrous toad
 Breathless in the murk middle of the day :
 The idle lighter lumbered the dim flood.

Hardly the water you might see ; the Fog
 Veiled it, and veiled its neighbour brooding Dome,
 Loading the dull noon as a giant log
 Loads a stream lapsing towards the too-far foam.

And at the water's edge the water's guard
 Of rankèd eremites in solemn mood
 Kept their inviolate time-haunted ward
 Mid incommunicable solitude.

A Wonder !—the Sun's hand hath clov'n the mist ;
 Bridge, wharf and barge suddenly break in sight :
 There, from the mast a moment since unwist,
 A red sail scarfs the gallant conquering light.

O London of the myriad changing moods,
 O pageant of the moment-magic'd light,
 O River of the ne'er unmarvell'd floods,
 O City of the wizard Day-in-Night !

JOHN FREEMAN.

BEN JONSON

THERE was a fight in Hogsden Field :
 The gallows nearly won the victor
 But luck preserved and fortune kneeled
 To him she chose for London's lictor.

In youth he carried bricks in hods
 With Homer hidden in his pocket :
 Later he bore satiric rods,
 And every nail he saw, would knock it.

With russet rotten apple face
 And one eye than the other bigger,
 All that his body lacked in grace
 His mind displayed in wit and vigour.

He wore a clumsy coachman's coat
 Among the fops, and mended breeches :
 In neither what he wore or wrote
 Bowed he to either power or riches.

And though he called old Bess divine
 He squared it with his true opinions,
 And followed "Cynthia's" flattering line
 A thousand lashes for her minions.

Behold him in Paul's middle aisle
 Noting the boots of Bobadils

And studying with tolerant smile
 Embroidered shirts and coloured frills.

Watching with every sense, his ear
 More keen than fining choristers
 Ready the slightest sound to hear,
 Notes the sharp clink of silver spurs.

Coxcomb and cutpurse, idlers, fools
 He reads the world here—market—church
 And sees, where sanctuary rules,
 Love and religion in the lurch.

While mighty Will's immortal pen
 Mankind for all the ages shows ;
 That man must read the works of Ben
 Who'd boast that Shakespeare's times he knows.

At night he'd join that brightest throng
 That ever laughed with mortal breath
 Where wit went hand in hand with song
 And at the Mermaid vanquished death.

Two things he loved beyond compare
 Ah ! would that both as much were mine !
 That I his wit as well might share
 As praise of old Canary wine !

A. HUGH FISHER.

DE PROFUNDIS

(TO A BEAUTIFUL VOICE)

Out of the deeps, O voice, out of the deeps
 You call the long unwept ; and my heart weeps.

You call the long unprayed ; and my heart prays.
 And the long years seem only as short days.

O marvellous voice, cease singing, cease ! O cease !
 Lest my will, overcome at last—release

My Conqueror Captive: Lest I run to greet
 The heart I have forbidden my heart to meet.

ALTHEA GYLES.

LITERATURE

PURITAN MANIFESTOES

Puritan Manifestoes: A Study of the Origin of the Puritan Revolt. Edited by the Rev. W. H. FRERE and the Rev. C. E. DOUGLAS. (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.)

ORIGINS are always both interesting and instructive, and the thanks of all students are due to Messrs. Frere and Douglas for this careful and intelligent edition of the "Admonition to the Parliament," the "Exhortation to the Bishops," the "Second Admonition to the Parliament," and various illustrative documents, including a letter from Beza to Grindal, Bishop of London. The "Admonition" was issued in secret and in defiance of all authority in

1572; the Puritans having failed to destroy the Church from within by means of Convocation, now appealed ostensibly to Parliament, in reality to their friends in the country. These tracts form, in fact, the first Puritan "platform"—as they themselves call it.

In one respect the editors seem over-sanguine. They appear to think that the popular view of the Puritans—that view which looks upon them as the very salt of the earth—will give way "before a fuller knowledge of the documents." It will do nothing of the kind. Every man who knows anything, knows that the Puritan rule in New England was, without exception, the most intolerant, superstitious, cruel, soul- and body-destroying tyranny that has ever cursed the earth. The horror of it has been distilled by Hawthorne in that most beautiful and terrible romance "The Scarlet Letter"; the facts and details of that rule have long been common property—and what child is not taught that the Pilgrim Fathers were prophets of freedom, apostles of all liberties civil and religious, men good and great, enlightened in the midst of thick darkness, worthy of a place beside the great seers and saints of the Old and New Testaments? These hangers and floggers of Quakers, these executioners of harmless old women as witches, these persecutors of every man who dared to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth from their wretched shibboleths, these creators of the horrible fetish of "the Sabbath," a festival (a devil's day, rather) that more hideously blasphemes the goodness of God, and more vilely degrades its observers, than the worst medicine-feast in the worst swamp in Africa—these were the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, these the canonised heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Messrs. Frere and Douglas are mistaken. We shall read their excellent Introduction, we shall read the original documents and make ourselves masters of the facts—and we shall continue to talk in admiring tones of "those sturdy old Puritans," "those true makers of modern England." It is not many weeks ago since a writer in a responsible daily paper, noting that "Merry England" is no more, reminds his readers that "the England that has survived is, after all, a greater England still. It is Puritan England." No, we shall read these "Puritan Manifestoes"; and exclaim with a sigh of thankfulness that all that is best and noblest in the national character is derived from Puritanism.

And the documents themselves? Well; they are wonderful. They are wonderful for their monumental silliness and almost incredible childishness. Here is an example:

In this booke [the Book of Common Prayer] dayes are ascribed unto Saintes, and kept holy with fastes on their evenes . . . which . . . are also contrary to the commaundment of God. Six dayes shalt thou labour, and therefore we . . . dare not subscribe to allowe them.

And again:

Metropolitane, Archbischoppe, Lördes Grace, Lorde Bishop, Suffragan, Deane, Archdeacon, Prelate of the garter, Earle, Countie Palatine, Honor, High commissioners, Justices of peace and Quorum, etc. All which, together with their offices, as they are strange and unheard of in Chrystes church, nay playnely in God's word forbidden: so are they utterlie with speed out of the same to be removed.

Note the ingenuous character of the first citation. The Puritan was never weary of declaring that all "Legal" burdens had been removed by the Christian Dispensation—even in the 'thirties of the last century Dr. Arnold spoke of Dr. Newman and his friends as "Judaisers"—yet, when God is to be worshipped, His saints to be praised, and the poor labouring folk to rest awhile and enjoy a little harmless mirth; then our Puritan has recourse to the terrors of Sinai, and tells us that we must not keep Saints' Days because it is written: Six days shalt thou labour. It is worth while, by the way, to note the early alliance between Puritanism and Industrialism—six days shalt thou labour in our coal-mines, in our cotton-mills, in our agreeable and sanitary lead and salt and phosphorus works that we may make

vast fortunes out of thee. On the seventh day thou mayest go to Little Bethel, and when thou art worn out in our service thou canst die or go to the workhouse. Many an earnest "Christian" and more earnest manufacturer of the present day has deplored the hindrance to "business" occasioned by the Feasts of the Church.

The second extract of course is frankly imbecile. It is perfectly true that Justices of the Peace and Quorum are not mentioned in the Bible. Neither are beefsteaks, or armchairs, or spectacles, or Geneva gowns, or many other articles of common usefulness: it would be vain also to seek for notices of the House of Commons and the Lord Protector, though it would not be difficult to find some striking remarks concerning rebels and regicides. One does not argue with people who draw the most destructive conclusions from the premise that there is nothing about Suffragans in "God's Word"; theirs is a state of mind which is fully appreciated at Earlswood, where the Idiot Asylum stands. It is amusing to note that Lord Mayors and Aldermen and Common Councilmen are not unscriptural according to this fairly exclusive reckoning; it is difficult to recall the texts which authorise the power and dignity of these great functionaries, but—it is a coincidence, no doubt—it is well known that the civic authorities of the period were strongly of the Puritan party.

The puzzle is to discover whether these people were sincere, whether they really believed in the cogency of these ridiculous "arguments." There are difficulties; but one is forced to suppose that they were in earnest, that the existence of the County Palatine seemed to them a grievous wound in the Body Ecclesiastical, a matter for martyrdom if necessary. They were sincere then, but after the mode of the gentleman who is ready to take his oath to the existence of swarms of rats and snakes in his bedroom and in his bed. The licentiate in "Don Quixote" was certain that he was Neptune, the father and god of the waters. As he said, he could rain as often as he pleased; and nothing could convince him of the falsity of his opinions. Puritanism, one imagines, is a kind of spiritual delirium, a scriptural madness, which admits of no doubts and no hesitations: the authors of these manifestoes are quite clear that it is they and their friends alone who are "godly." The unfortunate thing is, that while the gentleman who is troubled with rats and snakes is looked after, and if necessary held in strong keeping, our maniac got loose through his guardian's laxity, and has been doing frightful damage ever since. His delusions have varied in the course of centuries, he has made some odd friendships—with French atheists for example—but it would be a delicate and a difficult matter to make a comparison of demerit between the frenzies of 1572 and those of 1907. Dr. Johnson on a famous occasion declined to determine the point of precedence between two homely and familiar insects.

It would be easy enough to make a list, and a long list, and a long and most dolorous list, of the mischief that has been done by the "escaped" Puritan. Panurge would have said that the worst misfortune of all was that it was impossible any longer to get Good Wine; that this raging madman, like a wild boar from the woods, had destroyed the Vineyard. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a better definition to cover the general extent of the Puritan's depredations; one might say also that by his means everything has been made common and unclean, so that it has become the Englishman's natural and unaffected instinct to shrink back with terror and disgust from whatever is beautiful. More specifically; let us first read the Missal or the Book of Common Prayer, and then turn to the prayers of our modern Puritans. A week or two ago a well-known Dissenting paper gave the following as the model prayer of "a sympathetic old saint":

Give our minister wisdom, heavenly wisdom, Lord, not too much of the other kind, and O Lord, do teach us that we mustn't expect him to know everything.

And on the other side;

Supplices te rogamus, omnipotens Deus: jube hæc perferri per manus sancti Angeli tui in sublime altare tuum, in conspectu divinæ majestatis tuæ.

The man in the Eastern story was sad indeed when he found that in truth it had been nothing but a splendid dream, that so far from his being the glorious Commander of the Faithful, he was a poor beggar in a hovel.

And, the especial damage to Religion (which is the very highest of the Arts, the Queen and Mistress of them all) on one side; what do we find in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in literature? Tangibly, visibly, immediately, we find that the stories annealed in glass have been shattered into dust so that the poor man can no longer look as he kneels into a world of mystery and glowing splendour; for him no more the dyed vesture of the martyrs, the joys of Paradise, the triumph of the Archangel, the symbol of the Great Sacrifice. His shining picture gallery is gone: let him go to meeting and be a "sympathetic old saint" and ask the Lord to give his minister a little sense. Down is the great Rood, the carved Holy Water Vat serves as a trough for pigs, the statues of the saints are broken—still, we have Manchester to make up for the loss of all these things. This is the tangible and concrete damage; the artist knows how much deeper and more destructive is the inward abomination of desolation which distils itself into his palette or his inkpot, which becomes a voice, whispering to him that the beautiful works of God are in reality the works of the Devil, which says;

Abandon your idea of symbolising Beauty by that naked form. The nude is not nice, moreover it is not suitable for young girls. Instead of that horrid thing, paint a picture of a Little Girl, a Persian Cat, and a Fox Terrier; or if you *must* be daring, there is Mrs. Biederstein of South Africa—you can paint her in evening dress.

This is Puritanism, which is, of course, but the other face of Lechery, the *hortator et armiger* of all that is foul and bestial in man, filling him with the poison of a strange delirium, driving him forth from the palace where he was born, which is his by eternal right, and causing him, like Nebuchadnezzar, to consort with beasts, to eat their putrid meat and to drink their deadly drink, to wallow with them in their filth and their impurities. The witnesses are many: Maxim Gorki has given his experiences of a virtuous Puritan society, acting in direct succession from the Pilgrim Fathers; he, the Russian Revolutionist, has declared that never had he dreamed of such horrors, of such utter loathsomeness as he witnessed in the streets of New York. And Mr. Wells and Mr. Bart Kennedy can hardly be described as fierce and bigoted reactionaries; yet their report is the same as the report of the Russian: the country of the Pilgrim Fathers is a land of horror and thick darkness such as the world in all its history has never known before. America boasts of its Puritanism in the past and in the present; it boasts that in its territories the principles of the Puritans have had free play, without the fetters of Aristocracy, or Monarchy, or an Established Church.

And the result? "Hell with the lid off," according to a well-known Radical politician.

But of course, Elizabeth and Laud and Charles were bigots and tyrants, and Puritanism is the root of all that is best in the English character.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF SWIFT'S CHARACTER

The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift. 12 vols. Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. Illustrated. Bohn's Standard Library. (Bell, 5s. each volume.)

IN the Works of Jonathan Swift, newly presented under the capable editorship of Mr. Temple Scott, we have an edition of the prose writings of the great Dean of St.

Patrick's satisfactory alike to the scholar, the student, and the lover of literature. Here we have Swift the prince of satirists, the first of journalists, the political pamphleteer whose genius rose above party, and the leader of public opinion in Ireland, as well as the keen critic of religion and men and manners. But of all the volumes, surely the most fascinating is that which contains the "Journal to 'Stella,'" for in it we get near to Swift the man, and it is the man more than the author that interests us most, and yields the most profitable study.

The cardinal mistake made by the majority of Swift's critics is in clothing the man with the garb of the author, thereby hiding from themselves the pulsations of a heart which was never worn on the sleeve. The wail of anguish that broke from him when "Stella" died could have come only from one who loved intensely. When those eyes that in life watched for our coming, and brightened when we came, are closed in death, when the tongue that bade us welcome is stilled for ever, and the hand that clasped ours in warm greeting is cold with the cold of death, then there sinks into our hearts a sense of the magnitude of what we have lost, which no power on earth can give us back, and knowing how he loved her we can realise that Swift felt very lonely and desolate when Esther Johnson died.

How much he loved her can in some measure be gleaned from the "Journal to 'Stella,'" the most amazing piece of illuminative literature to be found in any language. Never intended for other eyes but hers, it is the one of all his works with which we could not willingly bring ourselves to part. The circumstances of its writing testify to his real love. There is not in all the wide domain of literature, ancient or modern, another instance of such ever-present recollection of the absent loved one as is shown in those prattling letters, of which so soon as one was finished another was begun, so that, as a sympathetic writer has beautifully expressed it, he might feel as if he had never let go her hand. If there is really any mystery surrounding their connection it is insoluble; but the fact would appear to be that Swift wanted only affection and companionship; in his own words: "a reasonable companion and a true friend through every stage of his life." That he loved her with a far deeper and truer love than that which most men have for the women they marry is abundantly evident. He had no desire for progeny; if she had, as most women have, he did her a grievous and cruel wrong. That evil tongues wagged is of no importance. "The world's charity," as Matthew Arnold well says, "does not err on the side of excess." And Forster observes that it was not a sorrowful destiny either for her life or her memory for "Stella" to be the "star" to such a man as Swift. That she was a woman of remarkable powers of mind and a companion in every way suited for Swift is clear, for he tells us that

though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things.

He called her "Stella" because she was his "star," the light of his life; and when she died that light was quenched, and the shadows deepened around him.

There can be but little doubt that it was to escape from the desolation that threatened to overwhelm him that he plunged with such ferocity into the sea of satire. *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit.* The slumbering misanthropy of his disposition took stronger possession of him, and after urging Pope to "give the world one lash the more" for him, he took the whip into his own hands and applied it with unsparing vigour. "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities," he wrote to Pope, upon whose friendship he loved to lean;

all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one: it is

so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth.

That he formed a low estimate of mankind is mainly their own fault, for the spectacle daily afforded by our fellow creatures is so little calculated to excite rapture, that who can wonder that Swift with his quick and haughty temper and consciousness of commanding intellect should empty his scorn upon them? "Expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of," he said to his friend, Dr. Sheridan, "and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling." And writing to Pope, in the letter from which I have already quoted, he exclaims: "If the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels!" Although the product of an enforced and accidental temper, "Gulliver's Travels" is the brightest gem in a literary crown that is studded with many brilliants, conspicuous amongst which is the "Tale of a Tub" which astonished its author in his old age: "What a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he was heard to exclaim one day, when the shadows were deepening around him, as he sat and turned its pages.

Genius the most original and unique could alone have produced these two works and very much of all that came between them. As he owed nothing to any other writer, nothing is more emphatically his own than his beautiful style, so easily contemporary with all time. Minerva-like it sprang into being fully formed, as perfect in his first work as in his last. We cannot withhold our admiration for his manner no matter how much we may dislike some of his matter, and in many cases it is hard to acquit him of the *amor immunditiæ*.

It matters little what were the motives that stirred him to throw himself with such vigour into the cause of justice to Ireland. The protection of the weak from the oppression of the strong is none the less meritorious whether the inspiring motive be contemptuous pity for the one or hatred of the other.

The bold stand he made for Ireland, combined with a knowledge of his real charity and large generosity have given him a place in the affections of the Irish people which nothing is powerful to disturb. The people of Ireland are tenacious of many things in the history of their country, but there are few memories that they treasure more dearly than the memory of the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

If the happy life is that into which the most illusions enter Swift was at a disadvantage, for he had absolutely no illusions; but he had a nature formed for friendship, and the friends he made he retained. Like Wolsey he was!

Lofty and Sour to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.

Amongst his friends he numbered the best and worthiest men of his time. Addison found him "an agreeable companion and a true friend," and Bolingbroke "loved him for a thousand things." "Remember me," he writes to the Duchess of Queensberry, "among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity." And writing to Gay from Dublin, in 1723, he observes, "The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires." And seven years later he writes to the same friend, "different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join. God hath taken care of this to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable and death too dreadful."

When he found that his legitimate ambitions were not to be realised he retired to his deanery, to find in his ecclesiastical duties that essential occupation for his mind which, he tells us, was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if unemployed. Now, more than ever, he found the solace of friendship; and that he might not be

altogether bereft of the delights of intellectual society, his correspondence with those he loved in England was frequent and lengthy.

While thus looking to his friends in England to save him from despair, he was not without consideration of those he had nearer to him. His manners in society were free, lively, and engaging, not devoid of peculiarities, but he bent them so well to circumstances that his company was greatly courted. His extended and varied acquaintance with life and manners together with his shrewd and satirical humour seasoned his conversation, which was unrivalled by any of his contemporaries, and around and about which much that is apocryphal has, of course, gathered; but we are assured, and can well believe, that no matter how much mirth the sallies of his wit aroused, no laughter ever relaxed his stern and haughty countenance.

I never wake [he tells Bolingbroke] without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present.

"*Parsque est meminisse doloris.*"

His real affection for Bolingbroke led him to open his mind very freely to him. He prays God to forgive those by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, he is reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between them. "I live a country life in town," he tells him, "see nobody [worth seeing], and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require."

"Well, after all," he exclaims, "parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me."

The scorn for his surroundings which finds utterance in those letters Swift was at no pains to conceal. He who had shared the counsels of Secretaries of State, even lecturing them when he had a mind to, and commanded a great lady to sing for him; who had left Congreve, and Pope, and Gay behind him, could have only contempt for the society to be found in Dublin. Being, however, essentially a man of action, he was not one to sit at home and rail at mankind from his hearthstone. A freeman among slaves, he resolved to rouse them from their lethargy, and show them that by self-reliance and strenuous efforts they could regain their dignity and much of their independence.

When he had himself acquired that independence which in his youth he had resolved upon, one of his first acts was to institute a fund for granting small loans to industrious artisans and tradesmen who could give security for repayment by small weekly instalments. By insisting upon the strictest punctuality in these repayments, he taught a valuable lesson in thrift which in many instances led to prosperity. While thus training the workers to help themselves, the really poor never stretched out their hands to him in vain; and for those who might be stricken as he apprehended he himself would be, he provided an institution which is a melancholy perpetuation of his name.

In his own special province, the Church, he presented an example not altogether unworthy of imitation. That he was not one of those who, in Milton's words:

for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold,

is proved by the fact that it was only when Sir William Temple's offer of a secretaryship placed him above want, that he decided upon taking orders, although his earliest bent was in that direction. Besides going every day once to prayers, a function which he invested with sufficient solemnity, he read prayers every day to his servants in private and so unobtrusively that his friend, Doctor Delany, was on one occasion his guest for six months before he became aware of the practice. All ostentation and mere outward seeming were abhorrent to Swift: "I

hate Lent," he told Stella, "and sour, devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks." That he felt the real necessity of religion, for its restraining influence if for nothing else, is evinced by him on many occasions. "Half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation." Much of his writing relating to religion, though open to misconception, had the laudable object of clearing away cant which was specially obnoxious to his virile mind.

A Churchman to the backbone, neither politics nor letters could detach him from his order; and if the "Tale of a Tub" lost him a bishopric the alleged fears as to his orthodoxy were in reality doubts as to his pliability, for tractableness is not without its advantages, even in a bishop. The venality of some of his predecessors aroused his wrath; and he always sternly repelled any attempt at encroachment on the privileges of his office, opening his mind with sufficient plainness to archbishop and bishop alike when he conceived the occasion to demand it.

When his mother died (he was then in his forty-third year) he wrote in his pocket-book: "If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there." And these qualities, without reference to the first, he himself possessed in an ascending degree. Filial affection must always count for much, and he loved his mother with the whole strength of his nature. Can we not divine that her love was not without its influence, however secret and hidden, in chastening in some degree his tempestuous temperament?

Skill in "reading the torn manuscripts of the human soul" is of scant assistance to us in studying Swift. He is, as the Germans would say, *der Einzige*, and ordinary standards of conduct, or theories as to motives, are of little avail in the effort to form a judgment of his character, a task made doubly difficult by the success with which he hid so much from every human eye. With some men the warp and woof of character and destiny seem so strangely tangled that life becomes for them a sustained and inevitable conflict, and Swift was doomed to be the protagonist in what proved to be a tragedy.

As we read the famous epitaph on the cathedral wall, and then turning our eyes westward behold the tomb of Esther Johnson ("Stella") the consciousness of this tragedy transcends all else, and awes us into silence.

"LE PRINCE DES HISTORIENS"

New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. EMIL REICH. *The Annals of Tacitus*. Books xi. to xvi. Translated by AUBREY V. SYMONDS. (Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very different kind of work from the last translation in this series received by us. Mr. Symonds is a good scholar, a careful student of the text, and a tasteful writer. The difficulties to be faced by an English translator of Tacitus are so widely recognised as to be almost proverbial. If one strives to achieve the conciseness of the Roman historian, some of the salt of his epigrammatic finish is sure to evaporate; the style becomes not graphic but telegraphic, and, whereas dignity is its strongest characteristic, it begins to suggest undignified compositions like *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament." M. Dureau de la Malle, who gave to Tacitus the title which we prefix to our review, the most famous of the French translators, says that many capable critics and distinguished writers among his countrymen had regarded the production of a really good version of Tacitus in French as an impossibility. Yet French affords a far better vehicle for Tacitus than English. Professor Ramsay, who has given us an admirable rendering of *Annals* i. to vi., tells us that the late Lord Blackburn had read all the versions of Tacitus on which he could lay his hands, and that not one of them had helped him to understand why Tacitus should be called a great writer at all.

We think to speak thus is to go too far. Church and Brodribb are often felicitous enough, and the version before us cannot be said to fail to reproduce some of the aroma of the original. To illustrate this we will quote some of those sententious generalisations so characteristic of the author, which occur within the scope of the present version. There will always be a good many more words in the English than in the Latin, but this arises to some extent from the comparatively uninflected condition of the English tongue. The two first are good examples of the historian's brevity:

Benignitati deum gratiam referendam ne ritus sacrorum inter ambigua culti per prospera oblitterarentur (xi. 15).

Gratitude should be shown for the goodness of Heaven by seeing to it that sacred rites practised in the days of adversity were not forgotten in the days of prosperity.

Visui consuluit ne coram interficeret (xii. 47).

He spared his own eyes the sight of the murder.

Aprippina libertam aemulam, nurum ancillam, aliaque eundem in modum muliebriter fremere; neque poenitentiam filii aut satietatem opperiri (xiii. 13).

Agrippina burst into hysterical recriminations, complaining bitterly that a freed-woman was her rival, that a maid-servant was her daughter-in-law, and more to the same effect; she would not wait until her son should either repent of his folly or grow sick with satiety. [*Better*: she would not wait for her son to be sorry or sated.]

Nihil rerum mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum est quam fama potentiae non sua vi nixae (xiii. 19).

There is nothing in the world so illusory and so fleeting as the reputation which is not based on the reality of power.

Fovebant multi quibus nova et ancipitia praecolere avida et plennique fallax ambitio est (xiv. 22).

His claims were advocated by many of those who are impelled by selfish and generally short-sighted motives to be the first to embrace every new and doubtful cause.

Initia magistratuum nostrorum meliora ferme finis inclinat (xv. 21).

The commencement of our tenure of office is generally the better, while the closing period degenerates.

Nisi si cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est (xv. 53).

Unless, indeed, we are to hold that the lust for power is stronger than all affections.

In xiii. i. *quod tunc spectaretur*, the force of the subjunctive is not brought out. The connection of Silanus with the house of the Caesars was a thing "which one would naturally expect to be taken into account in the circumstances": Mr. Symonds renders "the important qualification, as it was at that time considered." In the next chapter "the pitfalls of his age" is very happy for *lubricam principis aetatem*. It seems to us that there is a more subtle sense than is usually recognised in the "witty exclamation" of Nero (xiii. 14), *ire Pallantem ut ejuraret*:

So exasperated was Nero with all who supported the woman's arrogant behaviour, that he deprived Pallas of the various offices entrusted to him by Claudius, which had practically given him supreme control over the destinies of the Empire. It was currently reported that, on seeing the former minister leaving the Palace surrounded by a huge retinue of dependants, Nero wittily exclaimed that Pallas was going to abdicate.

But where is the wit or point in the remark that Pallas was going to abdicate? It seems to us that *Pallantem* is the accusative after, not before, *ire*. Pallas had "various offices" which gave him great influence. The emperor wittily calls this "his Pallasship," and says that Pallas is going to resign it on the analogy of *ejurare magistratum* (xii. 4).

Neither Church and Brodribb, nor Mr. Symonds have exactly caught the meaning of xiii. 41, *fin*, though the former are nearer. It is:

There ought to be another classification of days, viz., days festal but also fit for business.

Oportere dividi sacros et negotiosos dies quis divina colerent et humana non impedirent.

In xiii. 50, *fin*, there is a difficult passage:

Reliqua mox ita provisa ut ratio quaestuum et necessitas erogationum inter se congrueret.

Mr. Symonds gives:

Subsequent arrangements had been made merely with the object of making receipts and expenditure balance.

Was not the arrangement one by which the calculation of the profits amassed by the *societates* should keep pace with the compulsory taxes?

The fourteenth book has a thoroughly characteristic Tacitean passage (xiv. 64)—the death of Octavia—which we must quote:

And so this poor girl, only in her twentieth year, was surrounded by centurions and soldiers, and already virtually robbed of life by the presentiment of her cruel fate. But she could not yet find repose in death. After a respite of a few days she received orders to die. In vain she protested that she was now only a woman without a husband and nothing but a sister to Nero. In vain she spoke of the Germanici, their common ancestors, and lastly of Agrippina, in whose lifetime, unhappy though she had been in her marriage, she had at any rate not been threatened with destruction. She was released from her chains, and the veins in every limb were opened; and as her blood was driven back to her heart by terror and so flowed too slowly, she was plunged in a boiling hot bath, and so put to death. Finally, as a climax to this ruthless barbarity, her head was cut off and brought to Rome for Poppaea to see: while thank-offerings were voted for the temples of the gods. I have purposely recorded this last circumstance, in order that, whoever has made a study of this period from my own or any other author's pages, may take this much for granted, that whenever exile or murder was ordered by the Emperor, thanks were rendered to the gods, and that what in time past was a token of some successful enterprise was now a token of some public disaster. At the same time I will not pass over in silence any measure adopted by the Senate which signalled a novel experiment in sycophancy or the extreme limit of servile submission.

Much might be written on the way in which the language of the great Latin Historian was affected by the great Latin Poet, Virgil. It is such a salient feature in his style that a parallel from Virgil is a better support for a Tacitean reading than one from any prose author. Another characteristic is his passion for variety of expression no less than for conciseness. His use of the autobiographical memoirs of Agrippina (mother of Nero) throws some doubt on his trustworthiness. Yet a comparison of his account of the career of Galba and Otho with Plutarch's would seem to show that he made a fair use of the materials at his disposal.

We will conclude with the admirable description of that crowning instance of reckless profligacy (xi. 31) the marriage of Messalina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, with Silius:

Claudius, it is generally agreed, was so overwhelmed with terror that he repeatedly asked: "Am I the Emperor? Is Silius the subject?"

Meanwhile Messalina, more wanton and abandoned than ever, was celebrating at home a representation of the vintage; for it was now the middle of autumn. The presses were at work: the vats were overflowing with must; the women clad in fawnskins leapt and danced like Bacchantes at their rites or in their frenzy. Messalina with flowing locks shook the thyrsus, while Silius lay at her side, crowned with a garland of ivy, with buskins on his legs, tossing his head in time with some lascivious chorus. It is said that Vettius Valens in his wild gaiety climbed into a tall tree, and, on being asked what he could see, replied, "A terrible storm coming from Ostia." [The Emperor was at Ostia.] Possibly there were actual indications of such a storm on the horizon, or it may be that a careless word became a prophecy.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ILLUSIONISM AND ILLUSION

Roman Sculpture. By Mrs. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. (London Duckworth; New York: Scribner's Sons, 10s. net.)

THE apple of discord was the gift of the queen of beauty. Perhaps that is why the surest way of raising contention among critics is to start a discussion concerning the meaning and limitations of the word "art." And when the art concerned is classical art—Greek or Roman or both (especially both)—confusion is worse confounded, for archaeologists are seldom artistic and always argumentative. Every one of them is a Procrustes, and the "standard" of his pet period is the bed by whose measure he lops his victim.

Mrs. Arthur Strong appears before us in the Thesean rôle, though, perhaps, in her fervid enthusiasm for things Roman, she might resent the description. But at least she will permit us to say that she has a mission and a

grievance—by the way, so had Theseus; the two possessions are almost inseparable.

Mrs. Strong has one advantage over the obscure youth from Troezen: she is not obscure. Her work is well known, and a lively appreciation of beauty comes to the aid of her undoubted archaeological equipment, making her more capable of discerning and displaying the æsthetic and technical development of an art than many whose names carry equal weight in the same field.

But we must not be accused of unfashionable sentiments, or of perpetrating mere personalities, if we suggest that she suffers somewhat from a characteristic quality of her sex—enthusiasm—a quality which has led her into a state of mind which we may describe as the antithesis of the "*umgekehrte Ungerechtigkeit*" which she condemns in the modern archaeologist. Mrs. Strong's unfairness is anything but orthodox; it is unfairness none the less.

With reference to the tendency to judge Roman art by Greek standards, Mrs. Strong writes:

The modern scholar and archaeologist . . . refuses to consider development, which is life, and while preaching that Roman art is only an imitation of the Greek, yet refuses it merit because it departs from "Grecian rules" derived from arbitrary preference for one special period of Greek art. . . . It is obvious that this one-sided attitude, which claims perfection for the art of Greece, and denies even merit to that of Rome, has been fostered in England by the narrow curriculum of the older universities, where the word "classical" is restricted to a tithe of the remains of classical antiquity, and subjects of study are called dangerous or unprofitable which have not yet been included among the "subjects of examination." Such a scheme is not likely to find a place for Roman art, which only becomes of paramount importance in the historic chain in the second century after Christ—that is, some hundred years after the period which to the Oxford and Cambridge "dons," marks the utmost limit to which classical studies may be carried with advantage.

What have the Oxford and Cambridge "dons" done to offend Mrs. Strong that she should thus rage and imagine a vain thing? Are we to believe that her enthusiasm for Teutonic archaeology has nothing to do with this diatribe? The opening words of her next paragraph make the suspicion a certainty; and the pitfalls of hero-worship gape. "Abroad, however"—that complacent "however"—are those words, and the names of Professor Wickhoff and Alois Riegl are hurled at the hide-bound English don.

To some extent Mrs. Strong's strictures have their foundation. English archaeologists have had their hands full for close on a century with Hellenic archaeology and research. Elgin, Leake, Newton, Penrose, though they belong to the earlier days of reconstructive archaeology, built gloriously on the foundations unearthed by Winckelmann, and Mr. Evans and Mr. Bosanquet, to mention only two, have contributed at least as much as Schliemann to the material for research in the prehistoric strata of Greek history. Nor are English archaeologists without their peculiar merits. As a whole they are purer archaeologists—less cramped by preconceived notions than their German *confrères*. For Schliemann was an enthusiast, and Dr. Dörpfeld is an architect: in both the scholar is a subsidiary part—an accident of environment. Moreover, the range of archaeological activity is largely a matter of national temperament, and the Teutonic mind, it seems to the present writer, is more adaptable to Roman methods of thought than is the English to Greek.

Be that as it may, we cannot but feel that Mrs. Strong's scorn for English University methods is born largely of ignorance, not a little of prejudice: and we have devoted some considerable amount of attention to her introductory chapter, lest the wording of her tardy tribute to the work of Mr. Wace and Mr. Stuart Jones, of the British School at Rome, should convey the false impression among the less well informed of her readers that Roman art is entirely neglected at the Universities. The study of that art is not meat for babes, for the art itself has none of the intrinsic simplicity of Greek art: on the technical side it is derived, not from natural inspiration, but from sources, already developed and decadent, with which the slenderest stream of indigenous genius is mingled. It is for this

reason that the English Universities do not include its later phases in their "curriculum"—wisely, we think, for the beginning is the best point at which to begin. And if, as Mrs. Strong contends with Wickhoff, Rome added to the simple principles of Greek sculpture others more complex—"illusionism" and *chiaroscuro*—it is surely well that Roman sculpture should not be studied till the principles of the older art are grasped, more or less.

The most casual glance at the extant monuments of Roman art will be sufficient to prove that the objects of the Roman artist are illustration and ornament, rather than creation. If in the course of attaining these objects he evolves from Hellenic prototypes, a Roman type or style, it is no more and no less than we should naturally expect from a Roman. And after all, this is the most that Mrs. Strong can claim for Roman art, if we are right in our interpretation of the strange phrase:

Roman art, whatever its origins, eventually developed a profoundly original character.

Mrs. Strong's account of Roman sculpture begins with the Augustan age, and the Ara Pacis takes up the majority of her first chapter. Here the affinity between Roman sculpture and that of the "Hellenistic reliefs" is too strong to be overlooked, especially in the case of the beautiful slabs from either side of the west entrance. The slabs from the eastern end in some cases are more reminiscent of the real Hellenic spirit, while the north and south sides recall the slower-moving portions of the Parthenon frieze in their simple grouping of draped figures. But this very variety of type, with its lack of cohesion among the parts, supports Mrs. Strong in her well-made point, that Augustan sculpture was not a finished and academic art, but rather a groping and blind use of the, as yet, unappreciated heritage of Greece.

Where the Roman finds himself is in his treatment of conventional decoration. The inner and lower friezes of the Ara Pacis are exquisitely ingenious—and ineffably dull: so truly Roman is this art.

It is rather a relief to turn to the Flavian period; the Roman has had time to develop his own peculiar fancy, with the result that we are no longer obliged to contemplate a faltering Hellenism. There is nothing uncertain about the exquisite "Rose-Pillar" of the Lateran, which deserves every word of the eulogy heaped upon it by Wickhoff, though we cannot quite follow him in his discovery of "illusionism" here. The whole composition is frankly decorative, though it hovers between naturalism and conventionality. More Hellenistic, and so, less satisfactory, is the ornament of acanthus and lions from the Forum, while the pilaster in the Crypt of St. Peter's, with its tangle of animal and vegetable forms, fails utterly to convey any idea beyond the desire to cover a space. Artistically it is on a level with the linear designs of the prehistoric Cyclades: its sole superiority lies in its technique and mastery of material.

Of the medallions on the arch of Constantine undoubtedly the finest is the lion-hunt, which in the dignity of its figures and grouping recalls the group of Capitoline gods on the arch of Beneventum. The medallions are rightly ascribed to Flavian times, and there is no doubt that they represent the artistic high-water mark of Rome; for, in addition to masterly execution, they still possess the quality of restraint which is so sadly lacking in the Trajanic period, when the quality which Wickhoff has rendered attractive under the name of illusionism makes headway at the expense of all sense of fitness to the almost invariably architectural environment of Roman sculpture. The arch of Beneventum seems to represent the last trench of a restrained and honest relief sculpture: all that follows is based upon a disregard of the tactile, an exaltation of illusion.

What is this boasted "illusionism," this "tridimensional" relief, which Mrs. Strong regards as the great contribution of Rome to the development of European

art? So far as we can analyse it, it seems to consist of the substitution of a spatial for a tactile background. Naturally the query arises at once—is it Roman and is it art?

Firstly, is it Roman? If it is, genuinely Hellenic examples will not exist. But surely the Centauromachia of the Olympia pediment disregards both "frontality"—save in the case of the central figure—and the tactile background, in striking contrast to the aggressive frontality of the sculptures ranged in the companion pediment of the same temple. Or, if it be contended that sculpture in the round does not afford a fair example, may we not cite the Parthenon frieze itself? True, illusionism is not paramount here. The tactile background exists and is acknowledged: but the receding planes, so delicately graduated as to produce an impression of depth without destroying the structural value of the frieze may, we think, be taken as representing the very best form of illusionism. And secondly, is it art? The tridimensional relief which Mrs. Strong and Professor Wickhoff regard as the highest expression of Roman genius, does not stop short of the complete annihilation of the tactile background, substituting for it depths of shadow which suggest that the action is continued behind the visible figures, as in the case of the sarcophagus, ornamented with the battle of Romans and Barbarians, in the Museo delle Terme, identified by Mrs. Strong with the period of Claudius Gothicus (270 A.D.). This marvellous welter of human figures is a masterpiece of composition, in which the whole action revolves about the central figure of the mounted Emperor, and Mrs. Strong is quite right in deprecating the application of the term pictorialism to such sculpture, for its very essence lies in the suggestion of a spatial background. These sarcophagus sculptures form a most interesting series, in which is included what is perhaps the noblest effort of Roman art, the sarcophagus on which is depicted Achilles at the court of Lycomedes. The grace and vigour of the forms, in which restraint and variety are happily contrived, place it above the two sarcophagi in the Lateran, "the Slaughter of the Niobids" and "The Vengeance of Orestes." In all three of these, however, the illusionism is not absolute. There is some acknowledgment of a real background in the grouping of the figures. The last-named piece is worthy of especial note, as being a brilliant example of the "continuous" or "narrative" style of art which Rome handed down to the painters of early Christian Italy, and which constitutes the very essence of the great "continuous" compositions of the Trajanic and Aurelian columns. The figure of Orestes appears three times in a single composition, before the tragedy, at the actual moment, and after it is over, so that the whole story is told in a single picture without any attempt at "isolation."

Mrs. Strong's chapter on Roman Portraiture is most illuminating: the general tendency to over-identification of portraits is carefully avoided, and her comparison of the features of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus shows keen perception of character in its modifications. However, we cannot agree that the head commonly called that of Christ, found at Athens, and now in the Central Museum, is of the period of Commodus. We should place it a full seventy years earlier and should be inclined to describe it as a head of Dionysos. There is in the expression a depth and nobility of sentiment for which we may seek in vain in the features of Marcus Aurelius, whose character Mrs. Strong sums up so delightfully, or in the sensuous beauty of Commodus. And there is, further, a strength and directness in the handling of the material which is quite different from the niggling smoothness of the Antonine period.

Mrs. Strong uses the right word when she describes the Constantinian sculpture as "archaic." For the perfect freedom of workmanship had been slipping away from Roman hands ever since the days of Hadrian, and, by the time of the first Christian emperor's reign, was gone for

ever. It was not the desire for art but the ability to produce it which had decayed. As the origin of Roman sculpture had been almost wholly Hellenic, at any rate in the matter of technical method, so it was not until that Hellenic element had been forgotten and lost, that a wholly indigenous art began to develop. And its development culminated suddenly, after centuries of torpor, in the Italian Renaissance, which was in fact the first full fruition of a purely indigenous art in Italy.

We have criticised this book somewhat closely because it has interested us deeply. Mrs. Strong is a vigorous critic and will not shun criticism. The book is more than a valuable addition to the literature of Roman art. It is practically the first book in this language to give a wide conspectus of the scope and aims of Roman sculpture, and should do much to encourage the "dons" on whom the authoress pours her scorn to introduce to their pupils a phase of archæology which they themselves have been able to appreciate through the medium of the "difficult" books to which she makes such frequent and telling reference. The great number and excellence of the illustrations, especially those of the Trajan column, should render it of great value to the elementary student, while the close and careful reasoning of the text will afford much food for reflection to those who may count themselves fellow workers with Mrs. Strong in the domain of archæology.

INTERESTING MEMOIRS

Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814. Edited from the original Manuscript by M. CHARLES NICOLLAUD. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

THESE memoirs are exactly what memoirs should be—to be of value and interest. No attempt is made to write history; there is nothing pretentious about them, nothing dull. A great misfortune fell upon a brilliant lady, whose salon in her day had a European reputation: the brilliant lady had lived through times of extraordinary interest; the past years of her youth became more living to her than sorrow allowed the present to be. So she began to write down her memories of this past youth that her nephews might read the account of her life and perhaps learn something of life itself from her experience. "If I had been obliged to undertake any researches elsewhere than in my memory I should have given up my project, for I desired a distraction and not a laborious work. Hence if my nephews should ever glance at these writings they must not expect to find a book, but merely the chatter of an old woman. . . . I regard the result of no more importance than a piece of fancy work. I have successively used my pen to rest my needle, and my needle to rest my pen, and my heirs will receive my manuscript as they might receive an old armchair." So writes the Comtesse de Boigne.

There is an element of sadness in the memories of a dead lady's life, especially when she belonged to a time which is recent enough to be remembered, and of which the very nearness yet seems to make it more remote. There is pathos too in the history of the manuscript as there was pathos in its production. Death plays too prominent a part.

When the Comtesse de Boigne was fifty-four years old she lost by a terrible accident a child of fourteen, whom she had been bringing up for twelve years, and whom she loved as a mother.

After this catastrophe the saddest hours of my sad days were those which I had been wont to spend in developing a keen and youthful mind. . . . I attempted to cheat my grief with this task, undertaken during the painful moments which had once been pleasantly employed. . . . The following pages are the result of these efforts, and their object was to drive away the thoughts which I could hardly bear.

Begun in this manner, as so many memoirs are begun, to turn the mind from brooding on calamity, the work laid its kind hold upon her and she was able to keep herself fresh

and alive to old age by living again through the happy stirring days of her youth. And the work developed and she carried it on to the time in which she was living as she wrote; she was able to watch and live in the present with the strange peace of aloofness that memory is able to lend to the past; she lived, as it were, through the medium of her work. She lost the personal anguish of things, without losing her interest in life. In this way, as the brave among men and women are wont to do, she turned necessity to gain. There is sadness, too, in the history of the manuscript itself. The Comtesse de Boigne, née Charlotte Louise Eleonore Adélaïde d'Osmond, loved her name, as well she might. And she was childless. From the company of her nephews and nieces she chose her grand-nephew Osmond, who became the Marquis d'Osmond, to be her heir. He was ten years old in 1866 when she died. He came into the possessions which she left him in August 1881, in accordance with the terms of the will on his twenty-fifth birthday. With his intimate friend M. Charles Nicollaud, the present editor, he found the manuscript volumes; there were cogent reasons for delay in giving them to the world. For twenty-five years they remained in the possession of M. Nicollaud, to whom the Marquis d'Osmond entrusted them. During that time death was busy among the family, and the Marquis d'Osmond himself at length died. "The family name is extinct. The estate of Osmond has been sold piecemeal. The castle has passed into other hands and the archives are dispersed."

But into the memoirs themselves no trace of this sadness has penetrated. What is most apparent, is the keenness of intellect and insight of the *grand dame* who writes them. Always it is the *grande dame*, the royalist, who recognises her prejudices and who cannot help feeling pride in them. She makes no attempt to be impartial: she records what she saw and she gives her own opinion of men and of matters. Whether she is picturing the strange society of the *émigrés* in London, or the last days of the Court at Versailles; or the bivouac of Cossacks in the Champs Elysées at the Restoration: whether she is describing the eccentricities of Sir John Legard, with whom her family stayed in Yorkshire, or summing up the character of such notables as Chateaubriand, or Talleyrand, or Madame de Stael or the Emperor Alexander—her point of view is always marked by a kind of strong shrewdness, which can pierce below the surface, and by a distinction which is at ease with greatness without ever becoming familiar. The attitude is exactly expressed in the description of the *salons* in the Tuileries, where the ladies of the Empire met the ladies of the old Court after the return of Monsieur.

There is a certain ease, a certain freedom in the manner of women of good society which gives them the appearance of being at home everywhere and of doing the honours wherever they may be. Women of the other class are often shocked at this, consequently the pettinesses and the little jealousies of the bourgeoisie were stirred beneath the jewels which adorned their breasts.

The memoirs of a woman of this kind, who lived through all the upheavals of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration, must be of supreme interest and value. The translation is good. And the notes which the editor, M. Nicollaud, has appended are always to the point and expressed with admirable clearness. The present volume contains the first instalment only of the memoirs. The second volume, bringing the narrative to the Revolution of 1830, is in preparation, and a third will continue the story down to the fall of Louis Philippe.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Collectanea. Second Series. By CHARLES CRAWFORD. (Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE most immediately effective part of Mr. Crawford's second series is that dealing with the Shakespeare-Bacon

question. It occupies more than half the volume, and takes the form of replies to the arguments of Mrs. Henry Pott and of Dr. R. M. Theobald, whose "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" claims for Bacon not only Shakespeare but all Marlowe and a good deal of Chapman, much as Mrs. Henry Pott had claimed (*inter alia plurima*) the whole of Montaigne's Essays, besides Shakespeare, for her idol. Mr. Crawford avoids cryptograms, cyphers and so forth, for which he admits he has no head; and devotes himself in scholarly manner to the patient refutation of arguments.

Our readers will be aware that one of the Baconians' sheet-anchors is the "Promus of Formularies"—Bacon's commonplace book—part of which exists in manuscript, mainly in Bacon's handwriting, in the British Museum. It is stated that the phrases jotted down by Bacon are unusual phrases; that Bacon never uses them in his acknowledged works, and that they appear only in the works of Shakespeare. Mr. Crawford's point is that some at least of these are not unusual phrases but commonplaces which are constantly occurring in the literature of the time; that Bacon uses them freely in his acknowledged works, and that—oddly enough—the closest and most striking parallels occur not in Shakespeare, whose parallels, as adduced by the Baconians, are sometimes no parallels at all, but in other authors, and particularly in Ben Jonson. All this he proves to the hilt.

The moral of it is that such wide and exact knowledge of Elizabethan literature as is possessed by Mr. Crawford helps to show that the Baconians have made a mistake in concentrating their attention on Bacon and Shakespeare, and not sufficiently studying the other writers of the period. A coincidence between one author and another (between the "Promus," for instance, and Shakespeare) becomes less striking when a much closer coincidence can be shown to exist elsewhere, or the two phrases can be shown to have a common origin known to both writers, or to be a commonplace freely used at the time. And thus Mr. Crawford's fine and patient scholarship helps to prove that the "Baconian" element in Shakespeare is often no more Bacon's than it is Marlowe's, or Greene's, or Lyly's, or some other's: in fact, that it is common to the literature of the time. Incidentally he throws some light on the vexed question of Shakespeare's learning by adducing one or two instances in which phrases supposed to have been accessible to Shakespeare only in the Latin or Greek had been in fact translated by others before he used them.

For the general reader the service which Mr. Crawford's book performs is its new illustration of the fact that the level of learning and intelligence among Elizabethans was not nearly so low as is too often supposed. Mr. Harold Bailey in his "Shakespeare Symphony," and many other writers, seem to forget that a very large amount of learning was then "in the air," on men's tongues and on the tips of their pens. The Renaissance greed for knowledge, and especially for classical knowledge, was hot upon them, and they assimilated it with the rapidity of young minds. Because Shakespeare was not a University man, he need not be concluded an ignorant boor. He passed his time among brilliant wits of the University and Court, to whom scholarship and learning were matters of far keener daily interest and daily conversation than they are now. They read each other's books and heard each other's talk with avidity; and when they found anything they wanted, they made no bones about reproducing it. Other instances of this will be found in the first part of Mr. Crawford's book, which shows how Marston and Webster copied Florio's Montaigne independently, and helps to fix the relative dates of *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany. By DOROTHY NEVILE LEES, (Dent.)

MISS LEES has written a book for which all English lovers of Italy will be profoundly grateful. Practically all her

twenty-three sketches are, as the title indicates, of Tuscan scenes and customs; but few are exclusively Tuscan and many of her exquisite word-pictures of scenery caught in the gloaming or in early morning or at sunset, bathed in changing shades of crimson and gold fading to rose and purple, suggest Southern as much as Northern Italy. To Miss Lees Italy is God's garden: there is no country like it, or if there is, she would rather remain unacquainted with the fact of its existence.

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it Italy—

We expected the quotation, and we found it—on the eighth page of her book. In a very modest preface she takes the reader into her confidence and professes an inability to do justice to her subject: she has set down merely impressions received here and there in the hope that she may enable those of her countrymen whose one visit to Italy has been the realisation of the dreams of a lifetime, to live over again the golden hours of which only a fading memory remains. Let us say at once that she has more than succeeded in her modest aim. Her book has "made magic" for us; forced us to turn its pages reverently, despite our fierce desire to get to the heart of it, and carried us away in triumph to the land where Passion and Beauty reign, and where the sky seems very much more blue and nearer to the earth than it does anywhere else. To the charm which Italy itself lends to her pages Miss Lees has added a charm of style—most noticeable in her descriptive passages—which Italy has generated in her heart and mind. We shall best do justice to her book by quoting a passage from the sketch entitled "A Tuscan Spring." She had risen early on a bright May morning, and leaning over the low wall circling the garden looked down upon the slopes of podere and the pine-clothed hills beyond:

A small green lizard lay upon the broad ledge at a little distance basking in the sun, while half a dozen others darted in and out of the crevices in the crumbling stone. In the fields below, the maples were clothed with tender foliage, draped with fair tendrils by the clinging vines; the cherry trees were decked like brides in a splendour of white blossom; the olives glittered silver in the early sunlight, their grey, twisted trunks rising from an emerald sea of young corn among which the scarlet poppies leapt like flame. . . . The laburnums dangled their golden chains; the lilacs, a mass of white and purple, filled the garden with perfume; the acacias were in flower—frail tassels of white bloom fringed with lace-like green; pale clusters of wistaria hung thickly against the time-stained plaster of the Villa, and mingled with the long festoons of Banksia rose, white and yellow, which drooped about pergola and wall, clung to old moss-grown statues, and even wound about the cypress trees. Far above, the larks were pouring out their joy; around the loggia the newly returned swallows were skimming; in the garden the insects were busy about the freshly opened buds. Everywhere there were roses, roses.

We advise every lover of Italy to read "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany." It is a careful and delightful piece of work, marred by few errors of taste or fact.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

II—POSSIBLE LINES OF REFORM

LAST week we called attention to some of the more glaring absurdities of the present system of licensing plays in this country. This week we propose to devote an article to considering the practical lines on which a reform of that system could be carried out and the points which specially call for alteration.

In the first place, the regulation by which all plays dealing with sacred subjects or with serious moral or social problems are prohibited should clearly be abolished. The modern theatre, the theatre of Hauptmann and Ibsen, of Tolstoy and Björnson and Brieux, is no longer a mere place of frivolous or licentious entertainment and it is absurd and out of date to treat it as such. The

serious drama of to-day is as much to be trusted to deal with questions of religion and morality as any other branch of literature, and if the novel-reading public can pass unscathed through the fiery trial of "Robert Elsmere" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," it can bear up under Ibsen's *Ghosts* or Mr. Lawrence Housman's *Bethlehem*. Moreover, the rule preventing the theatre from treating sacred or serious subjects has had results quite other than those which were intended. It was meant to prevent religion and morality from being corrupted by the theatre. It has merely prevented the theatre from being elevated by religion and morality. If English dramatists were not prevented by the Censorship from dealing with subjects of religious or ethical significance they would not be reduced to turning out an endless succession of comedies and farcical comedies about adultery. And if English dramatists were allowed to write plays about questions in which an intelligent person may be expected to take an interest they would turn out work that was less puerile and intellectually barren. That this barrenness would inevitably result from the restrictions which our Censorship imposes on the dramatist must be obvious to any one who considers the matter. If you cut off an art from all association with themes of vital significance and confine it strictly to the unreal and the trivial you inevitably doom it to sterility. We have done this in the case of the drama, and our plays in consequence, taken as a whole, have become merely conventional entertainments without relation to life or thought and quite below the standard of workmanship or intelligence displayed in other branches of contemporary literature.

Another change which is clearly necessary in the system of the Censorship is the abolition of its retrospective powers. This aspect of the matter was insisted on in an able letter by Mr. Cecil Raleigh a week or two ago in the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Raleigh has, we believe, the soundest and most enlightened views as to the indefensible character of our method of licensing plays from the artistic standpoint, but with a clear sense of our weaknesses as a nation he knew that it was useless to dwell on this. The English are not an artistic nation, and to arguments based on the claims of art they turn a deaf ear. But the English are a business nation—or at least they imagine that they are. Very well, said Mr. Raleigh. Let us see what the Censorship means on the financial side. Five hundred companies, or whatever it may be (we forget Mr. Raleigh's figures), are presenting plays every week in these islands. Their aggregate earnings represent so many tens of thousands of pounds. The capital invested in them represents so many hundreds of thousands. All this money at present is absolutely at the mercy of the Censorship of Plays. The Lord Chamberlain may withdraw the licence for any play to-morrow without reason given, and the play cannot thereafter be given in any theatre in the United Kingdom. As an inartistic nation we may not care two straws whether the Censorship degrades the drama or not. But as a business nation we may fairly object to so much capital being at the mercy of the caprices of an irresponsible official. We thank Mr. Raleigh for the argument. The withdrawal of the licence of *The Mikado* means the loss of a very large sum of money not merely to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, but to scores of other people all over the country, from theatre managers and actors to the local firm which prints the programmes. It is difficult to estimate at all accurately the cost to the community of a change of front of this kind on the part of the Lord Chamberlain. It is therefore only reasonable, says Mr. Raleigh, that a licence once granted shall be irrevocable. The Lord Chamberlain cannot be allowed the luxury of changing his mind. Too many people and too much money depend on his decision. And we are bound to say Mr. Raleigh's contention seems to us to be reasonable.

On the more general question of the licenser's position it is, we think, self-evident that if that official is to be retained at all he should be removed from the Lord

Chamberlain's department and placed under the Home Office. Then at least he would exercise his functions in the full glare of publicity and if his powers were incompetently exercised they could be made the subject of questions in Parliament and, if necessary, of a motion for the adjournment of the House. The system of drawing attention to official blunders by asking questions in the House of Commons is a clumsy one and liable to abuse but it is perhaps the most effective check on such blunders that can be devised in a democratic community and it is peculiarly necessary in the case of the exceptional and despotic powers exercised by the Licenser of Plays. If the Censor were under the Home Office the Home Secretary would at least have to defend or repudiate his action when that action was made the subject of criticism, and this would go far towards securing a more intelligent exercise of the Censorial power than we sometimes see at present.

But the only change in the Censorship which would really meet the facts of the situation is the drastic one of its abolition. As an institution it is quite unnecessary and is merely an instance of a useless over-lapping of powers on the part of two different departments. The police have authority to deal with plays which are offensive to morality or are calculated to provoke a breach of the peace or are otherwise objectionable. The existence of the Censorship does not abrogate that authority and they can still intervene to prohibit or to modify a theatrical performance if they see fit even after the Censor has licensed it. The Censor therefore has really no function to perform whatever save to do at a fee of two guineas what the police are already there to do for nothing. We have no Censorship of painting in this country. Yet our picture-galleries do not take advantage of their freedom to give indecent exhibitions. And on the rare occasions when such a thing does happen at some obscure gallery the police take action and the exhibition is closed. We have no Censorship of music. Yet the cause of religion does not appear to have suffered in this country through the public and unashamed performances of oratorios like the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." Yet such performances would be rigidly prohibited if the rules applying to drama in England were extended to music. We have no Censorship of literature. Yet the number of objectionable books which are published in this country is relatively small and is easily dealt with by the police. Why should they have any more difficulty in controlling stage plays? In fact their task in the case of plays would be actually an easier one since objectionable books can be sold in a hole and corner manner in a side street and so for a time escape detection, while a theatre can only maintain itself and keep its doors open by the utmost publicity. The reasonable thing to do therefore is to set the drama free like the other arts and leave the police (and public opinion) to decide as to the limits within which that freedom should be exercised. The result, unless we are much mistaken, would be a great improvement artistically in the quality of our plays.

MOREAU LE JEUNE

I

It has always appeared to me very strange that the work of Moreau, one of the most illustrious of the French painter-engravers of the eighteenth century, has hitherto met with such comparatively scant appreciation on the part of art lovers and collectors in England. This neglect cannot certainly be due to any fault or failing on the part of the master, but must be rather reckoned as the result of general want of appreciation of the school.

To me Moreau, judged as an artist alone, is one of the most fascinating personalities of his time and his country, and his collected works seem to epitomise and explain

the *ancien régime* better than the pen of the most luminous historian. Within the scope of his own art there was nothing he could not do, and little that he could not do better than any one else. He is never dull and never repeats himself. He has this particular merit, namely, that he never sent out bad work, little, indeed, which was not of the very highest excellence.

Moreau's merits have, on the whole, been fully recognised in his own country and his work has been made the subject of several well-written and sympathetic monographs. M. Henri Béraldi, writing under the pseudonym of Henri Draibel, was the first to publish, in 1874, a summary catalogue of Moreau's work, an unpretentious brochure, but one that very successfully conveyed a general idea of the volume and importance of the artist's labours. The same writer, in collaboration with Baron Roger Portalis, gave us, in 1882, that admirable classic, "*Les Graveurs du Dix-huitième siècle*," which contains a delightful little chapter on Moreau, all aglow with genuine admiration of the man and his works.

But no one can name Moreau without also naming M. Mahéault, in his early days a pupil of the master and one whose life's work may be said to have been the collection of material for a *catalogue raisonné* of Moreau's work. Death overtook him before his task was completed, but his notes were preserved and faithfully transcribed in the volume published by his family in 1880.

Last of all, M. Emmanuel Bocher took up the unfinished story, and in the sixth volume of his truly monumental catalogue of French engravers has given us an exhaustive and almost fastidiously accurate description of nearly two thousand plates by or after Moreau, every known state of each print being described in minute detail. Everything, in short, that industry and research can do for the fame of an artist or engraver these men have done, and if a collector makes mistakes in his selection of Moreau prints he has no one to blame but himself.

Of the man himself we know comparatively little, and there is a record of some rather doubtful dealings between him and Le Bas which are not calculated to do Moreau much credit if they are true. The best means, however, of studying the man is to glance at Cochin's portrait of him, well engraved by Augustin de St. Aubin. A rather retreating forehead, a prominent, not to say aggressive, nose, a long upper lip and heavy jaw, the face, in fact, of a well-bred bull-dog, yet bearing in the keen eyes and general aspect of determination, a sure sign of the virility and will-power which enabled him to complete the enormous sum of labour which his talent conceived.

Jean Michel Moreau, commonly called Moreau le Jeune, to distinguish him from his elder brother, Louis Gabriel the painter, was born on March 26, 1741, the son of a *perruquier* in the Rue de Bucy, at Paris. Apprenticed early in life to the painter, Le Lorrain, he accompanied his master to Russia when the latter was appointed director of the Académie des Beaux Arts at St. Petersburg, but did not remain very long in the northern snows. Eighteen months later we find him back in Paris again, his art so little appreciated that he was forced to seek a livelihood by entering the famous *atelier* of Le Bas, wherein so many of the most notable engravers of the day learned the secrets of their engaging art. Here he soon achieved distinction, and not improbably contributed to many works to which Le Bas placed his name. His success was finally assured when Greuze, as keenly on the watch as ever was Reynolds for capable men to translate his paintings, recognised his talents and chose him to engrave several plates. The first important work of this series was the plate of "*La Philosophie Endormie*," a portrait of Madame Greuze. It is the first important piece on the copper by Moreau, and was finished by Aliamet's graver with such delicacy and restraint as to destroy little of Moreau's fine *eau forte*. Several other plates after Greuze were completed about the same time,

"*La Bonne Education*" and "*La Paix du Ménage*," finished by Igouf, "*L'Éducation du jeune Savoyard*," and the only three vignettes which Greuze ever designed, all of which should figure in a collection of Moreau's work as indications of his earliest inspirations.

In 1765 Moreau married Mlle. Pineau, a very wise choice for his worldly interests, as her mother was a de Prault and sister of the publisher of that name. The latter was quick to recognise Moreau's merit and made use of him to illustrate Hainault's "*Histoire de France*" and then a series of Italian volumes which were so successful that Basan, the Boydell of France, at once secured the rising genius for his "*Métamorphoses*," a production of great merit, wherein Moreau figures in the great company of Boucher and Gravelot and does not lose by the comparison.

Le Bas had always sought to foster his pupil's talent as an artist and it was very largely owing to his master's advice that Moreau cultivated and improved his gifts of drawing and designing. Before he was thirty he had produced many original pieces of importance, including certain famous scenic panorama which are but rarely found in British collections. The first of these dates from 1766 and is entitled "*Le Revue de la Maison du Roi au Trou de l'Enfer*," which, though signed by Le Bas, is recognisable as Moreau's work. The pendant to this is the other great military pageant known as "*La Plaine des Sablons*" which was not engraved till 1787.

After these works Moreau did a few plates after Vernet, the best of which are the four times of the day, finished by Cathelin. In 1768 appeared the "*Couché de la Mariée*" after Baudoin, on the whole the most famous print of the period, shortly afterwards followed by the "*Modèle Honnête*" after the same painter. Both plates were finished by Simonet, a fine artist, who has preserved very faithfully the characteristic Moreau touch. Volumes have been written for and against the idea which inspired Baudoin in these two works, but for Moreau's share in the translation and popularisation of the designs there has been nothing but praise, and a collector possessing the *eau forte* or better still, in my opinion, the proof before letters of the "*Couchi*" is a person to be envied.

In 1770 Moreau was nominated designer and engraver to the King, and from this date onward gave up his chief time to designing and engraved only a small number of plates. When, however, the fancy takes him to attack a portrait, a vignette or a *cul de lampe*, he seems at once to re-establish his pre-eminence by unrivalled work. Nothing in the whole history of book illustration can be finer than the four tiny plates in Désormeaux's "*Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon*" which are gems of the first water. If these four plates stood alone they would endear his work to the bibliophile, but Boucher's frontispiece, Choffard's *fleurons* and dedication, and some twenty other designs by Moreau, give additional interest to a work which, begun in 1772, reached its fifth volume in 1788 and was never finished.

Another very great charm in Moreau is his originality and freedom from the usual restraints and trammels of the schools. We cannot take any one of his designs and affirm that he borrowed or stole the central idea, the situation, or the pose, from either contemporaries or forerunners: his talent was great and it was eminently original, nothing seemed to come amiss to his genius. The collector may search for his work and discover in it the most unlikely places. Who would expect to find such a marvellous design as the "*Cathédrale d'Orléans*" hidden away as the frontispiece to an almost unknown breviary? For portraits he seems to have had little inclination, but even in this direction he translated a few good things. His best *eau forte* of a portrait is the plate of the Dauphin Louis Auguste after the Suede Hall: next comes another *eau forte* of the Duc de Choiseul, a masterly piece, and there are besides the portrait of his father-in-law Pineau, of the Bishop of Orléans, and of La Borde, *valet de chambre* of the king, besides a few others, La

Borde appears to have been a composer of some ephemeral distinction and to have planned a work in four volumes which he intended to be illustrated by Moreau. For the first volume twenty-five plates were indeed designed and engraved by the master, but for some unexplained reason the task was not continued, and this single volume represents Moreau's last considerable effort as engraver.

Almost simultaneously he began his illustrations to Molière's works, supplying thirty-three designs of which he himself engraved but a single plate. Rousseau next attracted him, and to the London edition of the author, dated 1774-1783, he contributed a series of superb designs which are masterpieces of intelligence. No other writer appears to have taken so strong a hold upon the artist: it is clear that Moreau not only understood his subject but was fascinated by it. Voltaire he illustrated twice in his life, and the popularity of the author helped to keep alive the memory of Moreau in the decadent period of art associated with the passionless days of Davidism that followed the Revolution.

The illustrations to Voltaire are of more unequal merit than the delicious and living pictures of the Rousseau: yet there are some real gems, two of "L'Ingénu," one of "Gertrude," one of "Le Cadéas," and in particular the illustration to Chant xiii. of "La Pucelle," the most exquisite treatment of candle-light effects that the most exacting connoisseur, other than Mrs. Grundy, can desire.

Mention of the Voltaire "Pucelle" reminds me of an amusing story. When the impressions of Helvetius's "Esprit" and Voltaire's "Pucelle" reached Switzerland, the authorities of the canton of Berne were so scandalised that they ordered all the copies to be impounded. The minion of the law charged with the execution of the decree is reported to have presented himself to the council and to have pompously made the following impressive declaration: "*Magnifiques, seigneurs! après toutes les recherches possible, on n'a pu trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit et pas une Pucelle.*"

C. A COURT REPINGTON.

LITERARY EPOCHS

THIS is the age of epochs—literary and other, but chiefly literary. As the phrase "age of epochs" is not very elegant let us say rather that this is the day of epochs. A day is a shorter space of time than an age, and it is comforting to think that night will speedily close in upon these same literary epochs and swallow them up for ever and ever—amen. To which learned professor did it first occur to cut literature up into epochs? And what did he do it for? If it was for convenience in lecturing a number of youths and maidens no great harm was done, for the youths and maidens have probably since forgotten all about literature. They may retain a vague impression that literature is a thing that is cut up into epochs with a writer's, usually a poet's, name to each. And the professor may have observed, for some professors are observant, that the youths and maidens remember the epoch when they forget the poet. That is something gained, but not much. For if youths and maidens will not read Milton because he is a poet we are willing to be hanged if they will read him because he is an epoch.

No doubt for examination purposes the epoch is an excellent device. The successful epoch-book treats all that preceded its subject as a negligible chaos, and what succeeded it as kingdom come. Say, for example, the particular epoch is the Wordsworthian one. There sit the youths and maidens with their note-books. Yonder stands the professor with his. Throned above reclines Wordsworth, b. 1770; d. 1850. These dates at once show the class of youths and maidens that Wordsworth has

been selected to name an epoch because he lived a long time. It is a curious reason, which would scarcely occur to anybody but a professor. For if any of these patient youths and maidens ever read any more poetry after being conducted professorially through the Prelude—a most doubtful supposition—and hit upon Keats who passed his twenty-five years within the Wordsworthian epoch, mayhap an odd one of them, struck with the ageless glory of the verse, may say: Why is not Keats an epoch? Pursuing his way in these "realms of gold" this odd student, this one in ten thousand, may be struck by many most un-Wordsworthian things, by the poet's dwelling, for example:

And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name—

and a thousand other famous and imperishable things, and he may ask again: What has this to do with Wordsworth and an Epoch? Perhaps some remnant of professorial influence may cause him to look up dates: John Keats, b. 1796, d. 1821; whereby he will see that Keats did not live long enough to make an "epoch." At this he may be glad; indeed as he keeps on reading Keats he may one day clasp his hands and lifting his eyes to Apollo thank him that the lecture-men never can make an "epoch" of Keats.

But worse remains behind. It might be possible by some theory of "movements" or "developments" to show that Wordsworth and Keats were born under the same star, or (that being a most unscientific phrase) took their origin in the same ethical tendency of the times; we should be sorry to hear it, but as a theory we grant its possibility. But what the deuce Byron is doing in any epoch called by the name of Wordsworth is beyond our poor wit to conceive. It may be granted that a more appropriate poet than Wordsworth for presiding over an epoch is not easily imagined. The professorial Wordsworth is even more appropriate than the real one. One effect of contemplating the often-pictured Seer—not the Collector of Taxes—roaming amid the hills listening to Nature preaching, is that it has taken us years to attain to climbing a hill without feeling that we are going to church. To people his "epoch" we gladly give to Wordsworth his friend Coleridge; we give him Southey—and welcome; and we even yield him reluctantly Charles Lamb. But when in imagination we offer him Lord Byron with "Don Juan" in his hand, saying: "Will this do for your epoch?" we feel inclined to run away like a guilty schoolboy without waiting for the answer. Think of Byron going into another man's epoch! And when you have thought of that, conceive of putting in Shelley! Shelley of the "Laon and Cythna"! Fie, fie! Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron are all immortals. They have all gone to Paradise, but not to the same Paradise. The thing is inconceivable. If they are in the same Paradise they are kept apart. For if Byron is not our Byron in Paradise then he is no longer Byron, and he had much better be himself elsewhere. Undoubtedly they keep them apart in those eternal fields, and each has his own plot of asphodel. That is why Dante conceived of circles, anticipating London society. And yet your professor and your extension lecturer calmly cram them all into one Epoch!

The absurdity is just as great in a Milton epoch, or a Dryden epoch. Both these poets lived to a good age, and accordingly in the lecture-books of the professors their years embrace the lifetime of a number of very various and very different writers, and they each mark an "epoch." But there was only one Milton, and no Miltonic school; and to make an "epoch" of him, as if he were some mere king or politician, is surely a very false way of dealing with his achievement. Whose epoch, it may be asked, is the present? Does it not seem as if we were still in the Shakespeare epoch, and the Milton epoch, and

the Shelley epoch? Is this not the epoch of any poet whose influence still survives? It could scarcely be called the Tennyson epoch, for Browning has equal qualifications of age and eminent respectability. Why should it not be the Tupper epoch? Tupper wrote much, was widely and highly respected and lived long. He also left behind him "works." To all of which the professorial person will answer that it is convenient and appropriate to call a period of time by the name of the dominant writer. And if the matter were one of mere nomenclature it would not be worth while calling it in question. But it is more than that. The literary "epoch" is for the most part a mere assumption when it is named after a writer, particularly if that writer is a poet. Each great poet is a separate phenomenon. The poets of Milton's time did not write like Milton; for one thing they could not, and for another they did not try. And to compress four such men as Byron, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth into one "epoch" to be called after Wordsworth is at once false and ludicrous.

And there is another question. What good can any human being derive from studying literature in "epochs"? If this is anybody's "epoch" it is Darwin's, and ever since that diabolically ingenious thinker laid down the laws, principles or processes—we are on slippery ground when we touch on science and must be careful; but whatever it was that Darwin did in regard to evolution we have had it applied to literature, which has accordingly become a "subject" to be anatomised, analysed, preserved in spirits, and put in glass cases. Hence these "epochs." It may be admitted that with Wordsworth one may go far on this road. And yet did not he sing of one Lucy:

But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

and say also:

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration;

and give to us and posterities innumerable other lyrical outbursts that he owed to no "movement," "development," or "school" other than his own poet's soul?

Away with these "epochs" and "influences"! The man to whom the primrose was but a yellow primrose was a decent fellow compared to him who wants to know to what "school" belongs "La Belle Dame sans Merci." Down with "epochs"; leave them to monarchs and fashions.

ADAM LORIMER.

CHURCH MUSIC

CROSS divisions and confusion of purpose, to say nothing of side issues and intrusive irrelevancies, are ever ready to spring to the front when the question of church music is raised. In the Anglican Church the deficiencies of law have been to some extent supplied by a fairly constant tradition, but the Roman Church has suffered from that worst of ills, a law neglected. Few English people, either within or without its fold, realised how complete was the chaos when almost immediately upon his accession to the Pontificate Pope Pius X. issued the "Motu Proprio" to deal with the subject. Roman Catholics who had grown up amongst musical anachronisms, could not measure their extent, while, as Mr. Terry says in the book now before us, "a popular belief amongst Protestants, and one that dies hard, credits us with unvaryingly fine performances of fine music in our churches." Those, however, who look at this latest pronouncement apart from the standpoint of either Catholic or Protestant, conventionally so called, and, it may be added, apart from the headlines of the halfpenny press, find in the "Motu

Proprio" a recall to first principles akin to many which have been issued, either from Rome or locally at various periods of the Church's history.

Mr. Terry's book, "Catholic Church Music," begins with a clear statement of the law, since not only is the "Motu Proprio" printed in full in English, but his first chapter is devoted to a collection of the Papal decisions with regard to church music from the Council of Trent onwards. Had he gone further back, to the year 1322, a still more forcible parallel to the present "Motu Proprio" would have been found in the edict of Pope John XXII. which forbade all *discant* in the churches. Now *discant* was the practice of adding extempore counterpoints to the plain-song from which eventually the polyphonic school sprang, so that the Church of 1322 tried to strangle in its infancy the art to which it now points as a model of devotional music. And yet it cannot be denied that the principle then asserted was the same as that now reiterated; *discant* then represented the spirit of enterprise and experiment which was, and is, foreign to the quietude which inspires reverence and opens the heart to mysteries. That spirit was too strong to be crushed by a Papal edict, even at a time when the development of art was carried on almost entirely under the auspices of the Church; now that it finds ample opportunity outside the Church, she is at liberty to choose what music she will have, since art is in no sense dependent upon her patronage. She has chosen wisely; she will restore the dignified melody of her ancient plain-song to its traditional position, and she will preserve alive the glorious music of the polyphonic school of Palestrina and Di Lasso, of our own composers, Tye and Byrde, and further, new contributions to her store of music are to be built upon these models. What such an enactment as this may bring forth it would be rash to prophesy, but it is not impossible that a great school of church music might yet be reared on so noble a foundation; even should this not be the case, and composers nowadays are little inclined to bow to restriction of any kind, the widespread adoption of this rule in the churches must have the greatest effect in training the taste of many thousands of people whose artistic standards are still based upon what they see and hear in church.

The author of "Catholic Church Music" has been foremost among church musicians in England to grasp the importance of the "Motu Proprio," and to give practical effect to its injunctions. He has seen clearly that the level of musical performance must be immeasurably raised if music of the kind required is to be used in such a way as to be conducive at once to the ends of religion and of art. He has made a systematic study of the music itself, of the law of the Church with regard to it, of ritual requirements affecting the music, and most important of all, of the art of training a choir; and the results of his studies he has summed up in a concise volume. While the authority of the Church is for him absolute, he knows human nature well enough to realise that many church musicians will need some persuasion if they are to accept a hard saying which forbids them the masses of Mozart and Gounod. So Mr. Terry spends the first part of his book in explaining the need for reform and the "essential fitness" of the old music. The second part deals with the practical formation of choirs, and of the duties of the organist and choirmaster. Here he is bound to reiterate much that is the common knowledge of every parish choir-master of the Anglican Church, since the training of boys' voices has hitherto been shirked by choirmasters of the Roman Church; in fact it may be said that as regards this feature of the choral service Roman Catholics are to-day much in the same position as were Anglicans when the Oxford movement introduced "surplined" choirs everywhere and made the troublesome choir-boy a painful necessity. If he is the despair of the parson and the butt for all the grumblers of the congregation, he is yet worth the grey hairs which he will inevitably cost the choir-master, and the sooner he is understood, appreciated,

and licked into shape the better. Mr. Terry's experience will help to this end.

The "complete guide to all musical functions" will also make this an invaluable handbook to choirmasters and others who have charge of the practical conduct of services, though it has not the general interest of the rest of the work. The final section on the English School of Church Music is a useful contribution to a neglected subject. We are all, Romans and Anglicans, Christians and heathens, alike too ignorant of the great school of polyphonic church music which flourished in our own country immediately before the Reformation, indeed, curiously enough, while that very trying event was actually taking place. Mr. Terry knows well what it produced, and in the choral services of Westminster Cathedral he is giving every Londoner the chance of knowing some of this beautiful music. In this short book he has been able only to touch upon the characteristics of its greatest composers, Tye, Byrde, Tallis, Peter Philips, and others, but he does so in a way to stimulate interest. Only when he treats of "the fate of English Church Music at the Reformation" does he become controversial and controversial. It is very natural that he should see events through the spectacles of his own churchmanship. No one, of course, will deny the fact that soon after the Reformation the glories of the polyphonic school faded, but it must be remembered that they faded and died in Rome itself. It is also true that the reformed Church was averse to "curious singing," as we have seen the Holy See had been two hundred years previously; but although the prejudice of the reformers persuaded Tallis and Byrde to write a few services in plain counterpoint, "nota contra notam," it is surely unlikely that it could have slain a living art which the Roman edict was powerless to slay in its infancy. Probably the Reformation had less to do with the polyphonic school than had the needs of artistic evolution. Apart from church music we find composers of this period feeling their way in madrigals towards simple harmonic progression, and it was needful that a time of comparative poverty should follow while the new principles were being mastered. But Mr. Terry says no new school of church music was founded in its place. We might be content to point to Gibbons only, who certainly combined the simplicity of the "nota contra notam" style with the dignity of polyphony. If this work were the only example, church music would have survived the Reformation and produced something nobly characteristic of the English liturgy. But this is not all. Granted that English church music has never risen to the point it reached in the old days, it has, through the vicissitudes of puritan antagonism and of eighteenth-century indifference, held steadily to the ideal of a reverent spirit of church worship. As Mr. Terry himself shows, the best music, which since the sixteenth century has been written for the Roman church, has been frankly secular in spirit; only temporarily after the Restoration, and, alas! in some of the effusions of the late nineteenth century, can the same be said of the music of the English church. Under almost every name of the long line of "Cathedral composers," stretching from Gibbons to S. S. Wesley, will be found some work, be it service or anthem, which breathes not only the reverent spirit of the church but the pure air of artistic inspiration.

H. C. C.

FICTION

Rising Fortunes. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THIS is a very pleasant account of the fortunes of two young men—the one a writer, the other an artist—who leave Edinburgh for the wider market-place of London. We have used the word "pleasant" because it would

seem exactly to sum up the keynote of such a homely unpretentious story. Just pleasant and no more! But how grateful we feel to an author who is contented with such modest limitations after we have been well-nigh deafened by others clamouring and shrieking to make an impression! In discussing such a book as "Rising Fortunes" it is idle to demand strenuousness of treatment, or a closely constructed narrative of events. Mr. John Oxenham has tried for other things. The story is slight enough, nor is psychological study of much importance in it. The interest of the book lies in his evident delight in the simple characters he has chosen to portray, and in his gift of conveying to us the atmosphere of a certain homely sincerity and goodness of heart, which goes far to disarm criticism of the conventions and thread-bare incidents to which he has occasional recourse. Had the drawing of the principal characters been more subtle, had the effects been produced with a more disciplined skill, in fact had the realities been more honestly regarded, the book might have gained immeasurably. Such writing as that of Mr. Oxenham depends mainly upon freshness and intimacy of observation. The most living figure in the book is Lord Terrapin, and the brief description of his life and death is well touched in. But we could wish that the principal figures had been less perfect and less fortunate! Surely no two young men have had such chances as did Black and McAlpine? Do young draughtsmen—no matter how skilful—obtain such speedy recognition? Do wealthy ironfounders give unknown youths free lodging and a pound a week into the bargain, merely because they have honest faces, and have chosen to apply for the post of caretaker? Do loving swains come quite so easily upon those ideal faces which, once seen, remain unforgettable; and do those faces, when found again, smile back with responding readiness? Do anonymous writers usually create such a stir as did Garth Royall? Do—but there is no end to such questions. As to details we doubt the possibility of such a partnership as that of the McAnando brothers. Could not an artist like James McAlpine, with a facility which throws Charles Keen completely into the shade, combined with an aptness which placed Giotto's circle nowhere, have got on single-handed without having to depend, first on his friend and then on his wife, for inspiration? It is clear from other minor matters that Mr. Oxenham knows less of art than of journalism.

The Millionaire and the Lady. By GERTRUDE WARDEN. (Long 6s.)

MISS WARDEN is distinguished among writers of "sensational" novels by possessing more than one uncommon attribute. She succeeds for one thing in really keeping her mystery a mystery right through the story quite up to the end. In a story of this kind where one is sure of some mysterious secret and is consequently on the look-out for it, this is not an easy thing to do. We feel genuinely surprised when we discover the secret of Beau Lester and Lady Bensham. But the really uncommon gift which Miss Warden possesses is a very keen penetration into, and understanding of human nature. In this class of writing, where all style and all artistic methods are usually abandoned as unnecessary and only a startling rendering of an intricate plot is sought for, such a gift of characterisation strikes the reader forcibly. Melodramatic as the tale is, the characters are not only carefully studied—as is so often the case in books with a far higher aim—but they are spontaneously drawn, as by a person to whom close observation has become a second nature. There are small vivid touches in the book which make these actors in a conventional melodrama more real than those in many a laboriously studied and carefully written "psychological novel." If this intimacy with nature is so strong as to be used almost unconsciously in writing for a class which—far from demanding it—probably passes it by unnoticed, how much might be done with such a talent on work of a

finer kind. We should like to see Miss Warden for once renounce sensational fiction and turn her attention to a book in which the study of character would outweigh the plot. We imagine that she would succeed too well to regret the step. As it is, the majority of readers will turn the pages of "The Millionaire and the Lady" with unflagging interest, and the minority with a feeling of growing irritation that a writer so well equipped for better work should waste her talents in a field so far beneath her.

For the Week End. By "HANDASYDE." (Lane, 6s.)

THE people whom one meets at these three week ends, if not very vivid are at least human, and their conversation, if not brilliant, is at least natural. So too is their behaviour. It is a little unusual, perhaps, but virtue is not necessarily unnatural to some natures—or half measures either apparently. The story is chiefly concerned with the loves of Blanche and Mortimer, or rather the loves of these two people are written in story form, though there is really hardly any "story" at all. The book is an account of the three week-ends at which these two meet, and discuss their feelings for one another. Blanche is married to an easy-going husband, who is more concerned with his father's capacity for living, than with his wife's incapacity for unfaithfulness—but perhaps we wrong Blanche, who is a gentle creature. More than probably she was capable of as much as we feel inclined to give her credit for! We think she is charming, and do not wonder at all—at least in one sense—at Mortimer's attitude. These two people admit the truth simply after the fashion of some complex natures, while the beautiful and simple duchess (we use the word "simple" to express a brain with about two convolutions) tries to doctor it—the truth not the brain—a little. The story does not, obviously, work up to the coming tragedy. The reader knows no more of it up to a certain point than do the people acting. Then the audience is allowed to feel it coming. To the actors it is as sudden as it is terrible! It is told very simply and naturally. This book is slight, but what there is of it is true, direct, and simple. The dialogue is easy and light; all melodrama and "effects" are avoided and the pathos is not cheap. The different types of one class are well if slightly drawn.

A Just Fate. By GEORGE LONG. (Greening, 6s.)

HAROLD MARKS, whose just fate appears to be the subject of this book, was a very wicked young man who, having preserved from death the beautiful daughter of Sir Richard Brandon, aspired to her heart and hand. Harold, however, was of lowly birth, and Sir Richard, on behalf of his daughter, declined with thanks. Sir Richard was determined; so was Harold, who swore to win the beautiful Helen, and to have and to hold her—and her money—until death should them part. He requested Helen to elope with him, but Helen had assured her papa that she was "all obedience," and so Harold had to wait. While unsuccessful with Helen, Harold had been only too successful with a serving-maid, and while he waited for Helen he stirred emotions in another lady's breast and clasped her to his own. In the interval he stole—diamonds, pearls, rubies, deeds to estates. At last he tricked Helen into a marriage which was performed by a pawnbroker's apprentice, and after a short time left her, disregarding the claims of paternity, and returned to Elise, the third love. In the end he was brought to justice, and Elise's brother—Harold's confederate in crime—shot himself and Elise, and Helen married Arthur Stradbroke, and Sir Richard married Ada, and Myra married Arthur, and in a short space of time Myra had "got two children" and Helen had got one. Also, Helen had "got a good husband at last"—which was very nice for Helen. We may mention that there is a picture on the cover of "A Just Fate" which appears to have been designed for another book: it seems to have no connection with the story.

FINE ART

NON ANGELI SED ANGLI

WHEN the inhabitants of the uncultivated portion of these islands employ the adjective *un-English* you may be sure there is something serious on the carpet. It is valedictory, expressive of sorrow and contempt rather than anger. All the other old favourites of vituperative must have missed fire before the almost sacred disqualifying Pod-snappianism is applied to the objectionable person, picture, book, behaviour or movement. And when the epithet is brought into action, in nine cases out of ten it is aimed at some characteristic essentially, often blatantly, Anglo-Saxon. Throughout the nineteenth century all art and literature not conforming to Fleet Street ideals was voted un-English. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Mr. Swinburne, the Pre-Raphaelites, and, in course of good time, those artists who formed the New English Art Club. There was some ground for suspicion of foreign intrigue. They regarded Mr. Whistler, the American, as a pioneer who flirted with French impressionism, and some of their names still suggest the magic Orient or the romantic scenery of the Rhine. But it is not extravagant to assert that if Mr. Rothenstein had chosen to be born in France or Germany instead of Bradford his art would have come to us in another form; in his strength and his weakness he is more English than the English. Art may have cosmopolitan relations (it is usually a hybrid), but it must take on the features of the country and people where it grows; or it may change them or change the vision of the people of its adoption; but Ruth must not look too foreign in the alien corn, or her values will get wrong. When an English artist airs his foreign accent and his smattering of French pigment his work has no permanent significance. Even Professor Legros has unconsciously assimilated British subjectivity: his Latin rein has been slackened; his experiments are often literary.

Yet it is a popular error to regard the exhibition of the New English Art Club as a homogeneous movement, such as that of Barbizon and the Pre-Raphaelite—inspired by a single idea or similar group of ideas. The members have not even the cohesion of Glasgow or defunct Newlyn. The only thing they have in common, in common originally with Glasgow, was a distaste for the tenets and ideals of Burlington House. The serpent (or was it the animated rod) of the Academy soon swallowed the sentimentalities of Newlyn, just as the International boa-constrictor made short work of Glasgow. And the forbidden fruit of an official Eden has tempted many members of the club. Others have resigned from time to time but with no ill result—to the Club. Now the reason for this is that the members have no dependence on each other, except for the executive organisation of Mr. Francis Bate. It may be doubted if in their heart of hearts they admire each other's works. They are intense individualists (personal friends may be in private life) artistically speaking, with only a cutting acquaintance with each other at the Slade.

The mannerism of Professor Legros is still of course a common denominator for the older men, and the younger artists evince a familiarity with drawing unusual in England, due to the admirable training of Mr. Henry Tonks. The spartan professor may not be able to make geniuses, but he has the faculty of turning out efficient workmen; whether they become members of the club or drift into the heaven of Burlington House, at all events they can fly and wear their aureoles with propriety. But a society which contains such distinctive and assertive personalities as Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Charles Conder, Mr. A. John, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. MacColl, and Mr. Roger Fry and Professor Holmes cannot possess even such unity of purpose as inspired Mr. Holman Hunt and his associates of the 'fifties. What agony must be gone through by the selecting jury; the acceptance of nearly

every other work must be a source of pain to many of the committee who for once at least in the year sympathise with academic difficulties. The New English is simply an admirably administered association whose members have rather less in common than is shared by the members of an ordinary political club. The exhibitions are for this reason intensely interesting. They cannot be waved aside like mobs, and no comprehensive epigram can do them even an injustice.

Works of art should not be judged by their size, but in this present exhibition if we except Mr. Sargent and Mr. Holmes the important pictures happen to be the largest. Marcus Aurelius said there was no necessity to praise an emerald and so it is with Mr. Sargent's works of which there are no less than six. Every one knows the story of the little boy who asked Sydney Smith (or Mr. Algernon Ashton) if the tortoise would be pleased at being patted, and the sage's reply that you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter. I am always reminded of that story when trying to praise Mr. Sargent or even Mr. Wilson Steer now that he too is fully recognised. I can only say that his two superb portraits can hardly be appreciated in the narrow confines of the gallery. It is the picture of Mr. Henry Tonks which I believe will give the most pleasure, because of recent years it has been a little hard for his many admirers to persuade the amiable Philistine exactly why he was one of the most significant of living painters. You could only say that he taught Slade students and painted *Rosamund and the Purple Jar*, and you could describe vaguely little works in private collections the names of which you had forgotten. Now at least every doubter can be sent to see his *Strolling Players*. In no modern picture has sunlight been more superbly handled; for it is sunlight coming through Venetian blinds, a peculiarly difficult problem, which Mr. Gregory once succeeded in solving. The Dutch of course have achieved it when seen through curtains or half-closed shutters and Mr. Sargent has treated the theme in water-colour, but no one has met with greater success than Mr. Tonks.

Among figure-subjects Mr. William Rothenstein gives us another dignified group of Rabbis reading the *Megillôth* and his brother the portrait of a laundress who has obviously nothing but clean linen in her basket. Mr. Albert Rothenstein has the merit of not trying to cover up his defects by faking. He puts down all his difficulties with such engaging candour that it would be heartless and obvious to point them out, but I can hardly believe that Professor Tonks passed this siren without some observation; it is an interesting attempt to emulate a Madox Brown scheme of colour. Then there is a work by Mr. Walter Sickert, *The Parlour Mantelpiece*, one among several delightful works of an interesting painter who from friendship or admiration or both decided that the greatest art was to allow the Master to conceal your talent. One day his excellences will be recognised by buyers, I hope in time for him to be at least amused. Of the landscapes those by Professor Holmes interested me most: the painting of them is not only learned, but they are beautiful things to live with; and I would not care to live with all the pictures I admire: some I would put in the spare bed-room. Professor Holmes here repeats his triumph of the *Hills at Dornach* exhibited at Agnew's. I have alas no further space to speak of the fascinating work by Mr. Von Glehn and Mr. Bellington Smith, Miss Van Waddington and Mr. Walter Russell.

I never knew any painter worthy of the name who paid the smallest attention to what a critic says except perhaps in conversation. I doubt if collectors of modern pictures pay much; therefore I write fearlessly. I have already pointed out why the New English Art Club with its ever changing life is the most interesting modern exhibition in London. I have said the merits of the artists were distinctive and that you could not group them into a school. May I now mention their faults?

And what painter is without fault? Their faults are shared by nearly all of them, their virtues are their own. I see an absence of any *desire* for beauty, for physical beauty. If the artists have fulfilled a mission in abolishing "the sweetly pretty Christmas supplement kind of work," I think they dwell on the trivial and the ignoble, less perhaps at the present show than in some others. They put a not very interesting domesticity into their frames. Rossetti of course wheeled about the marriage couch but it was itself an interesting object of *verlu*. Modern art ceased to express the better aspirations and thoughts of the day when modern artists refused to become the servants of the commune, but asserted themselves as a component part of an intellectual republic. That is why people only commission portraits and prefer to buy old masters who anticipate those better aspirations. Burne-Jones, however, expressed in paint that longing to be out of the nineteenth century which was so widespread; and now we are well out of it the rising generation does not esteem his works with the same enthusiasm as the elders; it reads Mr. Wells on the future and looks into the convex mirror of Mr. Bernard Shaw; but it does not buy Dubedats to the extent that it ought to do. The members of the New English Art Club could, I think, preserve their æsthetic conscience and yet paint beautiful things and beautiful people. Mr. Steer has now given them a lead. I wonder what Mr. Winter's opinion would be? He is the best salesman in London.

C. F.

DRAMA

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

WHEN Mr. Beerbohm Tree left the Haymarket Theatre it seemed as though we lost one of our finest character-actors; or rather not lost but mislaid on the vast stage of His Majesty's. Neither Shakespeare nor scenery nor Mr. Stephen Phillips was any compensation. But now that the proscenium can be made smaller there seems some chance of our being able to enjoy drama and acting once more. Who knows that we may not even enjoy Shakespeare again? The revival of Oscar Wilde's *Woman of No Importance* with an unusually brilliant caste has thrown considerable light on the state of the drama and dramatic criticism, and on contemporary taste. It proves that Wilde was the only literary playwright since Sheridan whose dramas command any degree of popular attention, and that in artificial comedy he has never been replaced. Mr. Bernard Shaw and the literary group of Court dramatists have never been tested for long runs, at least in England, and of them Mr. St. John Hankin alone is a derivative of Oscar Wilde's. An insufficient acquaintance with Mr. Shaw's plays, or perhaps with Wilde's, induces some of the critics to suggest that Mr. Shaw belongs or belonged to the same school. Both were men of letters, both were Irish, and there the resemblance ceases. Wilde was never influenced by Ibsen; he was only interested: he never took the trouble to acquire what for England was the new technique. Some of the critics point out that constructively his plays were old-fashioned when they were produced. That is actually true and it is for this reason perhaps that they have all the freshness and the old fashion of Congreve and Sheridan. Just as Mr. Samuel Pepys thought poorly of *Hamlet* when it was revived at the end of the seventeenth century, Wilde's plays do not appeal to some of the critics, especially if they happen to be playwrights themselves. With the exception of "Ernest," none of them ever had a "good press," and this is ascribed to the author making a character (in one of his stories), 'say "that all (the dramatic critics were to be bought, but to judge by their appearance they could not be very expensive." The number of times

each year in which his plays are still performed, only Mr. Samuel French could tell us, and that they must be read a good deal the great quantity of pirated editions on the market, at rather high figures, should convince the sceptical; while on the continent Wilde and Mr. Shaw are the only modern English dramatists held of any account. One of the chief reasons for their popularity is that, within the convention of artificial comedy, they present a true picture of their time; there is none of that gross violation of probability which mars some of the excellent work of Mr. Pinero and all Mr. Sutro's plays. Just as a picture by Reynolds or Gainsborough is true for all time even though we have discarded the furbelows of their sitters. It is the absence of provincialism, the simplicity and naïve elementality of the themes which gives them an enduring place on the European stage. We should remember that Lord Beaconsfield, to whom they owe something, said that contemporary Continental opinion was the verdict of posterity.

A Woman of no Importance was said to be the author's favourite play, and in spite of his disclaimer there can be little doubt that Lord Illingworth was designed for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It is certainly one of the actor's happiest impersonations, and when the cares of management have permitted him time to become word perfect again, a new generation which knew not the Haymarket, will understand why he is regarded as the head of his profession; and perhaps the revival is the signal for Mr. Tree's permanent return to drama. The Lady Hunstanton of Mrs. Charles Calvert, is not of course the author's idea of the part, but he would probably be converted by the superbly finished interpretation of this talented actress without wronging the memory of the inimitable Rose Leclerc. That Miss Marion Terry should share the triumph of Mr. Tree is particularly apposite, because it is to her exquisite art that Wilde's first play in London owed a large measure of its first night success. The only criticism we can offer is that she makes it impossible to believe that Lord Illingworth could have behaved so badly to any one so charming as Mrs. Arbuthnot. The rôle of Hester Worsley is a crucial difficulty in casting this drama, and we can felicitate ourselves that Miss Tree was too young to have appeared in the original production as her present age no less than her art make her the ideal Hester. To many people the character preserves the play from the charge of degraded cynicism, but over acted it would wreck the most important scenes. Miss Viola Tree never faltered. We have nothing but praise too for Miss Ellis Jeffreys who is deprived by the exigencies of the play from getting all the applause she so thoroughly deserved, and Miss Kate Cutler is almost too accomplished for such a small part as Lady Stutfield. The make up of Mr. Edward Maurice is wrong; he should be clean shaven as Mr. Kemble was in the first production. Altogether it is a brilliant and notable revival for which playgoers may be congratulated, and Mr. Tree cannot be sufficiently applauded.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. SIDNEY LEE AND THE SHAKESPEARE SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his notice of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Mr. (now Dr.) Sidney Lee stated:

"Other parts of the Dedication [of the First Folio] prove as clearly that Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke, and the FACT confirms the suggestion that the publisher's Dedication of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' to 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.' is addressed to Pembroke, disguised under the initials of his family name, William Herbert. The acceptance of this theory gives Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' an important place in Pembroke's early biography. The 'Sonnets,' though not published till 1609, were written for circulation among private friends more than ten years

earlier. . . . Shakespeare's young friend was, doubtless, Pembroke himself, and the 'dark lady,' in all probability, was Pembroke's mistress, Mary Fitton. Nothing in the 'Sonnets' directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it." The italics throughout are mine, not Dr. Lee's.

Turning to Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" this is what I read:

"The theories that all the Sonnets addressed to a woman were addressed to the 'dark lady,' and that the 'dark lady' is identifiable with Mary Fitton, a mistress of the Earl of Pembroke, are baseless conjectures. . . . The introduction of her name into the discussion is solely due to the mistaken notion that Shakespeare was the protégé of Pembroke, that most of the Sonnets were addressed to him, and that the poet was probably acquainted with his patron's mistress. . . . No peer of the day, however, bore a name which could be represented by the initials 'Mr. W. H.' Shakespeare was never on terms of intimacy (although the contrary has often been recklessly assumed) [?] by Mr. Sidney Lee, *supra*] with William, third Earl of Pembroke, when a youth. . . . The alleged erroneous form of address in the Dedication of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets'—'Mr. W. H.' for Lord Herbert or the Earl of Pembroke—would have amounted to the offence of defamation, and for that misdemeanour the Star Chamber, always active in protecting the dignity of peers, would have promptly called Thorpe to account. . . . The Sonnets offer no internal indication that the Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare ever saw each other."

I put this sentence in italics, as in the "D. N. B." Mr. Lee says: "Nothing in the Sonnets directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it," and, again, "Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke" wrote Mr. Sidney Lee in the same article.

It taxes my meagre Baconian wit, over which Mr. Sidney Lee has often waxed merry ("Baconian flummery," he styles it in his latest), to reconcile his two edicts that "Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke" and "the Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare never saw each other"; that, at one and the same time, 'Mr. W. H.' could be Mr. William Herbert (a designation of Lord William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, which Mr. Lee describes as 'erroneous') and, at the same time, Mr. William Hall, whom Mr. Lee honours with the title—"the first of the pirate-publisher fraternity to procure a manuscript of Shakespeare's sonnets and recommend its surreptitious issue." There is a wide difference between "a belted Earl" and a "pirate publisher." Yet Mr. Lee, as I have shown, adopts both personages as the original of "Mr. W. H." of Sonnet notoriety.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" and "The Life of Shakespeare" cannot both be correct on these points. Which of his two statements does Mr. Lee ask his readers to accept?

According to a critic of his latest volume, "Mr. Lee is a sound guide, producing an impression of sober, well-reasoned judgment."

The foregoing I submit as specimens of Dr. Lee's "sober well-reasoned judgment."

GEORGE STRONACH.

"SHAKESPEARIAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's protest against "Shakespearian" is welcome. If "Shakespearian" is going to lead to "Shakespearéan" it is an additional argument against the form; but the form itself is incorrect. The words in -ean, cited (Jacobean, empyrean, Promethean) are not parallel, for in these cases the -e represents a real sounded vowel to which the termination -an has been added. There are in practice two forms of this derivative termination, -an and -ian; no such termination as -ean exists. Now we have elected to spell a certain name "Shakespeare." But we do not pronounce it so. We pronounce it as a dissyllable, and the final -e is mute. It follows that the form "Shakespearéan" is etymologically quite correct, but is trisyllabic. The adjective in use, however, has unquestionably four syllables. The termination, therefore, must be -ian and not -an. Hence the correct form "Shakespearian." If we desire to retain the purely graphic -e we must write "Shakespearéan." This would find an analogy—though a false one—in Bodleian and Harleian, but it is not pretty and there is

no reason for it. The form "Shakespearean" has doubtless been favoured by the wholly erroneous supposition that to write "Shakespearian" implied that one advocated the form "Shakespear." It does nothing of the kind; but, unless I am much mistaken, to write "Shakespearean" implies ignorance of English word-formation.

W. W. GREG.

May 26.

"TWO QUERIES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To "W. H. M.'s" Queries the answers are:

(i) "Osey" is *wine* only in the German sense, being *Apfelwein*, or cider, and being still so called in Celtic.

(ii) *Mici*, or (rather) *michi* is still the Florentine priests' pronunciation of *mihī*, as a recent Latin conversation, on an Italian steamer, with a Franciscan convinced me, to my partial confusion. Florentines, as Armenians, *must* suppress "h" or give it the German "ch" sound: there is for them, apparently, no middle way. The Arabic "ḥ" (ha) becomes "ch" on Haik (Armenian) lips.

Femina perdigna, etc. Your correspondent (p. 500) is presumably mistaken in scanning these lines as an elegiac couplet. With equal accuracy he could see in them a reference to the *Sol Fa* and Guido d'Arezzo (*Fe, Si*). Commodianus' versification is, says Professor (and Principal) John Rhys, of Oxford, the original of Welsh poetry, to a considerable extent. The *Saturday Review* of the 18th inst. (*re "Pervigilium Veneris"*) shows cleverly and clearly the connection between quantitative and accentual metric value. But *here* the accusation of poetry is, at least, Non Proven.

H. H. JOHNSON.

May 26.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for May 25, p. 517, the question is asked as to the derivation of *Osey*, as the name of a wine.

I explained this word in 1869, in a note to the Prologue of Langland's "Piers the Plowman," l. 228 of the B-text, where we find "White wyn of Oseye, and red wyn of Gascoigne."

In "The Libell of Englishe Polycye," written in 1436, at l. 132, we are told of Portugal, that "her land hath oyl, wym, osey, wex and graine."

Notwithstanding this statement, the name *Osey* is certainly a form of *Alsace*. I refer to my edition of "The Romance of Partenay" (E.E.T.S., 1866), in which (as shown by the Index of Names, at p. 294), the form *Ausoy* frequently occurs with the sense of *Alsace*, and *Ausays* means *Alsations*; and I add that Roquefort's "Old French Dictionary" explains *Aussay* to mean *Alsatia*. His supplement has "*Ausai*, L'Auxois, pays de la Bourgogne, et la province d'Alsace."

WALTER W. SKAT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To one of the "two queries" of W. H. M., on p. 517 of the ACADEMY, one may reply that *mici* was certainly a mistake for *michi*, commonly used in mediæval Latin for *mihī*, with the intention of maintaining the aspiration of the *h*, and not necessarily giving to it the sound of *ch* in Scotch *loch*, or German *ch*. Ducange records only a single instance of its use. One may compare the insertion of a silent *u* after *g* in Baskish, for the purpose of keeping up the hard Latin sound when *e* or *i* follow, and preventing its being gutturalised as in Castilian, or softened as in French.

E. S. DODGSON.

May 25.

THE LONGEST WORD IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The writer of your review of Mr. Lindsay's translation of Plato's "Republic," says that the Greek word for seven hundred and twenty-nine times has twenty-one syllables. A friend of mine, whom I can trust, has counted them and finds only seventeen. Even so, the word is probably the longest in the language, excepting the well-known Aristophanic compound.

C. S. JERRAM.

May 27.

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Mr. Powell says in your last issue: "Has F. H. L. tried Heinemann?"

If F. H. L. tries Heinemann, Mr. Heinemann, being a publisher who knows his business, will answer: "I don't publish an English translation of Fromentin's 'Les Maîtres D'Autrefois' because an English translation was issued in 1882."

A copy lies before me. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. of Boston and New York. You can buy it in Paris, and I think in London. The translation by Mrs. Mary C. Robins is extremely well done.

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C. LEWIS HIND.

May 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

John Downman, A.R.A., *His Life and Works*. By D. Williamson. 11 x 8½. Pp. lxviii, and 62. Otto, n.p.

BIOGRAPHY

Champness, Eliza M. *The Life Story of Thomas Champness* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 370. Charles Kelly, n.p.

DRAMA

Recently Recovered "Lost" Tudor Plays with some others. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7 x 4½. Pp. 472. The Early English Drama Society, n.p.

EDUCATIONAL

Herbertson, A. J. and F. D. *The Oxford Geographies*. Vol. iii. *The Senior Geography*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 363. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.

Palmer, G. W. *Arithmetic. Chiefly Examples*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 339, xlii. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

FICTION

Coke, Desmond. *The Call*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 321. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Hill, Ethel. *The Woman-Friend and the Wife*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 318. Greening, 6s.

Free, Richard. *On the Wall*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 303. Lane, 6s.

Long, George. *A Just Fate*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 318. Greening, 6s.

Orczy, The Baroness. *The Tangled Skein*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 332. Greening, 6s.

Mill, Garrett. *The Cardinal's Secret*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 329. Blackwood, 6s.

Mackay, Lydia Miller. *The Return of the Emigrant*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 336. Blackwood, 6s.

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Cooke, W. Bourne. *Madam Domino*. 7½ x 3½. Pp. 312. Sisleys, 6s.

Walford, L. B. *The Enlightenment of Olivia*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 364. Longmans, Green, 6s.

Teskey, Adeline M. *Where the Sugar Maple Grows*. Idylls of a Canadian Village. 7½ x 5. Pp. 268. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY

Fletcher, C. R. L. *An Introductory History of England from Henry VII. to the Restoration*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 583. Murray, 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Of our English Dogs and their Qualities. Written by William Harrison. 6 x 4½. Pp. 32. Wellwood, 6d. net.

Thonger, Charles. *The Book of Rock and Water Gardens*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 94. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

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Hodgson, W. Earl. *How to Fish*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 377. Black 3s. 6d. net.

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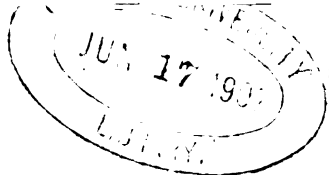
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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1831

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN our issue of May 4 we drew attention to "an appeal to the public from the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford" for funds. Most of our contemporaries did likewise. We cannot suppose that they would have done so, had they not supposed that the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor issued their appeal as the mouth-pieces of the University; we should certainly not have taken that course. It now appears that these functionaries acted entirely on their own responsibility, and further concealed the fact of their unauthorised action until a confession was forced from them by the spirited action of the President of Corpus, Mr. Thomas Case. We confess that we disliked this undignified begging-letter, chiefly on account of its broad hint to foreign capitalists to subscribe, on the unsubstantial ground of the Rhodes endowment of foreign scholarships; but we advertised the appeal out of a mistaken devotion to the wishes of the University. We now desire to draw the attention of our readers to Mr. Case's letters to the *Times* of May 6 and 15, and June 5, in which he explains the whole matter.

Mr. Case points out that the Chancellor and his deputy have been instrumental in attempting to intrude into the internal management of the University, an authority foreign to it, namely, a body of Trustees chosen from among the subscribers enlisted by their unauthorised appeal. These two separate bodies acting in the same sphere must cause the direst confusion. Many persons may be members of both, but two persons, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, must be. This doubles the power of those offices. We know that the present Chancellor has been in office about three months. Any body would stultify itself that was willing to double the power of its president so prematurely, whatever confidence it might have in his ability, proved in other spheres. As to the Vice-Chancellorship, it must be remembered that the office is filled, not by election, but by routine, and passes in succession to each Head of a House *ex officio*. The University does not appoint the Heads of Houses, each House appoints its own. A Vice-Chancellor therefore enjoys in no special manner the confidence of the University. In the ordinary routine work this is of no importance. Matters of great moment can be postponed as far as possible until the office falls to the Head of a House whom the University considers capable of taking the lead in dealing with it. Is any such confidence felt in the present Vice-Chancellor?

In particular Mr. Case cites the proposal of the new body to turn out the University Press from its present buildings, and to erect a school of engineering on the site. We quote Mr. Case:

In their answer of the 13th [in the *Times*] the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor replied that this proposal about buildings had formed no part of their appeal of the 2nd. But it had; for, under the head of additional buildings, it formed an integral part of the scheme, to the tune of £40,000 for the removal of the Press out of £250,000, the total sum solicited; and in their appeal of the 2nd the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor, without excepting the buildings, accepted and recommended the scheme and the total of £250,000. Moreover, even in their letter of the 13th in answer to me, they did not withdraw the removal of the Press, but left it to the body of trustees to propose it or not to the University.

It is therefore evident that the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor not only acted without the authority of the University in begging for money, but had pretty well decided how it should be spent.

The Englishman, says Mr. Bernard Shaw, is a sentimentalist, and the matter of Crosby Hall has proved him right. A people which will permit valuable works of art, one or another, to go to America or Germany for want of the public spirit and the appreciation of beauty to keep them at home, raises a wild outcry so soon as it is proposed to pull down a sham antique building. A certain evening paper has shrieked itself hoarse on the subject; and this washy, lachrymose sentiment has found an echo in a hundred thousand (or whatever may be the number of its "guaranteed circulation") manly English bosoms. If Crosby Hall is dear to the British heart, why was it allowed to be degraded into a restaurant?

It is time that the facts of the case were plainly stated. Of the Crosby Hall which was built in 1466 there is nothing left beyond a portion of the walls. The front in Bishopsgate Street, at which so many sentimental Britons have been staring of late, is a later imitation of the architecture of the period—in other words a sham. The Great Fire and a subsequent fire in 1672 spared nothing but the great hall, and in 1831, after the building had been vacated by a firm of packers, the whole interior was "restored," and the portion fronting Great St. Helen's was rebuilt after the designs of two Gubelman architects. Two ceilings, an oriel window and an archway are not, we submit, worth a quarter of a million. When we think of the works of art, things of perfect beauty and perennial joy, which the money could purchase, such counsel seems worse than criminal. It seems stupid.

It is true that Shakespeare mentions Crosby Hall more than once; that the original building was inhabited at one time or another by Richard, Duke of Gloucester (who was not then, in spite of halfpenny papers and popular belief, Richard III.); by Sir Thomas More; by Sir Thomas More's favourite daughter Margaret and her husband William Roper, and by the Countess of Pembroke whom William Browne immortalised in his epitaph—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"; and that Sir Kenelm Digby and other Royalists were prisoners there during the Rebellion. Such a string of names makes the hypocrisy of the association-mongers only the more flagrant. Was Richard III. such a benefactor to the nation that future ages should hallow the spot where he once dwelt? England beheaded Sir Thomas More, and by embracing the Reformation nullified the splendid work which he and others like him might have done for her. Will the preservation of some few stones of his house do anything to wipe away the reproach? What would that great Renaissance lady, the Countess of Pembroke, have said to so perverted a view of the relations of art to sham sentiment? And, if the Corporation needed an additional reason for their very sensible

refusal to provide the money, they possibly found it in their dislike of preserving any memento of the city's share in the Rebellion.

Go, booklet, where the morning falls
On sister turrets, kindred walls,
ἀκοῦσθαι ἀκαδε, their name
Familiar, and their saint the same.

In at a "College Window" peep,
But reconnoitre if he sleep,
Still dreaming of that stately school
Her sons all love, whiche'er may rule.

One letter parts but many tie
The true-knot of our destiny:
May friendship ever flourish green
'Twixt Magdalen and Magdalene.

The above lines are quoted from a poem which appears in the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. They are by Mr. T. Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and are addressed to Mr. A. C. Benson, of Magdalene, Cambridge. The image conjured up by the poet of the "booklet" (Mr. Warren's brief history of Magdalen College) "peeping in at the 'College Window'" of Mr. Benson to ascertain if he is still asleep, before venturing to intrude, strikes us as being particularly happy. Mr. Benson ought to be inspired to reply. May we suggest to him that the coincidence of there being only two letters "R" and "D" common to the two words, Oxford and Cambridge might form the basis of a neat rejoinder? Thus, for example:

"Only two letters (more's the pity)
Unite my township to your city,
And yet we love like Cock and Hen!"
Said Magdalene to Magdalen.

With the death of Karl Blind, which has just occurred at the age of eighty-one, the last of the 1848 revolutionists—the *vieilles barbes* as they were called in France—disappears from circulation. In dealing with the prominent features of Karl Blind's career and of his published works on social and political questions, it should above all be remembered that the word *barbe* in French slang has now acquired the meaning of "bore". Karl Blind was undoubtedly a pretentious and pushful bore whose industrious efforts to upset existing *régimes* has only resulted in establishing autocratic militarism in Europe on a firmer basis than ever before. His stepson's insane attempt to assassinate Prince Bismarck was one of the primary causes of intense feeling of anti-semitism which has inspired the official and bourgeois classes of Germany ever since. For himself it ended in a miserable suicide in prison, if indeed he was not privately executed which, is quite as probable. Karl Blind, the stepfather, lived to see every one of his pet theories relegated to the limbo of old political stage properties, and towards the end of his life he sufficiently belied the early principles by which he had professedly been inspired to burst out into rancorous expressions of Pan-Germanism directed against the very people who foolishly, but with their customary good-nature, had provided him with a hospitable refuge for so many years. It would be invidious to speak too harshly of the dead, but it is necessary in the interests of historical truth to prick the bubble of the reputation for strenuous doing and high thinking which some of our contemporaries persist, a little carelessly, in attributing to the late Karl Blind.

At the Hampshire House Social Club for Working Men, on Hammersmith Upper Mall, the Second Annual Picture Exhibition will open on Thursday, 13th inst. It should prove even more attractive than that of last year. The exhibits of contemporary art, many of which are for sale, include works by Messrs. Abbey, R.A., Muirhead, Bone, Brangwyn, A.R.A., Lavery, Legros, Blair, Leighton, A. G. Macgregor, Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., Rothenstein,

F. Short, A.R.A., H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., and many others. A special feature of the Exhibition is a collection of nearly fifty paintings and drawings by the Pre-Raphaelite School, the work of all the seven original members of the brotherhood being represented, as well as a number of works by Sir E. Burne Jones. The Exhibition will be opened by Lord Lytton, who is the President of the Federation of Working Men's Clubs, and will remain open daily until July 6 from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. (Sundays 2 P.M. to 6 P.M.) with free admission.

We understand that the *Tribune* has for some time past been issuing circulars broadcast offering to supply the paper gratuitously for six months, and from this we presume that our esteemed contemporary is in lack of readers. Whether this method, which is, we believe, new to London journalism, will be successful or not we cannot foresee, but there are certain indications in the daily columns of the *Tribune* which tend to show, in our opinion, that its editor estimates at a too low standard the average intelligence of the English middle classes. In a telegram which the *Tribune* of Thursday prints from Berlin there occurs this sentence quoted from a leading article in the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*: "Has Prince Buelow in the moment of victory forgotten the maxim that one should build golden bridges for a fleeing enemy?—*anglicé* (should not drive the foe into a corner)." *Anglicé!* Does the editor of the *Tribune* really believe that the man in the street for whose subscription he is making a bid is such a hopeless blockhead as to be unable to understand the simple metaphorical phrase employed by the German paper, and that it has to be Englished into something simpler and less figurative in order to appeal to British intelligence?

We note with pleasure that Lord Curzon's list of distinguished men on whom it was proposed to confer an honorary degree at the forthcoming Encænna includes the names of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Swinburne, neither of whom, however, has found it possible to accept the proposed honour. It is surely about time that some sort of official recognition should be made of the absurdity of conferring honorary degrees, as it is now proposed to do, on "Mark Twain" and Mr. Sidney Lee, while the really great and enduring names in English contemporary literature are passed over. We say this without any desire to depreciate the undoubted merits of the two gentlemen we have mentioned. We have often laughed with and at "Mark Twain." With him, when he was confining himself to his legitimate sphere of "American humour," and at him, when he left that sphere and ventured on art criticism and reflections on the character of Shelley. Mr. Sidney Lee has a great reputation as a Shakespearian scholar. Would not the occasion of the forthcoming Encænna afford a suitable opportunity for him to explain the extraordinary discrepancy of rather strongly-worded assertion contained in two statements which directly and categorically contradict each other in two of his own published works, to which a correspondent drew attention in last week's issue of the ACADEMY?

The Christchurch undergraduates who took part in the recent "rag" at Oxford when the harmless necessary stand for the pageant was burnt to the ground, have given evidence of a very deficient sense of the possibilities of incendiarism. If they wanted to burn down anything, and were prepared to face martyrdom in their fervour for destruction, why did they not turn their attention to some of the new buildings at Oxford? At their very door so to speak stand the hideous Merton New Buildings which have defiled what used to be one of the fairest prospects in Oxford. A visit also to the back quad of New College might surely have provided them with "fuel" for thought. To burn down anything so ephemeral and so easily replaced as a grand stand for a pageant, argues a distressing lack of imagination on the part of our budding youth.

LA BEAUTÉ

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BAUDELAIRE)

FAIR am I, mortals, as a stone-carved dream,
And all men wound themselves against my breast,
The poet's last desire, the loveliest.
Voiceless, eternal as the world I seem,
In the blue air, strange sphinx, I brood supreme
With heart of snow whiter than swan's white crest,
No movement mars the plastic line, I rest
With lips untaught to laugh or eyes to stream.

Singers who see, in tranced interludes,
My splendour set with all superb design,
Consume their days, in toilful ecstasy.
To these revealed, the starry amplitudes
Of my great eyes which make all things divine
Are crystal mirrors of eternity.

A. D.

IMITATION FROM "A MORTE DE DON JOÃO" BY GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

WOMEN, who worship the white wounded feet,
When your white babies leave you innocent,
Give them no tears, but roses, white and sweet.
The flickering swallow would you make less fleet
The sun to follow to her full content?

White, timid creatures, sleeping in the grass—
Hush! lest you vex them with your falling tears,
May they live well who may live many years,
But these live best, who, like a white dream, pass.

MORE ADEY.

LE CIEL EST PAR-DESSUS LE TOIT

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL VERLAINE)

THE sky above the roof is nigh,
So blue, so calm;
A tree that is the roof anigh
Rocks her green palm.

The deep bell ringing in the sky
Fails and is faint;
A sweet bird singing in the sky
Ceases her plaint.

Dear God! how calm must life be here!
Calm and tranquil;
A peaceful murmur rises here
From the far vill.

What have you done, you who weep there
In tears and ruth?
Oh! what have you done—weeping there—
With your white youth?

MORE ADEY.

LITERATURE

IMAGE AND SUPERScription

Catalogue of Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. ii. *Muhammadian Coins.* By H. NELSON WRIGHT. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WITH commendable promptitude the second volume of this catalogue follows upon the first, of which a review appeared in these columns only a few weeks ago. Mr. Nelson Wright's task, however, cannot have been so interesting from the æsthetic point of view as that of Mr. Vincent Smith. For the interest of the Muhammadian coins of the Sultáns of Dehli is not artistic. It lies almost entirely in problems of metrology and history, and to a certain extent in the study of human nature.

The Muhammadian law which prohibits the representation of living things in its art is based upon a misconception of human nature, for the potentate who may not put his image on his coins makes up for it by lengthening—and strengthening—his superscription, and a pious vanity is the prevailing characteristic of phrases like "Sovereignty is not conferred upon every man; some are set up over others"; or "He who obeys the sovereign truly he obeys the merciful one (God)"; while these pale in grandiloquence before the strings of titles which fill the field and margin of many of these coins.

Nevertheless, Muhammadian coins are of inestimable value in the making of history, for very little is left to the imagination. A continuous series of such coins will display the pedigree, conquests and vicissitudes, and even the temperament of the sovereigns who caused them to be struck. And this volume, which contains the coins, in the Indian Museum, of the six dynasties of the Sultáns of Dehli (1193-1555 A.D., 589-962 A.H.) and of other contemporary Muhammadian rulers in various parts of India, is a history in itself for those who can interpret the coins aright.

Sad to say, however, the Sultáns of Dehli were for the most part poor creatures enough, to whom the pleasures of kingship were more attractive than its duties, though that strange Oriental compound of sensualism and almost ferocious vigour is occasionally met with, as in the person of Muhammad Bin Tughlaq, the second of the Tughlaq dynasty.

Mr. Nelson Wright omits the Ghazni coins from his list and begins with those of Muhammad Bin Sam. This monarch was a Ghorí Turk, and his successors were his Turkish slaves and their descendants. His real footing in India dates from A.H. 589, after his defeat by Prithví Rájá. In his peculiar position as an alien conqueror and the pioneer of an alien faith he seems to have acted with considerable prudence in his handling of the coinage. Despite the custom of Islam to the contrary he retained the representations of living objects upon his coins as being familiar to his new subjects, and it is only upon his billon and copper coinage that inscriptions in Arabic character appear. The gold coins bear a rude representation of the goddess Lakshmi and an inscription in Nagari character. This is an extension of the principle adopted by Mahmúd of Ghazni, whose silver coins remained purely Muhammadian, while his copper was impressed with the Bull Nandi. Similarly on the coins here shown the Chauhan and Nawar horsemen recur frequently; but the coins of the later dynasties hardly bear out the statement which has been made elsewhere that the copper and billon always remained Indian and local in contradistinction to the more purely Islamic character of the gold and silver type, for the copper coins of Sher Shah, for example, are as purely Islamic as the gold.

It is in matters metrological that the greatest changes took place under Muhammadian rule. The first (Ghazni) coins were on the system of dinars and dirhems, borrowed from the denarius and drachma of the west. But these Ghazni dirhems and dinars are not found south of Rawal Pindi, and it was the old *rati*-unit which constituted the

basis of the accepted Muhammadan coinage of India. The small mixed silver and copper, Dehliwáls of Mahmúd weighed 56 grs., while the silver *tanka* of 100 ratis was about 175 grs., the lower weight being equal to 32 ratis. When we come to the Tughlaq dynasty (1320-1399) we find the same unit still persisting in spite of the vagaries of Muhammad Bin Tughlaq. For though that erratic monarch issued a gold dinar of 200 grs., and substituted for the silver *tanka* of 175 grs. an 'adli of 140 grs., both issues were shortlived, for the old *tanka* of 100 ratis was soon revived, while the 'adli weight which was in the relation to the *tanka* of 4 to 5, survived in the form of a coinage of mixed metal.

The brass tokens of this same Muhammad were an imitation of the fiduciary paper currency successfully introduced into China by Khubilay Khán. The system had failed in Persia, but Muhammad seems to have made a determined effort to force the brass tokens upon his subjects. These are the coins which bear the inscriptions quoted above, with the obvious implication that in accepting the coin at its fictitious value the subject was doing no more than his duty to Allah and his sovereign. In spite of the inscriptions however, this brass coinage was not a success, and Muhammad lost no time in redeeming it at its full face value. The result of this drain upon the Treasury was a scarcity of silver coins in the later years of his reign.

The character of Muhammad was of the capricious nature that his coinage would lead us to imagine it to have been. Thomas in his "Chronicles" describes him as "generous to profusion, an accomplished scholar, abstinent, a firm defender of his faith, and the most experienced general of his day"; yet he was merciless and ferocious, insanely despotic and furiously impatient of the smallest opposition to his will. He built up an empire in which his own madness sowed the seeds of disintegration, and the dynasty of the Tughlaqs, which began with conquest, ended with the sack of Dehli by Taimur, and the rise of Bahlol Lodí, an Afghan, who restored to Dehli much of its lost glory. Under Bahlol, the gold and silver of the Khaljis and Tughlaqs continued in circulation, the only new currency being the *bahloli* of mixed metal weighing about 145 grains. The uncertain proportions of silver and copper in these coins rendered exchange a complicated matter, till Sher Shah put the coinage on a satisfactory footing. He was the first of the Súri (the sixth) dynasty and in his short reign of six years (1539-1545 A.D., 948-952 A.H.) he reformed the fiscal and financial basis of his dominion. To him are due many of the valuable reforms for which the credit is given to Akbar by the latter's eulogists. He abolished the indigenous mixed-metal currency, and instituted the copper coin known as a *dám*, with its fractions of one-half, one-eighth and one sixteenth. The weight of a *dám* is uncertain quantity, but the most likely weight as deduced from the known weights of a large number of specimens seems to be 176 ratis (330 grains), or rather heavier than the *dám* of Akbar according to Abul Fazl. The rupee of Sher Shah was probably 180 grains of pure silver or 96 ratis. Sher Shah was also the first of the Muhammadan monarchs to introduce into the inscriptions of the coinage, the names of the mint cities.

The coins in this section of the catalogue comprise some magnificent specimens, especially among the gold coins of Mahmúd I., and in the series of Muhammad III. Bin Tughlaq. The fine silver comes of Islám Sháh are very well represented.

The long and monotonous series of the Sultáns of Bengal contains very few good specimens, and the types, with the ever recurring *khalima* and the frequent occurrence of disfiguring shroff-marks are very far from beautiful. Many of the specimens in this collection have also been subjected to the brutal test of the chisel by suspicious money-changers of the past. The coins of Sikander have rather more æsthetic pretensions than the rest.

There is nothing new in the section devoted to the Bahmanis of Kulbarga, and the Jaunpar section displays more variety in date than in type in spite of its numbers.

The Gujarát coinage offers some interesting metrological problems, which Mr. Wright attacks with singular lucidity: we can congratulate him heartily upon his clear summary of the facts.

The "mint-marks" of Málwa form a study in themselves, which is scarcely touched upon here. Considering the troublous history of Málwa, the metrology presents comparatively few difficulties. We cannot understand why Mr. Wright should describe the variations of the copper *tanka* as complicated. The beautiful little coin No. 38, weighing 42 grains, presents some difficulty, but its lightness may be no more than an accident. Certainly it is not the result of wear and tear, for it is in fine preservation. We have often noticed that exceptionally light coins are also exceptionally well preserved, and have been tempted to believe that they owe their state to their deficiency in weight, through dropping quickly out of circulation.

The arrangement of the catalogue differs slightly from that of the preceding volume. Metal and catalogue number appear in the same column, and the peculiarities of Muhammadan coinage demand columns for mint and date. The plates, of which there are eleven, are grouped together at the end of the sections to which they refer, and the metal, as well as the catalogue number of each coin, is indicated. The indices are excellent, especially that of the mints, and the glossary of titles is most useful, though it might have been improved by reference to the coins themselves. The map is that which has already proved so useful in the British Museum catalogue of Muhammadan coins.

We must own to anticipating with perhaps rather keener interest than the subject-matter of this volume can arouse, the volume containing the coins of the Mughals. But this catalogue is a worthy companion of Mr. Smith's volume, and will be of great value to seekers after first-hand data, whether for the study of Indian history or of Indian metrology. For the latter especially, this cabinet, with its large number of good specimens showing but little wear, is especially useful, and the simplicity of arrangement, together with the thoroughness of Mr. Wright's brief introduction to each section, makes this volume easy to handle and far more attractive than we should have thought a catalogue of such monotonous coins could be. Our only small grumble is against the binding, which might as well have been uniform with that of the first volume. But this is a minor matter. In all points of real importance the catalogue is all a catalogue should be.

THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER

Richard Hooker. By VERNON STALEY. (Masters, 3s. 6d. net.)

IN selecting Richard Hooker as the subject of the first volume of a series issued under the title of "The Great Churchmen Series," Mr. Vernon Staley has made a natural and appropriate choice. Hooker will stand for all time as the most characteristic example of those "great excellencies and great attractions" of the Anglo-Catholic type of churchmanship which these monographs are designed to illustrate. The volume is to be followed by lives of Archbishop Laud, Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Cosin, and others who did so much in their day and generation to uphold and maintain unimpaired the Catholic and Apostolic character of the English Church. The character of Richard Hooker has attracted several excellent writers and scholars. Isaac Walton, in his exquisite biography, painted a glowing picture of him and his "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker" has come to be regarded as a classic. In our own day three brilliant

scholars, John Keble, Dean Church and Dr. Paget, have edited editions of his works, and have incidentally shed fresh light on his personality. Mr. Staley's book is little more than a collection of well-selected quotations from these sources. Of those who have written about him none can claim greater authority than John Keble. Spiritually and mentally akin to him, the author of "The Christian Year" brought to his study of the character of Hooker a sympathetic insight that made him an ideal biographer. So similar in temperament were the two that upholders of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls might well believe that Hooker lived again in Keble. Both men kept themselves singularly unspotted "alike from the conflicts and honours of the world." Both were by nature extremely sensitive, shy and bashful in their intercourse with strangers, quick to resist injustice, but sweet-natured to a degree. Both were scholars of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and both wrote epoch-making books. Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" and Keble's "Christian Year" are books which have had a wider and more permanent influence in the Church of England than any other books written.

Richard Hooker was not only a great Churchman—he was a great writer, a master of English prose. The first books of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" were produced at that wonderful period—the last ten years of the century and of Elizabeth's reign, which saw the publication of the first works of Shakespeare, the first essays of Bacon and the "Faery Queene" of Spenser. In the words of Dean Church in his fine tribute written as Introduction to Book I. of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" in the standard edition of Hooker's works: "The book first revealed to the nation what English prose might be. . . . Hooker, like Shakespeare and Bacon, may be said to have opened a new vein in the use of the English language." And again in another volume Dean Church wrote: "The gardens and force of English prose began in Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.'" Hooker was, in fact, the beginner of what deserves to be called English literature in its theological and philosophical province. There is a story that a learned English Romanist in conversation with Pope Clement VII. asserted that he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author till he had read the first four books of "a poor obscure English priest" on "Laws and Church Polity."

It is not, however, with the literary aspect of Hooker's work that Mr. Staley's volume is mainly concerned. He views him from the religious standpoint as the saviour of Anglican theology from the yoke of Calvinism. The special value of a knowledge of Hooker's works for the Churchman of to-day is that a great deal of that which he wrote is as applicable to the controversies of the twentieth century as it was to those of the sixteenth. It is one of life's ironies that a man of Hooker's temperament should have been compelled by force of circumstance to pass so much of his time in controversy. And yet it may well be that had it not been for the opposition which met the statement of his views when he was Master of the Temple Church he would have passed his life in the quietness and obscurity which he so infinitely preferred. The "Ecclesiastical Polity" was the direct outcome of a keen controversy with Travers and Cartwright and the Puritan party which they represented. Hooker found himself face to face with a system in which he perceived fundamental flaws. To the Puritan theory of the purpose and function of Scripture as the exclusive guide of human conduct he offered his more comprehensive theory of a rule derived not from one alone but from all sources of light and truth with which man was encompassed. The design of the Ecclesiastical Polity was to settle current controversies concerning religion and government and to establish the reasonableness of the position of the Church of England as a *via media*. In controversy Hooker displayed an admirable spirit. His tone was never acrimonious or bitter. In all

arguments he showed the utmost tolerance of and courtesy to his opponents. Hallam's tribute to him as one who mingled in these controversies "like a knight of romance among caitiff brawlers with arms of finer temper" was wholly deserved.

Hooker realised to a peculiar degree the special genius of the Church of England. His attitude has come to be the recognised position of Anglican orthodoxy. The Oxford or Tractarian movement was mainly a restatement of the principles he had advocated—the Catholic faith according to the rule of the Church of England. There are many advanced Anglicans of the present day who consider Hooker not wholly sound. They welcome his teaching on Absolution and Confession, on Fasting and Baptism, but regard him as not entirely satisfactory on the Holy Eucharist and Apostolic Succession. In this volume Mr. Staley finds it necessary to explain away some ambiguous expressions of Hooker with regard to the Holy Communion. But while there may still be division of opinion as to the exact meaning of Hooker on certain theological and metaphysical points, the value of his great work for the Church of England is not open to question. Mr. Staley has done a real service in presenting in a handy volume an excellent summary of Hooker's life and work, which will be welcomed by those who revere him as a great theologian as also by those who honour him as a great master of English prose.

KITCHENER'S WAR

The Times History of the War in South Africa. Vol. v. (Sampson Low, 21s. net.)

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Erskine Childers, the editor of this volume, that he has managed to make a connected and intelligible story out of an apparently endless tangle of disconnected skirmishing. His task was to describe the guerilla war, roughly speaking Lord Kitchener's period of command, from November 1900 to the conclusion of peace, though the guerilla war really began three months before Lord Roberts ceased to be commander-in-chief in South Africa. We cannot attempt to trace in detail the varying fortunes of this guerilla war, which was waged with so much local success and for so long owing to the spirit of local patriotism which was at once the strength and the weakness of the Boers: it is difficult even to divide the subject up into divisions such as the De Wet hunts and the campaigns against De La Rey. De Wet, of course, was the great enemy during this period; he was also our chief instructor.

His practice of carrying nothing on the men but their arms and ammunition, his superb night marches, his ruses, doublings, twistings, his bold use of ground, and, to a certain extent, his skill in handling a convoy became eventually the methods of his foes. But in some important points he was never to be successfully imitated. Administrative deficiencies and bad horsemanship caused the lesson of employing large numbers of led horses to be wasted. De Wet's independence of artillery was ignored, and, most important of all, his scouting was never approached.

Here indeed was a foe who was a master from whom to learn. Since he crossed the Magaliesberg in August no British column ever succeeded in keeping in touch with him for more than twenty-four hours, and very rarely for more than twelve hours; but he had limitations which became the more apparent as his force increased in size. He more than once refused a fight when the odds were in his favour, he was chased from day to day like a hare, and on one occasion a subaltern and forty men managed to turn De Wet with three thousand followers from his purpose. The personality of this man had as much effect on the course of this latter part of the war as had that of Lord Kitchener himself.

The task which confronted Lord Kitchener when he definitely took over the command of the army in South Africa was as complex, but not as serious, a problem as any

that a British general has ever had to face. The British aim in the first place was without precedent: it was not merely the conquest but the absorption of a free white race firmly rooted in the soil. The problem was as largely political as military. Both sides had had their fill of war, and both were determined to cling to their determination of winning. In theory the Boer territories were annexed, and the British object was to enforce this theory, and, when the echoes of war had died away, to make their stubborn farmer opponents loyal and contented citizens of the Imperial family. According to all precedents the attainment of a satisfactory settlement rested not with the military but with the civil powers in South Africa, but the situation was at the close of the war unique, so the military and political surrenders were closely intertwined owing to the fact that Lord Kitchener was fighting against a nation in arms. The army became the chief arbiter in the settlement, and though Lord Milner favoured, from the political point of view, unconditional surrender, Lord Kitchener, primarily from the military but incidentally from the political point of view, was content to obtain a surrender in terms.

It required a man of great ability and equally great courage to grapple with the problems which faced Lord Kitchener. He faced them in a characteristic way. In the first place he consistently did what seemed to him to be expedient, ignoring precedent and tradition in a way which was anathema to the older school of soldiers. He descended at times upon a scene of disturbance, superseded local commanders, and selected on the spur of the moment and regardless of seniority the best men he could find, robbing distant districts for the benefit of the threatened area. Further, he even intervened in operations, and sent orders sometimes to the general in charge and sometimes to the general's subordinates; so that the main question became, Was there in Kitchener's subordinates a sufficient foundation of capacity for guerilla war and of readiness to take responsibility? The chief himself was certainly fitted for the command.

Besides an iron constitution, Kitchener had the rare gift of equanimity. Under a burden which would have crushed smaller men he preserved a serene and confident spirit, and he transmitted this confidence to the army, the Government, and the nation. All recognised in him a great and commanding personality, not, indeed, above criticism, but compelling trust. He had no rivals. There was never a moment when his fitness for the high place he occupied was not manifest and unquestioned. Once, in October 1901, thinking he detected dissatisfaction, he offered to resign his post; the Government firmly refused to entertain the idea.

Criticisms of generals, since they are only mortal, is always possible, and of Kitchener in South Africa it is possible mainly on the line that he regarded the problem of the guerilla war as one of organisation. His policy of centralisation, natural enough, led to effects more mechanical than any suggestive of a living organism. He was inclined to think too much of propelling and too little of educating his army, to look rather to the quantity than to the quality of the work done, without observing the defects which made the end so long delayed. The policy of devastation, for example, was unqualified by instructions which might have shown that the aim was secondary and not primary: his overwork of some columns and his neglect of the remount question were other instances of the effects of centralisation.

This new volume of the history which will be the standard history of the war carries the tale to the end of the fighting. It presents, even more than the preceding volumes, a clear narrative of events, and the criticism which it contains, though abundant, is consistently fair and is, happily, never extreme. The history has maps which are not in every case clear enough—the wanderings of the Transvaal Government are not elucidated by the pictorial puzzle intended as a guide—but which can be deciphered and worked out by the ardent student.

BYRONISM IN FRANCE

Byron et le Romantisme Français. Essai sur la fortune et l'influence de l'œuvre de Byron en France de 1812 à 1850.
Par EDMOND ESTÈVE. (Paris: Hachette & Cie., 10 frs.)

THE late M. Brunetière, it may be remembered, identified Romanticism with Lyricism, and summarised it as "the Emancipation of the Ego." This sibylline-crystalline phrase he subsequently expanded to the effect that numerous definitions had been given of Romanticism, and others were continually being offered—all, or almost all of them, containing a part of the truth. Madame de Staël was right when she asserted in her "*Allemagne*" that Paganism and Christianity, the North and the South, Antiquity and the Middle Ages, had divided between them the history of literature; Romanticism, in consequence, in contrast to classicism, was a combination of chivalry, the Middle Ages, the literature of the North, and Christianity.

It is impossible to point a finger at a man or a date and to say with precision, "The Romantic movement in France began with such a man at midnight on such a date." It was the outcome of certain forces at work, forces which were in themselves the inevitable result of reaction against classicalness; in short it was a revolution of thought seeking a new form of expression. Scott, Lessing, Chateaubriand paved the way for the more developed influence of Victor Hugo, Shelley, and, above all, Byron. Contemporaneously with Scott passing over from verse to prose ("*Lady of the Lake*," 1810; "*Waverley*," 1814), Byron came to his own ("*Childe Harold*," 1812; "*The Corsair*," 1814); the former describes his migration from the one medium to the other in the prefaces to the 1830 edition of his poems.

It is impossible to overrate Byron's direct influence on the Romantic movement in France, and indeed throughout Europe. The writer whom Goethe styled "the greatest genius of his century" was worshipped at home and abroad, and when he bore through the continent "the pageant of his bleeding heart," it was felt that

... thousands counted every groan
And Europe made his woe her own.

A critic has said, and it is hardly worth denying, that Scott and Byron were "practically *improvisatori*," and must be judged as such, not by our own standards. This spontaneity was a strong element in Romanticism. Matthew Arnold hints at it in his couplet on Byron:

He taught us little, but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

Romanticism exalted above all else the individual view. Every man in the movement of the period was a Byron seeking to utter the voice of his own heart, for good or evil. Byron represented to the aspiring artist with the overflowing Ego, the independence, the revolt against established conventions, together with a characteristic gloom and semi-transparent mystery, which appealed mightily to the sentiment of the anti-formalists.

Of the beginning of the revolt Théophile Gautier says:

There were only two full beards in France; the beard of Eugène Devéria and the beard of Petrus Borel. To wear them required a courage, a coolness, and a contempt for the crowd truly heroic. . . . It was the fashion then in the romantic school to be pale, livid, greenish, a trifle cadaverous if possible. It gave one an air of doom; Byronic, ghastrous, devoured by passion and remorse.

M. Edmond Estève in his important and scholarly book inquires at great length and with the minutest detail as to the exact extent of the Byronic influence on the literature of the period, and examines carefully the works of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas, and George Sand with a view to discover in how far they were indebted to the English poet. He goes so far as to say:

Tous, de Lamartine à Théophile Gautier, de Stendhal à Alfred de Musset, de Vigny à Théodore de Banville, d'Alexandre Dumas à

George Sand, quand ils n'ont pas imité les attitudes de l'illustre Anglais, copié ses tirades, accueilli ses inspirations, ont du moins proclamé unanimement, comme une vérité d'évidence sa royauté littéraire.

That M. Estève has made a thorough, profound, and intelligent study of Byronic literature is evident from his first page to his last, and he appends to his volume a bibliography of some four hundred books which he has consulted and studied. As a result his work is as authoritative as it is sound, and his accuracy vouched for to the smallest detail. His conclusions are obvious and undeniable.

There is a passage in the *Mémoires* of Chateaubriand in which he taunts Byron with borrowing sentiments if not ideas; but it would seem that Byronism, as generally understood, was in the air, and was so called after the poet who first gave vocal expression to what was almost universally felt by those who revolted against the current conventions.

Alfred de Musset grew up in this rather rarified atmosphere, and, "Voltairean and dandy" as he was, viewed life and the world as a period and place "de jolies moments et de mauvais quarts d'heure," which he expressed, partially, at least, in his *Souvenir des Alpes* (1854):

Byron dans sa tristesse altière,
Disait un jour, passant par ce pays:
"Quand je vois aux sapins cet air de cimetière
Cela ressemble à mes amis."

Ils sont pourtant beaux, ces pins foudroyés,
Byron, dans ce désert immense;
Quand leurs rameaux morts craignaient sous tes pieds,
Ton cœur entendait leur silence.

Incidentally, M. Estève gives an interesting list of thirty poems on the death of Lord Byron, published in Paris between 1824 and 1830, an eloquent testimony of French feeling at the loss of a man, a poet, a patriot, and an enthusiast who appealed peculiarly to the national sentiment. This is summed up by the line from George Sand's "Essai sur le drame fantastique": "Le sombre génie de Byron est l'esprit romantique du xix^e siècle."

No one with a sense for Byronic literature can afford to neglect this newest contribution. It puts into concrete form what we have always believed, but gives us chapter and verse for our belief.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY AGAIN

Recently Recovered 'Lost' Tudor Plays, with some others.

Edited by JOHN S. FARMER. Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society.

The Interlude of Wealth and Health. The Malone Society Reprints.

The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist. The Malone Society Reprints.

THREE of the plays in Mr. Farmer's volume—*Wealth and Health*, *Impatient Poverty*, and *John the Evangelist*—were among those discovered in Ireland in 1906 and sold in London in the autumn of that year. No other copies are known to exist, and the three were purchased by the British Museum. "It is my good fortune," writes Mr. Farmer in his paper, "to be the first to make the three 'lost' plays available for scholars." We should hasten to congratulate him, but for two considerations: that of the three plays, two had already been reprinted before the appearance of Mr. Farmer's volume; and that after examining that volume scholars may decide that the third play is not yet "available for" them. The first demand of a scholar is for an accurate text: Mr. Farmer's text does not even profess to be accurate. The spelling is modernised, the punctuation (in which the principal marks are dashes and notes of exclamation) is all Mr. Farmer's own. There is not, it might be thought, much harm in that. Though we have protested over and over again in these columns against these modernised texts, it

is doubtless true that there are many readers too indolent or too indifferent to be troubled with old spelling and punctuation. The matter is more serious than it might appear at first sight. In *Wealth and Health* (B. iii. r) one of the characters, called Ill Will, speaks as follows:

For I am chylde that is pas grace
Ilwyll I am called that in euery place
Doth much mischiefe.

Left to himself with the original text, the reader of average intelligence would punctuate it in the obvious manner:

For I am a child that is past grace.
Ill-Will I am called, that in every place
Doth much mischief.

This will not do for Mr. Farmer. By throwing the words "I am called that in every place" into a parenthesis, he can not only work in a pair of his favourite dashes, but can make the character speak of himself both in the first and the third persons in the same speech, can lay an unwarrantable meaning and an exceedingly ugly emphasis on the word "that," and can substitute clumsiness for simplicity. And more: this modernisation of text invariably leads, in untrained hands, to mistakes. A few instances will serve, and we will take them from the same play, *Wealth and Health*:

B. i. r.
Seyng that helth and I am met
As feloweh together.

By reading "felloweth" instead of "felowes" (fellows) Mr. Farmer makes nonsense.

B. i. r.
and take me rest.

By forgetting to modernise and leaving "me" Mr. Farmer turns his author suddenly into an imitator of Cockney dialect—a Mr. Pett Ridge.

B. i. v.
With you I should beholde

Obviously "be bolde." Mr. Farmer changes to "behold" and makes nonsense again.

B. i. v.
for ifye loue me,

an intelligent moderniser would have changed to "if he love me" and made sense. Mr. Farmer leaves "ye."

B. ii. v.
some kindes agayne then let hym finde

Obviously, if we must have typographical errors corrected, "kindes" stands for "kindnes" (kindness). Mr. Farmer prints "kinds," and makes nonsense.

B. iv. v.
We must deuose how that we may.

"Deuose" has been too hard for Mr. Farmer. He prints "devose," and seems not to have thought of "devise."

C. i. r.
He is called lust, discreete and indifference.

We can only marvel that, if misprints are to be corrected, the very obvious "lust" for "just" has been passed over.

C. i. r.
Yet often tymes I haue bene harde bestadde.

Can Mr. Farmer be ignorant of the word "bested" (from bestead) that he invents a word 'bestrad' and then leaves it unexplained?

D. i. v.
ye can wt. craft and subtel tiget englishmēs welth away.

"Subtlety get" is a reading which, we should have imagined, would have occurred as obvious even to the "kiddies" to whom Mr. Farmer refers in one of his scholarly

notes: of "subtle figure," which appears in his text, we can make nothing. A similar case is the "sermon i-fashion" which Mr. Farmer gives us in a passage of his *Johan the Evangelist* where the original has "sermony-sacyon."

Previous volumes of this series may have suggested that it was only excessive confidence in the work of other editors that led Mr. Farmer astray. In order to show that to imagine this is to misjudge him, we must add a few instances from another play of which he has had no opportunity of seeing a reprint. Let us take that of *Johan the Evangelist*, which was also among the unknown plays discovered in Ireland last year. To begin with, Mr. Farmer persistently contracts "Johan" into "John"; and is therefore compelled (when seized with a respect for metre which does not always trouble him), to fill out the last syllable with a word of his own.

I am Johan that presently dothe apere,

reads the quarto. "I am that John," is Mr. Farmer's version.

A. ii. v.
Who so wyll labour in this must se his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule of great quyettesse.

Imperfect acquaintance with the meanings of the word "habitation" has led to Mr. Farmer's misunderstanding this passage. He imagines that "his habitation" means Heaven, gives a capital "h" to "his" and puts a comma after "habitation."

A. iv. v.
Lo thus hath loste wedded confusyon.

Why so energetic an improver of texts should have passed over the simple change of "lust" for "loste" is strange. But we are sometimes compelled to think that a display of ingenuity and erudition is Mr. Farmer's object, rather than the understanding of his author's sense.

B. iii. v.
By oure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farre,

says Evil Counsel, who has spent all his money and wishes to take service with a gentleman. "By our lady and master!" reads Mr. Farmer, leaving it uncertain what it is that Evil Counsel has been seeking.

C. i. v.
Otherwyle goynge and somtyme rydyng.

Evil Counsel has just explained that he usually dwells in a place we do not mention nowadays; otherwhiles he travels. What is the meaning of "otherwise," which is Mr. Farmer's version?

C. iii. v.
The gospel sayd, who doth hye hym shall be owe.

Mr. Farmer's acquaintance with the Gospels is not sufficient to suggest the obvious "low" for "owe." He reads "ho," and adds a fatuous note.

An additional source of confusion is the fact that a number of words (e.g., "conning" for "cunning," "tane" for "ta'en") are left in their old forms; and the notes pass over any number of words which need explanation.

We could give a hundred other instances of glaring errors, did space permit. But we cannot refrain from adding a peculiarly rich example. In *Wealth and Health*, Health says that Wealth is a fugitive. "What sayst thou," replies Wealth, "am I a fagetyue." The "f" is indistinct in the recently discovered text; it might, as the Malone Society's editor notes, be a "t." Mr. Farmer reads "tagetive," and adds this priceless note:

I can find no trace of this word. Can Wealth be regarded as offended at being spoken to as if he were one of the "tag" or rabble?

This is *difficilior lectio potior* with a vengeance! When Mr. Wheatley brings out another edition of his "Literary

Blunders," let us hope that he will not forget the story of Mr. Farmer hunting for the word "tagetive."

Of the editing of the other plays in this volume we need say little, beyond expressing our amazement that one who admits that he has never even seen the Macro manuscripts should presume not only to reprint the plays in them but to criticise the work of scholars like Brandl, Manly, Furnivall and Pollard. "By punctuation often and *in toto*," writes Mr. Farmer of the play *Mankind*, "I differ from all three [*i.e.*, Brandl, Manly, and the Early English Text Society's editor], jointly and severally; varying the interpretation. These I have noted." And we do not know whether to marvel more at Mr. Farmer's English or his impudence. We can but remember that Thersites railed—and why.

After all, the class of work issued by the Early English Drama "Society" is sufficiently well known among English scholars to need no further exposure. But we do desire very strongly to point out to the "subscribers" to that "Society" that in reading these volumes they are reading Mr. Farmer and not the reputed authors of these plays, and especially to implore foreign students not to take these publications as fair examples of English scholarship.

We have only to add that the handsome volumes published by the Malone Society, under the general editorship of Mr. W. W. Greg, are admirable in every particular. Printed in black letter, they give as nearly exact a transliteration of the original as was possible in the circumstances and add a full list of irregular and doubtful readings.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Canada. Painted by T. MOWER MARTIN. Described by WILFRED CAMPBELL. (Black, 20s. net.)

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL is, we believe, a poet of some ability and much perseverance, but there is little felicity of phrase in his attempt to describe Canada. He lacks the faculty of condensation, and the subject has proved too large for him: while Mr. Mower Martin's part of the book is almost always happy and suggestive, Mr. Campbell's can only be described as a colossal failure. The reason is not far to seek, it lies in superficial observation and a narrow comprehension. Mr. Campbell is a man who

only sees one way at once,
One mind-point and no other at a time.

He is utterly unable to measure a man or a country complex in character, nor does he realise that a phrase which, if enshrined in verse, might (possibly) go down to posterity, becomes bathetic and ridiculous when employed to describe butter or frozen meat. The insertion of a poem of his own at the beginning of the book suggests an egoism which we find difficult to pardon; and a great deal of other inferior verse is dragged in merely because it happens to be about Canada or written by a Canadian. Mr. Campbell, indeed, reveals throughout an amazing lack of perception or discrimination—as when, in a eulogy on "Sam Slick," he says:

Haliburton was not merely a wit; like Howe, he was a far-seeing philosopher, and much that he predicted regarding Canada has come to pass. He foresaw not only Confederation, but also, as Howe did, Imperial federation, and he was the first Canadian to win a seat in the British House of Commons.

His satire on the Yankee character of the day was inimitable, and made him noted on both sides of the Atlantic. Dickens never depicted a character more truly and successfully than Haliburton has the hypocritical cheat of his day in the following terse dialogue:

"Sam, have you watered the spirits?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you sanded the sugar?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then come up to prayers."

Is it not clever? By that selection one may measure Mr. Campbell's standards. When he attempts to describe

the natural features of the country he says remarkable things. At one time he tells us that "the scenery is picturesque, and varied according to locality," or that "the scenery is well worth seeing," such and such a trip affording a fine view of "a very beautiful city and a progressive business centre"; at another he speaks of "the cool, deep-bosomed heaven of the brooding nights"! Over Canadian men he waxes eloquent: one hero who died, "chose the only noble, God-like, splendid way," and

made his exit, as Earth's great have gone,
By that vast doorway looking out on Death.

It was indeed a fine accomplishment; but we fear that others besides earth's great have done as much. Of another hero—an engineer—Mr. Campbell stands so much in awe that he refers to him as ———, "Esq." We have no wish unduly to disparage Mr. Campbell's work, but this sort of thing is puerile. The text of the book is a mere catalogue, broken up in parts by the sort of verse which, in this age of culture, is beginning to creep into catalogues; and the stay-at-home Englishman will lay down the book with no wider knowledge of Canada than the illustrations impart. Mr. Mower Martin's pictures are, as we have said, excellent. We suggest that Messrs. Black should issue them separately: others beside ourselves would, we feel sure, like to have them without the text which, in this as in other volumes in the same series, detracts from their charm by irritating the reader.

The Stone Implements of South Africa. By J. P. JOHNSON. (Longmans, 7s. 6d.)

THE author of this little book has made a collection of South African stone implements which covers a wide range both in point of geography and time. These he has classified as far as possible in chronological order, with careful notes as to their provenance, and has prefaced his arrangement by a few clear and sensible remarks in which he points out the important bearing of the facts of river terrace formation upon the classification of the objects found therein. But in his anxiety to be impartial in the use of his evidence, he has attained a degree of obscurity which is to be regretted. He seems almost to be afraid to state a conclusion, lest it should be counted to him for unfairness towards those whose opinions differ from his own.

Mr. Johnson is an "eolithist," if we may coin the word. The main difficulty which confronts those who interest themselves in "man's first artefact" is that it is "hard to tell where Nature ends and Art begins." And so many of these "implements," considered on their own apparent merits, are so very like mere broken stones that Mr. Johnson has rendered a considerable service to anthropology by his exceedingly careful notes as to the conditions and associations of their "find-spots," for, as he truly says, it is by such external evidence alone that the dispute over their material or artificial origin can ever be settled. Another fact to which he gives the prominence it deserves is, that it is impossible to classify rigidly such extremely primitive productions, for there is nothing to choose between a bad palæolith and a good eolith, or between a good palæolith and a bad neolith. The implements from the Victoria Falls are particularly illustrative of this fact.

The beautiful series of minute chert implements from Riverton, famous for its rock-drawings, are of a type known in Europe and India, and are said to be of unknown use. The present writer has handled a large collection, of a similar type to some of these, from West Africa and the Congo, where they are used in ceremonial connected with the arrival of young girls at a marriageable age. For some of these shapes, however, the suggestion has been made that they may be tattooing instruments, while the characteristic crescent form may have been made for fishing, tied to a sinew and used after the fashion which is known to-day as eel-snigging. The Hastings middens

have yielded many similar crescent-shaped pieces. It will be noted that the find-spots of this type are all close to water.

Mr. Johnson's main conclusion is that the Primitive, Palæolithic and Advanced groups of implements are of different ages, not merely of different but co-existing stages of civilisation. The questions as to the race which made them, and their degree of antiquity, actual and relative, he leaves open, but inclines to the belief that the "Bushmen" were the makers, owing to the close association between the advanced group of implements and the paintings and etchings which may be referred to the same source; and he calls attention to the analogous association of paintings and advanced stone implements in the rock shelters of Western Europe.

The book is a modest and temperate little essay in a wide field of research, and should provide valuable data for anthropologists, to whom the sources upon which the author draws are inaccessible at first hand. It is perhaps a pity that the illustrations should be in line, which is scarcely suitable for the rendering of these irregular forms, but it must be admitted that they are drawn with great care and knowledge.

MAD DOGS

ONE of the worst features of the power of the press, in this newspaper-ridden country of ours, is the undue importance which is given to the utterances of certain noisy and irresponsible people on subjects concerning which they are absolutely unqualified to speak. We have recently been favoured at considerable length in the papers with the reported views of Mr. Bryce on Poetry and on the Drama. Mr. Bryce's views on these subjects turn out to be precisely the sort of views that one might expect to hear from any ordinary member of the upper middle classes. There are probably about eight hundred thousand blameless citizens in the country at this moment who hold, more or less, the same views. There is no harm in these views, and nobody could possibly object to their being held by their holders. On the other hand they are quite unintelligent and completely uninteresting. It is more than probable that a large proportion of the remaining eight hundred thousand people referred to would be quite ready to give their views on Poetry and the Drama if they were given the chance. If then in the opinion of the editors of the papers who publish these reports these views are of themselves of any value or interest, why is it that the eight hundred thousand are not given an opportunity of expressing them, and that Mr. Bryce is given that opportunity? Of course the editors would triumphantly reply to such a question, "because Mr. Bryce is the British Ambassador at Washington." But really this implies a most lamentable and childish confusion of thought. The fact that a man is an Ambassador does not necessarily or even probably imply that his views on literature or the Drama will be of any interest to any one except himself. As a matter of fact the kind of qualities which conduce to making a man a successful diplomatist are not at all the sort of qualities that go to make a man a good critic of literature. It is quite possible of course to be an Ambassador and yet to be a good judge of literature (the thing has actually been done), but it is equally possible and vastly more probable for a man to be an Ambassador and to have quite foolish views on literature. That also has been done.

However, it is not with Mr. Bryce that we are mainly concerned. We have heard his views, and, as we have said before, they are quite harmless and inoffensive. They may even have afforded a certain amount of innocent amusement to people who have a wide and tolerant sense of humour. In short, to a certain extent "they give delight and hurt not." Moreover, Mr. Bryce is in a

position to plead that he was asked to give his views by certain "courteous and genial" representatives of the American press, and that in complying with their request he was merely giving expression to his own courtesy and geniality.

But the same excuse could not be made in the case of "Father" Ignatius, who has recently been giving his views on the nude in art in the following words: "The nude in art is diabolical and pagan, and it is the duty of the Church to protest. There is no high art in stripping off clothes. Nude art ought to be swept away from the walls of the Academy. It ought to be swept out of the country." We are further informed by the newspapers which so unnecessarily reported this fatuous, ignorant and offensive diatribe, that "Father" Ignatius interrupted his sermon to ask the congregation how many of them were ready to drive away the nude in art. Whereupon, nearly the whole congregation (mainly ladies) stood up. "Father" Ignatius, like any one else in this free country, is entitled to hold any views he may choose to hold about art or anything else, he also undoubtedly has a perfect right to express his views, and if there are a sufficient number of foolish and ignorant people who are amused or interested by listening to him, that is their affair. By all means let "Father" Ignatius, dressed in the habit of a Benedictine monk (which by the way he has absolutely no right to wear), continue to talk nonsense to the unfortunate people (mainly ladies!) who are so destitute of intelligent interest in life and so devoid of sense of decency as to be able to spare the time to listen to him. Every one has his or her idea of what is a pleasant and what is a profitable method of spending his time. But you will observe that "Father" Ignatius and his congregation (mainly ladies) are not content to enjoy their little sensation in peace and allow other people to have their own views about what concerns them. They wish to impose their own vulgarity and prurient hypocrisy on every one else. Because "Father" Ignatius and his congregation are so constituted that the sight of a naked statue or a picture "causes [to quote his own words] feelings to surge which our Lord called courting adultery," you and I are to be deprived of the right to go to the British Museum and look at the frieze of the Parthenon. And the papers report this man! Why? Who wants to hear, who cares what he and his congregation think about any subject under God's sun? These sort of people are the mad dogs of life; they ought to be muzzled. It is a great mistake to under-rate their power for evil. In the past they have done frightful damage, and their presence in our midst is a constant menace to liberty and to everything that is fair and decent and comely in life. Let the papers ignore them and their poison-teeth will be drawn.

To report their words and thereby give them a vast publicity, is to pander to the craving for notoriety and the burning desire to attract notice at any cost, which is the explanation of their conduct and the chief object of their existence.

A. D.

EXCAVATIONS AT AMESBURY ABBEY, WILTS

AMESBURY (Ambrosbury, Ambresbury, Ambresbyre, or Ambresbire) from remotest times has been an important religious centre; and we may well imagine the neighbourhood of the sacred sun temple, Stonehenge, to have been the scene of many an imposing pagan rite and ceremony. Amesbury is mentioned (says Canon Jackson) in the "Welsh Triads" as one of the three greatest early Christian centres, viz.,

The chief Perpetual Choirs of Britain—the Choir of Llan Iltud Vawr, Glamorganshire, the Choir of Ambrosius, Amesbury, and the Choir of Glastonbury. Each choir numbered 2400 saints. Thus were

there 100 saints for every hour of the day and night, in rotation, praising God without rest or intermission.

About the year 980 the Saxon Elfrida or Ethelfrida, queen dowager of Edgar, founded a Benedictine nunnery at Amesbury to expiate the murder of her stepson Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle. The nunnery church was dedicated to Saint Mary and Saint Melorius, Melior, Molore, or Melor, for one meets the name spelt in all these different manners. The "Boy Martyr," as he is called, has a tragic history. The son of a Breton prince, "Melian," who reigned over Cornouaille in Brittany say 530 to 537, Melian's brother, Rivold, treacherously stabbed him to the heart and usurped his dominions, at the same time seizig his son "Melor" and cutting off his right hand and left foot, so as to incapacitate him from reigning, as by Celtic law no one with the slightest bodily blemish is qualified for the sovereignty. Melor fled to Quimper, where tradition says a cunning man made for him a "hand of silver" and "a foot of bronze." Rivold's cruel treatment of Melor aroused such sympathy for him that the wicked Rivold, becoming alarmed, resolved to have him murdered. This he did by means of "Cerealthan," Melor's foster father, who, when he had carried out his barbarous project, took the head of Melor to Rivold, at the same time demanding his reward. The usurper answered: "I promised you as much land as you could see from the summit of the nearest hill. Good, you shall have it; but first of all I will put your eyes out." The body of the unfortunate Melor was laid at Lammur (Lam Mawr—the Great Church—situate to the east of Morlaix in Brittany), where there is a tenth-century crypt under the church containing a holy well, and in earlier times Melor's tomb. At the time of the incursion of Northmen the body was carried by some emigrant Bretons and laid at Amesbury.

In 1177 the abbess and nuns of Amesbury, "renowned for their wit and beauty," fell under the heavy displeasure of Henry II., and after a council held at Northampton, the king, accompanied by the primate and a train of bishops, visited Amesbury in person and assisted at the deposition of the abbess and her nuns and the installation of a prioress and nuns from Font Evrault in Normandy. The cause of the offence of the nuns of Amesbury is described as "the Baseness of their lives, the dissoluteness of their order, and the disgrace in which they lived openly spread abroad." Sir Richard Colt Hoare tells us that these wicked nuns were distributed among strict religious houses so as to be under a severer discipline in future.

The order of Font Evrault was founded in 1047 by Robert d'Arbrissel, who before his death saw three thousand nuns, at Font Evrault alone, the great singularity of the order being that authority is vested in an Abbess, whose rule extends over monks as well as nuns. Under the new French Prioress (and Amesbury being a priory the Superioress should be called a Prioress and not an Abbess although the meaning of the words is more or less identical) the Convent entered upon a period of some centuries of great prosperity, reigned over by different Prioresses. It was a celebrated place of interment for distinguished and royal personages. In 1287 Eleanor of Provence was buried within its walls. Inigo Jones in his "Stone-heng Restored," p. 25, describes a tomb found on the site of the Convent.

Amongst other sepulchres found at the said Monastery it's worthy that, about the beginning of this Century, one of them, hewn out of a firm stone, and placed in the middle of a wall was opened; having upon its coverture, in rude letters of massive gold, "R.G.A.C. 600." The bones within the sepulchre were all firm, fair, yellow-coloured hair about the skull, a supposed peece of the liver near upon the bignesse of a walnut, very dry and hard, and together therewith were found several Royal habiliments, as jewels, veils, scarfs, and the like retaining even then their proper colours—all which were afterwards very choicely kept in the collection of the Right Honourable Edward Earl of Hertford; and of the aforesaid gold divers rings were made and worn by his Lordship's principall officers.

Inigo Jones conjectured that these might be the remains of Guinever, but Webb (his nephew) thought that the

letters may have misread for Regina Alianora, etc. At the Reformation Henry VIII. gave Amesbury to Edward Earl of Hertford, afterward Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England. The actual grant of Amesbury from the Crown to Lord Hertford bears the date of April 7, 1541; he was probably in possession soon after its surrender (sixteen months previously): the survey states that the whole of the monastic buildings "deemed superfluous" (*i.e.*, sentenced to be destroyed) or not were committed by the Royal Commissioners to the custody of John Barwick, "servant to the Earl of Hertford."

At the present moment we are anxious to ascertain whether the beautiful church now standing, dedicated to St. Mary and Melore, is the Priory Church or merely the Parish Church. Mr. Kite, in his most interesting history of Amesbury, which wanders on through several numbers of "Wiltshire Notes and Queries," is strongly of opinion that it is the Priory Church and at the same time the Parish Church, being used simultaneously by nuns and parishioners. Mr. Kite considers the dedication alone might prove the point. Bishop Tanner in his "Notitia Monastica" says that Ethelfrida in founding her nunnery at Amesbury dedicated it to the patronage of St. Mary and Melorius. The Royal Charters, confirming the grant by Henry II. of this earlier foundation to the Abbey of Font Evrault in 1177, bore the same dedication, and this with the relics of Melorius deposited at Amesbury, continued without doubt to be the dedication of the monastic Church. In 1492, half a century before the dissolution, this church was in the full possession of the nuns, and Thomas Bundy, a parishioner of Amesbury, desires that his body may be buried in the church of St. Melore. In the nave of the church there was a brass plate to Editha Matyn who died 1470 (Mr. Butterfield architect removed this and had it buried in the chancel, during his destructive "Restoration" in 1853. He broke up the old Font, a picture of which is in the "The Hundred of Ambresbury" vol. of Sir R. Colt Hoare's "Wiltshire," and did other damage). Her husband Robert Matyn of Durrington left in his will in 1509 "To my lady Prioress of Amesbury 3s. 4d., to every lady householder of the same place 8d., to every veiled lady 4d., to the Parish Church of Amesbury he bequeathed 4 sheep." Later on in 1542 (three years after the dissolution of monasteries) we find Nicholas Chambers desiring burial in the body of the Church of St. Melore before the rood. He also makes a bequest to the High Altar of St. Melore, as well as to All Souls' light, St. Stephen's light, and the Maiden's light, in the same church. In later Amesbury wills we find mention of a Jesus Chapel in the Parish Church. This may have been at the East end of the South Aisle where there are traces of a piscina. In 1866 Canon Jackson found some important papers at Longleat (Lord Bath's) relating to the demolition of the Abbey, leaving part intact to be built into Lord Hertford's dwelling-house.

From Longleat's Survey of the lead on the roofs of monastic buildings we have:

Contents of the lead upon the late monastery of Amesbury viewed by Christopher Dreye and George Hynde, plumbers, at the command of Thomas Cumine, the King's Sergeant Plumber, 22 September, Henry VIII. (1540).

THE CHURCH.

A steep roof over the high altar and Quire, 51 feet long and 24 feet in depth on either side.

North aisle steep roof 40 feet long.

South aisle (Mr. Kite thinks North and South Transepts are meant).

Steep roof 39 feet long, etc. etc.;

and so on with the measurements of the spire, Body of Church, Lady Chapel, St. John's Chapel, the Cloister, the Dormitory, the Fraternity or Refectory, the Jesse*, the

* The Jesse, an apartment 110 ft. by 30, perhaps derived its name from a piece of Sculpture or stained glass representing the "Tree of Jesse."

Hall, Kent's Chamber. A beautiful old flint and stone lodge at Amesbury still bears the name of "Kent" House. Mr. St. John Hope, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, considers it to be part of the monastic buildings, as well as the grand wall enclosing the park on the north-east side.

THE ABBESSES' CHAMBER AND THE OLD PARLOUR.

All the measurements are given and those relating to the Church Mr. Kite can reconcile with the present Church, Mr. Talbot (of Lacock Abbey) takes an opposite view and says that this is not possible. Mr. John Barwick, the Earl of Hertford's steward, took over the monastic buildings for his master. Mr. Kite says the Longleat papers are the only evidence of the spoliation which followed. The Church spire was destroyed in Easter week. One "William Nottingham," of the George Inn (the name of the present Inn at Amesbury), has an account for payments for "trying melting and casting the lead, March 31 (1541)." This work occupied ten weeks. Seven men were paid at the rate of sixpence a day, and a watchman who sat up and watched the lead received fourpence a night. For the Church spire "the hire of a horse from Amesbury to Easton to speak with Mr. Berwick about the pulling down of the steeple" cost fourpence; two line cords to be used for the same purpose, twelvepence; and two shillings and eightpence was paid for two pounds of gunpowder bought at Salisbury to "fire the great timber of the steeple." The items also include payments for charcoal, and an ox-hide to make a pair of bellows. All this Mr. Kite considers to relate to the part of the Church occupied by the nuns so that the present Church is only a part of the original building. Sir Edmund Antrobus (grandfather of the present owner) allowed Mr. Kite to make an excavation in 1860 near the present house to the north. He discovered foundations, but cannot say what they are, also the Holy Water Stoup and stone Pestal and Mortar as well as tiles of various beautiful designs. A great many of these objects are in our possession, but not as many as Mr. Kite mentions. We only discovered last year, in a deed-box, along with many interesting old deeds and beautiful specimens of writing, the Grant from Edward II. to the nuns and priests to hold a market and fair at Amesbury on Saturdays. Mr. St. John Hope recently made an excavation and discovered many foundations but found nothing to indicate clearly the site of the Conventual Church. He does not admit the present church to be that of the Convent although "within the Precinct." We hope that at some not remote period will be made, under Mr. St. John Hope's guidance, an extensive excavation which will set this question at rest, also perhaps bring to light tombs and other discoveries. Mr. Hope found in the Pipe Rolls, *i.e.*, the record of the debts and expenses due to the King which were conveyed "as water through a pipe."

Items connected with the re-foundation of Amesbury Abbey by King Henry II.

1178-9. For the works of the church and houses (*i.e.*, monastic buildings) of Ambresbury, £107 18s. 2d. For the works of the church of Ambresbury 100 marks = £66 13s. 4d., also 100 marks to Richard of Wilton the archdeacon and Geoffry of Pourton for the work of the church of Ambresbury.

1181-2. £50 for 110 loads of lead for the church, £38 5s., etc.

The sums do not seem large, but they actually were considerable, and if multiplied by twenty-five or thirty will approximately give their value as compared with our present money.

FLORENCE CAROLINE MATHILDE ANTROBUS.

[The sources of information used for this article are Webb's "Ston-heng Restored," Baring "Gould's Book of Brittany," and Mr. Kite's article in "Wiltshire Notes and Queries."

MOREAU LE JEUNE

II

THE first of the more considerable pieces by Moreau which every collector should possess is the "Crowning of the Bust of Voltaire at the Théâtre Français," a subject small in size and yet crammed full of figures, life and movement, every actor and spectator possessing a distinct individuality. For the Court Moreau designed many pieces of the highest historical interest. Among these the design of the illuminations on the marriage of the Dauphin and that of the supper given to Louis XV. at Louveciennes by Madame du Barry, are the most famous, but there also exist many minor plates of episodes and incidents, handled with much delicacy, which seem to convey the inner secrets of the most refined and sumptuous of Courts in a story that needs no words for the telling.

Moreau's Academy work was the famous "Sacre de Louis XVI.," both designed and engraved by his hand, a print of such majesty of composition and yet comprising such an infinity of detail that both praise and criticism are equally disarmed. It is the apotheosis both of the Monarchy and of the engraver. In point of size it is probably Moreau's largest plate and it is but rarely found not folded. In it the artist has given us a perfect rendering of the superb architecture of the Rheims Cathedral, and if no figures existed in the composition it would stand out as a work of repute. But the whole scene of the Sacre, at the most solemn moment, is given in elaborate detail: the entire floor and all the galleries are crowded with priests, prelates, grantees, courtiers, soldiers, and great ladies, and every single figure of the several hundred represented seems to possess his or her separate identity and to be a portrait from the life. It is a print one can admire by the hour together, and still find in it fresh evidence of Moreau's supremacy in his art.

Better known perhaps, but of far less importance, are the "Festin Royal" and the "Bal Masqué," the latter being the best of the two and representing the scene where Louis XVI. and his famous consort enter the Court of the Hotel de Ville, protected by their guards from the surrounding mob of mummeters. More important than these is the arrival of the Queen at the Hotel de Ville, and that phenomenal print, the "Feu d'artifice," representing the crowd in the Place de Grève at the moment when a rocket bursts and illuminates the heads of the surging throngs: Moreau prepared the *eaux-fortes* for all these pieces, but they are now very hard to discover in the earliest state.

With the exception of the "Couché" and "Philosophie" nearly all the best of Moreau's work may be called portfolio prints: very delicate, very refined, and exquisitely finished, they are mostly out of place when hung on walls, and are useless for decorative purposes. To this general rule there is, however, one remarkable exception, namely, the series of twenty-four plates, generally but inaccurately termed the "Monument de Costume," forming, with two prints already named, the pieces most eagerly sought for by collectors of the present day. The series was in continuation of the "Suite d'Estampes" after Freudeberg, a set of twelve plates which depicted the life of a young lady of society up to the time of her marriage. There appears to be little doubt that the general scheme of this work was inspired by Eberts, the Swiss banker, a friend and protector of Freudeberg, who was of the same nationality. Why Freudeberg did not continue the work is not known, but the fact cannot be regretted since his work is very much inferior to that of Moreau. In the "Seconde Suite" Moreau delineates the life of a young married lady, and in the third that of one of the young bloods of the court. The three form a more or less connected story, and it is therefore advisable to consider them as one work.

The Freudeberg series, unlike the rest, have decorative borders, and the rarest edition of the complete work is that with the address, à Paris, Imprimerie de Barbou 1774, but is more generally found with de Prault's address and date 1775. With all three series is the text, attributed to Rétif de la Bretonne, but evidently constructed *après coup* and possessing little or no literary or other merit. The Freudeberg plates are occasionally found in the etched state, before letters and with or without the engraved borders: the next and best state is with the letters and the *tablette* white; then with the letters and the *tablette* shaded, and lastly with the letters, the *tablette* shaded, the text, and the number, the address being à Paris, chez Buldet, Rue de Gestres.

The second series, after Moreau, is entitled "Seconde suite d'Estampes pour servir à l'histoire des mœurs et du costume en France dans le dix-huitième siècle," and dated 1776, the address being, à Paris, de l'impr. de Prault, avec approbation et Privilège du Roi. A few of these plates have the date 1777. The third series is slightly larger in size than the others and was published by de Prault in 1783, also with the "Privilège." Occasionally collectors add to these three series two other plates after Freudeberg, "L'heureuse union" and "Les mœurs du temps," making thirty-eight prints in all. De Prault's edition has the text engraved and the prints have the "Privilège" (A.P.D.R.) and are highly esteemed: the text of the third series is extremely rare.

When these volumes come under the hammer there is always a fierce battle between book-lovers and print-collectors, and the price mounts up to a high figure. I should advise print collectors to refrain from competition on such occasions and to be content to pick up the prints one by one at the printsellers or at sales, choosing only the finest impressions. All the plates after Moreau exist in several states, but the latter are not identical for each print, so the following must only be taken as a general guide. There is first the pure *eau forte* before all letters, next and best of all the finished proofs with names of artist and engraver, but no other letters: thirdly, those with artists' names, title, number, the A.P.D.R. and no date, forming the plates of the de Prault edition; fourthly, with title, artists' names, no date, and no number. This last state is found in the edition of the second and third series published at Neuwied sur-le-Rhin chez la société typographique, 1789. A later edition again was published chez J. B. Treuttel à Strasbourg, 1791, but the prints have little value. Many reproductions exist on a reduced scale, and have been published from time to time in France, Germany, and Holland: none of these are worth buying, though we generally find them in our friends' houses when we find Moreau at all. There are besides an infinity of reprints and process plates, some of which are executed with considerable skill.

These prints tell their own story, and only a very unimaginative person will require the stimulus of Rétif le Bretonne's text. Add to these series the *fête* pieces and the *sacre* and we have in a small space the whole history of the *ancien régime*, the explanation of its splendours, and the secret causes of the cataclysm that was about to overtake it. Clever, artistic, refined, sumptuous, though the life of the French capital was, one seems to see in the background the spectre of the raging mob of *sansculottes*, the Bastille, and the guillotine. All this quintessence of refinement was, in truth, little more than a veneer, and beneath it all, restrained by many a crime, was a people deeply conscious of its wrongs, and becoming daily conscious of its strength.

But there it all is, faithfully transcribed by the great artist and his fellow workers, almost countless plates which need no words and seem to take us right into the inmost soul of the period and to make it live for us again. Moreau was no second-hand retailer of gossip: every figure, every carpet, every piece of furniture or tapestry, was drawn from the life. He imagined nothing, but his art knew how to conceal art, and to give artistic expres-

sion to realities. Draughtsman, engraver, transmitter of great historic scenes and pageants, designer of delicate *fleurons*, title-pages, frontispieces, headings, *ex libris*, vignettes, *culs de lampe*, concert tickets, illustrator of all the literary talent of the age, Moreau was an almost universal genius in his art; there was nothing too great for his talent and nothing too small.

Fortunately his daughter, afterwards Madame Carle Vernet, made a collection of her father's work, bound them in five great volumes, and prefaced them with a touching *mémoire* of the artist. The books were intended for the Czar Alexander, whose cypher is still on the binding, but these treasures are now in the National Library at Paris, where alone can the whole work of the master be studied to perfection. The British Museum has a portfolio of his prints, naturally far inferior in value, but well worthy of inspection, as it is sufficiently representative and contains a good number of the prints referred to in this paper.

C. A COURT REPINGTON.

SANCHO PANZA AT GENEVA

THERE is a true story of a curate. He served a church in Northampton, and was talking to a smart young bootmaker, who was also a Wesleyan. The bootmaker allowed that Peter and Paul were gifted men, but he would not admit that they were, in any respect, to be classed with the great Wesley. "Look at our numbers," he said, "Peter and Paul between them didn't make so many converts, I know." Then in answer to some question of the curate's: "Oh, the Ordinance, you mean? Yes, I don't trouble much about that. I daresay it was all very well for a lot of ignorant fishermen: I'm a foreman in a boot factory myself."

It should be mentioned that "the Ordinance" in Dissenting phraseology signifies the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass; and this being understood it is interesting to read an eighteenth-century hymn on the Eucharist, from which the following verses may be quoted:

Victim Divine, thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious Death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real Presence here.

The hymn was written by Charles Wesley, and reflects, faithfully enough, the Eucharistic teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Society. In the same connection it is curious to note the prophecy of John Wesley that when the Methodists left the Church of England, God would leave them.

On the face of it, then, it seems odd that the late Thomas Champness, who was evidently a most amiable and excellent man according to his dim lights, should have called himself a "Methodist" and a "Wesleyan." It would be quite singular if "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Campbell were to describe themselves as "Laudian Divines" or "Cavalier Clergy"; but the gulf between the teaching of Laud and "Dr." Clifford is certainly no greater than the gulf between the teaching of the Wesleys and the teaching of modern "Wesleyans." However, this is a point of more or less domestic interest; and if it pleases a sect of nebulous pietists to label themselves with the name of a High Churchman of the eighteenth century, perhaps no great harm is done, it being clearly understood that the "Methodist" of to-day

has long departed from the method of the Wesleys. One is informed by one's lady friends that nobody is taken in by such terms as "sateen" and "flannelette."

There is little to be said about this "Life-Story" ("The Life Story of Thomas Champness," Charles H. Kelly). Thomas Champness, as has been noted, was a good man according to his lights; he was "converted," became a local preacher, was a missionary in Africa, returned, went on circuit, founded a mission called Joyful News, went to prison as a Passive Resister, died and was buried in the congenial soil of Lutterworth, under the shadow of the Wycliffe Memorial. Here are the notes of an early sermon by him:

I. Joash, a promising young man, 2 Chron. xxiv.

- (1) His attention to the advice of his servants.
- (2) His zeal for the house of God.

II. His fall.

- (1) Began to keep bad company, 17.
- (2) Neglected the house of God, 18.
- (3) Hardened himself against reproof, 19.
- (4) Became ungrateful, 20-22.
- (5) Punishment, 24.

III. Lessons to be learned from him.

- (1) That early promise is often blighted (guilt and innocence).
- (2) That we should pay attention to the advice of those who are older than we.
- (3) Shun bad company.
- (4) Never neglect the house of God.

To accomplish this get our hearts changed.

It is all about as inspiring a message as the advice of Polonius to Laertes, and has about as much to do with real Christianity. It does not *quite* say, "If you would be respectable and successful in life, it is absolutely necessary to be religious," but it comes very near to proclaiming that great evangel. One remembers the old-fashioned geography-books which pointed out that any traveller could distinguish between a Protestant country and a Papist country, because Protestant lands were always rich and comfortable. Protestants live on roast beef, and plenty of it; Papists on potatoes, frogs, and macaroni. Protestants are always warmly housed, whereas Papists are often almost as badly off as the foxes and the birds of the air, which have only holes and nests. It is all very quaint, but its chief curiosity lies in the fact that this squalid worship of prosperity, comfort, and worldly success, is taught by people who dare to claim the sanction of the New Testament for their system; who have, indeed, the grotesque and sublime impertinence to declare themselves "Scriptural" Christians *par excellence*. The falsity and the impudence of this claim are not matters for elaborate argument; we know the company that Christ loved to keep, the wastrels, the Bohemians, tavern-haunters, harlots, of the Jewish Society—everybody and anybody who might be free from the deadly taint of respectability. We know, too, the precepts as to considering the lilies and taking no thought for the morrow, the absolute prohibition of all that savoured of worldly prudence, the all but hopeless condemnation of the well-to-do and successful. A humourist once told the tale of an old gentleman called Primrose, whose name became an obsession to him, till at last he fancied he resembled the flower in question and took to sitting about the hedgerows (as he fancied) "in clumps." This is a comic picture enough; but it is not so comic as the idea of a dissenting shopkeeper taking the lilies as his guide through life. But how extraordinary the position of these people is. Suppose that after the end of a great career Sancho Panza had suddenly proclaimed that *he* was in reality Don Quixote; and that the true principles of knight errantry consisted in keeping a whole skin and bones unbroken, in sleeping under snug shelter, in eating two enormous meals a day, in having a very comfortable sum put by in a capacious wallet, and above all, in cherishing an utter disbelief in and contempt for all enchantments, magic balsams, faëry barks, thaumaturgic sages, and the whole universe of mystery and

wonder. It is an extravagant notion, but it is no bad analogy of what has happened in the field of religion. Of course we should not have been in the least astonished if Sancho had stoutly maintained that his master was mad and that knight-errantry was nonsense; but it is a little too much when *he* pretends to be the original adorer of Dulcinea. And yet for three centuries Sancho has been bellowing that he, and he alone, is the true mirror of chivalry, that he alone is the faithful and exact follower and disciple of Amadis and King Arthur. And many people believe him, though his fat belly and greasy chops are only too manifest; but then many people believe that the Puritans of the sixteenth century, who made the recitation of the Book of Common Prayer a penal offence, with slavery as its sanction, were apostles of tolerance, and many people believe that Oliver Cromwell, who abolished the House of Commons and governed England by martial law, was the founder of our popular liberties. The upholders of the old factory system (child slavery in the most ghastly form) were all "Liberals"; and one thinks of an ancient prophet who foresaw a day when the Churl should no longer be called Liberal. *Jam noli tardare*, we cry, looking for the coming of that day; for then, no doubt, King Arthur will come forth from Avalon and the Good Knight will ride in his train, and Sancho's horrible masquerade will be ended for ever.

For, of course, the real truth is that Protestantism is a revolt against Christianity. This proposition, which is self-evident, would once have seemed highly absurd to the "many people" whose sapience and perspicacity we have just considered; but within the last few years, especially within the last year, even the typical block-head called "the man in the street," has begun to see that there is "something in it." Of course the signs have never been wanting to those who cared to look; it was Luther who, finding that St. James the Apostle was decidedly not a Lutheran, pronounced his Epistle to be "of straw." Servetus and Socinus, too, were early products of the Protestant Reformation, and there were tendencies among the "Reformed" in France which were not exactly evangelical. Later, one notes that the Presbyterian congregations planted in England in the seventeenth century lapsed wholesale into Unitarianism, while in New England Calvinism went the same way, till it deliquesced into the vague spirit of Emerson. It has long been notorious that the Protestantism of the Continent of Europe generally is either negligible, or else "Liberal," which is a polite way of saying Non-Christian. The signs were many; but it is only within the last few months that Ichabod has been inscribed on the portal of the City Temple, while an acute journalist has discovered that the "New Theology" is the Reformation come home to roost. It will soon become absolutely clear that Protestantism is the negation of the vital principles, of the whole character of Christianity—that is to say, the negation of beauty, wonder, mystery, imagination, the negation of all that raises man above the level of the brutes, the abjuration of high heaven itself. It is not a recurrence to Paganism, but to something infinitely worse than Paganism in its lowest form—for Paganism had mysteries—it is a recurrence to the Pre-Adamite world, to the state of the beast-man before it had received the quickening.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

CHARACTER IN DIALOGUE

AMONG the most illusive arts, possessed only by very few even of the people who have captured the illusive art of writing a good acting play, is the art of revealing character through dialogue. At first sight it may seem that if a dramatist fails to make his puppets reveal their nature by what they say he fails altogether. But this is not so. In most plays the dialogue is appropriate to the plot and situation, but the words spoken by the persons themselves are not revelations of self. Nearly all dramatists allow

the circumstances, the situations, the gestures and the attitudes to reveal the characters of the persons concerned. They also allow one person to explain the psychology of another. Rarely do they write lines for a character which is a self-revelation. That self-revealing line is the greatest success for the writer of dialogue. It is quite possible, of course, to write an excellent drama without a single such line. The dialogue in such (and most) plays helps on the action, tells the story, is appropriate to the person speaking it in the circumstances in which the author has placed him or her. The sailor who loves a lass delivers perhaps a soul-stirring speech about his love, thereby revealing the situation and interesting us in it, but the speech tells us nothing about himself. The heroine makes a remark about fidelity which hints to us that she is going to be faithful when the proper time comes, but nothing that she says reveals her soul to us. That has been revealed to us by what other people have said, or by the way in which she acts under given circumstances. Out of her own mouth we cannot judge her.

It is the power of being able to lay bare a personality by a line which marks the supreme playwright, gives a play a peculiarly satisfactory flavour, and atones for, or supersedes, defects of construction or clumsiness and even staleness of plot.

In the novel dialogue is delightful, but the novelist can tell his tale without it. He has so many other ways of baring his characters to the reader. Mr. Henry James could get his exquisite effects if his people spoke never a word that we could hear, he can create a perfectly satisfactory character in a book by talking the whole time himself and yet never allowing his own personality to intrude. Certainly the best of that superb master of fiction, Thomas Hardy, is not expressed in dialogue. On the other hand Mr. George Meredith *does* use his gift of being able to reveal his characters by the words he puts into their mouths. To read their conversations is to know them, not only in relation to the actual business they have in hand at the moment, but also to know their very nature, how and with whom they were brought up, what their ancestors were like and what sort of a show they will make on their deathbed. Other masters of dialogue in this sense though in a different *milieu* are Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But happily this gift, as we have said, is by no means necessary to the making of a good novel. Equally good effects can be obtained by other means.

But it is a curious thing that when the power of revealing character by dialogue is of so much greater importance in writing plays than in writing novels, so few of our writers for the stage possess it.

In the most perfect master of stage technique whom we have, Mr. Pinero, that power is most conspicuously missing. All his characters talk alike, allowing for differences of sex, age, and circumstance. His valets differ in nothing from their masters save that they aspire their "h" with particular care, and use if anything longer words. True, in earlier days and in lighter pieces, he did manage to give us a self-revealing line now and again. But in his serious pieces which show that the dramatist has racked a wonderful brain in order to construct an artificial problem, we search in vain for any such line. Even that line in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* which was quoted as being an instance of this dialogue for which I am asking was really an instance of what it is not. "I like fruit when it's expensive." That is a remark which revealed what Mr. Pinero and the other persons on the stage were very justly realising about Paula Tanqueray. She herself would have been either too self-conscious, or not self-conscious enough, to have said it.

Take again the plays of that interesting and sincere dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, plays whose grip and sterling worth prove that the quality of which I am writing is not essential to play-writing, but only an added charm and the high-water mark of the playwright.

In his plays there is no line which reveals personality by the words themselves apart from the circumstances in which they are spoken. Nor do even Mr. Bernard Shaw's puppets, though they generally say the right, the human, though not the expected, thing, reveal themselves by their words, but rather by their actions, if we except the soldier in *Arms and the Man*, and even he speaks more for others than for himself. There is enough evidence to make us think that Mr. Shaw could write this dialogue if he would, but he is too interested in himself and the universe to allow his characters to let us into the secret of their personality by their conversation. We care far more for what they say than for them.

The dramatist who had the power of writing this dialogue in a supreme degree, just as he was also an absolute master of stagecraft, quite apart from his value as a thinker and philosopher, was Ibsen. That perfect dramatist wrote few lines, if we except those structural and "carrying" lines necessary to every play, which were not a revelation of the person speaking. We know his characters not by what they do and what happens to them, but by what they say. Take away all the surroundings and leave one chosen remark and we shall know what manner of man the speaker is. John Gabriel Borkmann, Solness, Nora, for instance, reveal themselves every time they open their mouths. It is because Ibsen's people are sometimes more real than his plays, or so real that the plot seems inadequate to such real people, that many find the plays unsatisfactory. They see the man so clearly that when he just tumbles off a tower and kills himself, or wants to tell the townspeople that the drains are wrong, it seems trivial. Such people find the plays positively overweighted by the characters who play them. After all, they think, "The play's the thing," not the people who work it out. And true it is, perhaps, that Ibsen has shifted the balance of modern drama. The chief interest is the persons of the play, the action is only a comment on them. That is somewhat distressing to people who demand that a story should be enthralling rather than that the persons in it shall be real and interesting, and even also to people who think that a view of life is more important than the persons who hold that view. But these last remarks are perhaps rather off my point here, which is that Ibsen wrote dialogue by which the speakers of it revealed themselves.

Another dramatist who could write this dialogue was Oscar Wilde. Often he expressed himself through his characters, he often allowed them to steal an epigram from him with which they had no business. But sometimes he makes them reveal themselves, and then how good he is. Take that line in *The Woman of no Importance* when Mrs. Allonby tells Lady Hunstanton that she is going to look at the stars.

"You will find a great many, dear, a great many!" says the old lady. That is a perfect specimen of dialogue. It helps on the action by getting Mrs. Allonby off with a laugh, but it does far more than that. It reveals Lady Hunstanton from her birth and up-bringing to the day when she will make a properly pious end. We see the vagueness, the good nature, the tolerantly superior attitude of the great lady whose life has been unruffled. From that one remark an artist or an essayist could picture her in colour or in words.

Another good example, in a modern play, of characterisation in dialogue is Mr. Hankin's line in *The Return of the Prodigal* when the son remarks to his mother that Lady Somebody is clever.

"Is she, dear? I didn't notice anything."

That is another complete picture. How well I know that old lady, how well I could describe her, and how much I like her. And if she reads this article I am sure she will find it clever.

REGINALD TURNER.

FICTION

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

"WRITERS who fill one with glad courage and make one proud of the path one has chosen to walk in." We think this, her description of Walt Whitman, is a good description of "Elizabeth." At any rate it is a true account of her influence on some readers, people who are attracted by her philosophy of life or entertained by her expression of it. Her philosophy is old and simple and quite easy to follow if we have the temperament, if for instance we are bored by a *Kaffee Klatsch* and sent into an ecstasy by a patch of flowering beans. Elizabeth is radiantly sure that her way is the right one, and consistently deaf to the whispers of the world and the devil. Most of us compromise. We know that it is happiest to be in the clouds with Jove, but we feel the drag of the world too. The world, in that sense, the world of vulgar judgment and coarse ambition, is never with Elizabeth. It would not be with her if she lived in a hut and ate lentils or in a palace and entertained the mighty, for there is no lot mean or high but thinking makes it so. In her last book Elizabeth was a princess, in this one she is the child of a poor German scholar, living in a small German town, jilted soon after we know her by her English lover, hedged in by all the sordid realities and limitations of such surroundings. But she has the wit to find comedy in her external circumstances and the courage to keep her soul alive through poverty, sickness and sorrow. Her life is splendid, as she says it shall be, although everything the world can give is withheld. Health, beauty, peace, a keen sense of humour and a merry heart carry her all the way. We confess that we should like to know what Jena says to her pictures of society there, and whether it appeases the town to hear that, dull as its parties are, the Berlin ones are no better. Elizabeth has no sympathy with the poor small souls that have been dwarfed by the stupidities of life and find their happiness in coffee parties. To tell the truth she is rather unkind to them. She is unkind to Goethe too, and to Christina Rossetti. But that does not matter so much. It is the *Hausfrau* of Jena who will feel a little hurt by this picture of her. She must console herself with the picture of the English Joey, who is delightful. The story of his betrothal makes as much fun of him as of his German friends, for Elizabeth is always fair and shows you the absurd side of both nations. Inasmuch as she laughs at us, we can forgive her because we can always laugh with her and because she fills us with glad courage and makes us proud of the path we have chosen to walk in.

Keddy: A Story of Oxford. By H. N. DICKINSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

NOVELS of Oxford Life are many, and although we cannot say that "Keddy" is remarkable enough to secure a supreme place among them, we can at least welcome it as a book which not only gives great promise but as one which has, in a large measure, achieved success. It is now a widely accepted theory that we have—and the reviewer least of all—little or nothing to do with the morals of other people—except in so far as they interfere with us personally. But in manners we still have our say! In morals a man must be a law unto himself, but in manners he must abide by the laws of his class. Keddy will lose his hold on the sympathy of many readers on p. 60, when his partisanship of a bounder and his desertion of his own set will strike some readers as impossible. It struck us as so at the first glance, but a moment's reflection showed us that Keddy was merely lacking in a fine appreciation of the art of conduct—in so many words was not a fine artist in living—and so was no more to be regarded as impossible—at least in the dictionary sense

of the word—than those people who cheerfully furnish their rooms with cheap bamboo and painted tambourines! But we do still remain sceptical about the subsequent attitude of his "set" towards him. Dire indeed seem the results—in recent fiction at least—of boys not being sent to school. But as reviewers have no business outside certain boundaries, we return to "Keddy" as literature, admitting that all artists are free to choose the subject it pleases them to. Mr. Dickinson certainly is an artist, and we think that the only artistic mistake he made was in trying to gain the reader's sympathy by the charm of a personality who was in reality lacking in one of the greatest essentials of charm. The characters are as a whole really carefully studied. Those of Keddy and Bobby are treated elaborately, and that of the last is especially consistent all through. The story is told with freshness. Indeed there is a fresh feeling in the book altogether, which would lead one to suppose it to be work by a quite young writer. If this is the case we can prophesy a success for him as a writer of fiction, as he has certainly started in the right direction, and what is more, started well equipped with the essentials of fine novel-writing. We shall look forward with interest to Mr. Dickinson's next book.

The Daft Days. By NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a girl of ten who has been brought up in theatrical circles in Chicago and is sent over to live with her uncle and aunts in a quiet Scottish village. Modern children have been very frequent in recent fiction, but were they all as humorous and original as is Miss Bud Dyce, we would regard their coming with pleasure rather than fear. If the reader can conceive a judicious blend of Pet Marjorie and Sentimental Tommy Sandys, possessing the charm and humour of the former and the artistic insight of the latter, and speaking a most delicious dialect compounded of broad Scotch and American slang, he will have some idea of the nature of this adorable little lady. The other characters in the book suffer rather from their proximity to Miss Dyce and appear a little thin, though the maid Kate Macneill, whose love-affairs Bud makes to prosper, is a good specimen of her class. We cannot readily forgive Mr. Munro for permitting the child to have the inevitable attack of pneumonia in chapter thirteen, and his descriptive style when elated is like that of Dickens at his worst. But, after all, Bud is the thing, and Bud, if we may use an expression that might have come from her lips, is a peach with a stone in it.

Colonel Daveron. By PERCY WHITE. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is rather a disappointing novel. One is led by the careful study of the schoolboy Tony to expect a more interesting development. The man in the title rôle—Tony's uncle—is a study in selfishness, but compared to his nephew, "the Blighter," and even Mrs. Daveron, he seems a little shadowy. The construction, too, is weak, and the whole book appears a little aimless and desultory. Still some of the character-drawing is good, that of Tony Derrick as a boy, being a really interesting study, and also that of "the Blighter" (so named by the boys), a young master at the school where poor little Tony learnt such hard lessons. "The Blighter" befriended the boy in a simple and unostentatious manner when Colonel Daveron tried to get out of as many duties to his nephew as possible. It was "the Blighter," too, who brought about a meeting between Tony and his future aunt—a meeting which proved to be a turning-point in the boy's life. The characters strike one as new enough to be portraits. Tony, his aunt, and "the Blighter" are all people one would like to meet, especially "the Blighter," who is really a good sort. These people all behave in a natural manner, but the book is, as we have already said, a little thin and unsatisfactory.

MUSIC

THE RICHTER CELEBRATION

THE concert that has been given this week at Queen's Hall in celebration of Richter's association with music in England for the last thirty years has a significance wider than that of a compliment to a great artist. It commemorates an aspect of modern music that, in retrospect, will probably prove more distinctive than any other—the evolution of the orchestra into the most perfect medium that we have for the expression of musical idea.

It is a commonplace of musical history that fuller self-expression on the part of the composer has gone on *pari passu* with increasing mastery of technique by the executant and greater responsiveness in his instrument. Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas are, incidentally, an epitome of the contemporaneous development of the pianoforte and the passing of its predecessor the harpsichord. In the long holding-notes for the wood-wind and brass in the symphonies of Mozart, we can discern, without external evidence, that the technique of the players responsible for their performance was extremely limited; and the discovery of the amiable Burney, in his "Tour," that they were frequently out of tune, does not surprise us much. When Beethoven took to passage writing for these hitherto static forces, collisions at rehearsal were the rule rather than the exception: in one pathetic instance he even called his deafness to aid him, begging a friend to conduct *Fidelio* while he sat at a distance to escape the blunders that would have tortured him at close quarters. From such conditions to the assured brilliancy of present-day orchestral technique is a long distance; and although conductors before Richter have an honourable share in the record—*vixere fortes ante Agamemnon*—it was reserved for him to consummate the process of development by organising the orchestra into a unity reflecting the conception of the composer through the individuality of its head.

Within living memory, orchestral direction in London was a quaintly haphazard affair: its duties were divided between the principal first violin and a personage who sat at a piano with a score and rallied his colleagues, when matters were becoming desperate, with a few chords. The delicious remark attributed to Sir George Smart, "Look out, gentlemen! the semiquavers are coming!" helps us to realise the chaos amid which the "conductor" of the hour kept the far from noiseless tenor of his way. From that to the admirable discipline of Costa was a considerable advance; and at the same time the standard of playing was rising. Berlioz, Liszt, and Von Bülow were showing of what fineness of effect well-trained orchestras were capable; even Habeneck, who conducted from a violin part, drew a handsome eulogy from Wagner in "Über das Dirigieren." That famous pamphlet, issued in 1869, may be regarded as marking the beginning of the new period. The real production, as distinguished from mere reproduction, that Wagner saw in Liszt's pianoforte playing of Beethoven, he pleaded for in the orchestra with all the passion of his vehement polemic. To cry for real production is, of course, to cry for genius; and genius has no pupils. For the technique of time-beating, it can be taught readily enough—" 'tis as easy as lying"; but so to play on the modern orchestra as to express what the composer has said (or, sometimes, what he has meant to say), is a not less formidable task than to seek the mastery of a solo instrument. And the importance of Richter, the embodiment of the spirit of "Über das Dirigieren," is chiefly that he has set, once for all, a standard that places the conductor on a level with the soloist in any other manifestation of the art of music.

An "acting edition" of every score is, for the modern conductor, a primary necessity. Very few are the pages so marked by the composer that they "play themselves"; and the older classics doubly need careful editing on account of the differences in balance between the orchestra

of their day and ours. Unlike some of the younger conductors of distinction, Richter has never yielded to the temptation to improve upon the classics. It is easily possible, by intensifying an inner part here, and adding an instrument there, to bring out of a passage a significance quite other than that intended by the master; and where, as in the case of Schumann, the scoring is provokingly ineffective, it is very difficult to choose the golden mean. With Richter the retouching has always justified itself: it has never been "hervortretend," never been reminiscent of the limelight or the lecture-room. While other men—influenced, not improbably, by the example of Von Bülow—have often so manipulated nuance as to transform familiar scores into fantasias on their own personality, he has always been concerned with the just evaluation of the score itself. He has never allowed the virtuoso in him to depose the artist—although when, as the Liszt Rhapsody in F, virtuosity has been called for, its splendour has been amazing.

To say this is to attribute to him the specific combination of interpretative qualities often summed up as "classic." Whatever that much abused term may connote it may not, in this particular instance, be suffered to convey any suspicion of coldness. Nothing, perhaps, in the history of executive music is more remarkable than his peculiar union of massive breadth with an *élan*, a sheer force of impulse, that the most dashing of his contemporaries seldom attains. It were capricious to demand that he should be equally *intime* in his interpretation of every important score; the circumstance that musicians of experience, with one accord, go to him for Bach, for Beethoven, for Wagner, for Brahms, may suffice as the basis of any detailed discussion of his readings. Other conductors there have been with wonderful memories, other great orchestral drill sergeants, other masters of finesse; but it will be the crowning distinction of Richter, when, long hence, it may be hoped, the record of his work shall be finally made, that he found the orchestra an indifferent virtuoso and made of it a great artist.

HOWARD BAYLES.

DRAMA

"MATTRE DES ILLUSIONS DE LA VIE"

MESSRS. VEDRENNE and Barker have done another service to their audience in producing Mr. Bernard Shaw's amazing scene "Don Juan in Hell." *Man and Superman*, the play which contains it; is already on their evening bill, but it is too long to be given entire. We can now judge of the whole, by witnessing it completed on the following day. This is the best arrangement under the circumstances. The whole play at one sitting would tax too much even the audience of the Court Theatre. Without claiming for this audience greater intelligence than that of other theatres, it is at least especially interested in the newer and untried developments of the stage, and especially *amateur*, of the Intellectual Drama. There is an atmosphere of extreme temerity about Mr. Bernard Shaw. It renders him and his work all the more fascinating. He has set himself to intellectualise to an extent never attempted before, the art which above all others appeals to primitive instincts. He is himself the most purely intellectual dramatist now living, but the art in which he expresses himself is the least suited to intellectual expression. It is above all others the art of illusion and convention. Mr. Shaw's mind abhors convention to the extent of preferring the appearance of self-contradiction to any pandering to it. His book "Man and Superman" is the essence of his philosophy, and the scene "Don Juan in Hell" is its quintessence. The dramatic critic who attempts to deal with it comprehensively, he who tries conclusions of any kind with Mr. Shaw, is exceedingly rash. The subject is too encyclopædic, Mr.

Shaw has already seized all the ordinary weapons and used them against himself with the most charming candour. This is part of his method of denuding himself of all convention. At each thrust he slips on a new unconventionality and escapes like Proteus. His critics have too often used against him the weapons of stupidity. These return on their own heads like a boomerang unskilfully thrown; besides they are not admissible among amateurs of the Court Theatre. I am a coward confest before Mr. Shaw, let him expound himself.

At the instance of the management, he has offered to the Court audience the assistance of analytical programme of the scene "Don Juan in Hell." The scene represents the state of the Soul localised as Hell. By the Soul must be understood the divine element common to all life which causes us to do the will of God in addition to looking after our individual interests and to honour one another solely for our divine activities. This world or any other may be made a hell by a society so lacking in the higher orders of energy that it is given wholly to the "pursuit of individual pleasure, and cannot even conceive the passion of the divine will." Conversely "any world can be made a heaven by a society of persons in whom that passion is the master passion." On this conception of Heaven and Hell the author has grafted the legend of Don Juan, fantastically. Its characters are those of the whole play *Man and Superman* essentialised, Tanner to Don Juan, Ann Whitfield to Dona Ana, Roebuck Ramsden to the Commander, Mendoza to the Devil. The author postulates that the Commander was a simple-minded officer and gentleman who cared for nothing but fashionable amusement, and he is, consequently, unable to share the divine ecstasy, and is bored to distraction in heaven. He postulates that Don Juan was consumed with a passion for divine contemplation and creative activity, that earthly love had failed to interest him permanently; he consequently suffers among the pleasures of hell an agony of tedium. The Devil is the exponent of the advantages of hell; he is equally anxious to welcome the Commander and to be rid of Don Juan, between whom and himself the antipathy is fundamental. As the final result of an exhaustive discussion between them Don Juan departs for heaven, and the Devil and the Commander are conveyed in state by the old trap to the palace of pleasure. Dona Ana has recently arrived from earth.

She is no theologian, and believes the popular legends as to heaven and hell. She is extremely bewildered. Being a woman, she is incapable both of the devil's utter damnation and of Don Juan's complete supersensuality. As the mother of many children she has shared in the divine travail, and with care and labour and suffering renewed the harvest of eternal life; but the honour and divinity of her work have been jealously hidden from her by Man, who, dreading her domination, has offered her for reward only the satisfaction of her senses and affections. She cannot, like the male devil, use love as mere sentiment and pleasure; nor can she, like the male saint, put love aside when it has done its work as a developing and enlightening experience. Love is neither her pleasure nor her study: it is her business. So she, in the end, neither goes with Don Juan to heaven nor with the devil and her father to the palace of pleasure, but declares that her work is not yet finished. For though by her death she is done with the bearing of men to mortal fathers, she may yet, as Woman Immortal, bear the Superman to the Eternal Father.

I quote the passage concerning Dona Ana nearly *in extenso* because it deals with two special difficulties. Why does Dona Ana go to hell at all? I confess I cannot follow the author. Secondly, what does he mean by the Superman? Mr. Shaw seems to me to travel on various planes of expression, which sometimes dissolve their boundaries and melt into one another. When the planes are quite distinct I find ideas constantly recurring in Correspondence, as Swedenborg might have said. Throughout, I find the idea of the Superman. On the plane of the whole play *Man and Superman*, it has been interpreted not unnaturally to be Women. On the plane of *The Man of Destiny* I see it more faintly as Woman again, "The Strange Lady." On the essential plane of "Don Juan in Hell," Mr. Shaw explains it above. On another plane in the

same scene it appears as Don Juan, the man who is master of the realities of Life. In this sense I have applied to Mr. Shaw, on the plane of his works, the words of Balzac concerning his own Don Juan; for he who is master of the illusions of life, is master also of its realities. It is for this that Mr. Shaw has essayed to cast all literature, all life, into his crucible.

Mr. Shaw is self-sufficient; he is driven to co-operation only by his medium of expression. He has found the only artist capable of interpreting him in the *mise en scène*, an artist in the plastic modes of Art as encyclopædic as himself, and in a sense as protean. There is scarcely a genus of Art in which this artist's immense ability has not already proved itself formative. No name is printed on the programmes, but the *aside* has passed out of date, and it is impossible to conceal his identity. The admirable scheme of colour, the tone of the statue, the exquisite Spanish dress of the heroine (improved on Velasquez), the modelling on the Commandant's helmet, the invention in the diaper of golden hearts on the devil's scarlet cloak, the wealth of exquisite design on every article of dress which can bear it, write Mr. Charles Ricketts's name as large upon the piece as that of the author himself. Here is another addition to the attractions of the Court on which to congratulate Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker.

One word on the casting of the piece: it is all that an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Shaw could desire. The memory of Mr. Robert Loraine and Mr. Norman McKinnel is amazing; they deliver speeches of which the length is admittedly excessive with scarcely a slip. Mr. Loraine's task as Don Juan is superhuman. This must be taken into account in criticising him; he acquits himself extraordinarily well. The intelligence of his rendering is conspicuous, he improves as he goes on, he is full of the elements of more complete success still. Mr. Norman McKinnel's Devil, a part only less difficult, is above criticism; it could not have been bettered. His combination of the unctuous dignity required by the author, with the conventional Mephistophelism, is exact in proportion. Miss Lilah McCarthy looks superb and acts superbly—the dignity and vivacity of a great Spanish lady has never been better sustained. She wears Mr. Ricketts's splendid Velasquez-dress like one of the señoras who were his models. She would adorn the Court of Philip IV. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is admirable as the ambulant statue of the Commander, sufficiently lively and sufficiently statuesque. His utterance is particularly clear and incisive, and can be heard with ease all over the house.

M. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Every man is entitled to his opinion. But I am amazed that Mr. Lewis Hind should *praise* the only translation of "Les Maîtres D'Autrefois" that exists. It is not only very bad English—in fact "American English"—but absolutely inaccurate in many passages: and that Mr. Lewis Hind who is supposed to be competent to express opinions on what is good and what is not good prose, should take the opportunity of commending such a translation is surprising. There ought to be an adequate translation of Fromentin's exquisite masterpiece. Moreover, surely the fact of an American translation having been made in 1882 need not stand in the way of an English translation of the masterpiece in 1907. I too would be willing to subscribe if F. H. L. (providing he is competent to do the difficult task) succeeds in his effort to find a publisher.

M. DICKSON.

June 2.

"ORATORY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A glance at London's engagements shows that preaching sermons, giving lectures and addresses, and reading papers

is decidedly on the increase. So great indeed is this incessant demand for oratory that one naturally expects a high standard, yet it is a generally acknowledged fact that the oratory of our own day is on the downward grade.

I now propose to examine three popular objections and to thereby dispose of them. It is often urged that eloquence and affectation are inalienable, but I maintain that the peculiar pronunciation of certain words—if that constitutes affectation—is a pardonable fault, of which many eminent orators are themselves guilty. In vast cathedrals and large halls where the acoustic properties are of an unusual order, it is clearly manifest that some pronunciations are preferable to others, for some words by the very composition of their syllables are not so far-reaching in their sound as others; so that if a ruse is adopted to gain the desired effect, surely it is detrimental to no one.

Another objection is that there are some who regard a comely presence as a *sine quâ non* to oratory, but let those who have wholly unprepossessing features not despair for the late Principal Caird in one of his University addresses refers them to the late Dr. Chalmers in this matter, as he was scarcely handsome. A speaker, it is sometimes said, becomes the personification of his theme, and in that case countenance matters but little. As a general rule, I admit, it is more inspiring to see the speaker's face than to merely hear his voice perchance behind a pillar which obstructs the view.

People rarely comprehend the fact that if the voice is not actually a musical one, there are other characteristics germane to oratory. Speakers may equally be distinguished for their paradox, ratiocination, wit or happy phrases, and should they be the fortunate possessors of a pleasant timbre in their voices, the more agreeable it is to hear them.

Finally, I may say that I have studied the oratory of many public men and too that of "lesser lights." Those who contemplate this study deserve every encouragement despite any adverse criticism that may be gratuitously offered them.

F. BOOTH.

June 3.

SHAKESPEARE-BACON AGAIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Crawford's "Collectanea," you state that "the Baconians have made a mistake in concentrating their attention on Bacon and Shakespeare, and not sufficiently studying the other writers of the period," and that the coincidences between Shakespeare and Bacon are of no value as evidence because certain of them appear in the works of other writers of the period.

Mr. Harold Bayley in his "Shakespeare Symphony" gives numerous instances of the same expressions and ideas pervading the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, and others: but the Baconian argument is that no two writers of the period show *so many hundreds* of parallelisms, for which no third instances can be found elsewhere, as Bacon and Shakespeare. This has been amply proved by Mr. Edwin Reed in his work "Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms." Here we have dozens: (1) Identical Expressions; (2) Identical Metaphors; (3) Identical Opinions; (4) Identical Quotations; (5) Identical Studies; (6) Identical Errors; (7) Identical Use of unusual words, or words in new senses; (8) Identities of Character; and (9) Identities of Style, that were not "in ordinary use by all writers of the day." It has been well put by Mr. Reed: "One parallelism has no significance; five attract attention; ten suggest inquiry; twenty raise a presumption; fifty establish a probability; a hundred dissolve every doubt;" but a thousand will not affect a Shakespearean a single jot.

Let me give two parallelisms in Shakespeare and Bacon. There is the word "dexteriously," used for the first time in *Twelfth Night* (1601, first printed 1623) and used by Bacon in "The Advancement of Learning" (written 1603, printed 1605). Can Mr. Crawford or any of your readers supply me with a third use by any writer during the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare?

Then we have in the Shakespeare "Sonnets" the line:

"The mortal moon hath her *eclipse* endured,"

referring, it is believed, to the death of Queen Elizabeth; and in Bacon's "History of Henry VII.," we read: "The Queen hath *endured* a strange *eclipse*," referring to the Queen Dowager.

Can any of your readers give me a reference to any other Elizabethan or Jacobean writer who uses in conjunction the words "endure" and "eclipse?"

GEORGE STRONACH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your notice of Mr. Crawford's "Collectanea" you say that "Dr. R. M. Theobald claims for Bacon not only all Shakespeare but all Marlowe, and a good deal of Chapman." This is a mistake; I claim Marlowe's *Edward II.* as certainly Shakespearean,—but I go no further, except in a hesitating, conjectural way. As to Chapman he is referred to once as the reputed author of the continuation of *Hero and Leander*. But it is added that Chapman's acknowledged plays are entirely non-Shakespearean,—not even Marlowesque. So far from attributing Chapman to Bacon he is expressly excluded from the Shakespearean enclosure. You minimise the significance of correspondences, and support your depreciation by perfectly unverified and unverifiable representations of the way in which scholars of the Elizabethan age associated with one another. It is pure assumption, but I need not care for this: continued research will ultimately settle it all. One thing, however, I will remark. I think you would have shown a little more consideration for courteous and gentlemanly criticism if you had expressed more disapprobation of the excessively insulting and contemptuous style in which Mr. Crawford deals with our controversy. His chief aim seems to be to wound and sting his opponents by mockery and insult. I was so pleased with his earlier chapters, when they appeared in *Notes and Queries* that I sent him a copy of my book, with complimentary references to his researches. His reward is,—what I have described. Now I ask you, sir, to protest against this—you may not agree with us, but we are gentlemen and some of us scholars, and do not deserve such treatment as Mr. Crawford employs, and for which he ought to be rebuked. The time for this nonsense has passed.

R. M. THEOBALD.

June 4.

[Our reviewer replies: In the belief that it was impossible for the ACADEMY to spare the space for anything like an adequate discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, which can only be carried on by means of scores and scores of examples, arguments and deductions, I was careful to confine my review as closely as possible to a statement of what Mr. Crawford's book contained. For the same reason it is impossible to reply to Mr. Stronach. He has produced two striking parallels between Shakespeare and Bacon; if these were explained away, he could perhaps produce a dozen more, and so on *ad infinitum*. The only satisfactory reply is such a work as Mr. Crawford's—the production of more, and more striking, parallels between Bacon and some other or others. With Dr. Theobald, I admit I am in less sympathy. My "representations" are neither unverified nor unverifiable. They are the inevitable deduction for all we know of the literature and the authors of the Elizabethan age; and the "pure assumption" rests with those who would maintain that, in the conditions then prevailing, the authors were unacquainted with each other and with each other's work. On the personal side of the matter, Dr. Theobald is surely a little touchy. I found no trace in Mr. Crawford's book of a desire to insult the Baconians; plenty of a desire to ridicule their contention; and a critic is entitled to use what weapons he pleases, provided that, like Mr. Crawford, he stops short of personalities. Surely, too, a present of a book, even when accompanied by "complimentary references," should not be expected to warp a man's opinions. I have in my possession a presentation copy of a work by a famous Shakespeare-Baconian, which attempts to prove that the British Museum contains indisputable evidence that "Shakespeare" was written by Bacon; but that it is never allowed to be seen, because the whole staff of the Reading-Room are members of the Rosicrucian order—which exists, apparently, for the concealment of knowledge. Am I to refrain, if the occasion should arise, from stating that I do not believe this to be the case?]

THE INCOMPLETE BOOKSELLER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of May 18 I have read an article entitled "The Incomplete Bookseller." Friends of mine assure me that the writer of the article is talking about me in the beginning of the article. If it is so I thank him for the compliments; but as I am a Dane and not a Swede, I have a little doubt, but there is no other Scandinavian bookseller in Naples.

G. MICHAELSEN.

May 28.

[We have pleasure in stating that the gentleman to whom our contributor paid the well-deserved compliment is identical with the writer of this letter.—ED.]

PAUL GWYNNE'S NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know whether "Paul Gwynne" is a name or a pseudonym, but, as a person who has had excellent opportunities of observing Spaniards and Cubans, I should like to be allowed to thank your reviewer of "Dr. Pons," whoever he may be, for the justice which he has done to a remarkable writer. Only the best Spanish novels, such as those of Juan Valera, contain observation of Spanish character and incident as true and as well "staged" as that to be found in Paul Gwynne's novels.

A GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF'S LIBRARIAN.

June 1.

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In regard to the remark of your correspondent, Mr. H. H. Johnson, that "Florentines must suppress 'h,'" what becomes of their habit of turning *co* into *ho*—*casa* into *hasa*, *camera* into *hamera* and so on? I once asked the eminent Etruscan scholar, Professor Elia Lattes, if he thought that this continual Tuscan use of the aspirate was a legacy from the Etruscans—so contrary is it from the genius of the Italian speech—and he seemed to think that this might be the case.

The whole question of pronunciation, "brogue" exchange of letters, above all the tone of voice, is ethnological quite as much as philological: it is something in the blood, something almost impossible to alter or overcome. By the mere tone of voice it may be possible to tell from whom any one is descended: Celt, Norman, Teuton, Roman, Etruscan, Greek.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

June 3.

OLD ENGLISH MADRIGALS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in this week's issue a reference to the madrigals of Wilbye, Campion and others. Perhaps you would like to know of the existence of the Oriana Society, the next concert of which is to be given next week. I have found their former concerts very interesting; the choir is small but enthusiastic, and the conductor (of whom I know nothing else) is evidently a man of still greater enthusiasm.

W. GANDY.

June 4.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The book "Catholic Church Music" by Richard R. Terry, which was very favourably reviewed in last week's ACADEMY, is published by Messrs. Greening, a fact which, by an oversight, we omitted to mention.]

BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Mrs. Sherwood. Edited and abridged by Isabella Gilchrist. 7½ × 5. Pp. 220. Sutton, 3s. 6d. net.

Dodge, Walter Phelps. *The Real Sir Richard Burton.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. 240. Unwin, 6s. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Carter, H. R. *A Glossary of Technical and Commercial Terms, Words and Phrases in English, French and German.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. 72. Sutton, 2s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Elementary Trigonometry. By Cecil Hawkins. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 310. Dent, 4s. 6d.

Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings. With Introduction, Notes, etc., by H. M. Buller. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 164. Macmillan, 1s. 3d.

A New Geometry for Middle Forms. By S. Barnard and J. M. Child. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 420. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

The Proverbs of Alfred. Re-edited from the manuscripts by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xlvii. 96. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.

FICTION

Donovan, Dick. *The Gold-spinner.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.

Lawrence, C. E. *Pilgrimage.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 290. Murray, 6s.

- None so Pretty.* A story of emotions. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 335. Longmans, 6s.
- Brooke, Emma. *Sir Elyot of the Woods.* 8 × 4½. Pp. 435. Heinemann, 6s.
- De Morgan, William. *Alice for Short.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 563. Heinemann, 6s.
- Hekking, Avis. *In Search of Jehanne.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Frenssen, Gustav. *The Three Comrades.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 372. Constable, 6s.
- McCutcheon, George Barr. *Jane Cable.* 8 × 5. Pp. 336. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Glyn, Elinor. *Three Weeks.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 319. Duckworth, 6s.
- Fox-Davies, A. C. *The Average Man.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 303. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
- Blyth, James. *The Canker.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Hardy, Iza Duffus. *His Silence.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 326. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Jepson, Edgar. *The Four Philanthropists.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.
- Young, Andrew. *The Shadow of Divorce.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 304. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Neihardt, John G. *The Lonesome Trail.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 303. Lane, 6s.
- Caine, William. *The Pursuit of the President.* A Distraction in Five Flights. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 259. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY

- The Political History of England.* Volume vii. 1603-1660. By F. C. Montague. 9 × 5½. Pp. 514. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.
- Historical Character Studies.* Translated from the Dutch of Dr. Jorissen, by the Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A. 9 × 5½. Pp. 179. Sutton, 7s. 6d. net.
- Ireland and the Celtic Church.* A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest in 1172. By the late George T. Stokes. Revised by Hugh Jackson Lawlor. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 382. S.P.C.K., 5s.
- Blunt, Wilfred Scawen. *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 606. Unwin, 15s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Lubbock, A. Basil. *Round the Horn before the Mast.* 8 × 5. Pp. 375. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Mediaeval Town Series, Oxford.* By Cecil Headlam. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 436. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
- The Temple Cyclopædic Primers. The Byzantine Empire.* By N. Jorga. 6 × 3½. Pp. 236. Dent, 1s. net.
- The Microscope and how to use it.* A handbook for beginners, revised and enlarged by T. Charteris White. With chapter on Marine Aquaria. With a chapter on Staining Bacteria by Maurice Umsler. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 159. Sutton, 3s. net.
- The Comedies of Aristophanes.* Edited, translated, and explained by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. Volume vi. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 209. Bell, 8s. 6d.
- Pratt, E. A. *The Licensed Trade.* 8 × 5. Pp. 329. Murray, 5s. net.
- Lampson, G. Locker. *A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. 699. Constable, 18s. net.
- Rambles of an Australian Naturalist.* Written by Paul Fountain. From the Notes and Journals of Thomas Ward. 9 × 5½. Pp. 343. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
- Alcohol and the Human Body.* By Sir Victor Horsley and Mary D. Sturge. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 370. Macmillan, 5s. net.
- "*Tout ce qu'il faut Savoir.*" 11½ × 7½. Pp. 302. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delegrave, 5 fr.
- Beowulf.* An old English Epic. (The Earliest Epic of the Germanic Race.) Translated into modern English Prose by Wentworth Huyshe. 8 × 5. Pp. 216. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
- Flowers of the Field.* By the Rev. C. A. Johns. Revised throughout and edited by Clarence Elliott. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 316. Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.
- Lechmere, Joscelyne. *Pretty Polly.* The History of her Career on the Turf. 10 × 7½. Pp. 63. Lane, 7s. 6d.
- Temple, Augusta A. *Flowers and Trees of Palestine.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. 172. Elliot Stock, n.p.
- Calvert, Albert F. *Spanish Arms and Armour.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 142. Plates 248.
- Colwell, Major-General Sir Henry. *The Allies.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 287. Hutchinson, 16s. net.

- McKenzie, F. A. *The Unveiled East.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 347. Hutchinson, 12s. net.
- Worsley, A. *Concepts of Monism.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 356. Unwin, 21s. net.
- Haldane, the Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon. *Army Reform and other Addresses.* 8 × 5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.
- La Légende de Don Juan.* Son évolution dans la littérature des origines au romantisme. Par Georges Gendarme de Bévotte. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 547. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.
- Tower, Walter S. *A History of the American Whale Fishery.* 9½ × 6½. Pp. 145. Philadelphia: Published for the University, n.p.

- Hommes et Femmes.* D'hier et d'avant hier. Par A. Mézières. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 332. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.
- La conquête Vandale en Afrique et la destruction de l'empire d'occident.* Par F. Martroye. 9 × 5½. Pp. 392. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.

- King Leopold's Soliloquy. A Satire.* By Mark Twain. 7 × 5. Pp. 136. Unwin, 1s. net.

- Stories from Ancient Greece.* By Professor A. J. Church. 6½ × 5. Pp. 93. Cassell, 6d.

- Watson, Aaron. *The Savage Club.* 9 × 5½. Pp. 327. Unwin, 21s. net.

- The Statesman's Year Book, 1907.* Edited by J. Scott Keltie, with the assistance of J. P. A. Renwick. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 1672. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.

- Cook, Theodore Andrea. *Eclipse and O'Kelly.* 10½ × 7½. Pp. 313. Heineman, 21s. net.

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- Byron et le romantisme français.* Essai sur la fortune et l'influence de l'œuvre de Byron en France 1812 à 1850. Par Edmond Estève. 10 × 6½. Pp. 560. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

- The Harbours of England.* Engraved by Thomas Lupton from original drawings made expressly for the work by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. With illustrative text by John Ruskin. 6½ × 3½. Pp. 122. Routledge, 1s. net.

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- Wright, the Rev. C. Gordon. *Stories from Classics and other Verses.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 83. Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.

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- Mollett, Lina. *Poems to a Father.* 6½ × 4½. Pp. 28. Lane, 1s.
- Poems by Hariley Coleridge.* 5½ × 4½. Pp. 120. Wellwood 1s. net.

- Joy, Alec. *Wayside Verses.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 38. Elliot Stock, 1s.

- Anthologie des Poètes Français Contemporains, 1866-1906.* 6½ × 3½. Pp. 596. Paris: Ch. Delagrave, 3 fr. 50.

- Oeuvres Choisies de Alfred de Musset.* Poésie, Théâtre, Roman et Critique. Avec études et analyses par Paul Morillot. 6½ × 3½. Pp. 412. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 3 fr. 50.

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- Wilkins, Mary E. *The Heart's Highway.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 308. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

- The Works of William Shakespeare.* Volumes xiii. and xiv. Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. Each 9 × 6½. Pp. 262, 309. The Gresham Publishing Company, n.p.

- In Memoriam.* By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 3½ × 3. Pp. 121. Moring, 6d. net.

- Pre-Raphaelitism and Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, etc.* By John Ruskin. 6½ × 3½. Pp. 273. Routledge, 1s. net.

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THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1832 JUNE 15, 1907 PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

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AN Examination will be held on June 26, 27 and 28 to fill up not less than five residential Scholarships, three non-residential Scholarships and some exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Westminster School Bursary, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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AN Examination will be held on Tuesday, June 25 and following days for filling about twenty vacancies on the Foundation. Particulars of the Examination may be obtained from the Bursar, Mr. S. BEWSHER, St. Paul's School, Hammersmith Road, W.

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ARTHUR W. RUCKER, Principal.
University of London, South Kensington, S.W.
May 30, 1907.

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does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

A WELL-INFORMED correspondent of the *Daily Mail* telegraphed from New York on June 9 the views of Mr. J. H. Sears, American publisher, on contemporary English novels. British novelists (all praise be to them) fail it seems to write works adapted for the American market. Considering the receipts usually returned by the American publisher they are not subjected to many temptations. There are however honourable exceptions—Mr. Hall Caine, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Robert Hichens, "who rank with leading American novelists." We trust that Mrs. Ward will be gratified with her peers in the American sense. Frankly it is hard on the accomplished author of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" to be gibbeted on the gallows of American approval; though we may not agree with Mrs. Ward and may not altogether subscribe to her views about fiction (or the *Times* Book Club) it should be recognised that she belongs to an intellectual zenith very far removed from that nadir of the other writers with whom she is "commercially" classified. It should be remembered that the quack French writer Max Nordau admires Shakespeare and Mr. Alfred Austin.

The really interesting point about the criticism of Mr. Sears is his indictment of the other novelists who reflect the growing licence of the "titled" and "sporting classes of Britain." They are not mentioned by name; a tact of omission has been exercised. Who are they? we can only hazard their names; Mr. H. G. Wells surely cannot be among the number. "The problems of sex revolting to the American Public" have little space in his delightful philosophic romances, the socialism of which may appeal to the "titled," but can hardly amuse the "sporting classes of Britain." Is it Mr. Maurice Hewlitt, that mediævalised Meredith, who has omitted "the great majority of healthy readers from his calculations?" Or is Mr. Thomas Hardy the exquisite malefactor who prefers art and truth and small royalties to the moral approbation (at 50 per cent.) of gum-chewing occidentals? It cannot be the delicate craft of Miss Mary Chomondley (our latter-day Brontë) that has wounded the long ears of that American public which some Oberon must have pulled long ago. Let us implore Mr. Sears to be indiscreet; these literary secrets are exasperating.

It is gratifying, however, to know what Americans *do* like and to realise their standards of excellence. But

what American writer, may we ask, ranks with Mr. Robert Hichens? Is there really any one over there who writes stories about cats which fall in love with men, and interminable tales of passions in a desert by an oasis of borrowed epigram and under a *fata morgana* of cheap philosophy and vulgar sentimentality? But, according to Mr. Sears, "the relationship of the sexes is entirely different in England and America," and that accounts, perhaps, for the popularity of Mr. Hichens. Mr. Hall Caine is more easily explained away. His appeal is more obvious. Has he not described somewhere members of a Piccadilly club standing on the steps smoking, drinking, and chaffing the passers-by? Such vivid pictures of English life naturally appeal to that tamer society of which Mr. Harry Thaw is an ornament. Yet it is cheering from a literary point of view to learn that our fiction has generally ceased to attract the bleached Hiawathas of the Hudson.

Yet it would be churlish to deny that America has produced great writers who can hold their own with any European or Asiatic. Edgar Allan Poe is one of the great English stylists though he was too cosmopolitan to be anything but American. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Walt Whitman, the once over-rated and the now under-rated Longfellow, are among the attenuated list of reputations which have floated across the Atlantic. Among contemporaries we must not forget Mary Wilkins and her exquisite stories, nor those profound philosophic essays of Santayana, who is also a poet of the first rank; while America has given to archæology and to art criticism many valuable contributors. America, too, has produced the only modern architecture existing, and has surrendered (unwillingly perhaps) one of the greatest living novelists to England, Mr. Henry James.

Clovis Hugues, who has just died in Paris at the age of fifty-six, will be best remembered for his lyrical and dramatic poem "Jeanne d'Arc." His curious hump-backed figure, his long black hair and good-humoured meridional face in which there was the dark tint of negro as well as of Provençal blood, will be much missed from the lobbies of the Chamber, for though he had ceased to be a Deputy for several years past, he remained a confirmed and animated "lobbyist" until the end. Clovis Hugues was one of the most intimate friends of Victor Hugo, at whom he used to poke quiet fun in the moments of the great poet's most exaggerated fits of vanity. His political career was more poetical than practical. He deserved to be described as the last of the Boulangists, for all through his life he remained faithful to the patriotic Nationalist creed, and long after the suicide of General Boulanger he still upheld the principles which in 1888 so nearly caused a revolution in France and the overthrow of the Republican régime. Clovis Hugues lived a Bohemian life in a little house on the confines of Montmartre. His wife, a sculptress of considerable talent, made a sensation before marrying the poet-deputy by shooting dead the lawyer who, she considered, had insulted her during the divorce proceedings brought against her by her first husband.

The most interesting piece of newspaper intelligence which we are authorised to make public to-day is that our old friend and contemporary the *Globe* has changed hands. This event took place on Wednesday evening, the vendors being the executors of the late Sir George Armstrong and the purchaser being Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth. We understand that it is a perfectly personal and private acquisition on his part and that the newspaper will not be the property of the firm with which his name is associated. It will continue to support the Tariff Reform Policy.

We can only regret the change. The present Sir George Armstrong, it is well known, does not enjoy the most robust health, and Mr. W. T. Madge who for so long has controlled the business arrangements of the paper has for some time past felt the need of a rest. In fact the executors of the late Sir George Armstrong had not much room for choice. The alternatives were either that they should sell the journal or have it conducted by a paid editor and probably a new staff. It has so many good traditions however, that one hopes it is not going to suffer the same revolutionary change that was made in the *Standard*. Indeed the *Globe* might in its best days have been called "the *Standard*" of evening papers. It was conducted with the same discretion, caution and good taste that were the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Mudford and Mr. Byron Curtis.

On a future occasion perhaps we may say something about its history from the time when it took over the *Traveller* and became henceforth the *Globe and Traveller*, something too of its talented contributors, of Father Prout, of Mr. Francillon the novelist, of Mr. Ponsonby Ogle at one time its editor, of Mr. E. V. Lucas who in days gone by was its literary gossip, and of that distinguished army of men who, in the novitiate of their career, contributed those delightful turn-overs that have so long been a feature of the paper.

The variations of newspaper policy with regard to artistic matters are always interesting to watch. A few years ago the drama was the Cinderella of the arts as far as the *Daily Press* was concerned. Except the *Daily Telegraph* no morning paper treated it at any length or gave it any importance. Time has changed all that and there is now no morning paper of any pretensions whatever which does not give a substantial amount of its space to theatre criticism. But curiously enough while other papers now treat the drama at greater length and with greater attention than formerly, the *Daily Telegraph* has begun to pursue an opposite policy so that it one wants a complete or an intelligent account of what is going on in contemporary drama one must turn not to the *Telegraph* but to the *Times* or the *Morning Post*. Their record is at once more complete and better done. The *Telegraph* for instance gave no notice whatever of the last Stage Society production. It absolutely ignored one of the more important recent revivals at the Court. Whether this is due to some mysterious question of advertisement policy we do not pretend to know, but that it is extremely unwise from the editorial stand-point we are quite certain. Papers which fail to supply news end by losing readers.

Mr. William Archer's essay on the "Drama in Perspective" published in the *Tribune* on June 7, ought to be posted in the foyer of every London theatre, and a copy should be sent to every dramatic critic, young and old. Since Matthew Arnold declared with truth that our drama was the most contemptible in Europe, Mr. Archer's pronouncement is the most important (because the most truthful) that has been yet made. Mr. Archer is like the child in Hans Andersen's fairy story, who quite simply observed that the Emperor had no clothes. Putting aside the Elizabethan drama as too inflammatory a subject, Mr. Archer points out that it is only within the last twenty years that we have possessed practical stage plays of literary or permanent dramatic worth, and that it is absurd to talk of the decay of something that is only just born. The penetrating criticism of Goldsmith, Sheridan and Congreve, those palms in the Sahara of English drama, should also be digested by Mr. Archer's lachrymose colleagues.

So Mr. Keble Howard's one-act drama about "Martha," in spite of the favourable account (in the press) of its recep-

tion on the first night, has been withdrawn after a week's run at the Haymarket. "The Smiths of Surbiton" did not appreciate their protagonist. It is odd that two other plays at two other theatres denounced by Mr. Keble Howard in the *Daily Mail* are still running and drawing crowded houses, and it is odder still that to those who were present the reception accorded to each appeared enthusiastic, though described in the *Daily Mail* as "damp and dull." As we did not see "Martha" we cannot judge of its merits or defects. Its failure does not imply that it lacked the vulgarity of its author's novels. There is a good deal in Mr. Tree's theory that the public if properly treated cares for good work.

As M. Clemenceau has perhaps even higher qualities as a man of letters than as a statesman there is a good probability that the legislative proposition for extending copyright in France, the authors of which are MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, may receive the serious attention of the Government. The copyright law in France is very similar to that which prevails in England. At the end of forty years literary property falls into the public domain, and thenceforward all profit from an author's books accrues solely to the publisher. It is obviously unfair that the products of genius or intelligence should be less sacred as property than landed estate. No doubt a complete revolution in the status of the literary man might ensue if he or his heir were able to call in the lease of his property in the same way as do great landowners such as the Duke of Westminster and Mr. William Waldorf Astor. A M. Maurice Barrès, who is, we understand, a deputy with some literary pretensions (he was recently, we believe, elected a member of the French Academy), opposes the projected measure on the ground that the heirs of an author might forbid the continued publication of a masterpiece. This seems to us a very far-fetched objection, devoid of practical value, and even of common sense.

Professor Robinson Ellis, the Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford, is bringing out a work upon the *Opuscula Vergiliana*. The reputation of the Professor for the finest scholarship and erudition is nothing less than European. Although in his seventieth year Professor Ellis shows no sign of failing interest or energy, and quite recently travelled to the French and Belgian capitals for purposes of research and special study of manuscripts. He was formerly Vice-President of Trinity College, where he still continues to reside, occasionally occupying his lodgings at Corpus Christi.

We are asked by Professor Knight to state that the amount required for the purchase of the cottage at Nether Stowly in which Coleridge lived and did his chief poetic work, has been raised, thanks to the action of the influential committee which have taken the matter up. A further sum of £200 for the up-keep of the cottage is required, and an appeal is made "to all lovers of English Literature" to produce this small sum. It is quite possible to be a sincere lover of English literature without being in the least interested in the preservation of this or that house, in which this or that poet or man of letters lived, but we are delighted to give publicity to Professor Knight's appeal and there should surely be no difficulty in collecting so small a sum as that required. Want of generosity to poets (when they are dead) and to "honoured bones" generally, is not a failing of the British character. The writer of this note (a distinguished poet) has a feeling amounting to an absolute conviction that, after his death, everything necessary for his funeral expenses and "a suitable memorial" will be forthcoming to any reasonable amount from his many admirers; but being at present alive and, comparatively speaking, well, he has to put up with hard work, "good advice," and very insufficient remuneration!

SONATA

WHAT joy!
 The slender daffodils,
 Their heads upraised, no longer coy,
 Pour forth the song of Spring;
 They hymn the budding year
 In voices loud and clear
 That greenly ring.
 — Now, hark, the eglantine!—
 But oh, the tender trills
 Of thy tendrils,
 Green vine!

R. S.

FROM PAUL VERLAINE

"AVANT QUE TU NE T'EN AILLES"

BEFORE thy glory fails,
 Wan star of morning prime,
 —A thousand quails
 • Are singing in the thyme.—
 Turn toward the bard, I pray,
 With his love-laden eyes;
 —The lark with day
 Into high heaven doth rise.—
 Turn toward the bard thy gaze
 Drowned in the blue of morn;
 —What glad amaze
 'Mid the ripe fields of corn!—
 Then make my love-thoughts beam
 Down there—far, far away!
 —The dewdrops gleam
 Merrily on the hay.—
 On these dream-pastures sweet
 Wherein she wanders still . . .
 Be fleet! Be fleet!
 The sun o'ertops the hill!

JOHN B. WAINSWRIGHT.

LITERATURE

LANDOR ON CHARLES FOX

Charles James Fox. A Commentary on his Life and Character.
 By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by STEPHEN
 WHEELER. (Murray, 9s.)

IN the year 1811 one John Bernard Trotter, a worthy and insignificant man, published his "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox," a respectably twaddling, slightly ridiculous, not altogether uninteresting book. It was the work of a clumsy hero-worshipper, well-meaning, sincere, but obviously charmed with the opportunity of standing close to the hero. He was Fox's secretary. Had he possessed anything of Boswell's genius he might have given us something like Boswell's book, for he was a faithful observer so far as his powers went, and Charles Fox was the most open-hearted soul in the world and must needs have made a friend of his secretary if he had one at all: moreover, there must surely be many people like myself, to whom Charles Fox is at least six times as interesting as Dr. Johnson, infinitely as we respect that immortal sledge-hammer. However, his book was as it was, and such as it was it annoyed Landor. So he wrote a commentary on it, and sent the commentary, with a dedication to Madison, President of the United States, to John Murray. Murray printed it and then got frightened, as seems not infrequently to have happened to that personage, and as in the case of "Don Juan" he called on common friendship to consult and remonstrate with the author—calling in this case on Southey. Finally Landor "got the hump," as they say, and the thing, though printed, was not published at all. I do not blame John Murray. The commentary had much offence in it and was nothing very wonderful after all. Landor was a comparatively young man and had done little: Murray might well have been excused for not knowing that Landor was Landor. Now, when we have that knowledge and anything that Landor wrote has an interest, the case is different, and the present Mr. Murray has done well to repair the omission of his grandfather. Of the few copies originally printed one survived in the possession of the late Lord Houghton, whose son, Lord Crewe, has allowed Mr. Wheeler to transcribe it. It is handsomely set forth and the editorial notes are good and sufficient.

I have noticed in reviews that this commentary has been compared to the critical work of Mr. Swinburne. The comparison, even for a reviewer, is inept. Mr. Swinburne is consistently unrestrained and extravagant both in praise and blame. Landor could knock out many a hard phrase for his dislikes, and had generous eulogies for his admirations, but his prose is never all that, or anything like all that—as Mr. Swinburne's is—and most of the book in question is reasonable comment. It could not have been otherwise, for in reality he hated neither Fox nor the secretary. He hated Fox as a politician, to be sure, though he hated Pitt far more bitterly, but he did not—who could?—hate Fox as a man. He wrote elsewhere of him that "he had more and warmer friends than any statesman upon record: he was the delight of social life, the ornament of domestic. Mr. Fox was a man of genius, and (what in the present day is almost as rare) a gentleman." You cannot keep up a flow of vituperation against a man of whom you think that. And Landor evidently had rather a weakness for our Trotter. He makes fun of him and his pompous records, but he says that "his feelings, at times, gave him all the air and character of genius. A pure and energetic warmth of imagination . . ." and so on, all very kind indeed. Not like Mr. Swinburne when he attacks—not at all.

Nevertheless there are many excellently strong expressions in the book, and I am happy to quote some of them for the instruction of contemporary writers, who (I am

one of them) are very deficient in this kind of vigorous language, though I am glad to see the ACADEMY is beginning to revive it. Thus Landor says of Dryden that "of his poems, a part seems to have been composed in a brothel, the remainder in a gin-shop;" of the young Fox that "to the principles of a Frenchman"—frightful principles, according to Landor—"he added the habits of a Malay"—a fine phrase; of Canning that he "is among those sour productions, which acquire an early tinge of maturity, and drop off. It is idleness or unweariness in those who pick them up and taste them, and folly or shame in those who do not spit them out." He considered Voltaire an epitome of the French, "versatile, lively, vain, lying, shameless, unfeeling, unprincipled, and ambitious," and that "no man ever was so well formed to govern France as Bonaparte. . . . He was chosen to fill his office as thief-takers are chosen for theirs: from knowing the wants and habits of the abandoned and desperate." I admire this sort of writing even when I do not agree with its sense: when one does agree the effect is wonderfully satisfying, as in a splendid passage, too long to quote, in which he denounces the abominations of the factory system, the chief disgrace of our history.

Most of the book, however, is, as I said, temperate and reasonable enough. It is not really, as its title implies, an essay on Fox, but a mere review, discursive and rather casual, of Tretter's "Memoirs." It ranges widely, and perhaps the best of it is its literary criticism on Virgil, Ovid, Spenser, Ariosto, Racine and Euripides. Not really a notable performance, it is interesting because it is Landor's and always readable for its own sake.

G. S. STREET.

A GRAND OLD MAN

Comedies of Aristophanes in six volumes. Vol. vi.: *The Plutus* (with the *Menaechmi* of Plautus), edited, translated and explained by BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS. (Bell, 8s. 6d., *Menaechmi*, separately, 1s. 6d.)

It will perhaps surprise some of the readers of the ACADEMY to hear there was a "grand old man" before Gladstone; yet Persius in his first satire couples Aristophanes under that title with bold Cratinus and indignant Eupolis:

audaci quicunque adflate Cratino
iratum Eupolidem praegrandi cum sene palles.

But in the play now before us Aristophanes appears not as the greatest representative of Old Comedy but as the harbinger of Menander and the New Comedy, which abandons politics and personal raillery, and takes for its subject types of character, manners and the incidents of private life. The *Plutus* was produced at Athens in B.C. 388, when the poet was about sixty, the last of the extant plays of Aristophanes, and the last produced in his own name. For two lost plays, *Aeolosicon* and *Cocalus*, brought out later, appeared under the name of his son Arāros. They are said to have approximated, one to the type of the Middle Comedy, and the other to that of the New. So the "grand old man" is not only the father (as being the greatest) of the Old Comedy but the grandfather of the New, and through it of the drama of Terence, Plautus, Molière. The *Plutus* is, therefore, from some points of view, the most interesting of the Aristophanic dramas extant. Like two which preceded it, the *Lysistrata* and the *Ecclesiazusae*, or "Women in Parliament," there is no *parabasis*, in which the leader of the chorus "comes forward" to set forth the grievances or triumphs of the poet and his views on public affairs. In the *Plutus* there are no choral songs, none of those "woodnotes wild" of the Clouds and Birds, not to be rivalled elsewhere save in the plays of Shakespeare; none of the searchlights of literary criticism and parody which flash through the *Frogs* and *Thesmophoriazusae*. We have not

the exquisite idylls of the *Peace* and *Acharnians* nor the dazzling topsyturvydom of the *Birds* and *Lysistrata*; it does not lash like the *Knights* and *Wasps*; but we have admirable wit and humour, triumphs of expression (for which Mr. Rogers's scholarly dexterity is just the quality most needed in a translator), and fine portraiture of social types. The comedy turns on the fact that in this world the wicked often flourish like a green bay tree, while the righteous are in poverty and destitution. This is because Wealth (*Plutus*) is blind. Let him be once restored to sight and all will go well. Then the righteous become wealthy and the ungodly have to beg their bread—and the result is the absolute extinction of Poverty (*Penia*). The whole scene between Chremylus and *Penia* is in the true Aristophanic vein, and Mr. Rogers does justice to it. We give a specimen of it (510-534):

Pov.

Why if Wealth should allot himself equally out (assume that his sight ye restore),
Then none would to science his talents devote or practise a craft any more.
Yet if science and art from the world should depart, pray whom would ye get for the future
To build you a ship, or your leather to snip, or to make you a wheel or a suture?
Do ye think that a man will be likely to tan, or a smithy or laundry to keep,
Or to break up the soil with his ploughshare, and toil the fruits of Demeter to reap,
If regardless of these he can dwell at his ease, a life without labour enjoying?

Ch.

Absurd! why the troubles and tasks you describe we of course shall our servants employ in.

Pov.

Your servants! But how will ye get any now? I pray you the secret to tell.

Ch.

With the silver we've got we can purchase a lot.

Pov.

But who is the man that will sell?

Ch.

Some merchant from Thessaly coming, belike, where most of the kidnappers dwell,
Who still, for the sake of the gain he will make, with the slaves that we want will provide us.

Pov.

But first let me say, if we walk in the way wherein ye are seeking to guide us,
There'll be never a kidnapper left in the world. No merchant of course (can ye doubt it?)
His life would expose to such perils as those had he plenty of money without it.
No, no; I'm afraid you must handle the spade and follow the plough-tail in person,
Your life will have double the toil and the trouble it used to.

Ch.

Thyself be thy curse on!

Pov.

No more on a bed will you pillow your head, for there won't be a bed in the land,
Nor carpets; for whom will you find at the loom, when he's plenty of money in hand?
Rich perfumes no more will ye sprinkle and pour as home ye are bringing the bride,
Or apparel the fair in habiliments rare so cunningly fashioned and dyed.
Yet of little avail is your wealth if it fail such enjoyments as these to procure you.
Ye fools, it is I who alone a supply of the goods which ye covet ensure you.
I sit like a Mistress, by Poverty's lash constraining the needy mechanic;
When I raise it, to earn his living he'll turn, and work in a terrible panic.

In connection with the cure of *Plutus* Mr. Rogers gives some interesting information about the Epidaurian sanctuary still called *Sto Ieró*, a word which illustrates a curious practice which came to prevail in more modern Greece, whereby places took on the prefix *Sto*. *Sto Ieró* is

ἐς τὸ Ἱερὸν; as Stalimene (Lemnos) is ἐς τὰν Λήμνον, and Stanco (the modern name of Kos) is ἐς τὰν κῶ. It is as if we should now get into a way of saying Hackney-way and Brixton-wards for Hackney and Brixton. The best example of all is Stamboul, Cityway, ἐς τὰν πόλιν. The night spent in the temple is admirably described. Here is part of it (667-695):

CAR.

Soon the Temple servitor
Put out the lights, and bade us fall asleep,
Nor stir, nor speak, whatever noise we heard.
So down we lay in orderly repose.
And I could catch no slumber, not one wink,
Struck by a nice tureen of broth which stood
A little distance from an old wife's head,
Whereto I marvellously longed to creep.
Then, glancing upwards, I beheld the priest
Whipping the cheese-cakes and the figs from off
The holy table; thence he coasted round
To every altar, spying what was left.
And everything he found he consecrated
Into a sort of sack; so I, concluding
This was the right and proper thing to do,
Arose at once to tackle that tureen.

WIFE.

Unhappy man! Did you not fear the God?

CAR.

Indeed I did, lest he should cut in first,
Garlands and all, and capture my tureen.
For so the priest forewarned me he might do.
Then the old lady when my steps she heard
Reached out a stealthy hand; I gave a hiss,
And mouthed it gently like a sacred snake.
Back flies her hand; she draws her coverlets
More tightly round her, and, beneath them, lies
In deadly terror like a frightened cat.
Then of the broth I gobbled down a lot
Till I could eat no more, and then I stopped.

In another excellently written passage Carion describes the blessings wrought by the visit of Plutus, now cured of his blindness (802-817):

CAR.

How pleasant 'tis to lead a prosperous life,
And that, expending nothing of one's own.
Into this house a heap of golden joys
Has hurled itself though nothing wrong we've done.
Truly a sweet and pleasant thing is wealth.
With good white barley is our garner filled
And all our casks with red and fragrant wine.
And every vessel in the house is crammed
With gold and silver, wonderful to see.
The tank o'erflows with oil; the oil-flasks teem
With precious unguents; and the loft with figs.
And every cruet, pitcher, pannikin,
Is turned to bronze; the mouldy trencherlets
That held the fish are all of silver now.
Our lantern, all at once, is ivory-framed.
And we the servants, play at odd-or-even
With golden staters.

The dialogue with the Informer beginning 850 is far too long to quote. He laments the ill-luck that now pursues him. A comparison with the Informer-Scene in the *Birds*, as Mr. Roger observes, will show that, though the material and surroundings of Comedy have changed, the *vis comica* is as great in the later as the earlier play: indeed to us, as to Mr. Rogers, the passage in the *Plutus* seems wittier and more dramatic. The Scene with the Old Lady is excellent, but smacks more of Wycherley than Congreve.

As in all the editions of Mr. Rogers there are many scholarly comments both in the explanatory footnotes and in the Critical Appendix; but these we have not room to consider.

Mr. Rogers has added a very spirited version of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, to give the English reader a clear idea of the difference between the Old Attic Comedy and the New which Aristophanes adumbrated in the *Plutus* and inaugurated in the *Cocalus* brought out after his death by his son Arārōs. He rhymes in all save the parts of the play written in trimeter iambics. We have space only for one specimen, and it shall be taken from a

lyrical passage, in which Erotium welcomes her lover Act ii. scene 3:

Nay leave the doors so; don't shut them but go
And on what is within your attention bestow.
Let everything there that is needful be done.
Be the couches bedight, and the perfumes alight,
For by sweetness and neatness a lover is won.
Pleasant surroundings are his bane, our gain.
But where is he, the cook declared was standing

Outside the door?

Ah there he is, my chiefest love, my best
Most generous patron, paramount
Here, in this house of mine;
I will approach and speak.

O soul of my life, what is this that I see?
O, why wilt thou stand at my doors which expand
As wide as thine own at thy lightest command?
Did I say as thine own? Why, whose else should they be?
These doors ARE thine own; they belong but to thee.

Come, all is ready now,
All that thou badest is prepared and done.
Come, and recline beside me at the feast:
Come in, dear love, come in.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

TUDOR AND STUART

An Introductory History of England from Henry VII. to the Restoration. By C. N. L. FLETCHER. (Murray, 5s.)

THIS book is the second volume of Mr. Fletcher's

attempt to place before boys who will think for themselves and not merely learn by rote a somewhat unconventional view of the leading events and personages in English history, unfettered by traditional judgment and yet resting upon nothing beyond the ordinarily received authorities.

Such a task is a difficult one, in part of it Mr. Fletcher has certainly succeeded, he has put forward unconventional views; for instance, "Henry VIII. was a fat bad man;" "it is difficult to regard Edward VI. as the young Josiah raised up by heaven to extirpate the worship of idols;" Mary was "a prim little woman of pallid complexion;" Elizabeth "a flirt to the very verge of impropriety." Yet in spite of these unconventional views, on the whole Mr. Fletcher's book is a valuable addition to our school literature, it is the outcome of the new historical school and puts the different personages before us in a way not to be found in any other school history. The account of Henry VII. is in our view hardly fair to that king, yet it is far better than the stock picture to be found in our histories. It recognises that Henry VII. was the first English king who played a part in the great game of European politics. We may differ as to the precise part he played or the way he played it, but Mr. Fletcher is right in saying that at his death he held the balance of Europe in his hands. Over Henry VIII. Mr. Fletcher lets himself go; it is hardly worthy of the rest of his book thus to describe the king:

A monster of egotism and cruelty who shocks us the more from the fact that he had the name of God and conscience for ever on his lips. He combined in his own person the odious attributes of popular despot and anointed demagogue.

It recalls Lord John Russell's stilted account of Henry as the man who "first confuted the heretic whom he afterwards had the satisfaction to burn."

We are inclined to agree that Anne Boleyn was "neither beautiful, intellectual nor virtuous." Indeed, it is open to question if any lady who had been resident in the French court of that period could be described by the last adjective; but whatever her failings might be, we must protest against Mr. Fletcher's appellation that she was "a horrid female." Nor can we accept his account of Mary Stuart, "the primitive woman was for ever peeping out in her." Nor of Elizabeth, "she cannot do without three lovers at least sighing for her at the same time." This he says she gets "from her wicked mother."

If Mr. Fletcher's book had much of this style of writing we should have hardly considered it adapted for schools,

but there are far better things in it. His portrait of Sir Roger as an example of an Elizabethan squire is as good a picture as we have read for a long time of an English country gentleman of the sixteenth century, of the men who formed the backbone of England. That, and the last chapters of the story of the next Sir Roger, carry on the account of English country life to the Rebellion, forming a description that it would be hard to equal, and it is with almost a sigh that we read of the news from Basing House in March 1644, that the father, son, and grandson "lie dead in the fatal valley where the infant stream trickles down from Bramdean to Cheriton Mill." Mr. Fletcher is on the whole inclined to deal leniently with James I. He says: "his career may well illustrate a sermon on the virtue of temper, tact, and self-restraint." Had he possessed all these virtues and not been as the French statesman described him "the most learned fool in Christendom" his "kingly gift" to his son could not have been other than it was. Temper, tact, and self-restraint might have postponed the fight, but it had to come, and it was well for England it came when and as it did. We do not think Mr. Fletcher is at his best in his account of the Civil War. He underrates what in our opinion was the true Royalist strength, the personal belief in Charles and what Charles represented. We who have full opportunity, which his contemporaries had not, for seeing how deceitful he was, fail to appreciate how differently he appeared to his followers. Possibly his most skilful acts were the concealment of his deceit from his courtiers. But no amount of evidence that can now be adduced as to Charles's duplicity will affect the fact that his followers believed absolutely in him, and he was able by his personal conduct to maintain that belief. Mr. Fletcher's account of the Commonwealth brings out points that the whole of the old-fashioned histories ignored—the dread of the European States to the rise of a new military power, a dread which operated very strongly against the Royalists; the government by martial law which was really that of Cromwell; the difficulties which beset Cromwell and compelled him to govern in one way. All these are well brought out and tend to give us a very different view of Cromwell to what was formerly the case. Probably it is impossible now to say what Cromwell would have done if he had had a free hand.

On the whole we have to thank Mr. Fletcher for his book. On various points we differ from him, but we recognise the labour and care he has bestowed on his work; and it is good work to have written a history which will make persons think that the stereotyped judgments based often on partial and indifferent evidence need revision, even if we are not always able to agree with the revised version submitted to us.

THE ELECTRIC THEORY OF MATTER

Electrons, or the Nature and Properties of Negative Electricity.
By Sir OLIVER LODGE. (Bell, 6s.)

"THE present book," says Sir Oliver Lodge in his preface, "is intended throughout for students of general physics and in places for specialists, but most of it may be taken as an exposition of a subject of inevitable interest to all educated men." This description is well warranted. Parts of this book are only for specialists. There are not a few mathematical calculations too abstruse for the lay reader. But the main theme of the book is not hard to follow. The ordinary unscientific reader is probably aware that great things have been happening in physics lately. We have all heard of the X-rays and radium and may know that these discoveries have something to do with electricity. We may remember that Mr. Balfour addressed the British Association at Cambridge on electrons. But the ordinary reader must want to know what it all comes to. That he can discover in this book, and after being instructed in the relation of ordinary electrical phenomena to cathode

rays, radium and magnetic storms, etc., he can find how discoveries made in very different parts of physics all bear on the electric theory of matter.

The book suggests that there is good hope of the ancient quarrel between philosophy and science coming to an end. Since the time of Democritus scientists have insisted on supposing that the material world is made up of matter plus something else, that something else involving motion, and since the time of Plato philosophers have insisted that we can only know matter by what it does; that its real existence must be in action, that if science insists that everything is material, it cannot explain what matter is and that it admits the existence of motion which, whatever it is, is not matter as ordinarily conceived. Electricity was supposed to solve the difficulty, but before the discovery and measurement of electrons it only complicated the question. Electricity was only a name given to the behaviour of matter under certain conditions because it was different to the behaviour of matter under other conditions. Matter, or "something we know not what," sometimes transferred motion whatever motion is, and sometimes an electric charge—another something "we know not what." In what way does the discovery of electrons take us further? In this way. Under certain conditions we find existing not this mysterious matter which involves motion which is not matter, or which carries an electric charge which makes it move, but the electric charge independent and isolated. And an electric charge is only the way it behaves or is only motion. In knowing the way it behaves we know all about it. There is no mysterious substratum behind. Yet this self-existing motion has a size which can be measured and all the other properties of matter. It is suggested that in time we may be able to show that all phenomena which we call material are only complicated modes of such energy. What this means is shown by the hypotheses as to the constitution of an atom given by Sir Oliver Lodge on pp. 148-150. We quote two of them.

The bulk of the atom may consist of a multitude of positive and negative electrons, interleaved as it were, and holding themselves together in a cluster by their mutual attractions, either in a state of intricate orbital motion or in some geometrical configuration, kept permanent by appropriate connections.

Or the bulk of the atom may be composed of an indivisible unit of positive electricity, constituting a presumably spherical mass or jelly in the midst of which an electrically equivalent number of point electrons are, as it were, "sown"; these electrons probably distributing themselves in rings, after the fashion of Alfred Mayer's floating magnetic needles, and revolving in regular orbits about the centre of the jelly, with a force directed to that centre and varying as the direct distance from it.

Sir Oliver Lodge is careful to point out that these are still mere hypotheses. We have not yet done with unknown substrata. We do not know what positive electricity is. The relation of those actions which we call positive electricity to those which we call negative is not thoroughly understood. And were that task accomplished, we are still left with the mysterious æther, which, as the late Lord Salisbury pointed out, is only a name for "that which undulates" and probably must always remain so. But there is no reason to suppose that the phenomena of positive electricity will not some day be made as intelligible as the phenomena of negative electricity have been shown to be in this book. Then we shall know the constitution of matter in the sense that we shall be able to understand all the forms of its existence as modes of its action according to the laws of physics. Science then will present an account of matter which will satisfy the demands of metaphysics.

For the most wonderful feature of their discoveries is the power which physics shows to explain in forms of sight and touch movements which must always be hidden from the senses. The structure of an atom will never be seen however fine our instruments are. Yet it seems possible that we shall soon be able to regard it as a complicated astronomical system of a particular kind. And that conception of it will not be a mere guess or

hypothesis but a description which will enable us to foretell its behaviour under different conditions. And is not that the aim and purpose of all knowledge?

We may not all be interested in questions of electric inertia, or radio-activity or the instability of atoms for themselves, but we must be interested in the approach to what Sir Oliver Lodge describes as "the theoretical and proximate achievement of what philosophers have always sought after, viz., a unification of matter."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Sculpture of the West. By Dr. HANS STEGMAN. Translated by MARIAN EDWARDES. Temple Cyclopædic Primers. (Dent, 1s. net.)

WE have ceased to wonder at the marvels of cheapness issued by Messrs. Dent. All our capability of wonder is now directed to the fact that in every instance the value is fully maintained. "Sculpture of the West" is no exception to the rule. One hundred and sixty pages are filled with excellent type and a considerable number of good photographic illustrations, followed by a small but useful bibliography and an index of artists' names. If ancient sculpture, Greek and Roman, can only claim some forty pages, we have no cause to grumble, for the literature of this branch of the subject is enormous, and for the most part easily accessible. The short chapter on the Christian era to 1000 A.D. seems to postulate rather too much knowledge on the reader's part. In the section devoted to the early Middle Ages England is dismissed with a single page, and the only English sculptor mentioned in the book, William Torrell, finds no place in the index—he is a mere "goldsmith." The progress of Italian sculpture to the close of the twelfth century is excellently set out, and Niccolo Pisano receives perhaps rather more than his meed of praise. But it cannot be said that as a whole the sense of proportion is well maintained, and this constitutes the main defect of this otherwise admirable little guide. The greater part of the book is occupied by German sculpture, and—we say it with all due respect to Dr. Stegman—Peter Vischer is not worth more than Michael Angelo, while we cannot discover the name of a single other German sculptor whom we can rank with Donatello—or even with Bernini. Germany as a whole would seem to have wavered continually between the living realism of Vischer—which it seldom attained—and the utter conventionalism of Stosz, which is no more or less than Byzantinism "up to date." Yet Dr. Stegman claims for the Nuremberg school a decided tendency toward realism, and describes Stosz as its greatest exponent. The only example of his work here illustrated displays the "ivory attitude" in its most aggressive form, and the fat smirk on the face of the Madonna conveys no idea of life. Despite Dr. Stegman's assertion that Adam Krafft "took his stand on the old Gothic," we find in his work—notably the Via Crucis at Nuremberg between the town and the cemetery—more of the Roman than of the Gothic manner of narrative sculpture.

The notice of French sculpture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is extremely slight, and is overshadowed by the author's enthusiasm for Dannecker, Thorwaldsen and Schadow. Of the three Dannecker was perhaps the greatest artist, though Thorwaldsen was more successful as an imitator of the antique. We are glad to find Houdon given his right place as the master-sculptor of the eighteenth century, but we cannot help regretting that limitations of space have compelled the author to confine his notice of the great apostle of Romanticism, Rude, to the concluding half-dozen lines of his book.

Miss Edwardes's translation is a little stiff, and she has not quite shaken off the German idiom. But the book as a

general guide or for rapid reference is most handy and attractive, and well worth more than its very modest price.

Siena and Her Artists. By FREDERICK H. H. SEYMOUR. (Unwin, 6s.)

It seems hardly right that this little book should run the gauntlet of serious criticism. Well meant, a labour of love, compiled from notes made while the author was developing an affection for Sienese painting during several visits to "the beautiful and perfectly unique city"—it is what? Merely a rambling record of the aspect of Siena, ancient and modern, and a brief account of Sienese painters from Duccio to Rutilio of the seventeenth century. To Mr. Langton Douglas, who has specialised in the creed-inspired art of Siena, this volume will seem like an intelligent pupil's essay to a professor of history; to Mr. Hobart Cust, who has compiled a vast, learned and laborious book on Sodoma, Mr. Seymour's notes on that artist will seem the playtime task of a saunterer in Siena.

For whom then is the book destined? Certainly for the unlearned and culture-eager spring visitor to Siena, to whom the Races of the Palio, and the Madonnas of Duccio, are equally misty. He or she reading the pages at night, after the day's adventures in Siena will find them treasure-trove. He or she will perhaps excuse or approve the author's sentimentality about the figure of John the Baptist in Jacopo della Quercia's baptismal font; will copy into a note-book the passage wherein Mr. Seymour neatly observes that Siena, in punishment for her contumacy towards the Renaissance, seems to have been placed in Coventry and "severely let alone" for centuries upon her disdainful Acropolis; and perhaps he or she will not notice the slang, the misprint, and the woeful clichés in the following passage describing a Pinturicchio fresco:

Upon one of the "pranciest," a chestnut, is seated, as to the manner born, the prince of painters, the peerless Raphael Sauzio.

A book for the amateur—yes! Unimportant, but re-deemed by enthusiasm and headlong interest in the subject.

Historical Character Studies. Translated from the Dutch of Dr. JORISSEN by the Rev. B. S. BERRINGTON. (Sutton, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN a quiet and reasonable manner Dr. Jorissen studies the vivid characters with which he is dealing. There is something pathetic and something humorous in the incongruity of Marie Antoinette being a subject for staid research, and of a well-reasoned monograph. Dr. Jorissen is a very human professor: but he remains a professor throughout. And if ever his heart beat more quickly in the writing of his monograph, he kept the effect sternly under control. She is only the daughter of Maria Theresa, who was ill-starred enough to be caught in a political crisis. You see the butterfly pinned in the collector's drawer—pinned with delicate precision, be it said—and hear the collector's exposition on the species: that is the way of course to know about Diurnal Lepidoptera though the flowers and the field are the domain and the sun the proper showman of the living butterfly. Quietly he recounts the facts, and as he records them you feel that with him the facts are far the most important matters, as presumably to the historian the facts should be. But the more you read, the more incredible it becomes that Marie Antoinette, who is exposed and described with this minuteness, could ever have lived and rejoiced in her brief day of sunshine. And yet when the disquisition is at an end, if the imagination is not entirely lamed, there comes before you a truer picture of the creature—or rather the basis from which a truer picture may arise. Everything is there but the breath of life. Such a disquisition has the usefulness too of a photograph of a picture. It kindles

the memory of the real thing—only the colour is wanting and colour is apt to be the life of a picture;

Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

In two lines Thomas Nashe expressed the significance of the tragedy more forcibly than a commentator could have done in many volumes. The translation is rather clumsily made. And in a book printed with such admirable type on such good paper, as this book is, misprints are singularly annoying.

SHAVIANS FROM SUPERMAN

DONNA ANA *has vanished to sup her man; the DEVIL and the STATUE are descending through trap, when a voice is heard crying "Stop, stop"; the mechanism is arrested and there appears in the empyrean* MR. CHARLES HAZELWOOD SHANNON, *the artist with halo.*

THE DEVIL.

[*While Shannon regains his breath.*] Really Mr. Shannon, this is a great pleasure and quite unexpected. I am truly honoured. No quarrel I hope with the International? Pennell quite well? How is the Whistler memorial getting on?

SHANNON.

So, so. To be quite frank I had no time to prepare for Heaven, and earth has become intolerable for me. [*Seeing the Statue*] Is that a Rodin you have there? Ah, no, I see, rather late sixteenth century—Jean Gougon? Not in very good taste. We don't like sixteenth-century sculpture.

THE DEVIL.

Oh! I forgot, let me introduce you. Commander! Mr. C. H. Shannon, a most distinguished painter, the English Velasquez, the Irish Titian, the Scotch Giorgione, all in one, Mr. Shannon, his Excellency the Commander.

SHANNON.

Delighted, I am sure. The real reason of my coming here is that I could stand Ricketts no longer. Ricketts the artist I adore. Ricketts the causeur is delightful. Ricketts the enemy entrancing. Ricketts the friend, one of the best. But Ricketts, when designing dresses for the Court and other productions, is not very amiable.

THE STATUE.

[*Sighing.*] Ah! yes, I know Ricketts.

THE DEVIL.

[*Sighing.*] We all know Ricketts. Never mind he shall not come here. I shall give special orders to Charon. Come on to the trap and we can start for the palace.

SHANNON.

Ah! yes. I heard you were moving to the Savoy. Think it will be a success?

[*They descend and no reply is heard. Whisk! Mr. Frank Richardson on this occasion does not appear; void and emptiness; the fire-proof curtain may be lowered here in accordance with the County Council rules; portraits of deceased and living dramatic critics can be thrown on the curtain by magic lantern in order to symbolise stupidity, vulgarity, mendacity, personal uncleanness, ignorance, blackmail, envy, disappointment, rage, folly, defective syntax and caddishness. Needless to say, seven notable portraits are omitted. Of them, more anon. The point of this travesty*

will be entirely lost to those who have not read Mr. Shaw's dramatic masterpiece, "Man and Superman." It is the first masterpiece in the English literature of the twentieth century. It is also necessary to have read the dramatic criticisms in the daily press and to have some acquaintance with the Court Theatre, the Stage Society, and certain uncensored plays; and to know that Mr. Ricketts designs dresses. This being thoroughly explained, the Curtain may rise; discovering a large Gothic Hall decorated in the 1880 taste. Allegories by Watts on the wall, "Time cutting the corns of Eternity." "Love whistling down the ear of Life." "Youth catching a crab," etc. Windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. A Peacock Blue Hungarian Band playing on Do'metch instruments music by Purcell, Byrde, Bu'l, Bear, Palestrina and Wagner, etc. Various well-known people crowd the Stage. Among the living may be recognised Mr. George Street; Mr. Max Beerbohm and his brother; Mr. Albert Rothenstein and his brother, etc. The company is intellectual and artistic; not in any way smart; but Mr. George Moore enters with a Zion of the aristocracy and Mr. Theodore Cook. The Savile and Athenæum Clubs are well represented, but not the Savage, the Garrick, the Gardenia or any of the establishments in the vicinity of Leicester Square. The Princess Salomé is greeting some of the arrivals who stare at her in a bewildered fashion.

THE DEVIL.

Silence please, ladies and gentlemen, for his Excellency the Commander.

[*A yellowish pallor moves over the audience.*

THE STATUE.

It was my intention this evening to make a few observations on flogging in the Navy, Vaccination, the Times Book Club, Vivisection, the Fabian Society, the Royal Academy, Compound Chinese Labour, Style, Simple Prohibition, Vulgar Fractions and other kindred subjects. But as I opened the paper this morning, my eye caught these headlines: "Future of the House of Lords," "Mr. Edmund Gosse at Home," "The Nerves of Lord Northcliff," "Interview with Mr. Winston Churchill," "Reported Indisposition of Miss Edna May." A problem was thus presented to me. Will I, shall I, ought I to speak to my friends here—ahem—and elsewhere, on the subjects about which they came to hear me speak? [*Applause.*] No, I said, the bounders must be disappointed; otherwise they will know what to expect. You must always surprise your audience. When it has been advertised (sufficiently) that I am going to speak about the Truth for example, the audience comes here expecting me to speak about Fiction. The only way to surprise them is to speak the Truth and that I always do. Nothing surprises English people more than Truth; they don't like it; they don't pay any attention to those (such as my friend Mr. H. G. Wells and myself) who trade in Truth, but they listen and go away saying "how very whimsical and paradoxical it all is" and "what a clever adventurer the fellow is to be sure." "That was a good joke about duty and beauty being the same thing";—that was a joke I did not make. It is not my kind of joke—but when people begin ascribing to you the jokes of other people, you become a living—I was going to say statue—but I mean a living classic.

THE DEVIL.

I thought you disliked anything classic?

THE STATUE.

Ahem! only *dead* classics—especially when they are employed to protect romanticism. Dead classics are the protective tariff put on all realism and truth by bloated idealism. In a country of plutocrats, idealism keeps out truth: idealism is more expensive and therefore is more in demand. In America there are more plutocrats and therefore more idealists . . . as Mr. Pember Reeves has pointed out in New Zealand. . . .

THE DEVIL.

But I say, is this drama?

THE STATUE.

Certainly not. It is a discussion taking place at a theatre. It is no more drama than a music-hall entertainment or a comic opera, or a cinematograph, or a hospital operation, all of which things take place in theatres. But surely it is more entertaining to come to a discussion charmingly mounted by Ricketts—discussion too, in which every one knows what he is going to say—than to flaccid plays in which the audience always knows exactly what the actors *are* going to say better often than the actors. The sort of balderdash which Mr. — serves up to us for plays.

THE DEVIL.

[*Peevish and old-fashioned.*] I wish you would define drama.

HANKIN.

[*Advancing.*] Won't you have tea, Commander? It's not bad tea considering where we are.

THE STATUE.

So the prodigal has returned! I was afraid he was going to become an idealist.

HANKIN.

[*Aside.*] Excuse my interrupting, but I want you to be particularly nice to the Princess Salomé. You know she was jilted by Mr. Redford.

THE DEVIL.

You might introduce her to Mrs. Warren. But I am afraid the Princess has taken rather too much upon herself this evening.

THE STATUE.

Yes, she has taken too much, I am sure she has taken too much.

A JOURNALIST.

Is that the Princess Salomé who has Mexican opals in her teeth, and red eyebrows and green hair, and curious rock crystal breasts?

THE DEVIL.

Yes, that is the Princess Salomé.

SHANNON.

I know the Princess quite well. Ricketts makes her frocks. Shall I ask her to dance?

THE DEVIL.

Yes, anything to distract her attention from the guests. These artistic English people are so easily shocked. They don't understand Strauss, or indeed anything until it is quite out of date. I want to make Hell at least as attractive as it is painted; a *place* as well as a *condition* within the meaning of the Act. Full of wit, beauty, pleasure, freedom—

THE STATUE.

Ugh. Ugh.

SHANNON.

Will you dance for us, Princess?

SALOMÉ.

Anything for you, dear Mr. Shannon, only my ankles are a little sore to-night. How is dear Ricketts? I want new dresses so badly.

SHANNON.

I suppose by this time he is [in Heaven. But won't you dance just to make things go? And then the Commander will lecture on super-maniacs later on!

SALOMÉ.

Senor Diavolo, what will you give me if I dance to-night?

THE DEVIL.

Anything you like, Salomé. I swear by the dramatic critics.

HANKIN.

[*Correcting.*] You mean the Styx.

THE DEVIL.

Same thing. Dance without any further nonsense, Salomé. Forget that you are in England. This is an unlicensed house.

[SALOMÉ dances the dance of the Seven Censors.]

THE DEVIL.

[*Applauding.*] She is charming. She is quite charming. Salomé, what shall I do for you? You who are like a purple patch in some one else's prose. You who are like a black patch on some one else's face. You are like an Imperialist in a Radical Cabinet. You are like a Tariff Reformer in a Liberal Unionist Administration. You are like the Rokeby Velasquez in St. Paul's Cathedral. What can I do for you who are fairer than —

SALOMÉ.

This sort of thing has been tried on me before. Let us come to business. I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

No, not that. You must not ask that. I will give you Walkley's head. He has the best head of all of them. He is not ignorant. He really knows what he is talking about.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, listen to me. Be reasonable. Do not interrupt me. I will give you William Archer's head. He is charming; a cultivated liberal-minded critic. He is too liberal. He admires Stephen Phillips. I will give you his head if you release me from my oath.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on the top of a four-wheel cab. Remember your oath!

THE DEVIL.

I remember I swore *at*, I mean, by the dramatic critics. Well, I am offering them to you. Exquisite and darling Salomé, I will give you the head of Max Beerbohm. It is unusually large; but it is full of good things. What a charming ornament for your mantelpiece. You will be in the Movement. How every one will envy you. People will call upon you who never used to call. Others will send you invitations. You will at last get into English society.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on the top of a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, come hither. Have you ever looked in the *Daily Mirror*? Only in the *Daily Mirror* should one look. For it tells the truth sometimes. Well, I will give you the head of Hamilton Fyffe. No critic is so fond of the drama as Hamilton Fyffe. [*Huskily.*] Salomé, I will give you W. L. Courtney's head. [*Sensation.*] I will give you Grein's head. I will give you all their heads.

SALOMÉ.

I have the scalps of most critics. I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé. You do not know what you ask. Mr. Redford is a kind of religion. He represents the Lord Chamberlain. You know the dear Lord Chamberlain. You would not harm one of his servants, especially when they are not insured. It would be cruel. It would be irreligious. It would be in bad taste. It would not be respectable. Listen to me, I will give you all Herod's Stores. . . . Salomé, Shannon was right. You HAVE taken too much, or you would not ask this thing. See, I will give you Mr. Redford's body, but not his head. Not that, not that, my child.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheeled cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, I must tell you a secret. It is terrible for me to have to tell the truth. The Commander said that I would have to tell the Truth. MR. REDFORD HAS NO HEAD.

[The audience long before this have begun to put on their cloaks and the dramatic critics have gone away to describe the cold reception with which the play has been greeted. All the people on the stage cover their faces except the STATUE, who has become during the action of the piece more and more like Mr. Bernard Shaw. Curtain descends slowly.]

ROBERT ROSS.

JULIA TILT—POETESS AND WOMAN

WITH all allowance, be it said, we have never before nor since had an English poet who was a woman. Alone has the authoress of "Poems and Ballads" (London: Churton, 26 Holles Street, 1847. In the twopenny box; but they'll take a penny if you insist) set down for us with unflinching truth and vigour a woman's point of view. Shakespeare's women are failures or, at any rate, half-truths. Perhaps Whitman, perhaps Swinburne, has come nearer to the truth; but only Julia Tilt can Reveal Her Self. Our poetess is not artist enough to give us a perfect presentation, or wide-minded enough to give us a complete one. But if the twopenny box will only yield sufficient copies of "Poems and Ballads" (by J. T., of course, not A. C. S.!) we are hopeful for the literature of the future.

(A friend, to whom I have shown these notes in manuscript, declares that the preceding paragraph comes straight out of an article on Laurence Hope in the *Monthly Review* for June. Pooh! And, even if it does, my poetess Revealed Her Self half a century before Mr. Flecker's. We might adore, but would rather not marry, Laurence Hope; we love but do not fear our Julia. What! Am I quoting him again?)

I would only ask this: Can Mr. Flecker show for his

poetess half the number of subscribers that I can for mine? Here (pp. xv. to xxviii.) is a list of nearly three hundred, beginning with H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and two other princesses, going on with two duchesses, two marchionesses and ten countesses, and not coming down to plain "Mrs." for two whole pages. And what—to quote Julia herself—

What has caused proud Briton's dames,
To congregate en masse,
And mix with such a social air
With those of different class;

on pp. xv. to xxviii.? Not to see "The Countess Of C— Dressed For The Queen's Grand Fancy Ball, June 6, 1845," as they were when the poetess saw them, but to celebrate in the divine Julia herself the revelation of True Womanhood.

For stately grandeur, honest worth,
Are both in her combined,
A noble compact when it's found:
Alas! how hard to find.

It is my object to let Julia speak for herself, so far as possible; and the claim of True Womanhood will not be denied to the author of the following lines "Written On Seeing Her Majesty Open Parliament, 1847."

The graceful form is still the same,
The snowy brow unchanged,
Though five young cherub forms around
The mother's chair are ranged,

[Surely Princess Christian was then a little young for public appearance?]

And, gazing on with looks of pride,
Saxe-Gotha's Prince stands by her side.

Yes, earth's choicest gifts have fell
Upon that happy pair . . .

How pure and true the Womanhood that inspired those words of genius! Take another passage:

Yes, heaven lays in every breast
That feels another's woe,
And that it's in thy gracious heart,
Your deeds of mercy show.

Who will dare now to say Julia Tilt did not Reveal Her Self, and was not Truly Feminine? Mr. Flecker, who appears to have claimed for his poetess everything that I claim for mine, admits that his is a "sincere, but imperfect artist," and talks of "certain crude verses," which yet "seem to ring more true than exquisite phrase and swelling harmony." Julia is a sincere, but (I cannot deny it) an imperfect artist. Her genius rose superior to the dusty laws of grammar and rhyme. Things (alas for the poetic temperament!),

Things which formed my happiness
Are now a shadowy dream;
This world how different it feels
To what it used to seem!

Hear her yet again:

Oh Ireland, a shadow is fallen
And spread its dark shade o'er the land;
Thy fate is now so appalling
We cannot your sorrows withstand.

And though the tear of sympathy springs to her Womanly eye when she thinks of the sorrows of the Isle,

Where the air is so pure, and the sky is so blue
That no reptile e'er found him a seat [!]

she has all the unflinching morality of her sex. "Its the vengeance of God going forth," she cries, "to punish some sin of their pride." "The true lover of the art" (Mr. Flecker again!) "confronted with this straightforward verse, should not let speculations about the weak rhyme interfere with his admiration and pleasure."

But we ought not to dwell on the faults of our poetess. Let us turn to her transcendent merits. And first among

them is that preoccupation with all that is noble and regal in human nature which is the mark of a lofty, a Truly Feminine, Soul. Julia needs must love the highest when she sees it. Merely "*Seeing Lady Clementina Villiers*" awoke the poetic frenzy, and inspired the poetess with twenty-six rapturous lines. And, with the self-effacement that is the peculiar virtue of her sex, she prays, not for any benefit for herself from such exalted beings, but for *their* happiness, *their* peace.

Then may the Lord of Arundel,
Whose virtues all confess,
Live with his Duchess many years,
The hearts of all to bless.
May every blessing earth affords
Be showered on their head ;

Do but note the consummate subtlety of the singular noun, "*their head.*" *Caro una—unum caput.*]

And happiness attend their steps
Till numbered with the dead.

Not afterwards—for Julia, like all great souls, was deeply religious.

Here is another of her tender, Womanly wishes, "*Written On Seeing The Infant Daughter Of Lord And Lady Ashley.*" "I'll pray," cries Julia,

That life may prove a sunny tide
Whereon thy bark may swim,
As gently as that cradle bower
Thou art reposing in.

Artless, delicious Womanhood! Nothing that is high and great escapes her upward-soaring vision; and the fall of aught that has been hallowed by contact with greatness is to her an irreparable loss. Soulless, sordid vandals haggled and chaffered over the Pavilion at Brighton within but a few years after its mirrors had reflected the Royal waistcoats, and while its atmosphere might still be held sanctified by the lingering odours of the Royal unguents. And the tragedy called out from the depths of the soul of our poetess a cry of anguish :

Oh, Royal domes, oh, fairy spires,
Must thou be levelled low?
Can nothing save thy sacred towers,
Or shield them from the blow?

Can we forget the days gone by,
When Royal George first came,
And raised thee from obscurity
Unto a Princely fane?

And though thy King has passed away,
And Royalty has fled,
Oh, let his palace still remain
In memory of the Dead.

The blow fell, and Julia bore it, with the meek endurance of a True Woman. It could not be said of her, as she herself said of another :

She, like a lily, bowed her head,
And yielded to the blast,
The storm passed over her, and proved
To be her first and last.

Many another storm had the lonely, agonised soul of Julia Tilt to endure. There were the wrongs of Poland; the death of many a dear friend among the aristocracy (including "*Miss Eliza Wyatt, Eldest Daughter of — Wyatt, Esq.,*" with whose family the poetess was evidently on the closest terms of intimacy); there was the unaccountable depression of her sister, "*Dear Gussy*";

Oh say, sometimes why clouds arise
And darken o'er the view,
And pensive sorrow reigns supreme
Within that eye of blue!

Why, indeed! Who could be sad when dwelling in the neighbourhood of Julia Tilt, and hearing, it may be, her poems read daily as they grew slowly to perfection. But these and many another sorrow the heroic soul of this

Woman bore with that ineffably sweet resignation which is a sure mark of True Womanhood.

And she had her consolations. Not for her the gaudy pleasures of Society :

Oh, could I name the path
Where I might bloom below—
It's not on fashion's gay parterre
That I would wish to blow.

Her joys were of the mind and the soul. Patriotism was one of them. It is true that she was no bigot. Of Napoleon she wrote :

Say shall I dip my pen in fire,
To paint the hero I admire?

and declared that his was

a Name, that cannot die,
Though Time on rapid pinions fly.

But she is all the truer a patriot for being tolerant.

Oh, glorious field of Waterloo,
You rise to memory fresh and true,
While banners o'er thee wave.
I'll sing thy bravest deeds in verse,
Thy triumphs while I've breath rehearse,
And crown the warrior's grave.

Yes, Waterloo's a glorious term,
It makes our hearts, with freedom burn!

And besides patriotism there was Art, in which perhaps lay her deepest consolation. She flew to welcome Jenny Lind to England. "One might suppose," she cries in rapture :

One might suppose a nightingale
Was warbling down thy throat.

And to Charles Mathews she was perhaps more gracious still.

Mathews, thy varied powers of speech
Would move the very dead ;
To sit unmoved, and hear thee speak,
One must be made of lead.

They tell me yours is acting ;
And it truly may be so ;
But of one thing I am certain—
It is impossible to know.

For the moment you appear,
We are spellbound while you stay,
It is so like life, we quite forget
We came to see a play.

Oh! it is nothing artificial,
No gesture overdone ;
You speak your part with such an ease
That acting there is none.

For I glory in my countryman,
And have a pride to see,
That, while all foreign things are praised,
It is British blood in thee.

And there, with that magnificent greeting from one genius to another, that dazzling revelation of a lofty artist-soul animated by the noblest patriotism, we take our leave of Julia Tilt. She has Revealed Her Self; and what more can poetry do? Poetess as she was, she never forgot that she was Woman too; and her slender volume is a priceless document in True Womanhood.

H. C.

THE NEW LITERATURE

WHAT extraordinary things are all about us in this wonderful world, full of significance and even warning, and we observe them not. This remark is a commonplace of all philosophy. But it is only by dinning commonplaces into the ears of people that it is possible to get them to open their understandings and cause them to consider carefully everything they take for granted, lest some great truth escape them which, too late, they may regret having

totally disregarded. If we were to assert that this is an age of advertisement, quite bluntly, everybody would say: just so. The observation would do for a dinner-table, but not for other occasions when the mind is more apprehensive. But if we declare (which we do solemnly) that nearly all the literary talent of the age is revealed in our present-day advertisements, perhaps some otherwise heedless persons may pause to consider the question. And we promise them that if they will lay aside their novels, their daily and weekly scrap-newspapers, and devote just the average amount of attention to the modern advertisement they will rise from their labour thoroughly interested, amused and instructed.

It is quite clear at this stage of literary development that almost anybody can write a novel. But it is very doubtful whether any but a small minority could write a successful advertisement. Let any man who thinks he could, and easily, just try it. To spur his imagination let him suppose himself the proprietor of a brand of whisky the sale of which is languishing. Or, if he desires a really hard task, let him conceive that his is a new brand which the public have never heard of, and have to be persuaded to buy. In these conditions he is exactly in the position of an author who has concocted his first novel. The world is full of novels and full also of whisky. In fact the world has too much of both. In the surmounting of that appalling fact lies the promise of success. The first device that will occur to the imaginary whisky proprietor will be to affix to the walls and fences of every railway station a number of tin plates bearing the legend: "Buy Smith's Whisky." A moment's reflection will show him that the cost of this proceeding would be prohibitive. This plan can only be followed by the owners of an already popular whisky. His only chance he will perceive, as he goes on considering, is somehow to insinuate to the public that it would be really worth their while to buy his whisky. This consideration brings him at once within the sphere of language. He will begin to perspire as all Englishmen do when they write. He will turn for ideas to other advertisements in the newspapers and elsewhere, and then will become profoundly impressed by the skill, ingenuity, high invention and profound insight into human nature displayed by the writers of the modern commercial advertisement. Indeed, they have left the novelists far behind. Would heaven that our novels and leading articles were written on the same principles of direct statement and deep persuasion that govern the advertisement. Every word must tell, every phrase have its effect, every sentence carry conviction. For why? Because space is money, and there is no room for explanation.

It all seems so simple when it is done, just like the best things of Shakespeare. There was a man who declared solemnly, and he was never known to tell a lie, that he had not found a great thought in any writer which had not occurred to himself at some time or another. That is the man for whom the great writers all wrote. And that is the man who will buy your whisky if you can only move him with a happy phrase. "The quality of mercy is not strained": of course it is not. Who ever said it was? "We strain nothing when we declare that the quality of our whisky is as mild as mercy." It must be very good whisky to "live up" to that comparison; but there is much make-believe in liquor, and the aroma of a happy advertisement never fails to communicate itself to the thing advertised. Therein lies the highest achievement of literature. Having produced this effect, you may proceed to make the most extraordinary statements moral and arithmetical. You may assert, for example, that in the opinion of yourself (the proprietor) the whisky you are offering is the finest ever put upon the market. If you said to a friend: "My wife or my watch is the finest wife or watch in the world," he would merely smile and retort that, being yours, of course you naturally thought so. But he would not believe you. Yet in an advertisement the statement makes a profound impres-

sion. Similarly, what would a man say to you if you told him that the price of certain articles was sixty shillings a dozen, but you would let him have one for five shillings? Unless he were a supremely good-mannered man he would wound your feelings. Yet the whisky-proprietor will in the glamour of an advertisement make you feel he is conferring a great favour upon you by offering to send you a bottle at the proportionate price of a dozen. It is the way of putting it that emboldens him; and in the way of putting it lies the secret of all great literature.

The more these things are pondered the more credible it becomes that in a few years somebody will be able to sell the "Encyclopædia Britannica" all over again. That somebody will begin, as likely as not, by telling you that "you simply cannot do without it. You may think you can, but you cannot. You are deluding yourself." Here is a man who has the assurance to assert: "We have never been in your house, and we know nobody who has been, but we do know that your papers are lying about in an untidy mess. You cannot lay your hand on a letter or an account when you want it. And our Perfect File System only costs four pound ten." Such a fellow in private would deservedly be kicked out of doors, yet by this gross impudence he sells his Perfect Files, and adds insult to injury by inducing his victims to preserve letters and rent-receipts.

When we turn from all this fine invention, this high imagination, this profound appreciation of human nature, as embodied in advertisements, and inquire why these qualities are so conspicuously absent in what is still called literature, we fall into a deep despondency. We find the subjects of some of our finest essays to be tooth-washes and furniture. "Behind every Pillow, Bed and Mattress stands"—what do you think? The spirit of your fathers? Not at all; the guarantee of So-and-so stands there. On a point of style we take exception to "mattress." It is not easy for anything to stand behind a mattress. Better would have been:

In every pillow, bed and mattress
Lies the — — reputation.

It is more musical; the very gallop of Hiawatha. But the conception is undeniably there; there and in many another composition appearing in the advertising columns day after day for a time, but not too long, pointing the finger of scorn at the lazy wits of professed literary writers. The qualities that used to go to the making of literature have been diverted into other channels, and the American has been the doing of it. The American is the model advertiser, and into his advertisements he pours a felicity of phrase and a knowledge of human nature which in darker ages would have found expression in plays, essays and poems. We are imitating him, but we lag behind yet, and continue to write novels.

ADAM LORIMER.

SHAKESPEAREOMANIA

BAD arguments reared upon unsound premisses form the stock-in-trade of most Shakespearean critics and commentators; even Shakespeare's enemies would feel pity for him if they but knew how he has been maltreated. It is high time that those who love him and do not desire to see his works used as pegs for absurd critical hats should raise some voice of earnest protest. It is the publishers who are the sinners, and unlike most sinners can reap no pleasure from their sinning. Most of the serious—that is to say almost all—volumes of Shakespearean criticism find their way to the remainder shop, bringing ruin to the earnest student who picks them up cheap and no profit to the publishers. Is it in vain then to appeal to the latter? To ask them to stay their hands and by mutual agreement to enter into an alliance of self-denial and not

to publish any more books that treat of Shakespeare and his life and his writings?

The very name Shakespeare bereaves some persons of the sweet reasonableness which they show in all other matters. Was ever there a saner critic than Professor Walter Raleigh? Yet, in the quite unnecessary little volume which he has been persuaded to add to English Men of Letters, he writes:

There is . . . nothing to object to Aubrey's other statement that "when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." Imaginative children are wont to decorate many a less worthy occasion with play-acting.

In any other connection such criticism would be written down as sheer midsummer madness; it is a pity Professor Raleigh forgot to exercise his faculty of humour.

Then there are those who see Shakespeare and his day through the spectacles of their own theories. Take, for example, the article by Mrs. Stopes in this month's *Fortnightly*. The title of the paper is misleading; it deals not so much with "Elizabethan Stage Scenery," as with the stage scenery of to-day and the manner of dealing with plays not presented upon public stages in Elizabeth's day. Shakespeare idolatry runs riot: Shakespeare could do no wrong! Owing to the absence of scenery, we are told that Shakespeare had time to devote himself "to the due alternation of secondary incidents (which always advanced the main action)"! Is there a single play by Shakespeare from which more than one incident might not be taken without its ever being missed except by those already acquainted with the work? Then here is conjecture set forth as fact:

We cannot understand Shakespeare's complete conception without seeing the whole of his play. In his work the action progresses from step to step; the idea evolves from conversation to conversation. To cut out anything, therefore, is to create a hiatus, irreparable by the stop-gap of mere scenery.

What proof have we that the plays were not "cut" in his own day and possibly by his own managerial hands? How can scenery be said to be a stop-gap for a hiatus in any play? Further on Mrs. Stopes shows that she has an entirely erroneous idea of the Elizabethan audience. It was very similar to that of to-day, thoroughly stupid, fond of simple fun, easily stirred by rant, entirely jingo; differing chiefly in that it did not strive to conceal its fondness for full-blooded naughtiness and its love of blood. But Mrs. Stopes would have us believe that Shakespeare trained his listeners "so as to be able to collaborate with him," until they became so highly intellectual that a Court Theatre audience of to-day is by comparison an ignorant mob. Another fact: "Nobody except the great was forced to learn to read!" What does this statement mean?

Mrs. Stopes is bent on proving that our plays of nowadays are poor things because all gift of imagination has been destroyed in playwright, player and playgoer by the use of scenery. "We have evolved a respectable school of British art" (!) but our theatres have been degraded. May be so; many will agree; but our use of scenery is no more to be blamed for the poorness of our plays than the want of it in Shakespeare's days for the greatness of his works. But space forbids that Mrs. Stopes's argument should be followed at length—or even seriously. In fact we have only dealt with it as an example of the deleterious effect that Shakespeare has upon almost all who write of him, and because—as was said in the beginning—it is quite time that a protest was raised against the constant maltreatment of our greatest poet. He is our greatest poet, let him rest at that; he was not a minor deity who could do no wrong; but a major man who could do more right than any before or since. If he was a god, then he had feet of clay; as a man he had a head of gold. Let his fame as well as his bones rest in peace.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

THE SPLUTTERING FLAME

THE article by one "Z" entitled "Sham and Super-Sham" in the current *Blackwood's*, with its angry splutterings from a smouldering fire of hate, should rouse the antagonism of all who believe that the ends of criticism are not served by violent and personal, not to say libellous, denunciation. Of Mr. Shaw, against whom the attack is directed, I may say at once that I am opposed to his doctrines and do not propose to defend them; moreover, Mr. Shaw is quite capable of taking care of himself. But much as one may hate sincerely an idea for its supposedly evil influence upon one's own age it will not be smashed by the mistaken efforts of those whose hatred of ideas tends only too often to hatred of men.

Again, it would be as well if one could evolve a new definition of decadence. This is but one of the charges brought by "Z" against both Mr. Shaw and Nietzsche, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, included Wagner in that category. One begins to suspect the stability, say, of Mr. Meredith's Everard Romfrey and to ask, though not without fear of hurting the feelings of one to whom epigrams are anathema, whether decadence is not the "last word" of the journalistic Mrs. Grundy: of whom to-day, apparently, it cannot be said that "son petit chien fait la révérence comme un maître à danser," or that, if a grandmother, "c'est une grandmère tres agréable"; she is scarcely worthy of such delightful badinage. Assuredly, the term is abused when applied to Nietzsche, who, however one may disagree with the general trend of his philosophy, bids us, in one of his most profound parables, "keep holy our highest hope." "Z," needless to say, makes the usual references to "hopeless madmen," "madhouse smatterings," "diseased eccentrics," etc. It would seem that he confounds decadence with a conscious egoism which he himself might find it difficult to explain. Decadence we may define for him as a state of mind existing chiefly where mind is decaying from want of use: the grievous condition of your Philistine whose comfort is threatened by the advent of new ideas. I do not anticipate that Philistia will be staggered by this reversal of its point of view.

Let us watch more closely the splutterings from "Z" his fire:

Decadence and perversion are writ large over everything that come from his (Mr. Shaw's) pen.

I am tempted almost to enlarge upon the meaning of perversion. Lady Cicely Waynflete, Candida, Julia Craven—. But stay! We reckon without our printer. The word, of course, was "perverseness"! Or could it have been "pervious,"—capable of being penetrated—indicating that here at length is the last word (if not the *mot juste*) upon Mr. Shaw and all his works? For says our critic:

It is our desire in this article merely to hasten the process of his own self-induced dissolution.

Again:

It is no longer the thing to admire Mr. Shaw. If you wish to be of the elect you must have passed beyond that.

I suspected it. "Z" is of the Elect. He may splutter next at the serene glow of the hard, the gem-like flame. We are on the way.

His scoffing ten years ago when certain critics detected danger-signals in the work of the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, showed his utter lack of insight.

Delicately put, sir! and fit for any drawing-room table. Modesty and Tact combined in the absence of a letter and a name! I am surprised, though, that you should forget elsewhere your good taste (a slip, perhaps) by making use of the word "prostitute": we, remembering our duty to society, speak of "unfortunates." Mr. Shaw, it seems,

babbed at that time that the Englishman is shocked at the danger to the foundations of society when seriousness is laughed at.

And at this we have the white light of vindicated morality, a beacon for all who have "made our nation what it is":

Well, who was right?

Can there be any doubt about that? In a few well-chosen words and with one hand upon his heart "Z" has consigned "this ignorant jackanapes," "this feeble imitator of diseased eccentrics" to his gallipots. England is saved.

H. SAVAGE.

FICTION

Pilgrimage. By C. E. LAWRENCE. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. LAWRENCE has given us another of his allegorical novels. Peruel, one of the fallen angels who attempts to re-enter heaven, is sent down to earth for his repentance, and becomes swineherd to a monastery; he has a power of dreaming dreams, and asking uncomfortable questions about the problems of existence and faith. He is expelled by the monks for heresy, wanders through the world, and dies in raptures, a leper. It will be seen that Mr. Lawrence's ambition is a high one, and it may be added that his style is grave and careful, free from the dreary affectations—such as that of beginning most sentences with the word "And"—that distinguish most books written in poetical prose. The idea of a Christ-like wanderer upon earth brought into antagonism with the Church is one of the main conceptions of modern Thought. It may be found in Mr. Wells's story of the Angel, in Mr. Yeats's play, *Where there is Nothing*, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's *John Bull's other Island*, where it is the inspired doctrine of Kegan, the unfrocked priest. But Mr. Lawrence has no quaint humour, no impassioned sincerity, no superb poetry, that can do justice to such an idea. His book is little more than pleasantly sentimental; there is no backbone of earnest or new thought. It is hard to be interested in the land of "Argovie," in the worn-out characters of the Jester, the Monk, the Feudal Baron. The relentless misery and modernity of de Maupassant's "Une Vie" makes us realise the unhappiness and mystery of this world far more vividly than the death of a Jester's robin, or the flogging of an inoffensive angel. And the gospel of Mr. Lawrence is only a refurbished and thin idealism, an insidious poison for the mind, against which the greatest modern writers have been struggling for fifty years.

Which Woman? By G. B. BURGIN. (Nash, 6s.)

FOR a writer who has produced twenty-eight books in half as many years, Mr. Burgin contrives to maintain a fresh style and tell an interesting story. Perhaps in "Which Woman?" the striving after the quaint is too obvious, but this may be forgiven in one who writes so well. As the title suggests, the story is one more attempt at a variant upon the old problem, two women and one man. Hubert Mallinson, "the great novelist," promises to deliver a lecture at Bedlam, and is about to start for the asylum when he receives a letter from a woman, who informs him that she has selected his name at random from "Who's What" because she is lonely and desirous of excitement. We are not left long in doubt as to the identity of the writer. She is Lady Marion Revel, the widow of a baronet. At the asylum, Mallinson meets Ernestine Nicol, a beautiful lunatic, who places a ring on his finger and says flattering things in a highly poetical way. Thus the two women are introduced. Lady Marion may be described as "full-blooded." She is, in Mr. Burgin's words, "a woman who would not let happiness slip from her grasp without making a vigorous effort to secure it—a woman who, loving a man in every sense of the word, does not hesitate to tell him so." Ernestine, on the other hand, is a fragile creature who, even when she

recovers her sanity, remains most of the time in a half dream of other worlds. Mallinson becomes her benefactor, and eventually her lover. When Lady Marion sees the announcement of the engagement she rushes to him in a frenzy of wild desire. It is the night of the dinner Mallinson is giving to his friends to celebrate his approaching wedding, but Lady Marion's passion is stronger than his love for Ernestine and he succumbs to her entreaty, until the Duke of Duncannon, Marion's would-be husband, is announced. Then he hurries her out into the night, a broken-hearted woman. Mallinson is in a difficult situation. If he breaks with Ernestine she will assuredly go mad again, while his passion for Marion will not allow him to live and lose her. The story ends abruptly, but we are led to believe that Mallinson will commit suicide. Throughout the book there are many quaint episodes. There is the clause in the will of Marion's husband which compels her to exhibit his three hats in the hall; a millionaire who cannot eat; a waiter who poses as an author, and so on. They are all dealt with in Mr. Burgin's light style. He is guilty, however, of a curious anachronism. In the first chapter Mallinson refers to the recent earthquake in San Francisco, whereas a few pages later on we find him reading a letter dated June 14, 1905, and we are given to understand that it was received within a few days of its composition. Now the American catastrophe did not occur until April 18, 1906, so Mr. Burgin's principal character must be credited with considerable foresight. That may be a small blemish in a clever book which, by the way, must surely contain a record number of quotations. There are nearly one hundred in its three hundred and thirty pages.

The Tangled Skein. By the Baroness Orczy. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS is a sentimental tale of the days of Mary Tudor, with a fairly ingenious plot. There is an innocent maiden, a very good English lord, a double, and two very wicked Spanish diplomats who speak with a scarcely veiled sneer and contrive most diabolical plots. The style is of the most jerky and suburban type, and antiquated words such as "bosquet" and "becoiffed" are sprinkled about to give what the authoress would doubtless call a Merrye England savour. The characters, moreover, are entirely melodramatic. But if we are to understand from the preface that the book is meant chiefly for children, it will probably please where it is meant to please: the external trappings of the period are brightly realised, and every boy will be pleased when beside the marble basin two human hearts "find each other," and soul "goes out" to soul.

A Race for a Crown. By W. H. WILLIAMSON. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS is a rattling romance, so crisply and stirringly written that in writing of it we find ourselves turning back to its pages to re-read some of these rousing, thrilling fights. There is some of the best sword-work in this book that we have encountered for many days. There is hard riding, too, in pursuit and chase, with the horses' feet ringing so clearly on the road, and the sense of racing for life and a crown so vividly conveyed, that we have sat forward in our chair as if over a saddle-bow, fumbling for a pistol-holster and trying to loosen an imaginary sword in its scabbard. The great fight in the pitch-dark room at the castle, with the enemies, two a side, tip-toeing around feeling for each other with drawn blades, is an encounter in which D'Artagnan himself would have loved to take part. This is but one bonny fight of many, only one of the ventures, stratagems and spoils which make up the story of this "Race for a Crown." Mr. Williamson has as quick and neat a turn of pen as his men have of sword. There is a humour also in his writing that is as refreshing as it is rare in romance. The story itself is conceived in wit. It is that of two cousins born on the same day, their mothers being the two twin sisters

and only relatives of the Grand Duke of Tenemia, who, to put an end to the incessant quarrels and intrigues of these twin nephews for his crown, banished Duke Otto to the west and Duke Rollo to the east of Tenemia, with the declaration that the one of the twain who first reached the capital on the death of the Grand Duke and assumed his crown and sword should reign in his stead. This is the starting-point of a clear-cut, sparkling story, which has given us such vivid enjoyment, that we are turning to read bits of it again.

DRAMA

THE STAGE SOCIETY—THE "MOSCOW SCHOOL" OF DRAMA

PERSONS who have followed the movements of the contemporary stage on the Continent with any attention know that one of its most interesting developments of recent years has been the rise of the Moscow school of drama of which Tchekoff is the prophet. Tchekoff is to the dramatist of the Sardou or the Sydney Grundy type what Turgueneff or Dostoevsky is to Scott or Dumas. It is not that he is necessarily better. From certain points of view he may even be not so good. But he is different. The inexperienced critic and the careless critic—of whom alas there are plenty—say and even think that Tchekoff "cannot write a play." By which they merely mean that he does not write plays like their ingenious M. Scribe or their familiar Mr. Anthony Hope. They say he "has no construction," that his plays are just thrown together anyhow, that "he does not know his trade." But the truth is Tchekoff's plays—and indeed all plays of whatsoever school which are effective in the theatre—are and must be "constructed," and this applies to the modern naturalistic playwright just as much as to his conventional predecessors. His methods of construction are different from theirs but "construct" he must. And if he doesn't "construct," or doesn't construct well from his own standpoint, he fails.

Mr. Charles McEvoy whose play *David Ballard* was the principal item in the Stage Society's programme last Monday belongs to the Moscow school of dramatist. He doesn't know it and I suspect he has never been nearer Moscow than the Marble Arch, but he is a disciple of Tchekoff none the less. The difference between Tchekoff and the old-fashioned playwright is one of aim rather than of method. The old-fashioned playwright set out to act on your nerves, to give you a surprise or a shock, to lead up to an exciting situation (the *scène à faire*), to make you weep or creep. To do this he was prepared to sacrifice probability, possibility even. To him character-drawing was nothing, situation everything. Of course the first-rate practitioner of the old school sacrificed probability and truth of characterisation less than the second-rate one. But his aim was still first and foremost to produce a thrill in the theatre. Holding the mirror up to nature came second to him—if it came at all. With the Tchekoff school character-drawing and the truthful delineation of life as it actually is come first. Everything else second. A Tchekoff play may be dull in parts. It often is. Even the most enthusiastic disciples of his method admit this. But it is not dull for long—unless you are dull. The effect of any work of art depends in the last resort on the degree of receptivity of its audience. It is useless to preach to the deaf or paint for the colour-blind. But the old-fashioned drama requires a lesser degree of receptivity, or perhaps one should say that the ability to understand and enjoy it is more widely diffused, just as there is a larger audience for Tarara-Boom-Deay than for Brahms. But for intelligent people a Tchekoff play, though it may have dull moments, remains as a whole enthralling. It is a picture of life; and not merely a picture but a revelation. It shows

us character re-acting upon character and enables us to feel and to sympathise with human beings in a way which, not being all Tchekoffs, we cannot do for ourselves without his assistance. In everyday life, for the most part, we only see the externals of people. We see their clothes and their outward demeanour. Tchekoff shows us their souls. This is what he set out to do and in order to do it he sacrifices everything which the old-fashioned dramatist held sacred, the *scène à faire*, the exciting "curtain," the surprises and the coincidences. It is all a little flat, a little grey, a little dreary sometimes. But once you are in the mood, once the characters have gripped you, it is as enthralling as a Greek tragedy and tenfold more exciting than a melodrama.

That is what Mr. McEvoy has tried to do in *David Ballard*. He has tried to draw us character and still more to draw us atmosphere, to show us a group of ordinary human people in the surroundings in which life is lived to-day and to make us comprehend them. Tchekoff's people are Russian middle or upper or lower-class folk leading the middle or upper or lower-class life of Russia. Mr. McEvoy's people are the lower middle-class of Pimlico. They are dull people, they are underbred, they are quarrelsome, they are profoundly depressing and disagreeable. But they are real and they are human. And so though the day was hot and the total programme lasted four solid hours our attention was held. Show me a modern conventional comedy with no fine scenery, no costumes from Paquin, which will do as much and I will acclaim its author a genius. Mr. McEvoy is not a genius and his play is not a masterpiece. But he is a very clever writer with many of the elements of a considerable dramatist, and *David Ballard* is an exceedingly interesting and sincere piece of work. At present its author's sense of the theatre is at fault at times. But in a first play that is only to be expected. His play straggles in places—and what is more serious straggles in the wrong places. A Tchekoff play may straggle in the first act. It may even straggle a little in the second. But it should not straggle in the third or the fourth—if there is a fourth. Mr. McEvoy, luckily, had no fourth act, but his third straggled dangerously towards the close, and one felt that a more skilful playwright with a clearer appreciation of the psychology of the theatre would have avoided this. Mr. McEvoy's next play will avoid it I hope. No play is quite successful unless it has a climax. Drama must culminate. It need not be a vehement climax or a noisy climax, but there must be a moment at which you feel the audience say "ouf" and lean back in their seats with relief. That moment of tension is the end of your play, and when it has come the only thing to be done is to bring down your curtain as soon as may be. In *David Ballard* that "ouf" never came. Or if it did, it passed unrecognised, and the play fumbled on drifting towards the rocks. It never reached the rocks, I am glad to say, but it drew perilously near them, and I seemed to hear the breakers.

The acting was absolutely superb. Miss Clare Greet as the Ballard mother, gave one of the most humorous, delightful and life-like representations of a vulgar woman of the lower middle class that even she has ever accomplished. Miss Sidney Farebrother as the Ballard maid-of-all-work was an inimitable blend of humour and pathos, absurdity, and tragedy. Miss Dorothy Minto drew for us an exquisitely tender and subtle Mercy Hainton, the girl whom David marries, and Miss Lilian Revell provided a brilliant study of the hard, unsympathetic, vulgar Gladys, in some ways perhaps the most striking performance of the evening. It was not "acting" in the strict sense and did not give me the feeling that Miss Revell has a wide range of parts open to her. But as a revelation of character it was faultless. Within the limits of temperament Miss Revell is an artist and would be invaluable in any cast. Mr. Norman Page, Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Edmund Gurney were also excellent. I wish I had space to praise them in detail.

But the fact is, plays like *David Ballard* create their actors. Actors, who in the ordinary theatre do not attract any attention or rise above mediocrity, suddenly show what they are worth and reveal to us the terrible waste of talent which is going on under our eyes in our conventional, actor-managed theatres. Critics are accustomed to speak with enthusiasm of the "Court School" of acting, but what they really mean is the "Stage Society" school of acting. It existed in London—and was widely recognised both in the Press and outside it—years before the present Court management came into existence. We saw it exemplified in plays like *The Good Hope* and *Op o' My Thumb* and *The Waters of Bitterness*. Acting in the last resort is conditioned by drama, and it is the Stage Society drama which gives scope for the Stage Society acting just as it is the Court drama which gives scope for the Court acting. Mr. Granville Barker is a producer of something like genius—did not the Stage Society invent him, by the way?—But even he is powerless unless he has the right kind of play. Witness such productions as *The Reformer*. Neither actor nor producer can make bricks without straw. Mr. McEvoy can draw character. His people are true human types and so his cast worked miracles with them. Unhappily the weakest piece of drawing in the play is *David Ballard*. And I think it was Mr. McEvoy's fault and not the actor's that David was perhaps the only failure in the cast.

David Ballard was preceded by a translation of Wedekind's clever, flippant one-act tragi-comedy, *Der Kammersänger*. I have no space to say anything about it save that it was very amusing and that Miss Irene Clarke as the school-girl who fell in love with the tenor gave one of the most exquisite pieces of natural acting it has ever been my good fortune to witness. Mr. Julian L'Estrange as the tenor, Mr. Edward Gwenn as an aged musical composer, and Miss Constance Collier as the tenor's former mistress, were all admirable.

ST. J. H.

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

MR. SYNGE'S three-act comedy, which was hailed in Dublin with shouts of opprobrium, was greeted in London with peals of laughter; but, for some of us at any rate, beneath the laughter there lurked a mood of disappointment and annoyance. *The Playboy of the Western World* is comedy based on a tragic theme. Of all the many deep tragedies in Irish life there is none greater than the drifting away to other lands of the young and lusty men—and the idea of the play

is a foreshadowing of what will happen if emigration goes on carrying off, year by year, the strongest, the most healthy, the most energetic . . . Some day it may not be a prophecy but a commonplace that a man coming with a name for strength and daring even in crime may take the mastery of a feeble country side.

An admirable theme for drama or tragedy, but not for comedy. Mr. Synge has set out along a mistaken way; the "feeble" country is represented on the feminine side chiefly by a strong and stalwart colleen and by a buxom widow who has got rid of her man and is looking for another; the man that comes "with a name for strength and daring" in crime has in a moment of temper knocked his old father on the head and killed him! The plot briefly is this: Christy Mahon turns up one dark autumn evening at the shebeen of Michael James away west on the wild coast of County Mayo; he confesses, with no great reluctance, to the afore-mentioned murder; is at once welcomed warmly by pretty Pegeen Mike, the daughter of the house; later on by Widow Quin; is appointed pot-boy as being a lad of bravery. In the end the father turns up alive and Christy is knocked off his pedestal. The hand is the hand of comedy, but underneath surges the voice of mean, despicable, sordid tragedy. We could quite understand and accept the arrival and warm welcome of a fine, flamboyant figure of a man, a daredevil who had committed a great crime;

such men have over and over again appealed to the imagination of a feeble country-side, but this poor devil of father-killer, no. In brief, Mr. Synge has made a mistake and used his fine gifts upon unworthy material.

If the theme could be forgotten, the comedy would be wholly delightful; it is crammed with true Irish humour and wit, and—setting aside the one fatal flaw—is racy of the soil. We count ourselves among Mr. Synge's most sincere admirers, but we should not be among his friends were we not to tell him plainly that *The Playboy* is an error of taste and of observation.

Lady Gregory's *Spreading The News* is a capital farce, marred only by a stupid and unnecessary caricature of a "removable." As for the acting, it is as good as we expect to have from the Abbey Theatre company; quiet, natural, effective. Of all these capital actors Mr. W. G. Fay is the best, a born comedian, and as such naturally possessed of a gift of pathos also. As with every great actor, his eyes are as expressive as his voice and it stirs one with gladness to see the laugh-light in them. The total impression of the evening confirmed the opinion we have always held and have before expressed as to the soundness and wisdom of the aims of the Abbey Theatre. Whether or not Mr. W. B. Yeats is the right man to hold the helm is another matter, into which we have not at present space to inquire.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

FINE ART

AN ARRIVAL

IN these days of advertisement, when people seek and journalists applaud the sensational instead of the sensuous qualities in a work of art, it becomes increasingly difficult to determine the moment when a painter—as the hack phrase runs—"arrives." That moment, according to the present writer's views, is not when for some reason, as a rule quite irrelevant to his art, a painter's name is suddenly blazoned and vulgarised in the daily press, but when good intention becomes good achievement, when promise has matured to fulfilment. Hence it follows that with no help from others, but quietly by his own efforts in his own studio, a painter truly arrives when he at last succeeds in doing what he has been trying to do, and for the outsider nothing remains but to recognise and more or less tardily to chronicle the fact.

For some years now Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas has been reckoned by the discerning among the most promising of our youngest portrait-painters. His occasional exhibits at the Academy and elsewhere have been refreshingly free from mannerisms, sound in workmanship and varied in treatment. Their good qualities have been so unobtrusive that they have met with far less attention than they deserve, for Mr. Douglas has done none of those things which, if fatal to his art, endow a painter with an ephemeral popularity. He has not repeated himself so that his pictures might be stereotyped into familiarity, he has found no formula to aid his critics and destroy his own development, he has abstained from reproducing the defects of the fashionable painters of the day, he has not sought to astonish by the virulence of his subjects or by the violence of his brushwork. He has been content to remain the student rather than to ape the master, carefully feeling his way towards greater perfection, yielding his reverence more to the old masters than to the new, and endeavouring the while to see as they saw instead of copying what they painted.

The steady development of Mr. Douglas's art and his progress during the last decade is made evident by his one-man-show at the Alpine Club, that restful little gallery which in the backwater of Mill Street seems far from the madding crowd of Bond Street. Of the two-score portraits here shown many, I regret, are undated, but with the help of those works which have already been

exhibited elsewhere it is not difficult to make a guess at the chronological order. Interesting in itself the early *Snake Charmer* (33) emphasises the greater life and luminosity of the paint in more recent works, and partly for this reason, partly by reason of the subject, looks quite a stranger in the gallery. For despite the diversity of subject and treatment the remaining exhibits may broadly be grouped into two classes, the first revealing a close adherence to the noble tradition of the early British painters, the second showing signs of more modern and more cosmopolitan influences. Naturally this classification is not rigid for each class contains exceptions to the rule, but on the whole the differences are sufficiently marked to justify the division and the first period may be said to culminate in the big portrait group (26) of the painter's sisters. The colour of this ambitious work seems to have mellowed with time and it certainly looks better at the Alpine Club than it did at the Academy some years ago. Though a little difficult to see in its present position, its merits as a decoration will be readily perceived by a glance at its reflection in the glass door opposite, when the whole being condensed—so to speak—for the spectator the effectiveness of its patterning is obvious. It should perhaps be added that the early British influence is not a mere matter of a landscape background to a portrait, as in the case of many contemporary painters, and this may be made clear by pointing to the hint of Romney in the face-painting of *Mrs. Russell* (16), of Lawrence in that of *Caroline* (27).

Though undated I imagine the decorative full-length of *Lady Grove* (4) is among the precursors of the second period. The arrangement and the red Japanese jacket may be a little inspired by Whistler, but the composition as a whole is original as well as good, and the pot of roses on the ground a happy incident admirably painted. The boldly handled *Marquise* (19) is less successful, being artificial and studio-ish in pose, though the harmony of greys is pleasing. More satisfactory are the *Miss Stutchbury* (32) and *Daughters of Major Critchley* (29), which have the same characteristics of simplicity in arrangement and colour-scheme. In contrast to these arrangements in white, with which may be included the romantically conceived nocturne group *The Sisters* (12), is another recently exhibited, equally simple and most completely successful arrangement in black, *The Lady Kinross* (38). Here Mr. Douglas may be said decisively to have arrived: it is the best portrait he has as yet achieved, and its fine qualities may be better appreciated at the Alpine Club than at the Institute where its environment proved distracting. The work is full of subtlety and refinement. The texture painting of the black silk dress is admirable, yet it is carefully subordinated to the head, to which everything in a good portrait should, as here, lead up. The face, so full of life and expression, is painted vivaciously, a golden mean between stippled niggling and blatant patchwork, and the treatment of the whole is broad, strong and dignified. It is an advance on the other exhibits in its quality of paint as well as other virtues, and suggests the first appearance of the real Douglas after a well-spent and well-rewarded apprenticeship.

The small equestrian portrait, *The Earl of Kenmare* (35), painted in the same year (1905), is a vigorous piece of work, wholly different in technique and very pleasant in its out-of-door feeling. While this wavers towards the early British style, a still later portrait, *Marie* (23), painted last year, is, on the contrary, quite modern French. From a psychological standpoint it is the sharpest rendering of character in the exhibition, and the painting is clever almost to excess. It is a pity the left hand was not more carefully put in, for Mr. Douglas, as the neighbouring *Mrs. Critchley* (22) testifies, can paint hands very ably when he chooses. The explanation, of course, is that here the hand did not particularly interest him, and we can easily forgive this little lapse for the abundant vitality of the whole, and its assurance that

Mr. Douglas does not intend to rest even where he has arrived in *Lady Kinross*, but to go forward to further triumphs and a still fuller development of his undoubted talent.

MUSIC

ORLANDO GIBBONS

THE service which took place in Westminster Abbey last week "to the Glory of God and in memory of Orlando Gibbons" has been so fully described elsewhere that to record its details here would be superfluous. Both the music performed and the ceremony of unveiling a monument in his honour were designed to bring prominently to mind the work and personality of a great composer, whose name has never been forgotten, though too many of his successors in the art are content to revere his name alone. True, every church musician and every one who frequents cathedral services knows Gibbons's "Morning and Evening Service in F with the Greater Third," but of the seven anthems sung on this occasion probably not one, except "Hosanna to the Son of David," was familiar to a majority of the congregation, largely made up as it was of musicians. Apart from the obvious value of bringing to light beautiful and forgotten music, the placing together of so many works by Orlando Gibbons gave hearers, whose ears are unused to the music of three hundred years ago, a chance of thoroughly assimilating its spirit, so that after a little it no longer sounded quaint and old-world, but alive and belonging to all time. "Hosanna" has often suffered by appearing as an anthem after some Magnificat of the garish modern school; people have been found to wonder why it lies so low for the voices, and they have missed the beauty of the melodic climax in which the two treble voices successively rise to a D after repeated phrases in which C was the highest note. Many devout church-goers, too, bred up to the monodic school, have been found to complain of "Gibbons in F" that "the parts never seem to catch one another up"; but these characteristics of style only protrude themselves when this music is placed side by side with other music which is incongruous with it. From one point of view we could have wished that it had been possible to include the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D minor instead of the well-known one in F, not because it is more beautiful, but because its length and its more elaborate polyphony in five parts make it unlikely that it will ever be heard except on such a special occasion as this. Moreover, if its Magnificat is no more than a worthy example of the polyphonic style, its Nunc Dimittis is built up with the same cumulative beauty as that in F possesses, and since it begins with a treble "verse" and culminates in a "gloria" of magnificent five-part counterpoint, its growth is even more gradual and covers a larger outline.

Since, however, the service in F was chosen and the best material of choirs in and around London of the cathedral type was collected together to sing it, its performance should have been a model of how such music ought to be sung. The rapid tempo at which the conductor hurried it through made this impossible, so that one excellent opportunity was lost. The interpretation of the anthems was better; there were genuine and successful attempts at an expressive ensemble in several instances. But even where no such attempt was apparent the power of the music could not be missed by a careful hearer. Gibbons, unlike many artists who live in a period of transition, combined much of the merit of the old school with a distinct knowledge of the younger in such a way as to gain from each. His parts move with all the freedom and individuality which belongs to the great age of pure choral art, and yet we realise that he quite well understood the use of blocks of harmony, that he valued the identity of chords and could consider

their movement in relation to a definite tonality. A glance at the construction of the little anthem, "O Lord I lift my heart to Thee" shows this. It is so perfect a work within a small space that nothing but the fact that it is written for five men's voices can prevent it from being very widely used in the future. The inclusion of a diminished fourth in the theme (F sharp to B flat) besides being a feature of wonderfully expressive beauty, is an admission of the relation of dominant to tonic. This and its division into a kind of binary form bring it very near to modern times, so that the succession of chords forming the final cadence is no surprise; though, covering harmonies which in modern terms would be called, supertonic, dominant, subdominant, tonic, it shows complete conception of the principles of key. It includes too that beautiful chord which somehow got lost in later music, the triad on the flat seventh of the scale. Gibbons's use of this chord alone would yield sufficient material for discussion in an article like the present, but never did he use it with more rare beauty than on the word "righteous" in the line

But make me righteous with the just.

To dwell at length upon the wide range of expression which these anthems contain would be impossible. Only two other salient types can receive more than a passing allusion. One is Gibbons's treatment of the solo voice, alternating with fragments of chorus, in "This is the record of John." Here, especially in setting the questions, "Who art thou? Art thou Elias?" etc., he shows a power of declamation which seems to disprove Milton's words about Lawes, that he:

First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent . . .

so truly do the musical phrases fit the words and so free are they from the affectations and conventionality of the vocalist. Probably our English music would never have been prone to err in this particular had our composers been less fatally ready to copy everything which came from elsewhere; at any rate, as with Gibbons and Lawes so at the present day, the composer whose music stands highest, retaining the most strongly English characteristics, is a master in this aspect of the art.

The other work which cannot be passed over is the anthem which was specially edited from manuscript parts in the library of Durham Cathedral for this occasion: "O God the King of Glory." Its fugal opening, by bringing into close conjunction such notes as B flat and B natural, F sharp and F natural, strikes even upon modern ears with a curious sense of vague tonality. It has a pleading, yearning sound which only a composer of deep and reverent insight could have conceived as belonging to the opening of the collect for the Sunday after Ascension Day. The music gradually grows in force with the words and is gathered into stronger and more simply diatonic phrases until a point of very intimate expression is reached at the words:

We beseech thee leave us not comfortless.

The rich counterpoint of "O clap your hands," the beauty of the "Amen" ending "Blessed be the Lord," and the healthy vigour of "Lift up your heads," which in some ways anticipates the style of Handel, might be dwelt on at length. In passing these anthems over with so slight a mention we may hope that having been heard at Westminster none will be allowed to sink into oblivion again. If all the choirs who had a part in this festival henceforth included its music in their regular service lists even for only occasional performance we should never in London be very long without an opportunity of hearing Gibbons. And there is more than this to be done; there are other anthems already published in cheap form which are so rarely heard that there is little wonder that publishers do not hasten to complete a "popular edition" of the whole of Gibbons. This festival must have revealed

to many church musicians that here is a mine of treasure which must be thoroughly explored; the modest and dignified monument in the Abbey will be another daily reminder of the fact by the refined and lofty features which it portrays, and its simple inscription:

ORLANDO GIBBONS. ORGANIST 1625.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Bearing in mind the common mediæval comparison of the body politic to the body physical, we may perhaps see a more precise meaning in certain lines of Shakespeare than has hitherto been given to them. John of Salisbury (*Policraticus*, v. 2; "Poole's Illustrations of Mediæval Thought," p. 236), following earlier writers, represents religion by the soul, the prince by the head, the soldiery by the hand, and the counsellors by the heart. This last metaphor is particularly noticeable. When then, we find (*Coriolanus* I, i. 107):

"The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,"

it looks as if Shakespeare had this mediæval classification in his mind. Moreover, remembering that to John of Salisbury the foot was the artisan class, Menenius' comparison of the "first citizen" to the "great toe" gains point. But further (*Hamlet* I, ii. 46) King Claudius's speech to Laertes receives special meaning:

"The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father."

The simile is not general, but precise and definite: the king is the head, Polonius, as counsellor, is the heart; the king, as soldier, is the hand, Polonius, as orator, the mouth. What then before was vague, becomes clear and distinct. It would be interesting to know whence Shakespeare derived his information.

E. E. KELLETT.

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Miss M. Dickson is welcome to her opinion. The point is that your correspondents now know that a translation of "Les Maîtres D'Autrefois" exists. They should have assured themselves of this fact before raising a hullabaloo about the indifference of publishers.

C. LEWIS HIND.

THE MINOR POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apropos of your recent article on Minor Poets, your readers may be interested in an experiment we are making. Recognising the difficulty and expense of comparatively unknown and unpublished poets gaining the attention of the public in volume form, and also the small measure of appreciation received even by those who are superior to this category, we have arranged to publish a novel anthology—a selection of original verse by more or less unknown writers, *e.g.*, unknown to the poetry reading public which, despite the critics, we believe exists. It was recently asserted that while the United States produces a large amount of really good verse, there are very few writers of meritorious "minor" poetry in this country, and that for the few there are no buyers. We think, however, that good poetical work is done in England still by a large body of writers, and that if issued under influential auspices and not semi-privately a market can be found for it. The anthology we have in hand is under the editorship of Mr. Fred Bowles, who will make a careful selection from the work submitted and will include only really good poetical matter. An interesting volume contributed by about a score writers will be the result. We shall be glad to supply further details to any readers to whom the experiment appeals.

THE SECRETARY.

The Authors' Association, Darlington.

FARMER'S "LOST" TUDOR PLAYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—By way of appendix to your review of Mr. Farmer's "Lost" Tudor Plays, in your issue of June 8, I should like to make a few remarks upon the curious and interesting Anglo-Dutch jargon, put into the mouth of Hance in the interlude of *Wealth and Health*. Mr. Farmer in his note says that "it was simply impossible to make sense out of it. Many of the words have no resemblance to anything in Dutch. It was submitted to Dutch and German scholars to no effect."

I was therefore agreeably surprised, on attacking the play for myself, to find that I could translate practically every word of it. My principal object now is to draw attention to the fact that one of the Dutch speeches contains a valuable bit of internal evidence, hitherto overlooked, as to the date of the play. Hance says (p. 287):

"Ic best de manikin van de keining dangliter
De grot keyser kind."

This can only mean:

"I am the man of the King of England,
The great Emperor's child."

The only King of England ("Keining d'Angliter") who could also be styled "the great Emperor's child" was Philip, son of the Emperor Charles V. Hazlitt is thus confirmed in his statement that the book was printed in 1558. Considerations of space forbid me from going over all Hance's speeches in detail. I will conclude by drawing attention to some of his quaint swear-words. He is fond of swearing "By the Mother of God!" which Mr. Farmer prints indifferently *By the moder Got!* and *Be de moro go!* Another of his oaths, *Begotts nemerick!* means "By God's Heaven!" The last word should obviously be *hemelrick*. *By Gots drswse!* is apparently an old form of the oath which in modern Dutch is cut down to *Droes!* *By min bere!* should be *By min here!* i.e., "By my Lord!"

JAS. PLATT, JUNIOR.

BACON v. SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The parallelisms cited by Baconians as evidences of authorship might with equal consistency be used conversely by Shakespeareans to prove that Shakespeare wrote some of Bacon's works. If one would seriously consider Bacon's political career and the time he devoted to philosophical works, is there not lacking a sense of proportion in believing he could possibly have written all those wonderful dramas, in themselves a life's work. Shakespeare gives a very pertinent reply to this controversy in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I, scene ii. By changing the names of Troilus to Bacon, and Hector to Shakespeare, the dialogue will run as follows:

PANDORUS. Well, I say Bacon is Bacon.

CRESSIDA. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Shakespeare.

PANDORUS. No, nor Shakespeare is not Bacon in some degrees.

CRESSIDA. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Did the whole of the Elizabethan poets, from Richard Barnfield to Ben Jonson, join in a conspiracy to use Shakespeare as the pen-name for Bacon? Did Heminge and Condell lie when they wrote: "It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished that the author *had lived* to have set forth and overseen his own writings," and why did Bacon cease writing plays after Shakespeare's death? There was money in them and Bacon was not out of want. Is the reason to be found in the following: Bacon was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In the *Returne from Parnassus*, published in 1606 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 194), Kemp the actor says: "Few of the University pen play well, they smell too much of that writer ovid and that writer metamorphosis and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson too."

Will Baconians look upon the picture at Stratford-on-Avon and on this: "In the Embankment Gardens at Charing Cross stands an old crumbling gate—once a water gate, designed by Inigo Jones for the Duke of Buckingham, as the entrance to an intended palace—this is all that remains to mark the site of York House, formerly the residence of Sir Nicholas Bacon,

Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, where Francis, his youngest son, was born. Even the adjacent streets have all turned traitors and usurped the names of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, but of 'the greatest and meanest of mankind'—nothing."*

TOM JONES.

June 10.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I thank your reviewer of Mr. Crawford's second series of "Collectanea" for his kindly criticism of my letter on this subject.

I do not pretend to Mr. Crawford's scholarship; and he is one of the few Shakespeareans I have never dared to tackle. But I trust he will answer my last letter in the ACADEMY asking for a third Elizabethan or Jacobean parallelism to "dexteriously" and "eclipse endured."

Your reviewer says: "He [i.e., myself] has produced two striking parallels between Shakespeare and Bacon; if these were explained away, he could perhaps produce a dozen more, and so on *ad infinitum*." If the two specimens I have given are "explained away" by any of your readers I shall do nothing of the nature that your reviewer suggests. I shall acknowledge defeat. As a humble student of English literature, I am simply asking for information from Mr. Crawford and your other readers which I have been unable to obtain elsewhere.

GEORGE STRONACH.

HASA—FONTEVRAULT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Cesaresco's "casa," pronounced "hasa," which I have long known, does not trench on the question of "mih," sounded "mikki."

Lady Antrobus (pp. 556, 557), basing her article on Rev. Baring Gould's inaccurate "Brittany" (for instance, he cuts up St. Germain into two distinct saints!) and on a work which she attributes indifferently to the Welshman Inigo Jones and to his nephew, places Fontevault in Normandy! I was there last Whit Monday, and it is in Maine et Loire, the Abbey being shockingly badly looked after, and the prison, gendarmerie and cemetery being all huddled up with the Abbaye. No wonder a question was recently asked in Parliament about repatriating Cœur de Lion and his three princely companions, there lying!

H. H. JOHNSON.

"MAD DOGS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I thank "A. D." for his timely denunciation of those well-advertised irresponsibles whose poisonous opinions have so wide a circulation in the land? His paper on "Mad Dogs" is no whit exaggerated. Those whose lives are spent in the proud provinces are perhaps best qualified to corroborate his remarks, for they are painfully aware of the profound mischief wrought in impressionable minds by the publication of absolutely unimportant views held, or apparently held, by absolutely unimportant people.

This has long been the country of ready-made opinions on art and literature. That is bad enough. But it may soon become the land of an Ignatian-made morality. That would be much worse. Yet the inevitable outcome of the attitude of our sensational daily press (which systematically praises mediocrity and pillories merit) has been to colour the casual and considered utterances of provincial pulpits, platforms, and drawing-rooms with the odious puritanism and heartless arrogance of a few shallow busybodies who have managed (by this superb melodrama) to captivate the newspapers. If only our daily papers would for the future confine their subject-matter to the record of events, many of us in the provinces, if not stimulated to intellectual independence, would at any rate be rid of the continuous interchange of borrowed banalities. Better an atmosphere of wholesome silence and complete mental quiescence than our present babel of theological, literary, and social quacks!

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

* Dr. A. E. Abbott, "Life of Bacon."

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Parker, Charles Stuart. *Life and Letters of Sir James Graham, 1792-1861*. 2 vols. Murray, 24s. net.

CLASSICAL

The Medea of Euripides. Acting Version for the Performances given by University and Bedford Colleges, University of London on June 13, 14 and 15, 1907. With a translation by Gilbert Murray. Allen, 1s.

DRAMA

Synge, J. M. *The Playboy of the Western World*. A Comedy in Three Acts. Maunsell, 2s. net.

Wiley, Sara King. *The Coming of Philibert*. Macmillan, 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Milton: Early poems. Comus, Lycidas. Edited by S. E. Goggin and A. F. Watt. Clive, n.p.

Oswald, Lina. *My Little French Friends*. With illustrations by Jean Bakewell. Alexander Moring, 2s.

Le Coup d'Etat, par Victor Hugo. Edited by J. W. Longsdon. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

FICTION

Clarke, T. Kingston. *The "Widda-Man"*. Constable, 6s.

Bennett, Arnold. *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns*. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Beckett, Arthur. *Emancipation*. Sisley's, 6s.

Everard, Florence. *A Noble Fool*. Arrowsmith, 6s.

Adams, Andy. *Reed Anthony, Cowman*. An Autobiography. Constable, 6s.

HISTORY

Pollard, A. F. *Factors in Modern History*. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

The International Genealogical Directory, 1907. Chas. A. Bernau, 10s. 6d.

Crackanthorpe, Montague. *Population and Progress*. Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.

Gomme, Laurence. *The Governance of London*. Unwin, 15s. net.

Forty-one Facsimiles of dated Christian Arabic Manuscripts. With text and English translation. By Agnes Smith Lewis and Margaret Dunlop Gibson. Cambridge: University Press, 10s. 6d. net.

Duthie, David Wallace. *The Case of Sir John Fastolf and other historical studies*. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.

Wilson, H. Arthur. *The Failure of Modern Socialism*. A Reply to Blatchford's "Not Guilty." Drane, n.p.

Jowett, J. H. *The Silver Lining*. Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.

Birch, J. *Cricket Facts and Figures*. Drane, 2s. 6d. net.

Burnaby, Evelyn. *Memories of Famous Trials*. Sisley's, 7s. 6d. net.

Sicily and England. Political and Social Reminiscences, 1848-1870. By Tina Whitaker. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

Brooks, Sydney. *The New Ireland*. Maunsell, 1s. net.

Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen. Select narratives from the "Principal Navigations" of Hakluyt. Edited by Edward John Payne. With additional notes, maps, etc., by Raymond Beazley. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.

Shakespeare, Der Dichter und sein Werk. Von Dr. Max J. Wolff. Erster Band. München. C. H. Beck. 6 Mark.

Svenske, Anders. *Sweden's Rights and her present Political Position*. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

De Nolhac, Pierre. *Petrarque et l'humanisme*. Nouvelle édition, remaniée et augmentée, avec un portrait inédit de Petrarque et des facsimiles de ses manuscrits. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion, n.p.

Graham, John W. *The Destruction of Daylight*. A study in the Smoke Problem. Allen, 2s. 6d. net.

Scoffern, David. *A Holiday in Hades*. The Rialto Press, 2s. 6d.

Oeuvres en prose de Richard Wagner. Traduites en français par J. G. Prod'homme. Tome premier. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 3 fr. 50.

Ashley-Cooper, F. S. *Cricket and Cricketers*. Philadelphia: published at the office of the *American Cricketer*, n.p.

Burrows, Ronald M. *The Discoveries in Crete, and their bearing on the history of ancient civilisation*. Murray, 5s. net. The Mediaeval Town Series. Dublin. By D. A. Chart. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1833

JUNE 22, 1907

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

WE are glad to be able to congratulate all lovers of and fighters for a free drama in England (who, of course, include all the readers of the ACADEMY) on the decision of the Lord Chamberlain to revise his very foolish decision on the *Mikado* question. The mere fact of an official action or decision being patently and obviously absurd, does not in this country, we regret to say, ensure a probability or even in many cases a possibility of its being annulled or revised. Constant and active pressure brought to bear in as public a manner as possible, coupled if possible with ridicule, has been proved often enough to be the best method of dealing with the sort of official wrongheadedness that characterises, and has always characterised, the actions of the censor of plays. These methods of pressure we have applied to the best of our ability. But the battle is only half won; and until a free and untrammelled stage is granted to this country we shall continue to carry on the campaign. Next week we shall publish an article entitled "The Solution of the Censorship Problem" by Mr. George Bernard Shaw; the most profound and brilliant of our modern dramatists.

Our contemporaries report another burlesque from that perennial fount of comedy, the County Hall, Spring Gardens. The London County Council have been trying to discuss gravely whether the managers of Elementary Schools under the jurisdiction of their Education Committee ought or ought not to be required to provide Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton" for such children as may be disposed to read it in play-hours. Such is the meaning in plain English of the term "requisition list," though this is no criterion that it is the Education Committee's meaning. However, from the discussion it appears that it is. To require that the book be offered to children of fourteen, and to withdraw it from circulation are equally ridiculous, and equally characteristic of the Education Committee, which does as much to bring education into contempt as the Board of Education itself. It might at least abstain from positive orders and confine itself to forming a sort of index of exclusion. It would thus at least curtail its opportunities for folly. "Mary Barton," if scarcely a classic, is an excellent standard novel, and whether it is suitable to children of fourteen must be left to the judgment of their parents. It entirely depends on the individual child. The judgment of the parents of children attending elementary schools is not likely to be

any better than that of the Education Committee, but the parents have at least more opportunity for forming an opinion and it is their natural duty to do so. The Committee need not be in such a violent hurry to proclaim its divided judgment formed without data, and to usurp an unnatural duty which it cannot perform. To discuss whether "immoral subjects" ought "to be brought to the notice of boys and girls" is gross hypocrisy in people who make no protest whatever when the nasty-minded puritan thrusts into their hands the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah, on the pretext that the "open Bible is a heritage of the Reformation." It will be time for our educators to consider the moral effect of "Mary Barton" when they have screwed up their courage to say what they think of the suitability of large portions of the Holy Scriptures for use in schools.

The letter from Lady Grove on the subject of Mr. Bernard Shaw's lecture on "The New Theology," which we publish in our correspondence columns, is interesting as expressing in an able manner the views of an intellectual Free-thinker. Not having heard or read Mr. Shaw's lecture we are not in a position to offer an opinion on it, and it is hardly necessary to say that our publication of Lady Grove's letter does not necessarily imply that we are in agreement with her views and criticisms. Our correspondence columns are, however, open to all schools of thought and shades of opinion, provided of course that the rules as to parliamentary language which obtain "in another place" are respected.

The Manorial Society is about to issue the first of a series of lists of such Manor Court Rolls as are in the possession of private individuals, or in the custody of the stewards of the manors to which the rolls relate, or in that of corporate bodies, as distinguished from those Court Rolls which are preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum Library, and other public depositories of collections of manuscripts and other documents of antiquarian interest. It is obvious that the success of such an undertaking will depend, to a great extent, on the loyal support and cordial co-operation of local antiquaries. Any information respecting the existence of Court Rolls, the periods which they cover, and their present custodians, will be gratefully received by the Registrar of the Society (Mr. Charles Greenwood, F.C.I.S.), 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C. The lists will be issued in parts, at intervals, as such information accumulates, and will be supplied, gratuitously, to members of the Society. It is hardly necessary to point out the value of such lists to the cause of antiquarian research, especially as they will supplement those which are to be found in the national and other public collections above referred to.

It is remarkable that a link between the present generation and Scott should have been only so recently severed by the death of Mr. George Croal. Mr. Croal was present as a boy of sixteen at the now celebrated Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which Scott declared his authorship of the Waverley Novels. It is seldom that a man can remember so many changes in the appreciation of the work of one author. He saw, and we may be sure that so keen and durable an observer noticed, the first established success of Scott, the first decadence towards the close of his life, the recrudescence which immediately follows death, and the second decadence. He saw the great revival some twenty years ago and the subsequent decay. In referring to these changes we of course allude to such changes of appreciation as can be measured by publishers' and book-sellers' receipts. These indicate the measure of a writer's popularity at a given moment, and to a careful student of social history, able to follow on the lines suggested by

Balzac, they will be valuable signs of the taste of the periods in which the changes occur. But the fact that appreciation of a writer varies does not affect his merits. The true place of Scott was indicated by the French critics and by the consensus of French literary opinion before his death. He will always remain the great European revivalist of romance in the eighteenth century. We call him this, not because he was a pioneer in the Romantic movement. He achieved a more remarkable feat without designing to do so; he arrested its deterioration and at the same time brought it to its highest perfection, so that of that movement it may be said that nothing became it so much as its own decay.

The United States Supreme Court has dismissed the indictments against the "Theatrical Trust," the principal members of which are Messrs. Frohman, Klaw, Erlanger, Nixon and Zimmerman. The District Attorney, Mr. Jerome, based his application against this formidable gang of Jewish financiers on the experience of Sarah Bernhardt during her tour in America. The "Trust" refused permission to Madame Bernhardt to play in their theatres, and in other words Madame Bernhardt refused to be blackmailed into paying the enormous sums demanded by the "Trust"; the consequence was that she was reduced to giving her performances in tents and booths and public halls. The Judges of the Supreme Court came to the extraordinary decision that "plays were not articles of trade," and that therefore the "Trust" could not be said to have "restrained trade" by their action. The attitude of the United States towards all the arts and all artists is rapidly reaching the point when it will become necessary for all creators of artistic work to join in a boycott of that incredible country. Columbus discovered America several hundred years ago. Perhaps, in another half-dozen centuries some still more daring traveller will discover the American moral sense.

The reports of the performance of the *Medea* of Euripides at University College are interesting from the alterations which Professor Ernest Gardner introduced in the arrangement of the orchestra, consequent on the late discoveries at Priene; from the evidence which it afforded of the work which the University College can turn out of its workshops, and from the praiseworthy efforts of the caste. We comment from report, for we were unfortunately not represented. We distrust the pronunciation of Greek recommended by the Classical Association on account of its emanence; and we question the propriety of University College in taking a lead in the matter. We should like to be certain that the Classical Association is not attempting to run us into another backwater, as it has done in the pronunciation of Latin. We have not their scheme of Greek pronunciation before us, and we trust that the implied approval of Professor Ernest Gardner shows that it is a scheme used by Greeks and recognised on the continent of Europe, and not based merely on antiquarian research, and the confused idea of sounds heard by deaf scholars in this country.

The Saturday-sales at Christies which had become an institution for the sake of which many amateurs were willing to remain in town for the week-end have been advanced to Fridays. An important sale of English pictures took place on June 14. English portraits still keep up their inflated prices. Raeburn's full-length portrait of Mrs. Hart sold for six thousand six hundred guineas, Gainsborough's landscape, belonging to Captain F. H. Huth, fetched five thousand seven hundred pounds. These two pictures accounted for one-third of the whole proceeds of the sale. The details of the sale can be seen in the columns of the *Times* of

June 15. An interesting work of Fuseli, *Beatrice* (*Much Ado about Nothing*), received but little attention. Fuseli is a master who has fallen into a measure of contempt which he does not deserve. The originality and interest of his drawings have been pointed out by Rossetti, and are beginning to be appreciated on the Continent. The *Beatrice* retains the qualities of the drawings (often lost in the oil-pictures) in a remarkable degree.

The fact was recorded by Sir Spencer Walpole in his speech at the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the London Library, that while the Library had a record number of members, and more money than ever before had been spent last year in the purchase of books, there had been such a marked decline in the demand for novels that the total number of books issued to subscribers had considerably diminished. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs, and we hope a healthy sign of reaction against the intellectual tyranny of the novel. It is not too much to say that ninety per cent. of the novels issued are absolutely worthless, and that when the unfortunate reviewer is driven to praise some among them he only does so relatively. Of course there are notable and splendid exceptions, but they are rare and are unfortunately not on the increase. It would perhaps be truer to say that while the supply of really good novels remains, taking one thing with another, pretty much as it was, the enormously increasing bulk of bad novels makes it every year more difficult to discover the few good ones that appear.

The death of Professor A. S. Herschel at Observatory House, Slough, suggests an obvious reflection as to how very seldom proficiency in one intellectual direction is hereditary. Though the late Mr. Herschel actually filled a chair of Physics and Experimental Philosophy, he was an enthusiastic astronomer also. He was the son of Sir John Herschel, the celebrated observer of double stars and nebulae, and the grandson of the famous Hanoverian Sir William Herschel, who discovered satellites, and a new planet, which he named "Georgium Sidus," in honour of George III. Europe could not stomach this burlesque of the heavens and has changed its name to Uranus. The late Mr. A. S. Herschel is thus the third member in succession of a family who has "shepherded the stars." No other family can probably show a better record in any science or art.

A great deal of unnecessary fuss is being made in various newspapers about the arrival of "Mark Twain" in London. Mr. Clemens has arrived in London before, and he will probably arrive there again many times. We sincerely hope he will. But is it not time that some of Mr. Clemens's jokes were given a little rest? Some of them that have been reproduced in the London papers have been doing duty for at least twenty years. When Mr. Clemens arrives at the state of being "unbound from the wheel of things," and is able to escape from illusions, he will perhaps be able to realise that the biggest joke ever perpetrated in connection with him will have been the conferring of an honorary degree upon him by the University of Oxford. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Bernard Shaw the other day coupled "Mark Twain" with Edgar Allan Poe, and declared that they were the two greatest writers that America had produced. But in considering this dictum of Mr. Shaw's it is well to bear in mind that when he gave expression to it he was waiting at a railway station to meet Professor Henderson, the Professor of Mathematics of the University of North Carolina, and that he was pounced upon by the expectant journalists who were awaiting "Mark Twain," who came by the same train as the Professor. There is hardly any limit to what one will say at a railway station when one is waiting for a train, especially if the train is late.

THE TRAITOR.

CAST out my soul the broken covenant,
 Forget the pitiable masquerade,
 And that ignoble part ignobly played.
 Let us take shame that such a mummer's rant
 Of noble things, could pierce the adamant
 Of Pride wherewith we ever were arrayed,
 And being with a kiss once more betrayed,
 Let not our tears honour that sycophant.

Let him, on graves of buried loyalty,
 Rise as he may to his desired goal;
 Ay and God speed him there, I grudge him not.
 And when all men shall sing his praise to me
 I'll not gainsay. But I shall know his soul
 Lies in the bosom of Iscariot.

A. D.

WINDOWS

HERE in the city each window is blank as a dead man's
 eye;

But the windows of a village in the land where I would be
 Shine out for me like the faces of friends when night
 storms up the sky;

Scanning the hills for their tardy guest; waiting, looking
 for me.

Like the smoke of a burning empire the night drifts over
 the deep,

And the shadows are dusky giants who stride o'er the
 mountain range;

And the silent earth is clothed with the marvellous hues of
 sleep,

And the dark flowers melt in darkness, and the white
 flowers waver and change.

O it is there I would be at this hour, far from the voluble
 street,

And the cunning of little men, and the gossip of little
 towns;

Above my head my comrades the stars, and beneath my
 feet

The warm bosom of earth, the naked breast of the
 downs.

For I know that where the lines of the hill curve splendidly
 to the sea,

In the house with the grey stone gable beyond where the
 pathway ends,

Night after night, in storm or calm, a woman watches for
 me

At one of those golden windows that shine like the eyes
 of friends.

And I know that when I return at last, travel-sullied and
 vile,

Scourged by the whips of life, broken and wan with
 years,

The blood will leap to my desolate heart when I see her
 smile,

And my tear-stained soul shall be cleansed in the healing
 rain of her tears.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

LITERATURE

ORA PRO NOBIS

Doctrina Romanensium de Invocatione Sanctorum. Being a
 brief Inquiry into the Principles that underlie the
 Practice of the Invocation of Saints. By Rev. H. F.
 STEWART, B.D. With an Introduction by the Bishop of
 Salisbury. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.)

Is invocation of Saints permissible in the Church of
 England? The twenty-second Article of Religion of the
 Church of England refers to invocation of Saints in the
 following terms: "The Romish doctrine concerning Pur-
 gatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of
 Images as of Reliques, and also Invocation of Saints,
 is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no
 warranty of Scripture but rather repugnant to the Word
 of God." At first sight this might appear to be a plain
 and unqualified condemnation, disposing finally for the
 English Churchman of the question of Saint Invocation.
 But the statement, except for those who accept the
 "Protestant-Sect" theory of the Church of England, is
 not by any means so simple. If we apply the historical
 method to the Article in question we at once see the
 necessity for its true interpretation of considering the
 circumstances under which it was written and the reasons
 why it was so worded. We are then at once confronted
 by the following questions: Does the Church of England
 condemn invocation of Saints *per se*, or does the Article
 apply only to the *Romish doctrine* of Invocation of
 Saints? And if it applies only to "the Romish doc-
 trine" is there any other doctrine of Invocation of Saints
 which is not condemned? Further, if it renounces
 "the Romish doctrine," which particular Romish doc-
 trine does it renounce? Canon XIV. of the Council
 of Trent reads: "All superstition in the Invocation of
 Saints is to be put down." And whatever may be said as
 to certain practices tolerated by Rome in many countries
 in connection with saint-worship it is impossible to find
 anything in her authorised formularies from the folio
 decrees of Councils down to the smallest catechism
 placed in the hands of the youngest children which give
 countenance to them. Now the doctrine of the Com-
 munion of Saints is two-fold; in the first place that the
 Saints of God make intercession before Him for their
 brethren on earth; in the second place that it is lawful
 to invoke their intercession. Now this is a Catholic
 doctrine of Invocation of Saints not exclusively "Roman."
 It is held equally by the Eastern Church. It may be
 proved by "most certainty warrants" of Holy Scripture
 and also by the writings of the early Catholic fathers—
 the two authorities to which the Church of England
 makes her appeal. In the second century we have
 St. Irenæus telling us (*Adver. Hæres. L. v.c. xix,*
p. 361) that:

as Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Virgin Mary induced
 to obey Him, that She might become the advocate of her that had
 fallen.

In the third century we have the testimony of several

fathers. Here are two, one from the Greek and one from the Latin Church. Origen writes (Lib. II de Job):

I will fall down on my knees, and not presuming, on account of my crimes, to present my prayer to God, I will invoke all the saints to my assistance. O ye saints of heaven, I beseech you . . . fall at the feet of the Lord of Mercies for me a miserable sinner.

Then St. Cyprian (Ep. lvii. p. 96) in the same century:

Let us be mindful of one another in our prayers; with one mind and with one heart in this world and the next. . . . And may the charity of him, who, by the divine favour shall first depart hence still persevere before the Lord; may his prayer for our brethren and sisters not cease.

Now this last is a Catholic form of invocation or rather comprecation which it would hardly have been the intention of the Article to condemn. The Bishop of Salisbury in his very guarded and temperate preface to Mr. Stewart's little book, without actually expressing, seems to endorse this view. He finds nothing to object to in a prayer such as "Hear, O Lord, our prayers together with the prayers of our brethren who have gone before," but he considers that the limit is overstepped when we single out particular persons and ask for their prayers as particularly powerful with God.

It would therefore seem correct to state that the Church of England has never repudiated the doctrine of Invocation of Saints, but has strongly condemned the practices which have grown up in and been tolerated by the Church of Rome. In this little volume Mr. Stewart aims at tracing briefly the history of these practices and the superstitions that arise out of them. He lays himself open, however, to serious criticism when he states—what he afterwards seems to contradict by his quotations—that "it may be questioned whether there really is any other doctrine of Invocation of Saints" (i.e., than the Roman doctrine) and that "it seems to be the fact that the doctrine is inextricably intertwined with other doctrines which the reformed Church of England has definitely declined to hold." Among these other doctrines Mr. Stewart classes "the doctrines of supererogation, of the treasury of merits, of indulgences, etc." Now it would have been well if Mr. Stewart had been a little more definite on these matters in view of the intense ignorance of English churchmen on indulgences and the treasury of merits. An indulgence, it may be stated, is a remission by the Church, in virtue of the power of the keys, of a portion or the whole of the temporal punishment due to sin. The infinite merits of Christ form the fund, as it were, whence the remission is derived; but, besides, the Roman Church holds that by the communion of saints, penitential works performed by the just, beyond what their own sins might exact, are available to other members of Christ's mystical body; that, for instance, to quote the late Cardinal Wiseman:

the sufferings of the spotless Mother of God, the austerities and persecutions of the Baptist, the tortures endured by numberless martyrs . . . all these made consecrated and valid through their union with the merits of Christ's passion, formed a store of meritorious blessings, applicable to the satisfaction of sinners.

Now on this theory of human merit Mr. Stewart is very hard, although bound to admit its antiquity—finding it indeed without doubt firmly established in the Jewish mind at the beginning of the era. But it is possible to repudiate it very strongly and its kindred phases of thought, as, indeed, the theologians of the Eastern Church do, without striking at Invocation, and Mr. Stewart overstates his case when he insists upon the inseparability of the two positions.

The fact is that Invocation of Saints has its root in deep religious sentiment. It is a purely natural impulse arising out of the doctrine of Communion of Saints. It is instinctive. There may be wisdom in restricting the use of direct invocation of particular saints in the public liturgy, but no one can restrain the heart's cry of the devout to those who have gone before—*Ora pro nobis*.

BEHIND THE EGYPTIAN SCENES

Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt. By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

"I HAD a thing to say. And it is said." Thus, with a sense of fulfilment rarely realised in modern literature or life, but proper in both departments to himself, does Mr. Wilfrid Blunt bring to a close "The Wind and the Whirlwind"—a poem of fervid appeal against England's Egyptian policy of 1882. That poem, long out of print, reappears at the end of this volume of purposeful prose. With the thing said we are here and now, by profession, less instantly concerned than with the way of the saying of it. The politics of the book will endure as something more than a mere footnote to the history of stirring events now near twenty-five years old; but it is ours, meanwhile, to take note of the statement of those politics for its straightness, its grasp of the main things, the things that count, its capture of essential words amid a surrounding babel of claptrap, its delightful blending of the personal with the political, its sane appreciation of public events, through the entire tangle of which the author moves with the impulse and candour of a single mind, and the majesty of a conscious ascent above the pettiness of what R. L. Stevenson called "the dull trade" of politics. It is the half-luck of some authors to have nothing to say and to say it well; of others to have something to say but to say it ill. Here we get the wholly lucky author, who has manner and matter at command. He had a thing to say; and verily it is said.

Processes are nearly always fascinating to observe; and Mr. Blunt gives us history in the making. Even as scaffolding confers on London a beauty which the finished building obliterates, so the "Button"-holeings of the *Times*, the week-end Crabbet tennis-parties of men who moved on Monday the strings behind the stage of politics, the exchange of views with "Eddy" Hamilton, the informal intercourse with Gladstone, the dinners with the Carlises, the Queen's garden-party, the chat with the Prince, the seed sown in this letter, or cast to the winds in that telegram—all this network of propaganda has an interest and a charm which are denied to the student of public policy in its finished form. Right or wrong, Mr. Blunt believed that Egypt could work out its own regeneration. Gladstone, out of office, had seen beside the Nile a people "rightly struggling to be free"; and it was Mr. Blunt's part to try to maintain in Gladstone the Prime Minister the ethical elevation of Gladstone the mere man. It was his part, in short, to foment Arabi Pasha's opposition to Sultan and Khedive; to fight in England against the bondholders who sought to impose in the nineteenth century a new Egyptian bondage; to send to Arabi fair words so long as fair words could be extracted (the word is chosen, for it was moral dentistry, and no less, that drew them) from Ministers; to sing the fallen after Tel-el-Kebir, and to succour the prisoners whom other people sought to slay. If you see history in the making, you see the need there may be for a scapegoat; you see how the undertaking of a war can only be justified afterwards by treating the occasion of it as your enemy's crime, and your enemy as an ingrained malefactor; you hear the false rumour cried out at the street corner, and you read the faked telegram in your evening paper; you know the expediency behind the principle, and are aware of the skeleton in the closet of monarchs and ministers; and you watch the wires, and the working of them, by deft hands in deadly opposition.

This is how Mr. Blunt regarded the events that led up to the English occupation of Egypt; and, when he could not prevent the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—when he failed as peacemaker and as private agent at once of Arabi and, O miracle! almost of the British Government—he at least contrived to save the life of Arabi the Egyptian, whom later the Prince of Wales was happy to save also from exile. It is the Blunt

truth that he here tells, and when is that quite welcome? Never but in the "palmy" days—that have no "date."

With party politics Mr. Blunt has had nothing to do. His standpoint is that of a lover of the Arab, man—and horse. We suppose that to him a hedge is only something to leap over; and a boundary between nations a barrier to ignore. He does not wait, as the most of us wait, for the verdict of matured history. At what date, we fancy him asking, did our last Chinese War cease to be justified by Englishmen who still ranked among the patriotic? Mr. Bright, whom Mr. Blunt stirred against this Gladstonian war in Egypt, was almost alone when he spelled the Crimea a—crime; but now! Later instances could be cited to show that Mr. Blunt did during the day of conflict what others postpone doing till its morrow. It is an awkward thing to do at once. You get the mud, if nothing harder, of both combatants. Your head is all but forfeit to your own Government; the army is angry with you; the navy makes nasty remarks; the civil service turns uncivil altogether; and you catch it from the newspapers. Harry Brand says you are "a traitor;" and his father, the Speaker, gives you an order for the gallery with a decided air that it ought to be for the gallows. That is when you are Mr. Blunt; and then you are reminded, in addition, that you married the grand-daughter of Byron, and if you have written verse which some people say is better than his, you must play the patriot too and on a larger field—Greece for the one, Egypt for the other. If at the end of all this, you are able to write a big book without a single hard word in it, though sometimes an inevitably hard fact, you achieve something that is surely worth the achieving. The tale of Mr. Blunt's triumphs, too short while the fight raged, was, in truth, not all told until this book stood to his account.

Though his name is an absentee from the volume's admirable Index, Cromer "sometimes nods" to you in its pages. Sir E. Malet and Sir Auckland Colvin are there, officially terrible and terribly official. Mr. Blunt's readings of men and women make, of course, excellent by-play in the book. Those we quote we quote "without prejudice." Lord Wolseley of twenty-five years ago is "a brisk little jerky man" (Mr. Blunt, you perceive, is tall and calm) "whom it is impossible to accept as a great general," and, again, "an Irishman with a rough touch of brogue, good-humoured, *but*"—not a Napoleon. Lord Esher, then Reginald Brett and Lord Hartington's secretary, was met at a dinner-party and measured up as "a friend of the Rothschilds and other financiers who were clamouring for intervention" and "one of our bitterest enemies." Lord Rosebery, too, was all for the Bonds, and there was an abortive drive to the City to see "Natty" Rothschild—a drive which certainly ought to have been rewarded, as Tancred's was, with an adventure by the way. Lord Goschen, "agreeable in manner, with much charm of voice," was, of course, particularly careful to impress on Mr. Blunt that "he was not taking a financial view of the situation"—not he; and it is laughable to find that already, two and a half decades ago, Mr. Morley, then printing weird telegrams from Cairo in the *Pall Mall*, was a dog with a good name that has stuck to him: Morley, being so true a Liberal, said "Eddy" Hamilton then, as it might have been last week in the Commons, could not take an illiberal line. And Arabi was writing simultaneously: "Our only perplexity is caused by the lies published by unscrupulous men in the European press."

The late Lord De la Warr, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard (as Lord and Lady Carlisle then were), Mr. Percy Wyndham (the only Tory to vote in the minority of twenty-five against the Alexandria bombardment), Sir William and Lady Gregory, the author's wife, Lady Anne Blunt, and her brother, Lord Lovelace, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Lord Ripon ("a thoroughly honest man"), Sir Wilfrid Lawson (all Wilfrids are lovers of men), John Bright, and, of course, Gordon, all appear as the good angels of the piece. Mr. Gladstone is presented as a com-

posite Lucifer and Michael; at the end of all differences, we note, there is agreement between Mr. Gladstone and our author on one point—Madame de Novikoff he writes of as "very charming." No record of the late Lord Lytton can be complete unless it includes the tribute here paid him by the hand of his friend; and there is a touch of charmingly relevant irrelevance in that entry in Mr. Blunt's diary the day that he and Lady Anne Blunt went to meet the Lyttons on their landing from India. Tea was prepared at the local inn, and Lady Lytton surveyed once more the Christian populace: "Oh, the dear drunken people in the streets," she exclaimed, "how I love them!"

The volume, printed, like all Mr. Blunt's recent books, in fine style by the Chiswick Press, is singularly free from errors. But Lord Rendel should be correctly given in a new edition—the spelling "Rendall" belonging, not to the Stuart Rendel of these pages, but to a famous editor in a younger generation.

A DRY RIVER

The Historic Thames. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Coloured Illustrations by A. R. QUINTON. (Dent, 21s. net.)

It is amazing that of all people in the world Mr. Belloc should have achieved the apparently impossible and should have turned the Thames into a dry river. Recollection of his delightful book upon "The Old Road," the well-trodden Pilgrims' Way from the West Country to Canterbury, caused us to sit down to this latest work of his with pleasurable anticipations, which were, alas, destined to be rudely shattered. Time and again he dubs this volume "notes," and justly so; notes they are and no more than that; a mere skeleton of dry bones, which he could and should have clothed with flesh and blood. Indeed, here lies the essence of his error, he has been overcome and overwhelmed with facts and has left humanity out of count; but history is the story of humanity. To him, at any rate as shown in these pages, the Thames is a mere physical fact. We do not find fault with him for not having indulged in vaporous word-paintings of the beauties of the river, that was not his task; but he is most certainly wrong in setting before us a mere note-book instead of a volume of living, throbbing history such as he is most competent to write. The driest pedant can set forth facts; Mr. Belloc can do that and more, but has disdained to do so. We sincerely trust he will reconsider the matter and rewrite his book.

With all its faults of omission, however, "The Historic Thames" is a thoughtful and stimulating essay—in the strict usage of the word. The Thames as a lovely stream of pleasure has been dealt with almost often enough, but not until now, unless we are mistaken, has any one set forth the place of the Thames in the history of our country, and its connection with the government and wealth of England. In early and semi-mythical days, of which our knowledge is but scant and too often merely conjectural, the Thames gradually grew to importance as a means of travel and also as an obstacle and boundary. Flowing water afforded a safe and easy means of communication to primitive man, and the banks of a navigable stream provided the most convenient place for permanent settlements. As Mr. Belloc puts it:

from the beginning of human activity in this island the whole length of the river has been set with human settlements never far removed one from the other; for the Thames ran through the heart of South England, and wherever its banks were secure from recurrent floods it furnished those who settled on them with three main things which every early village requires: good water, defence, and communication.

The Thames, until roads were perfected and railways introduced, was the great highway of Southern England, and before the era of bridge-building, it was a military

obstacle of first importance, therefore bearing definitely upon political history.

Mr. Belloc justly points out that historians and others are only too ready to overestimate the changes that have taken place during the few recorded centuries of our history; indeed they often assume that there is change where none is; he reminds us that the dangers and difficulties of the dark ages are often overestimated, the population often underestimated and such mistakes made as representing as mere villages towns that have had a municipal life of fifteen hundred years and more. The landscape itself has often changed but little, there are many spots upon the banks of Thames, which a leather-clad, woad-stained Briton would immediately recognise and find but little altered; still more true is this of later days:

you might put a man of the fifteenth century on the water below St. John's Lock, and, until he came to Buscot Lock, he would hardly know that he had passed into a time other than his own. The same steeple of Lechlade would stand as a permanent landmark beyond the fields, and, a long way off, the church of Eaton Hastings, which he had known, show above the trees.

Mr. Belloc deals at considerable length with the religious settlements upon the river banks, and does not minimise the important part they played. It is a pity that neither members of the reformed church nor Catholics are able, as a rule, to view dispassionately the work accomplished by the religious in mediæval times, Mr. Belloc for example taking too rosy a view of their influence upon life and upon history. He seems entirely to forget that the circumstances in which clerics could and did do good work were provided and secured by lay powers; the man of arms rendered possible the tranquil and profitable existence of the man of peace. It is far too sweeping a conclusion to say that

it would have been impossible to re-create a sound agriculture and to refound the arts and learning; especially would it have been impossible to refound the study of letters, upon which all material civilisation depends, had it not been for the monastic institutions.

That this institution did accomplish this task after the barbaric era of petty chieftains and small wars is undoubted, but what proof is there that without it the same end would not have been gained by other means? Not only is Mr. Belloc naturally out of sympathy with Henry VIII., but quite unable to take a fair view of the Reformation in England. Whatever that king's private motives may have been and iniquitous as were many of his methods, that he succeeded in sweeping monastic life out of existence is clear proof that he was on the whole acting in accord with the spirit of the time and of the nation; otherwise even if he could have carried through his policy, his work could not have proved lasting. Mr. Belloc also seems to be imbued with the superstition that monastic lands and properties carried with them a curse upon those to whom they were granted or by whom they were seized.

We have said sufficient to show the interest of Mr. Belloc's book, but must repeat our disappointment that he has indicated what he could do rather than actually accomplished it. A small point, were not the women who were slain after Naseby "for no particular reason except that killing was in the air," the "hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tatter'd camp-followers 'with long skean-knives about a foot in length,' which they well know how to use," to whom Carlyle refers and who had probably to be treated like wild cats? But Mr. Belloc loves neither the Cromwells nor the Puritans.

The publishers have made a bad mistake in sending out this volume without maps or plans. No good word can be said of the illustrations; many of them are very badly drawn, such for example as the egregious Streteley Reach, Hampton Court Palace, Zion House and Hampton Church. We do not know who is responsible, the artist or the printer, for the hot and unnatural colouring of too many of the pictures, but fancy that the latter cannot

be absolved. With care and skill very admirable effects result from the three-colour process, but abominable results must come, as in many of these plates, if the printing is not carefully watched, and watched by the artist.

W. T. S.

SOME THEORIES, FACTS, AND FIGURES IN RESPECT OF ALCOHOL

Alcohol and the Human Body. An Introduction to the Study of the Subject by Sir VICTOR HORSLEY, M.D., and MARY D. STURGE, M.D.; with a chapter by ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, M.D. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

THIS book is a sound literary performance and an earnest tract for the times, but we do not see that it can achieve much. We are informed on the title-page that it is only an introduction to the subject, a statement which tends to disarm criticism, for any deficiencies may be removed in a subsequent volume. But even as an introduction it seems to us to fail, for it leaves unanswered the particular question as to the effect of alcohol on the human body with which the world at large is most concerned, namely: Is even the truly moderate user of alcohol endangering himself and the community? We believe that the authors are assured of the reasonableness of the strictest temperance doctrines—to them the moderate drinker must appear a more dangerous character than the drunkard, for the former masquerades as a healthy citizen and obstructs the teetotal cause by his respectability, while the drunkard has his preventive value as a helot. But although Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge marshal great scientific knowledge and sane facts on their side, they do not supply any new arguments which should convert a really thoughtful man to the extremes of temperance views. That part of their teaching which cannot be contested has been said before, and the rest is a set of opinions against some of which much authority might be quoted. It is presumably to the moderate drinker that the book is directed, at any rate it cannot be meant for the instruction of fanatics or idiots. Those who see in any use of alcohol, whatever the circumstances, a grave error in sociology, or a sad default in morals need no further arguments in support of temperance doctrines. Those who think that excessive drinking does no harm either to the individual sot or to his environment, conduct their lives on a plane where arguments are wasted; and they form nowadays so small a body of our citizens that the music-halls have ceased to cater for them, and their exploits go unchronicled in the sporting press. There remain those who hold that a judicious use of alcohol, where the right indications are present, has its advantages and its pleasures, and this important section of the population will not find anything in the message of Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge to compel them to alter their sentiment.

But the manner in which this message is delivered is excellent and the general information disseminated may do great good. The section, for example, dealing with the coarse and minute structure of the nervous system merits high praise. Here the authors have treated an intricate and technical subject, sadly though perhaps necessarily obscured by a cumbrous vocabulary, with simplicity and clearness, so that those who have no previous knowledge of such matters can understand the way in which the most important processes of the human body are conducted, and can get an idea of the work of scientific men in the interesting borderland of psycho-physiology. As we read these portions of the book we learn to respect the efforts of modern physiology for the advancement of humanity (and no one has made more brilliantly successful efforts than Sir Victor Horsley), while we can appreciate the prompt way in which medicine, re-born under Pasteur, Lister, Metchnikoff and Virchow, has seized on

the various discoveries of these philosophers and directed them to our physical good. But when the authors come to particular pathology, when they essay to prove the extent to which alcohol influences for ill our intellectual processes, our emotions, and our tissues, they are no longer speaking with certainty. They do not lose their clearness, but they can be contradicted by those who hold other views, and of these there are many. It is a fact that an appalling array of diseases is caused by immoderate drinking—acute poisoning, insanity, epileptoid seizures and paralysis; and it is a fact that crime, immorality and every horror, physical and moral, attend the drunkard on his way through the world; but we are as yet without exact information to show that the really moderate use of alcohol conduces to any of these things, or causes other pathological conditions, or exaggerates such conditions when they arise from independent origin. The authors of "Alcohol and the Human Body" do not convince us that such a use of alcohol has the deteriorating effect upon the tissues or upon the intellectual processes which they believe it has; and although the medical profession are considerably revising their views on the employment of stimulants in disease, it is not taught in our medical schools, that the sinister outlook which Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge appear to predict, awaits with any likelihood the moderate drinker. And by the way, what is a moderate drinker? At least one of the observers whose experiments are quoted in this book is over liberal in his idea, and the perils of the temperate man must not be assumed because of the disabilities exhibited by a subject of experiment to whom the doses of alcohol administered have not been genuinely small. The statistics added by Dr. Newsholme form a better warrant than the pathological details for regarding the use of alcohol by temperate men as perilous, but they are suggestive only and not impeccable. The figures of Life Assurance Societies are, for example, quoted to show what they do not show—the prospect of life of the moderate drinker. Life Assurance Societies know only of abstainers and non-abstainers, with the result that when the chances of one class are pitted against the chances of the other the non-abstainers bear the burden of the gross sins of the drunkards, a fact which considerably damages the prospects of the moderate drinker—on paper.

So far as the object of the writers has been to persuade the thinking public to adopt strict teetotal principles by giving a scientific demonstration that in this direction, and this only, lies safety, the work must be held a failure. They prove the proven eloquently, though the opening tragedy in "Alice for Short" is really a more effective sermon against the evils of drink than any exact treatise can hope to be. But they do not give the really moderate user of alcohol any reason to suppose that he stands in danger of physical and moral wreck, or of the loss of "the abstract ideals of the duties of citizenship."

BEAST AND MAN

Eclipse and O'Kelly. By THEODORE ANDREA COOK. (Heinemann, 21s.)

MUCH honour is shown to the racehorse. His health is looked after with as much science and attention as that of a hypochondriacal millionaire. The events of his daily life are recorded in the "training reports" of the sporting papers as carefully as though he were a royalty, and are read eagerly by hundreds of thousands. People who have won money by his exertions grow sentimental in their enthusiasm for him. Very seldom, however, has any individual racehorse had such a fine compliment paid him as this book of Mr. Theodore Cook's. Everything that could possibly be found out concerning Eclipse, his ancestors, his birth and education, his achievements, his appearance and measurements, the fate of his skin and

his hoofs and his skeleton, his descendants and what they in turn have accomplished—it is all set down. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the other subject, Eclipse's owner. The book is a monument of thoroughness—also of energy. For everybody knows that Mr. Cook is not a writer of unlimited leisure, and there is internal evidence that the work has taken him a comparatively short time. I can only say that it would have occupied my powers of work exclusively for about twenty years. This, however, though a real and sincere tribute, is not perhaps that which an author loves best, and I hasten to add that from beginning to end the book is excellent reading, practical, entertaining and suggestive.

I must set down some of the more salient facts about these two personages, the great horse and his owner, and will begin with the finer animal. Eclipse was born in 1764, the son of Marske and Spiletta. His excellence shows a happy combination, the right mixture, arrived at in a way by chance, of the Eastern and native English strains: on this subject Mr. Cook is learned and convincing, but it is too intricate and technical to be examined here. There have been as many claimants to the honour of his birth-place as to that of Homer, but it is finally established that he was born in the paddock near Cranborne Tower at Windsor, the property of the most famous Duke of Cumberland, the son of George the Second. He was a chestnut with a white face, and the off hindleg white from hock to fetlock joint; his height, I gather, is a matter of dispute, but he was certainly a big racer for his day, though now, the breed having grown considerably, he would not be thought so. He was a perfectly proportioned animal, but had not an especially good head. All that is borne out by the many portraits of him reproduced here, the best of course by Stubbs. He was acquired by one Wildman, a meat salesman and grazier, and had an upbringing very different from his descendants to-day, being sent to a roughrider who rode him all day and sometimes took him poaching all night. It was all one to Eclipse, who could do anything and everything for ever. The question, by the way, of the comparative merits of racers then and now is an interesting one. The old story that Eclipse ran a mile in a minute is a mere old story. On the contrary, the modern racehorse, who could not do that time, is a faster animal, as Mr. Cook and I believe all other authorities hold, up to two miles or so at least. The question is of endurance, and it is generally held that in this there has been deterioration; yet the Grand National course is over four miles, with thirty big jumps in it, and it is done in nine minutes and a half or so. It is certain however, that Eclipse's weight of eleven or twelve stone, over four miles, would be impossible to almost every horse in training now.

With the beginning of Eclipse's racing career O'Kelly comes upon the scene. Mr. Cook has done much to give that sportsman a fair appearance. The old idea was that O'Kelly was simply a vulgar ruffian, who came from the gutter and made a fortune by malpractices. Mr. Cook shows that he came of decent Irish stock, which intermarried with other decent stock; that although the Jockey Club would not have him he lived more or less in good company; that he had virtues of hospitality and kindness. He could not have made much over Eclipse's racing—he made twenty-five thousand pounds by him at the stud—which only lasted two years and involved laying odds on, of anything up to a hundred to one. It is entirely to his credit that no attempt was made to cause Eclipse to lose a race with sinister intention: my own opinion, under Mr. Cook's correction, is that Eclipse would not have permitted it. The picture of O'Kelly which Mr. Cook has had enlarged from a cameo, shows a somewhat coarse and brutal, but by no means a vulgar face. Still, I do not think O'Kelly emerges as a very fine sort of person. The fact remains that beginning in indigence he made a fortune by gambling. Very like he did not cheat; cheats seldom come to fortune; but he must have played his game with every advantage he

could take. Mr. Cook thinks that Eclipse had a good influence on him. I hope it was so: it is a pretty fancy. I confess I have not observed this good moral influence of horses on those associated with them. His nephew and heir—they were both militia colonels and are often confused—was a more respectable, I daresay no more worthy, person.

To resume—but it is idle to resume. I cannot select a hundredth part of the interesting facts and stories in the book. Possibly some of my readers do not know that the famous phrase, "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," was not metaphorical, but severely technical: it meant that the rest were unplaced because beaten by over two hundred yards, and O'Kelly won a big bet over it. Then there is the historical house of Cannons, which O'Kelly bought, and his mistress, Charlotte Hayes, and his famous parrot which sang tunes and went back if it got a bar wrong, and his parties where dukes and blacklegs commingled—cards being wisely prohibited—and heaps of other people and things. With them all the serious purpose of the work, the examination of racing stock, is never lost sight of, and I note that Mr. Cook complains with reason of the neglect by "Science" of the uniquely long and accurately recorded experiments in breeding it has here to its hand. Lastly the pictures are a joy, and if you tire of innumerable horses there is a portrait by Mr. Nicholson and a caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

G. S. STREET.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Savage Club. By AARON WATSON. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

BOHEMIA is not quite its old self, for while chronic impecuniosity is still one of its features, its impecuniosity is not so fascinatingly complete as it was a half a century ago. Then were the days when Andrew Halliday was proud to write a leader in the *Morning Advertiser* for ten shillings, and when a theatrical manager said to William Brough, "Well, we have sometimes given as much as five pounds for a farce." Distinguished journalists did not then drive up to the Savage Club in motor-cars, and popular novelists did not inhabit island fortresses.

But in spite of the changes that have come over the land we need not therefore assume that Bohemianism is dead. As Mr. Aaron Watson says, "Bohemianism is not a gipsy style of living, but a temperament; not carelessness of dress or disregard of nicenesses at meal-times, but an atmosphere," and there are as good Bohemians to be met with nowadays arrayed in evening dress as there were in the smoky back rooms in which the early "Savages" were to be found cooking their own chops over the fireplace. Such, at any rate, is Mr. Aaron Watson's contention, and it is only those who have adopted hackneyed and erroneous notions of Bohemianism who will venture to deny it.

There was little need for Mr. Watson to be so apologetic in his preface to his history of the Savage Club, for he had capital matter at his command, and has proved himself quite capable of dealing with it. He rightly calls his compilation a medley of History, Anecdote and Reminiscence, and his three hundred pages are crowded with glimpses into the lives of men whose names are familiar to everybody. While snapping up many hitherto unconsidered trifles in the history of the interesting dead, he has succeeded in avoiding the entirely trivial, a discrimination all too rare in writers of books of this class.

It is strange that authorities should differ on the origin of the existence and of the name of a club only fifty years old, but they do, and Mr. Watson carefully sifts the rival versions, and then conducts us along the track of the wanderings of the "Savages," making us acquainted on the way with a host of old-time members and their varied idiosyncrasies. We are put at once on intimate terms with such men as the Broughs, Thackeray, G. A. Sala,

J. L. Toole, Tom Robertson, Jeffery Prowse, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and, amongst those of a later day, James Hannay, Phil May and E. J. Odell. Good stories abound, and the illustrations, about eighty in number, are of decided interest, especially in the case of a reproduction in colour of a lightning sketch of Irving as Mephistopheles drawn by Phil May after a Saturday night house-dinner.

There be those who refuse to agree that the Savage Club is entitled to the position in the world of art and letters which some of its champions claim as its due, but this volume proves, at any rate, that it has been the haunt of many of the brightest lights of the past half-century and that its history was well worth the writing.

A short chapter contributed by Mark Twain is of especial interest at this moment.

London Topographical Record. Illustrated. Including the Seventh Annual Report of the London Topographical Society. Vol. iv. (Office of the Society.)

THE object of the London Topographical Society is the publication of material illustrating the history and topography of the City and County of London from the earliest times to the present day. Perhaps that phase of the Society's work which consists in the reproduction of maps and plans of the capital is more useful for official purposes than for the individual. Some of their previous publications are maps so large and cumbersome as must tax the resources of storage for the occupants of private houses. This objection, however, does not apply to the present volume, which records in a compact form much valuable information. The bulk of the book is occupied by an instalment in continuation of Mr. Hilton Price's "Signs of Old London," eighty-five pages dealing with Cheapside, Poultry and the adjacent streets. The volume opens with the vice-presidential address at the Society's seventh annual meeting by Mr. Philip Norman. This is in effect as complete and succinct an account of the history and remains of London Wall as was available up to date of publication. Since the report was in type, however, fresh discovery has been made of part of a bastion, believed to be of Roman work, with a fragment of sculptured fluting in stonework, built into the wall by way of subsequent repair. Not least useful among the Society's activities is the keeping a record year by year of demolitions and topographical changes. Volume iv. contains some illustrations, plans and descriptions of Vanburgh Castle and House, both erected about the year 1717 in Blackheath. As to the city itself, considering the enormous extent of the Great Fire in 1666, which destroyed no less than eighty-seven parochial churches, beside St. Paul's Cathedral, and devastated an area of four hundred and thirty-six acres, it is not surprising if very little worth preserving is left. But for that very reason whatever of beautiful has survived is, like the Sibylline books, all the more precious for its rarity's sake, and ought to be preserved with most scrupulous care. Why is it that when jaded with the ennui of overwork or idleness thousands of Englishmen spend their holidays across the Channel, unless it be because we have already destroyed so much that to escape from our dreary wilderness of bricks and mortar, we are obliged to migrate to other lands where the inhabitants have been less reckless than ourselves of the bounty of the past? In other words the possession of public works of art is no negligible quantity but a real attraction and a property whose value is not to be underrated. Nay, it is of the nature of a commercial asset, not incapable of enhancing even the tremendous privilege of existence under the ægis of the Union Jack.

Sir William Beechey, R.A. By W. ROBERTS. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

RESTRAINING himself, wisely perhaps, from any attempt to analyse the merits or demerits of Beechey's works, Mr. Roberts has taken upon himself "the less ambitious

but . . . more permanently useful office of chronicler." He succeeds, however, in conveying, with the help of his illustrations, the impression of a capable craftsman whose honest if not brilliant work was overshadowed by the genius of his contemporaries. His longevity is not the least remarkable feature of his career, for he outlived not only his seniors, Reynolds and Gainsborough, but his junior Lawrence, and linked the great portrait-painters with the great landscapists Crome, Constable and Turner. The task of tracing out the identity of Beechey's sitters, which included most of the celebrities of his time, has been pursued by Mr. Roberts with most patient industry and he has unearthed a mass of information of great value to future biographers. He sifts out carefully different versions of the same period of the artist's life, and gives the evidence in their favour without insisting on the acceptance of one or the other. His chapter reproducing Beechey's account books, and his appendix of pictures of the Beechey family, are instances of his zeal for collecting facts, and though it may be questioned whether the subject is of sufficient artistic interest to warrant its inclusion in Messrs. Duckworth's "Red" series, the book was well worth publishing for its information not only about Beechey but about many of his distinguished contemporaries.

Leaders of the Church. Dr. Pusey. By G. W. E. RUSSELL.
Frederick Denison Maurice. By C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
(Mowbray, 3s. 6d. each.)

THESE are the first two volumes of a new series under the editorship of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, on "Leaders of the Church" during the nineteenth century. The distinguishing idea of the series is that all the lives are to be written by laymen, the object being to set forth the impressions produced on the minds of devout and interested lay-people by the characters and careers of some great ecclesiastics. The peculiar virtue of the English priesthood has always been as Cardinal Manning observed, its "interest in public affairs, in the politics and welfare of the country." Mr. Russell, in his preface to the series, expresses the hope that the volumes may stimulate and encourage this interest. The volume on Dr. Pusey, which he has contributed, is a very excellent example of what the series should be. It is an appreciation written by a man who thoroughly understands and sympathises with the life and ideals of Dr. Pusey. Denounced by the bishops, forbidden to preach at the university, accused of treachery on all sides, Pusey held unwaveringly to his course until the end. He lived to see the principles for which he fought not merely tolerated, but triumphant. Pusey's life combined all the elements of moral grandeur—"an absolute and calculated devotion to a sacred cause, a child-like simplicity, and a courage which grew more buoyant as the battle thickened."

Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has not so sympathetic a task in writing of F. D. Maurice. The biographer feels it necessary to explain away Maurice's undoubted Protestantism. Mr. Masterman may be correct in his assertion that Maurice was never a "Protestant" if he is using that odious term in the sense in which recently it has come to stink in the nostrils of decent men as the catchword of a noisy and disreputable band. But that Maurice himself made use of the word and that his theological tendencies were "Protestant" there can be no doubt. Mr. Masterman is rightly eulogistic of Maurice's work and personal character. With Kingsley he initiated the social movement which is being carried on to-day by men like Canon Scott Holland and Dr. Gore. Maurice's work was, as Mr. Masterman observes, "charged with a lofty purpose and enduring insight which will give it a permanent position in the history of the thought of our age." Maurice may be described as a practical mystic. He was a man of huge energy, his conceptions were wide and lofty. He had the power of producing enthusiasm among his fellows which is characteristic of the prophet

and the pioneer. But is not Mr. Masterman going too far when he pronounces him "the greatest thinker of the English Church in the nineteenth century"?

King Arthur. By FRANCIS COUTTS. (Lane, 5s.)

MR. COUTTS has forsaken his satirical vein and given us yet another versification of Malory. It is in blank verse, and is partly dramatic, partly narrative. There is some vigour in the scene where Nivian shuts Merlin in the rock, and the blank verse runs in paragraphs and not in single lines like so much modern work of the sort. But the whole work is undistinguished and dull. It is all padded out. For instance, when the boy Arthur wants to tell Kay that he will enjoy tournaments when he is older, that is not enough for your blank verse playwright:

I see it all : the lists, the ladies' robes,
The king high-seated, and the armour flashing,

and so forth, till we are entirely taken away from the dramatic situation by a worthless little word-picture. And the dire necessity of making things long enough leads Mr. Coutts into the dullest similes:

All was still
Except the sea, that, like an outcast, driven
Beyond the city gates, who moans and beats
The bars forbidding, beat the rocks and moaned,
But soon a whisper, like a shudder, ran
From host to host . . .

How is our conception of his insistent ocean improved by the clumsy introduction of the Outcast? As for the simile that so relentlessly follows on, that of the shudder-like whisper, it reminds us of the great line from Dr. Lambkin's "Newdigate":

Like mighty hills Britannia's mountains rise.

If Mr. Coutts had remembered that the only two long poems in the last century, or we might almost say since the death of Milton, that have exhibited a mastery of blank verse are the "Cenci" and "Hyperion"—that even "Chastelard" and "The Passing of Arthur" are not quite successful—he might have been more reluctant to write a long poem in this exceptionally difficult metre.

POETRY AND PASSION

A WEEK or two ago I saw a paragraph in some provincial paper in which it was remarked that the ACADEMY was apparently cultivating "the minor poet," "we have nothowever," the writer of the paragraph went on to say, "seen any signs of a new poet at present." I quote the words of the anonymous writer from memory, and the press-cutting which contained them having long since been consigned to the waste-paper basket, I am not even able to recall the name of the journal which gave them currency. They were so typical, however, of the sort of thing that is so often said about poetry by the average person, that the sense of them remained in my memory. The assumption that if a "new poet" had been discovered or had revealed himself in the ACADEMY the writer in the *Little Piddington Gazette*, or whatever the journal was, would, of course, have immediately recognised and crowned him with his approval, is really delicious in its *naïveté*. During the whole course of a life which has largely been spent directly and indirectly in literary pursuits and among literary and intellectual people, I can truthfully say that I have not met more than about half a dozen people whose judgment of poetry was worth the proverbial two pins. The idea, therefore, that a poor little penny-a-liner of the provinces should venture, on the strength of that importance which is given to the uncultivated and the uneducated by the use of the journalistic "we," to suppose that he would of course recognise good poetry directly he saw it, strikes me as being a peculiarly rich one.

But, *mon pauvre monsieur*, if Shakespeare re-incarnated came to the ACADEMY and offered it fifty new sonnets, and if those fifty new sonnets appeared (as they would appear) week by week in the ACADEMY, do you suppose that you would be conscious that they were any different from any other poetry that you might or might not read in the daily or weekly papers? I can assure you that you would not, and that after reading the fiftieth of those sonnets, you would have written the silly little paragraph (par. you would call it) that I have endeavoured to quote, with exactly the same gusto and self-satisfaction and pride in your immaculate good taste as you felt three weeks ago when you penned it in Little Piddlington. I would not wish to make invidious distinctions between London and the Provinces; everything I have said applies in an equal degree to the London papers. There may be, and in fact I have not the least doubt there are, hundreds of people in London and in the provinces who are real judges of poetry. All I maintain is that I have never met them and that they are not connected with newspapers either daily or weekly. It is quite true that one occasionally sees a good poem in one or other of the weekly papers, one also sees in the same papers poems that are shockingly bad; it is only by a chance and by the working of the law of averages that the good poem sometimes gets printed.

That there are thousands of people in England who really love poetry I should not be disposed to deny, any more than I should deny that there are thousands of people in England who love music. But how many people are there who only love *good* poetry and only love *good* music? Very few indeed I think. The measure of one's love for good poetry and for good music is the hatred, the violent hatred, one feels for bad poetry and bad music. I couple poetry and music together because they have this in common that each, to the true lover and judge of them, appeals through the intellect to the emotions; but as I am dealing with poetry I will leave the question of music lest it should drag me into side issues. I say then that, to the true lover and critic of poetry, the appeal is through the intellect to the emotions. There are very few people who realise this and consequently are able to control their emotions to the extent of being quite certain at once whether poetry is good or bad. To nearly all people the appeal of poetry is through the emotions to the emotions, through the emotions to sentiment, through sentiment to sentiment. These people can never be real judges of poetry. Sometimes, indeed, they have a wonderful instinct, which, when combined with an impeccable taste in all other departments of life, will enable them to be astonishingly right nine times out of ten. But the tenth time they will come to frightful grief. They will suddenly announce that a mere commonplace piece of pretty sentimentality is a really beautiful and wonderful poem, or they will take a subtle and superb piece of manipulation of words done by the brain of a master of form and, because they don't like it, will pronounce it to be bad poetry. It is so hard to learn that because one does not like a thing it is not necessarily bad.

My other proposition is that critical appreciation of fine poetry, and here I may include all fine literature, is measured by the hatred that one feels to bad poetry and bad literature. The sphere of poetry and literature is an arena, a battle-field; if the good in them is to prevail over the bad there must be a constant struggle. If you really love literature with all your heart and soul you cannot sit still and do nothing, or merely adopt a superior attitude of sweet tolerance. You must fight, and to fight to any purpose you must be stirred with rage. Every day horrors are perpetrated in the name of poetry and literature, every day adds to the vast pile of literary garbage which is cast forth on to the world. Every day the hydra-heads of humbug, cant, hypocrisy, charlatanry, false sentiment, and sham pathos

rear their horrid shapes. Nothing but rage, the rage of the man who sees his beloved about to be defiled, his darling given over to the power of the dog, can provide the strength which can prevail against them.

A. D.

"A GREEN GOOSE AND A HERO"

As a biographer James Boswell* was a hero, as a man he was a green goose; it is almost an insult to intelligence that so pompous, empty—except when drunk, which was frequently the case—and foolish a fellow should have achieved the greatest biography that the republic of letters has as yet produced. But as Gray said, "any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity." The good chance for Boswell, and for us, and for all time, was that he selected Doctor Johnson for his truth-telling and tale-bearing. To Bozzy the world owes Johnson as a living figure just as much as Bozzy owes his fame to Johnson. Fame! Is it a fame after which many men would hanker? To go down to the ages as a curious impertinent, a bore of the first water, a conceited lickspittle, and not a little of a cad?

What touch of divine genius was it that enabled Boswell to write his immortal work? He was an inspired reporter. He did not possess that faculty of selection which makes the artist; *all* that he saw and heard he set down with veracity. He was a spy, whose reports were minute and accurate. From quite early days he exhibited his gift; when visiting Paoli in Corsica, during his grand tour, Bozzy raised not unnatural suspicions of his intent:

He came to my country sudden [said Paoli]. . . . And I supposed, in my *mente*, he was in the privacy one espy; for I look away from him to my other companions, and when I look back to him I behold it in his hands his tablet, and one pencil. O, he was at work, I give it you my honour, of writing down all what I say. . . . But soon I found out I was myself the monster he came to observe.

There is another example in English literature of immortality having been gained by a writer of no literary ability and with precisely the same gift. The difference between Pepys and Boswell is that the latter spied upon others while the former spied upon himself. The likeness between the two in their methods of record is striking; no detail is too minute for them to observe, nor does any sense of shame hinder them from exposing their folly and meanness—for it cannot be held that Pepys intended his Diary for his own eye only; they both tell us with veracity what they saw and heard.

Of the many methods of biography there can be little question that Bozzy's is the best, the method of the reporter. But he did not know Johnson as we know him, any more than he knew Reynolds, or Goldsmith, or Burke. He saw and heard them, and then set down minutely what he had seen and heard; when he did venture upon comment or criticism it was either banal or wrong. He loved to know and be near the great; Johnson was the greatest man—in his opinion—to whom he could come close; had he been able to see Goldsmith or Burke with the eyes of latter days, had he set either of them upon paper as he has done Johnson, his fame and our good fortune would be even greater than now it is.

It requires a man of low intelligence and thick skin to carry through such a task as Bozzy set himself; so long as he was with the well known, so long as he could see and hear, and occasionally be seen and heard, no rebuke, snub or rebuff really hurt him. His spirit was so petty and mean as to amount to want of spirit; of pride he had no notion. In character as well as in accomplishment he was like Pepys; he was a little man who ran after the great; he was busy all his life over littlenesses; he found in petticoats and the bottle irresistible temptation; he

* Boswell died June 19, 1795.

was for ever forming good resolutions which for ever came to a bad end; he neglected his wife who was more than worthy of him; in himself insignificant, he has earned undying gratitude by adding greatly to our knowledge of human nature through telling shamelessly the truth about himself; no other "human documents" can compare for outspokenness with Pepys's Diary and Boswell's Letters to Temple. Singularly enough, both these records lay lost for many a long year; the Diary in cypher and a college library, the Letters narrowly escaping destruction by being used as wrappings for parcels in a Boulogne shop. If ever any writer compiles a Literary Plutarch, he will find delightful material in the lives and writings of Pepys and Boswell.

Bozzy once for all proved, if proof were needed, that a biography can only be well and truly written by one who has known the subject of it. In the art of painting it is the same; a picture of bygone days can only be an effort of the imagination based on incomplete knowledge; it may be beautiful, but no man can say whether it is true or untrue. The artist who sets truly upon canvas the history of his own day, the things that he has seen—his work will live because of its truth. How few so-called "historical" pictures are more than curiosities of conjecture. The facts of a man's life we can discover even when he has been long dead, but his personality can be known only to those who have seen and heard him. The few glimpses we have in Boswell of Goldsmith, warped as was his vision of him, in so far as they bring us into touch with the living man are worth all the pages of Forster, whose biography of Charles Dickens, on the other hand, despite its dull defects is treasurable.

As one closes the pages of Boswell's Johnson, two emotions are uppermost in the mind; gratitude to poor, despicable Bozzy, and a longing that the world had had more men of his gift. Had his like been by the side of Shakespeare, Lamb, Beaconsfield! As we are on this fascinating path of conjecture—who shall say that one day there will not come to light the Diary of some Elizabethan Pepys or the record by some Elizabethan Bozzy, who was a nimble shadow to Shakespeare?

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA CONSOLAZIONE AT TODI, ITALY

LIKE many other writers I find Mr. Edward Hutton pays due tribute in his book (1904) on the "Cities of Umbria" to this noble church of which I wrote in the ACADEMY twenty-one years ago from Montefalco. But alas! imitating so many others, starting with Vasari, he attributes what he calls truly one of the "loveliest Churches of the Renaissance in Italy" to Bramante or Cola di Matteuccio. If only he had first turned to the ACADEMY of October 16, 1886, he might have spared himself the luxury of such a doubt. Again I emphatically demonstrated this error, shared by all the flock of guide-books, in another long letter given in the ACADEMY of November 19, 1886, and as a copy is not always easily procurable, I will here, with your permission, write a rapid synopsis of it.

Count Leonij claimed the design for San Gallo the younger, attempting, as well as he could, to dispel the widespread misunderstanding so long prevalent. Unhappily he lay dying of a mortal illness during my visit to Todi, and I lost my opportunity of consulting this eminent authority, the learned archivist of the ancient city. I found a whole array of witnesses swearing falsely in favour of the gregarious guide-book statement that Bramante was the real architect of the church, and absolutely silent on the claim of San Gallo; indeed, if books alone were to be relied on, I must have given up

hope of establishing the right of San Gallo to the honour of constructing the design of this admirable church.

Vasari was the first writer responsible for the leading a crowd of blind followers astray. He vaguely asserts that the exterior was by Bramante, and the interior by Cola di Matteuccio da Caprarola. Several encyclopædias, as well as that valuable periodical the "Archivio Storico Italiano" repeat trustingly his very words.

Even my learned old friend and companion Adamo Rossi, the archivist and librarian of Perugia, whose death I sorrowfully narrated in the *Athenæum* of March 1891, steered cautiously, but dangerously near the old error; missing the name of the correct architect, although he was always so careful to build his facts on the solid foundation of original documentary evidence. In my letter (1886) I was rejoiced to dissipate the reigning fiction of the suppositious designer of the church, and to be enabled to restore it to its rightful maker.

After very many and fruitless researches in Florence for the original plan, said to have been seen and forgotten by Count Leonij of Todi, I was enabled to supply the missing trace, and in my letter I appended translation of a certificate of origin signed by Signor N. Ferri, keeper of the prints in the Uffizi Gallery, which proved that San Gallo, and he only, was the true architect of "Santa Maria della Consolazione di Todi." It states that the drawing, No. 731, described as "Planta della Madonna di Todi," was by San Gallo the younger, containing autographs, together with various other infallible characteristic words and signs by him. (See index, p. 221, of "Civil and Military Designs," compiled by N. Ferri in 1885.)

Surely error long familiarised dies hard, and I hoped, vainly as it appears from Mr. Hutton's book, that no future writer could attempt to perpetuate this cardinal blunder since its correction twenty years ago in the ACADEMY.

Before I conclude this revived record of mine, let me say I have referred to Basilio Magni's "Storia dell' Arte Italiana," a work in three volumes of inestimable value, which has found a solitary position in the British Museum, and only lately a copy of it has been offered to me by a friend of the author for perusal. The 1901 edition is exhausted, and a new one is in preparation immediately. I believe it has hitherto passed without recognition in England, and I quote it here; sure that the learned author accepts nothing as fact on Italian art, which he has not proven himself from original sources. At page 329, vol. ii., Magni writes: "The Church of the Consolation at Todi, isolated, with four demicupolas, in form of a Greek cross, and with a big cupola in the centre, rising with extreme elegance, has been falsely attributed to Bramante." The Archives of Todi show "that it was first founded by Cola di Matteuccio in 1508, and completed in 1608." He goes on to suggest, however, San Gallo as the author of the first design. Different architects, but not Bramante among them, are glanced at during the century 1508-1608 which elapsed, according to their successive periods of activity.

I trust that this history will not be accounted too antiquated or prolix by your readers, and be considered final.

WILLIAM MERCER.

A PLEA FOR GUSTO

MONSIEUR JULES DOUADY has recently published (with Messrs. Hachette) a "Vie de William Hazlitt l'essayiste"; and a small but valuable critical work, "Liste Chronologique des Oeuvres de William Hazlitt," which English students may use (with caution) in their study of Mr. A. R. Waller's fine complete edition of the essayist. The latter only, so far as we can discover, is an academic *thèse*. The former is published for no reason but the author's admiration for Hazlitt and his desire to make the circumstances of "The Round Table," "The Plain Speaker," and the other essays known to his country-

men. It is pleasant to think that Hazlitt is coming to be appreciated in France. Impressionism in painting the French borrowed of us with eagerness and developed with rapidity: impressionism in criticism they have taken much longer to assimilate. To this day they consider St. Evremond (one of their greatest critics and almost the founder of their criticism) as too much at the mercy of his own feelings and impulses; and in the feelings and impulses of M. Anatole France, his literary successor, there is nothing to shock even a critical MacQuedy. Criticism of this kind, in fact, has always come second or third in the affections of the French; and the clearer-minded among them must be tempted to this day to think Hazlitt a "drunken savage." So little learning, so little care for strict form, so much passion and enthusiasm, so much prejudice, so little logic, a flame so cloudy at times, so fierce at others, always so far from being hard and gem-like—Hazlitt's qualities must indeed be difficult of acceptance, and his force and value at first sight obscure to the representatives of clarity, form and moderation in literature.

If the truth were told, we ourselves stand in as much need of Hazlitt's influence as they for whom M. Douady writes, and his book contains as many lessons for us as for the most pedantic formalist alive. Criticism of Hazlitt's kind does not call for wide knowledge or profound scholarship; it can be usefully exercised without even a very delicately sensitive mind; but two things it must have, enthusiasm and courage. How much of these qualities are to be found in modern English criticism, any one may decide who reads it. It is beyond our present purpose to discuss a state of things in which writer after writer is frightened by a name; in which scorn is poured on anything that leaves the beaten track of commonplace and respectability and no one has the courage for a frontal attack on the Philistine.

Hazlitt was born under the blighting influence of a small nonconformist community, an influence which, exerted elsewhere, had already crushed the spirit and nullified the ability of his father. By his own qualities of mind and temper he broke away from that influence, and his whole life was directed by the passionate desire to be himself and not the slave of a clique or a catchword. It was not his fault so much as his misfortune that his view of the nature of freedom should be distorted. The French Revolution, that superb blunder, distorted nearly every one's view of freedom. Men sought it in political measures: it became a matter of votes and party badges, and Hazlitt, who was no logician and a poor philosopher, clung with pathetic fidelity to "reforms" and political "principles." They warped his judgment; they even interfered with his feeling for literature. His passionate loyalty blinded him for a time to the immense importance of the move made by Wordsworth, away from the spurious freedom of the politician to the genuine freedom of the man who is master of his soul. Yet, even so, there were compensations. Blind faith is often its own reward; and the reasoning, founded on false premisses and proceeding illogically to inadmissible conclusions, which declared Napoleon a development, not a denial of the Revolution, and the champion, not the foe, of the spurious kind of freedom, at least allowed Hazlitt to cherish one of the most generous and inspiring of his enthusiasms. Meanwhile, he was in his own way fighting tooth and nail for the real freedom; in his tempestuous, almost Bacchic, enjoyment of all that was good and great in life and art; in the confusion of the Puritans and the assertion by all means, reputable or disreputable, of his own nature. It was, again, the fault of his age, not of himself, that that assertion included too much drink; and for the story of the "Liber Amoris"—where is the idealist, and the fighting idealist, who has not been tripped in his time by some such sort of vermin as Sarah Walker?

It is in Hazlitt's greed for feeling and emotion, his passionate association of his own right to enjoy, that his value lies for the present bloodless age, which has allowed

the nonconformist conscience to play the tyrant once more, and in a new realm. Who can praise now as Hazlitt praised? Who has such wide interests, such generous enthusiasm? A tennis-player, a bottle of wine, a book, a friendship—all rouse him to a fury of that noble "gusto" of his. And when he is angry, when he turns to read, there is a science in his frenzy that makes it almost horrible. There is no one now who could write a "Letter to William Gifford Esq."; yet there are one or two Giffords who would be the better for it.

Bluster is not force, and Hazlitt never confused the two. There is all the difference between the glowing prose heated by his enthusiasm and the slaving of the modern sycophant. For Hazlitt was himself of the giants, and could meet the giants on their own level to embrace or to attack. And in saying that we stand in need of Hazlitt's "gusto" I am not, I trust, tempting any one to imitate his manner who has not its foundation. Even our timidity and our respectability are better than gush. But one might be permitted to plead for a little more of his valiant directness of speech, his courage, his scorn of the censure of his enemies; and for some effort to attain to the depth and force of his love for what is good and great in literature, without regard for the opinion of that conscience which, since Hazlitt's day, has invaded even the realm of letters and set up its three or four little usurpers to rule a domain which must continue to be bitterly hostile at heart.

It is, of course, to the common run of our criticism that these remarks apply. In the higher walks we are well served by our own scholars. We cannot, it is true, study Ferdinand Brunetière too closely. His wholesome Catholic order, his lucidity, his care for accuracy and historical truth in mapping out literature; these are qualities which, if his fine taste and learning be unattainable, would be worth the imitation of the glib pedants of Polytechnic and High School who have caught nothing from him but the talk of "tendencies" and "periods" with which they befog the study of letters. "A passionate pedant," Brunetière has lately been called by a contemporary, and we can admit the phrase to be admirable. But the secret of Brunetière's strength lies in the passion, not the pedantry. The very opposite of Hazlitt, who was a child of the "romantic" and a worshipper of the individual genius, Brunetière shared with him at least the passion for letters. And when pedantry can lead to such results as may be found in the first part of the latest volume of the "Etudes Critiques" (Hachette) we can only regret that there is not more of it. A study of the text of Montaigne leads to surprising conclusions about Montaigne himself; and a question of editions leads on to the overthrow of some pet misconceptions that one critic has borrowed from another for generations.

Still, we have no lack of scholars of our own; and scholars, fortunately, are people who work on undisturbed by the clamorous fashions of the moment or the edicts of the little usurpers.

H. C.

A VANISHING ART

IN the days of Porpora (who probably was the first singing master of eminence) the art of *il bel canto* was understood by the teacher and practised by the pupil. To-day, however, there are comparatively few masters who are capable of imparting sound instruction. Nor are there now many singers whose performance suggests that they have studied in that famous school, so that the art may well be called a vanishing art. The "sopranists" Farinelli and Cafarelli, it is said, could sing a Handelian run with extraordinary ease and elegance, besides executing the shake, *appoggiatura*, and the turn in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired. These carried on the traditions of Porpora, and, many years later, the father of the late Manuel Garcia sang the part of

Almaviva (*Il Barbiere*) as few of his successors have sung it. Pasta—the Norma of immortal memory—was noted for her wonderful *floritura* and for her *legato*. Rubini, in *I Puritani*, employed his voice in a manner to which scarcely any modern tenor seems able to attain; and both Malibran and Persiani (whose rendering of the "mad scene" in *Lucia di Lammermoor* once delighted all musical London) were stars of the first magnitude. In the early part of the last century, Lablache's flexibility of voice entranced his hearers. Mario, Grisi and Delle Sedie did not face a critical audience until they had mastered their art; and Jenny Lind's astonishing success owed as much to the perfection of her singing as to the quality of her voice. To-day one seldom hears a singer whose performance bears any marked resemblance to the *bel canto* of a past generation.

This unfortunate state of things is owing partly to the utter incompetence of the host of teachers who are singing-masters only in name. A large percentage of them are mere advertising charlatans, who impose upon their easily impressed pupils. A certain number who are accompanists by trade announce that they are prepared to teach singing—and await developments. Italy harbours many such persons; Germany is not free from them; Paris is the happy hunting-ground of the French variety; and England and America positively teem with them. Many of these enterprising people (some of whom honestly believe that they know their business) are employed at the various London music-schools, and there is not a single provincial town in the kingdom that fails to produce its quota of ignoramuses. The result—so far as the future of singing is concerned—is disastrous. Misguided boys and girls (most of whom were never intended by Nature to sing) throw away their money on "lessons," and, eventually, appear in public with results that are more entertaining than edifying. Those who at the commencement have been gifted with voices frequently emerge from the ordeal voiceless. It thus will be seen that the teacher is the only person who has profited.

Besides the lack of capable masters and mistresses, the rising generation of would-be singers does not seem disposed to study seriously. Not one beginner in a dozen recognises that *il bel canto* consists in a correctly placed voice over which complete mastery has been obtained. The artist who is thus equipped can sing almost any music without fatigue, while the full beauty of tone is brought out and all the graces of singing are displayed. The soprano who has studied under such conditions will sing the rôle of Marguerite as it should be sung and not as so many Marguerites render the part. The baritone who is of this school can give to the satisfaction of the *cognoscenti* the sustained "Dio Possente," the florid "Largo al factotum" and the dramatic "Cortigiani, vil' razza"—three widely different pieces of music. Tenors who have adopted the teaching of their distinguished predecessors may find the simple "Adieu, Mignon" and the more exacting "Una furtiva lagrima" equally within their scope, and the contralto who, instead of being led away by the flattery of friends, has devoted the necessary time to overcoming the difficulties which beset a beginner, will have her reward. Unfortunately, most modern singers do not undergo the required course of instruction—owing, either to lack of funds or to a less excusable want of application, with the result that their singing is a very poor imitation of the genuine thing. They seem oblivious of the fact of which the ancient poet might remind them, that "Life gives nothing to mortals without much labour." They seem to think with Dogberry that, though "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune," the art of music, like "to write and read, comes by nature." Few even of those who have "temperament" possess that mastery over the voice without which the emotions cannot be advantageously portrayed. In phrases depicting rage half-trained singers "force" until they wander off the key, and in passages which are sung *pianissimo* or *mezza voce* the tone suffers. The production

must be so perfect that it is physically impossible for the singer to commit a vocal fault. A Violetta whose voice is not sufficiently flexible is unlikely to sing the brilliant "Ah, fors' è lui" to the satisfaction of the candid critic, while the ardent Roméo who cannot produce his upper notes freely may in "Ah! lève-toi soleil" sing each B flat out of tune. As to Rosina's *roulades*, there are not many *prime-donne* whom one cares to hear attempt them.

Vanishing though the art of *il bel canto* is, yet so long as Battistini, Sembrich and Bonci continue to sing we shall be reminded of its existence. They stand out as its unusually capable exponents. To hear Battistini in *Ernani* is to listen to a singer who is as unsurpassed as he is great. In the declamatory "Lo vedremo, o veglio audace" he displays so admirable a control of voice that his singing is a revelation, while in the gentler "Vieni meco" which follows, he uses means which are only at the disposal of those who have mastered their art. Bonci's treatment of the music of Donizetti, Rossini and Bellini furnishes another instance of the art of singing as distinguished from the more common habit of shouting, while Nevada and Sembrich are amongst the few *colloratura* singers who remind one of their distinguished predecessors. Santley, at seventy-four, can sing a florid Handelian air with the finish which is part and parcel of his unique performance, and Patti—with her remnant of a voice—gives a rendering of "Pur dicesti" that must be the envy of the younger generation of *soprani*. Had the great English baritone in his youth commenced his career by trying to sing before completing his studies, he would not have been before the public continuously for half a century. Caruso, too, is likely to delight his admirers for many years to come. For he also put in the necessary amount of study before tempting Fate.

It has been suggested that with a view to preserving the art of *il bel canto*, the ranks of singing masters should be weeded of all who do not know their business. Could so drastic a measure be enforced, less bad singing might, perhaps, be heard.

GEORGE CECIL.

THE MARRIAGE OF PANURGE

NELLY and Ambrose were wandering vaguely after their custom, enjoying the strange varieties and contrasts of the London streets at night. Everything was wonderful! The meanest slum had meanings and mysteries which were denied to the "High Street" of the provincial manufacturing town from which they had just escaped. They passed a church spire rising dim and vague into the night, and near the spire there was the "church-shop"—Roman evidently, from the subject and treatment of the works of art in the window. There was a crude, glaring statue of a saint in the centre: he was in bright red robes; the blood rained down from a wound in his forehead, and with one hand he drew the scarlet vestment aside and pointed to the bloody gash above his heart, and from this again the crimson drops fell thick. The colours stared and shrieked, and yet, through the bad cheap art there seemed to shine a rapture that was very near to beauty; the thing expressed was so great that it had almost overcome the villainy of the expression.

A few doors farther on they were charmed at the sudden appearance of stained glass lighted up from within. There were flourished scrolls and grotesques in the Renaissance manner, many emblazoned shields in ruby and gold and azure, and the centre-piece showed the court and state of the Enthroned Beer-King, attended by a host of dwarfs and kobolds and Teutonic oddities. They went in boldly and were charmed with the scene—with the dark beams in the white ceiling, the black-letter rubricated texts praising the drinkers' art, the hops suspended in the midst, more kobolds painted on the walls

in unsuspected corners, and the great rack of tankards short and tall, of earthenware and glass, which stood behind a little bar. It was the Tavern of the Three Kings in its unreformed days: they sat down, and Ambrose had a great krug of dark Munich beer, while Nelly sipped some sweet flowery drink out of a green glass.

It is not known how many of these krugs he emptied. In any case, Munich is no hot and rebellious drink, so the sources of what followed must probably be sought in other springs. He took a deep draught and then began without title or preface.

"You must know, Nelly dear," he said, "that the marriage of Panurge which fell out in due time (according to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle), was by no means a fortunate one. For against all the counsel of Pantagruel and Brother John Panurge married in a fit of spleen and obstinacy the crooked and squinting daughter of the little old man who sold green sauce in the Rue Quincangrogne at Tours, and forthwith he became excessively unhappy. It was in vain that he argued with his wife in all known tongues, and in some that are unknown, for as she said, she only knew two languages, the one of Touraine and the other of the Stick, and this second she taught Panurge *per modum passionis*—that is by beating him, and this so thoroughly that poor Pilgarlic was sore from head to foot. He was a worthy little fellow, but the greatest coward that ever breathed. Believe me, illustrious drinkers and most precious—I mean, Nelly dear; never was man so wretched as this Panurge, since Paradise fell from Adam. You inquire what was the matter? Why in the first place, this vile wench whom they all called, so much did they hate her, La Vie Mortale, or Deadly Life, this vile wench I say: what do you think that she did, when the last notes of the pipes and fiddles had sounded and the wedding guests had gone off to the Three Barbels to kill a certain worm—the which worm is most certainly immortal, since it is not dead yet? Well, then: what did Madame Panurge? Nothing but this; she robbed her good husband of every penny that he had. Doubtless you remember how in the old days Panurge had played ducks and drakes with all the wealth with which Pantagruel had endowed him, for which cause Pantagruel loved him all the more, and when he was wed, to show how he honoured a hearty spender, he gave him such a treasure that the goldsmiths who live under the bell of St. Gatiens still talk of it before they dine, because by doing so they make their mouths water, and these salivary secretions are of high benefit to the digestion: read on this Galen. If you would know how great and glorious this treasure was you must go to the Library of the Archevêché at Tours, where they will show you a vast volume bound in pigskin, the name of which I have forgotten. But it is nothing else than the List and Inventory of the Wedding Gift of Pantagruel to Panurge; it contains surprising things, I can tell you. For, in good coin of the realm alone, never was gift that might compare with it, and, besides the common money, there were ancient pieces, the very names of which are now incomprehensible, and incomprehensible they will remain till the coming of the Coqigruens. There was, for example, a great gold Sol, a world in itself, as some said truly, and I know not how many myriad myriads of Étoiles, all of the finest silver that was ever minted. There were Anges-Gardiens, which the learned think must have been first coined at Angers, though others will have it that they were the same as our Angels; and as for Roses de Paradis and Couronnes Immortelles, I believe he had as many of them as ever he would. Beauties and Joys he was to keep for pocket-money; small change is sometimes great gain. And, no sooner had Panurge married that accursed daughter of the Rue Quincangrogne than she robbed him of everything, down to the last brass farthing. The fact is that the woman was a witch, and she cast such a spell upon poor Panurge that he thought himself an absolute beggar. Thus he would look at his Sol d'Or and say: 'What is the use of it? It is only a bright lump. I can

see it any day.' Then when they asked: 'But what about those Anges-Gardiens?' he would reply: 'Where are they? Show them to me. Have you seen them? I never see them.' And so with all else, and all the while that villain of a woman beat, thumped, and belaboured him so that the tears were always in his eyes, and they say you could hear him howling all over the world. Everybody declared that he had made a pretty mess of it and would come to a bad end.

"Luckily for him this witch of a wife of his would sometimes doze off for a few minutes, and then he had a little peace, and he would wonder what had become of all his old sweethearts, for he had been a merry little devil in his day, and could have taught Ovid lessons in *Arte Amoris*. Now, of course, it was as much as his life was worth to mention so much as the name of one of these ladies; and as for any little sly visits, stolen endearments, or any small matters of that kind it was: *Goodbye, I shall see you next Nevermas*. Nor was this all, but worse remains behind; and it is my belief that it is the thought of what I am going to tell you that makes the wind wail and cry of nights, and the clouds weep, and the sky put on blacks; for in truth it is the greatest sorrow that ever was since the beginning of the world. I must out with it quick or else I shall never have done: in plain good English, and as true as I sit here drinking good ale, not one drop, or minim, or dram, or pennyweight of drink had Panurge tasted since the day of his wedding! He had implored mercy, he had told her how he had served Gargantua and Pantagruel, and had got into the habit of drinking in his sleep; and his wife merely advised him to go to the devil—she was not going to let him so much as look at the nasty stuff. 'What do you want with Drink?' said she. 'Go and do business instead; it's much better for you!'

"And at last so wretched did he become that he took advantage of one of his wife's dozes, and stole away to the good Pantagruel, and told him the whole story, and a very bad one it was, so that the tears rolled down the giant's cheeks from sheer pity, and each tear-drop contained exactly one hundred and eighteen gallons of aqueous fluid, according to the calculation of the best geometers. The great man saw that the case was a desperate one, and Heaven knew, he said, whether it could be mended or not; but certain it was that such a business as this could not be settled in a hurry, like a game of shove-halfpenny between two gallons of wine. He therefore counselled endurance for a few thousand years: and in the meantime, lest Panurge should lose all patience, he gave him an odd drug or medicine, prepared by the Great Artist of the Mountains of Cathay. This he was to drop into his wife's glass—for though she would let him have no drink, she was drunk three times a day—and she would sleep all the longer, and leave him awhile in peace. This Panurge very faithfully performed, and got a little rest now and again, and they say that while that devil of a woman snored and snorted he was able by odd chances once or twice to get hold of a drop of the right stuff—good old stingo from the big barrel—which he lapped up as eagerly as a kitten laps up cream. Others there be who declare that he got about his sad old tricks again, while his ugly wife was sleeping in the sun; the gossips on the Maille make no secret of their opinion that his old mistress Madame Sophia was seen going in and out of the house as slyly as you please. Still, we must not listen to every scandal.

"Nevertheless, La Vie Mortale (a pest on her!) was more often awake than asleep, and when she was awake Panurge's case was worse than ever. For the woman was no piece of a fool, and she saw sure enough that something was going on. The stingo in the barrel was lower than of rights; and then the Fair Sophia came one morning so strongly and so sweetly perfumed that she scented the whole house, and when La Vie woke up it smelt like a church. There was fine work then, I promise you! The people heard the bangs and curses

and shrieks and groans as far as Amboise on the one side and Luynes on the other, and that was the year of the great flood of the Loire—by reason of Panurge's tears. As a punishment, she made him go and be industrial, and he built ten thousand stinkpot factories with forty thousand chimneys; and all the trees and flowers and green grass in the world were blackened and died, and all the waters were poisoned, so that no perch were to be found in the Loire, and salmon fetched forty sols the pound at Chinon market. As for the men and women, they became yellow apes, and listened to a codger named Calvin, who told them they would all be damned eternally (excepting himself and his friends), and they found his doctrine very comforting, and probable too; since they had the sense to know that they were more than half damned already.

"All this while the great Pantagruel was not idle. Perceiving how desperate the matter was, he summoned the Thousand and First Great Œcumenical Council of all the Sages of the Wide World; and when the Fathers were come and had heard High Mass at St. Gatiens, the Session was opened in a pavilion on the meadows of the Loire, just opposite to the Lanterne of Roche Corbon, whence this Council is always styled the Great Council of the Lantern. If you want to know where the place is you can do so very easily, for there is a choice tavern on the very spot where the pavilion stood, and there you may have *matelotte* and *friture* and amber wine of Vouvray better than in any tavern in Touraine. As for the History of the Acts of this great Council, it is still a-writing; and so far only two thousand volumes in elephant folio have been printed *sub signo Lucernæ, cum per. issu superiorum*. However, as it is necessary to be brief, it may be said that after having heard the whole case, as it was exposed by the great clerks of Pantagruel, having digested all the arguments, looked into the precedents, applied the doctrine, explored the hidden wisdom, consulted the Canons, searched the Scriptures, divided the dogma, distinguished the distinctions, answered the questions, the Holy Œcumenical Fathers of the Lantern resolved with one voice that there was no help in the world for Panurge, save only this: he must forthwith achieve the high, noble, and glorious Quest of the Sangraal, for no other way was there under heaven by which he might rid himself of that pestilent wife of his, La Vie Mortale."

"And on some other occasion," said Ambrose, "you may hear of the Last Voyage of Panurge to the Glassy Isle of the Holy Graal, of the incredible adventures that he achieved, of the dread perils through which he passed, of the great wonders, and marvels, and compassions of the way; and how at last he gloriously attained the Vision of the Sangraal, and was blissfully translated out of the power of Deadly Life."

"And where is he now?" said Nelly, who had found the tale interesting but obscure.

"It is not known precisely—opinions vary. But there are two odd things: one is that he is exactly like that man in the red dress whose statue we saw in the shop-window to-night; and the other is that from that day to this, he has never been sober for a single minute!"

ARTHUR MACHEN.

FICTION

The Call. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. DESMOND COKE has ventured out of his depth and very nearly drowned himself. He had proved himself a very pretty paddler, but he must stick to the shallows. His first book, "The Bending of a Twig," was much belauded. It was, indeed, a noteworthy achievement as a story of public school days, and it was followed up by an excellent study of University life. Altogether it was realised that Mr. Coke was a very promising young man

who might go far, and the reviewer determined to keep an eye on him. To say that in "The Call" he has disappointed expectations is only a very mild manner of expressing the painful truth. The production is indeed a pitiful exhibition of flatness and incompetence, a horrible example of a man attempting a theme beyond his powers. It is dreadful to witness a man spoiling a good idea, and this is assuredly what Mr. Coke has done. The subject he has chosen is excellent. A man, young, vain, hot-headed, superficially clever, living in the provinces, gets stage fever very badly through playing Orlando in amateur theatricals. He follows the "call" and becomes an actor. He finds speedy disillusion in a touring company. Possessed with a fervent desire to occupy the centre of the stage and to be always in the full flare of the limelight, he finds himself cast month after month to play minor parts with no chance of distinction. In disgust he throws up the stage and follows the call of the Church. Here his good elocution and good looks stand him in good stead, and he soon becomes a popular preacher, surrounded by adoring women, who flock to hear him castigating in the manner of Father Vaughan the sins and follies of the "smart set." He enjoys himself vastly until he falls in love with a married woman who has come to him for spiritual advice. The position proves too hard for him, and he is driven back to seek the stage as a means of livelihood. Now, told even thus in bare crude outline it will be seen that the story bristles with possibilities for a writer of power. It is easy to imagine, for instance, how ironically a clever French writer would have handled the general subject and shown up the folly of the foolish public that flocks after any celebrity. But it must be reluctantly confessed that Mr. Coke misses all the possibilities. His rendering of the tale is like a schoolboy doing five-finger exercises on the piano—ridiculous in its crudity.

Nathan Todd. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

THIS is a quiet, unpretentious story of modern Virginia with a young schoolmaster as its principal character. It is a novel without a hero or heroics, although early in its pages two Russian ladies of high degree are introduced. Nathan Todd is known in the neighbourhood of Selmona as a "queer" person because he does not go to church, and when he is appointed schoolmaster he confirms his reputation by declining to read the Bible to his pupils. Then the conventional big house on the hill is let to the ladies already referred to. They are princesses, and in a few weeks Nathan becomes their constant visitor. Mother and daughter are shut off from the society of Selmona—which is Christian but not civilised—and they find in the youth a certain freshness which keeps them interested in life. The company of Nadia, the daughter, takes the uncouth Nathan into another world; Selmona and its petty weaknesses are forgotten, and he devotes all his time to the Palovnas. Then financial troubles come upon the Russian ladies. Certain events in Russia make it impossible for the head of the house to send the expected money and the Princess and her daughter are desperately anxious to get back to their native land. Nathan, of course, does not wish Nadia to go, but she says she must, and in the long run he lends them sufficient to pay for their journey. When the young teacher declares his love for Nadia she allows him to kiss her in a romantic mood, though she only likes him as she would a brother. They take their departure, eventually repay the money lent by Nathan, and then the girl announces her engagement to a princely cousin. "Why, of course, there ain't no God," says Nathan, as he crushes the letter containing the news in his hand. And there the story ends. It is pitched in too low a tone to excite any great interest, but here and there the authoress evokes appreciation by her admirable descriptions of the colourless lives led by the inhabitants of the small towns of America. "Nathan Todd" will maintain the reputation of Lucas Cleeve.

The Average Man. By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. (Routledge, 2s. 6d.)

MR. FOX-DAVIES, having written one detective story marked by a certain ingenuity and skill which won it great popularity, appears to think any rough-and-ready *feuilleton* good enough for his readers. The book before us, indeed, might well have appeared—and probably has appeared—in one of the publications which have had their birth in Carmelite House. It does not belong to a high order of literature: we might almost drop the negative and say that it belongs to a very low order of so-called literature. It is marked by the same ingenuity which was apparent in "The Dangerville Inheritance," but not by the same skill. There is no thinking in "The Average Man," and there is insufficient material to fill the three hundred and three pages which are issued for half-a-crown (not net), and, consequently, a great deal of "padding." Not unfitly might it have been issued in the *Mignonette* or *Sweet Lavender* novelettes which are issued weekly for the sum of one penny for the delectation of the servants' hall. There is an actress in it, and, of course, she has lost her character; there are lovers, of course; jealousy, murder, suspicion, and a halter about to encircle the neck of a fine old English gentleman; there is also a magnificent renunciation; and a detective; and another detective; and a detective-lawyer; and divers other folk. Also, it is all very melodramatic and amateurish and crude and unconvincing. Mr. Fox-Davies appears to be badly in need of a holiday and a complete rest.

The Lonesome Trail. By JOHN G. NIEHARDT. (Lane, 6s.)

THE twenty short stories which go to the making of this book have previously appeared in *Munsey's*, *The American Magazine*, *The Smart Set*, *The Scrap-Book*, *The All-Story*, *Watson's* and *The Overland Monthly*, to the respective editors of which the author gratefully returns thanks for permission to republish. One and all, they deal, as their title indicates, with an ideal life of mixed primitiveness and polish which a great many authors and readers like to imagine existed somewhere or other at some time or other—"the good old times," in fact, when "men were men," don't you know? Side by side with much foolish affectation, the author displays no little power and observation and an imagination which, if properly directed, might enable him to do very good work. "The Lonesome Trail" suffers from the fact that there are too many stories in it and that the reader is no sooner launched upon one than it ends abruptly and he is switched off on to another. One or two of them, regarded from the point of view of art pure and simple, are excellent specimens of their class, but persistent following along the lonesome trail has led the author into repetitions which are irritating and should have been eliminated in the proof-sheets. Explanations of words, too, are given more than once, and there is never any obvious reason why the words should be used at all. If "zhinga zhinga" means "a baby" why does not the author write "baby" and have done with it? We should be reluctant to pass judgment on Mr. Niehardt on the strength of this collection of stories, and we are inclined to think that he will do better work when he has learnt restraint.

Richard Elliott, Financier. By GEORGE CARLING. (Sisleys, 6s.)

THIS is evidently a *roman à clef*. The Standard Wool Company and the individual pirates who figure in it are the Trust and Corner men of the land of liberty. And no one who lives in the modern world, however far he may live from such methods and such people can doubt that the picture is a true one. The reflection forced on the mind by it is that the powerful and elaborate machinery devised by society for catching and punishing criminals must be a sorry failure if it cannot catch and punish such men as this. To be sure their swindling is on a gigantic scale. They destroy their fellows wholesale. It is easier to catch Crainquebille or the boy who robs an orchard. Besides,

these men are philanthropists. They hardly speak without quoting the Scriptures. They build churches and endow schools. Presumably as they are at large they do not break the law: while of course their power and wealth are incalculable. Like all vehement indictments of capital Mr. Carling's picture leaves out some of the difficulties. When once a man of affairs is in the stream he must often go on or go under. He cannot stop. But when the successful pursuit of affairs makes such stuff of him as this it seems unfortunate that he cannot be swiftly and painlessly wiped out. For the business men in this story show no great qualities of brain and character. They do not build up industries or carry other men with them on the tide of their prosperity. Each one seems to fight for his own hand as a beast of prey does, and the weapons he uses are those that will give him the victory. There is apparently no lie too mean for him to tell and no deal too base for him to try on his competitors. The value of the novel depends entirely on its description of these people and their doings. It does not pretend to any other interest, and when you get to the end of it if you are not a "financier" yourself your brain reels with following the ups and downs of Mr. Richard Elliott's shady transactions. The atmosphere of greed and treachery is unpleasant from first to last, but for all that the account of these latter-day land-pirates is absorbing.

The Witchery of the Serpent. By JAMES BARR. (Gay & Bird, 6s.)

IF this is a juvenile effort it is a creditable one and we would not for the world be hard on it. When the author is a little older he will not make his hero fly from a cab accident into the arms of an unknown girl in the first chapter and vault over a hedge into the sunshade of another unknown girl in the third chapter: at least not if the hero is the editor of a leading London paper and in his right mind. It unsteadies the reader's mind to see "a power of the press" behaving like an acrobat at a variety show. Certainly Gladwyn was an uncommon kind of editor. He imperilled his position and the reputation of his paper at the request of a young woman he had only seen once before—when he jumped into her arms in Kensington High Street; and though he does not believe in sea-serpents, to oblige her he prints a long account of one seen off the Scotch coast. "What is there about me that makes everybody take me for a fool?" he demands of himself. We should say that it was his general behaviour. Ian Cormac, the man who saw the sea-serpent and is left at the end of the story safely seated in Gladwyn's editorial chair, had more grit than his predecessor. He got the post by threatening the proprietor with an action for libel as an alternative. "Your paper or your name," he said to Sir Samuel, so he got the paper. We had no idea that leading London dailies were managed in this way. Yet the author has evidently been on the press. He describes the routine and machinery of a newspaper as if he knew them, and his reporter who offered to "locate the insect in the Serpentine and write the copy while you wait" is amusing. The banks of the Fal Mr. Barr describes as if he had once been from Falmouth to Truro in a pleasure-steamer and had seen the turrets and pinnacles of a well-known house through the trees.

DRAMA

THE IRISH PLAYERS AGAIN

ON Saturday afternoon the Abbey Theatre Company of Irish Players gave *The Gaol Gale*, *The Rising of the Moon*, and *Hyacinth Halvey*, by Lady Gregory, and *On Baile's Strand* by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Yeats has a gift for writing beautiful lyrical poetry, and there are lines in *On Baile's Strand* which are worthy of him. On the other hand he is not at his best when making use of the

dramatic medium. The delicate beauty of his imagery and the soft, rather faint, sweetness of his lines are lost in their passage across the footlights. Moreover his excursions into mythical Irish history (by the way though claimed by the Irish most of the "Irish heroes" and the "Irish mythology" are really Scotch, and of the Western coast and islands of Scotland, as all readers of Fiona Macleod will know), these excursions I say are not convincing. There is something rather irritating about the modern turn of speech which Mr. Yeats puts into the mouths of these heroes, and as the "action" of the play is simply non-existent, as far as the audience is concerned, the whole result is tedious and rather exasperating. Mr. Yeats many years ago wrote one perfectly beautiful and complete little play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, and though I have never seen it acted and do not know how it would bear interpretation on the Stage, I have read it again and again with increasing pleasure. The subject was so much more suited to Mr. Yeats's genius than are the noisy rhetorics, the vapourings and sword-clashings of Cuchulain and Conchubar and the rest of them, that I cannot but regret that he should have deserted the sphere he used to adorn for one where he shines with a diminished light. He is as I have said a lyrical poet, and that is a pretty considerable thing to be; let him be content to recognise that he does not possess the dramatic instinct and the executive power to write a play. *The Land of Heart's Desire* was a nappy accident; if he is to happen on such a thing of beauty again he must return to that country of the soul where he found it.

Lady Gregory's plays are of a very different kind. They aim at certain definite objects: the depicting of contemporary Irish peasant life: in its pathetic aspect, in *The Gaol Gate*, a moving and terrible little drama superbly acted by Miss Sara Allgood and Miss Maire O'Neill; in its whimsical, half-comic aspect with yet an undercurrent of tragedy and a touch of wildness and the dangerous call of the unquenchable kinship of blood, in *The Rising of the Moon* where the real hero is the sergeant (Mr. Arthur Sinclair), who sacrifices the hundred pounds reward he had set his heart on at the bidding of the old thrill that he feels when the ballad-singer (Mr. W. Fay) sings or whistles the revolutionary tunes, that he sang in his hot youth; in its frankly humorous and comedy aspect in *Hyacinth Halvey*, the unfortunate youth whose efforts to rid himself of an unwelcome reputation for an exaggerated sanctity of life, only lead him further and further into the morass of saintliness which two delightful coincidences perversely combine to aggravate. A splendid comedy idea it is, and admirably worked out in lines that are crammed with wit and racy humour. Its only fault is that it is all too short; many a "farical comedy" has "dragged its slow length along" through three or four acts on considerably less material for comedy than is contained in the one short act of this brilliant little masterpiece. The parts were sustained by Mesdames Sara Allgood and Brigit O'Dempsey, Messrs. F. J. and W. G. Fay, Arthur Sinclair, and J. A. O'Rourke, and all were so excellent that it would be invidious to single out one or two names for special praise. The Court actors will have to look to their laurels; the Irish players have founded a new school of acting.

A. D.

THE DRAMA OF BRADFIELD COLLEGE

THE triennial season of the Greek play at Bradfield closed its too brief course on June 17. The *répertoire* is restricted to three plays, one of which is given each season. This year the *Antigone* was revived from the year 1898. Our contemporaries have praised with unusual unanimity the individual rendering of the parts, and the considerable poetic merit of the boys' new translation. We endorse their judgment, but we would now make some suggestions towards a larger consideration of the Bradfield

conception of the Greek Drama renewed. Bradfield College is the only place now existent where Greek plays are given in Greek, under Greek conditions, in a theatre of Greek form. The full significance of this effort should not be missed. The Bradfield Drama may take an important place in the history of the stage in England. Many of our contemporaries also criticise these plays on the standard of other school-performances. This is not the grade of criticism which the management of Bradfield merits. Indulgence should be reserved rather for such enterprising managers who develop the Greek Drama and show its capacity in one or another direction such as for elocutionary or scenic effect. They have to struggle with the difficulties of theatres adapted only to the modern drama, and of actors trained under other traditions, and with the dangerous facilities of artificial light. How interesting and how meritorious these experiments have been recognised by critics who saw long ago the *Agamemnon* in the hall of Balliol College, played by men only and in the daylight. Again, there are companies of men and women who have given Professor Murray's scholarly English versions, and have had all the advantage of Professor Gardner's able archaeological management. Especially interesting was the performance of the *Persae* in sonorous English prose, given by a mixed company of peculiarly intelligent actors dressed in all the splendour of Mr. Charles Ricketts's wealth of imagination.

It is well known that the Bradfield Drama owes its existence to Dr. Gray, the present Warden of the College. We are not now concerned with education, and we beg that Dr. Gray will allow us to treat him for the moment solely as an impresario. We regard the Bradfield Drama as the present standard of Greek Dramatic Art. Dr. Gray's personality is deeply impressed upon it and it cannot be considered without him. Some seventeen years ago he started with a pick-axe and shovel to reconstitute in a Berkshire chalk-pit a fully developed primitive Drama which had lain dormant for centuries. His object was not to exhibit it in parts as others have been forced to do, but to revive it and transplant it in its entirety. It was the work of archæology to choose for models an auditorium from Sicily, a pavement described by Vitruvius, a *θυμέλη* from Epidaurus, a stage from Megalopolis, musical instruments from the Museum of Naples. To adapt all these to the scenery of a Berkshire hill-side without losing their primitive effect was the work of a creative artist endowed with a delicate sense of proportion. If we interpret correctly Dr. Gray's conception of the point to which the accustomisation of the Greek Drama should be carried no material could be better to form actors than the boys of a public school. Happily many of them are still familiarised with Greek. Companies can be formed far more proficient in reciting from memory long passages of Greek and Latin than most trained actors trouble to make themselves in their own language. Boys' enunciation is naturally clear and correct, and they have not to divest themselves of the totally different traditions in which professional actors are trained. Further, the statuesque expression both in action and repose is highly important. It should be characterised by a degree of restraint very difficult to attain by art. The palæstra of the schools gives boys an ease of posture and gesture which are merely the natural symptoms of health, and since women are rigidly excluded by the Greek canons even from female parts, no *mannequins* could be found apter to the *χρῆμα*, the *ἱμάτιον* or the *πέπλος*. They are accustomed to exercise in the open air, and have none of the feeling that their skins look ridiculous, which the trained actor often shows in respect of his flesh-coloured tights. The colour of flesh, so valuable to the artist, and the colour of the June trees are natural keynotes to which the artificial colours can be toned at Bradfield, just as the intense blue of the Mediterranean, and rocks in the blaze of sunlight were keynotes of tone at Syracuse. Though

there was little mechanism in Greek staging, there was much in the acting. Half the majesty of demeanour was supplied by the stilted buskin. Grimace was rendered impossible by the masks. Modulation of tone was reduced to rule by the use of the mouthpiece. The Greeks would not have tolerated any freedom of gesture which did not correspond with the rest of the action. In the Bradfield conception all these mechanical archaisms have been left in the museums, as out of note with the time and place. The exact form of the Pompeian musical instruments was copied, and the late director of music, Mr. Abdy Williams, wrote chaunts for the *Antigone* in the Greek modes so far as they are accurately known. They were sung during the season of 1889 and were pleasant to our ears. Apparently they were not so to the majority of the audience, on whom the simple music written by the present director, Dr. S. J. Rowton, probably created better the Greek impression desired. The audience is peculiarly important at Bradfield. It is always the concomitant of the actor, who is in this sense more relative than any other artist; the effect of its reaction on him is only slightly less than his initial impression upon it. In a Greek play, which was at least theoretically an act of worship, the audience was a liturgical necessity, just as a congregation or its symbol the Server is essential to the celebration of the Christian Mass. The Bradfield auditorium seats about two thousand people; nearly this number are required in so large a space in order to support the actors. No professional impresario has attempted to meet the dull and prosaic difficulties which Dr. Gray has overcome in this respect. When we reflect that Bradfield is a very small village three miles from a wayside station, incapable of conveying or feeding a dozen unexpected visitors, the arrangements initiated by Dr. Gray show a power of organisation which is really amazing.

Counsels of Perfection affect only those that have nearly reached it. We have already claimed for the Bradfield Drama judgment by the strictest canons. In this spirit we repeat a suggestion concerning the Chorus which has been made before. There is practically no authority on which to reconstruct its evolutions. It is only known that it executed warlike movements in honour of Bacchus. Let us hasten to note that we write of Βάκχος "fleet of foot as the fleet foot kid." We do not refer to the person so useful to the English moralist who has long ceased to follow manads, and falls into the arms of the police. Bradfield has cast aside the mask, we wish it would pluck off the grey beard. There is something unpleasantly grotesque, rather horrible, in associating so closely the vigour of the ephebe with these ensigns of decay. A chorus of warriors singly youthful would be more in harmony with a god "ever young," than the present persons of dual age. Symbolically it would represent the eternal vigour of those universal principles of ethics which the Chorus enunciates in contrast to the passing personal duties which torture the individual. We would not suggest any break in the development of the Bradfield conception, but we venture to express a hope that Dr. Gray may give us in addition an experience which he alone can give. We should like to see a few representations of a Greek tragedy, in his unique theatre, as near to the originals as archaeology can make them. We should like to see the buskin, the mask and the speaking tube, all, in use, and we should like to hear Greek pronounced in one of the modes in which it has been spoken by Greeks. For such a performance we desire no actors better than Bradfield boys, but this is a prayer that must rest on the knees of their Warden.

CORRESPONDENCE

PROTESTANTISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am no theologian; but may I venture, from the purely literary point of view, to enter a feeble protest against the denunciation of Protestantism in your number of June 8? If I were asked to select from the annals of literature two "Protestants" of the first water, I should certainly name Milton and Bunyan. Are the writings of these men "the negation of beauty, mystery, wonder, and imagination?" Has any "Catholic" writer since the Reformation possessed these qualities in larger measure? And their "Protestantism" is "infinitely worse than Paganism"! Milton, I presume, is a magnified Lucretius, and Bunyan an exaggerated Lucian. Such a statement (if I may borrow your editorial phraseology) seems to me to be worse than criminal: it is ignorant.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

[Our contributor writes as follows: I have read the letter of "A Student of Literature" with great interest and respect, and I must confess myself beaten in argument. Whatever my errors, I hope I am not one of those who, though convinced, are ashamed to acknowledge the conviction. "A Student of Literature" has opposed to my statement that Protestantism is "the negation of beauty, wonder, mystery, imagination," the illustrious names of Milton and Bunyan: there is nothing for it but to give in as gracefully as possible, to plead guilty with a contrite countenance.

At the same time I should like to point out that the "Student's" argument is of general application; it cannot be limited to this especial instance. For example, it will be necessary for us all to revise our judgment as to the opium habit. We used to think that no more dreadful fate could overtake a human being, that there was no surer way of destroying and degrading will, body, soul, and mind than this. It would be possible, no doubt, to quote many instances. And yet this opinion is worse than criminal: it is ignorant. If I were asked to select two men who exhibited the imaginative faculty in its most exalted degree I should name Coleridge and De Quincey, who, by the way, attained to considerable ages. From these two examples it follows that opium is not only good for the brain but is beneficial to the general health. Again, many have thought that violent alcoholism is not quite the best regimen for the scholar or the man of letters. This is another piece of ignorance; let us think for a moment of Porson and Poe. There are many vulgar errors about lunacy: to refute them it is only necessary to refer to the cases of Christopher Smart and Gérard de Nerval, who were commonplace when sane, inspired when mad. Mania, it is evident, is the only true brain-clearer.

Then there is another point of view. Medical men have spoken of delirium tremens as rather enfeebling to the human constitution. It is plain that they have been ignorant too, for no man is stronger than a patient in the first stages of this delightful and invigorating condition. "It took three men to 'old 'im darn'"—so often runs the simple evidence of the observer.

But I think we should all congratulate "A Student of Literature" on a really valuable logical discovery. He has shown conclusively that the old maxim of the books—The Exception proves the Rule—has been misunderstood for centuries. By a brilliant flash of intuition he has restored the axiom to its true sense, and in future all rules will be disproved simply by quoting their exceptions.—ARTHUR MACHEN.]

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you permit me one final word of comment on Mr. Lewis Hind's exquisitely graceful and polite communication. Mr. Lewis Hind has a naïve theory that the publishers declined to bring out an English translation of "Les maîtres D'Autrefois" because an American version already exists. Mr. Lewis Hind is welcome to his theory as he is to his polished style. But from the replies I have received from the publishers I am convinced that they did not know, any more than I did, of the existence of this American version made many years ago. I hope it is not improper of me to say, having now seen it, that I consider it totally unworthy to represent Fromentin's noble masterpiece. Why our desire to see an adequate English interpretation or a simple statement of fact should be characterised by Mr. Lewis Hind

as a "hullabaloo" I know not. In view of Mr. Lewis Hind's own "Little Pilgrimages" and what not, it would be easy to make a retort that might not be agreeable to Mr. Lewis Hind's feelings. But I refrain. I will only say I should have thought that any one with any pretensions to literary criticism would have looked with approval upon our desire to see one of the great masters of French prose worthily and reverently honoured. I am glad to say that thanks to the kind offices of one of your readers there is a likelihood of a disinterested publisher coming forward.

F. H. E.

MR. LANG'S "JOHN KNOX AND THE REFORMATION"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some time ago I crossed swords with Mr. Andrew Lang in your columns over "a regular howler" (the description is his own) he had perpetrated in his "John Knox and the Reformation." Instead of replying to me in the ACADEMY, from his "coign of vantage" in the *Illustrated London News* he makes an effort to belittle my discovery of his blunder by administering to me a copious dose of—ridicule.

In the first place it is a grievance with Mr. Lang that I did not point out the error when the book was published two years ago. The reason is not far to seek. I read the book for the first time only a few weeks ago. In the second place he thinks his mistake excusable as Knox had been in France, and it was natural to accept "brak [not brack] a chaise" as "brak a chair." But Mr. Lang might have known that as the aggressor was on horseback a "chair" was a most unlikely weapon of attack.

John Knox's history may be as inaccurate as Mr. Lang believes it to be, but it is scarcely necessary for Mr. Lang to pervert Knox's history when that history is correct, simply because Mr. Lang apparently does not possess a Scots dictionary, a work which he says "a gentleman named Stronach (if I mistake not, a believer in Lord Verulam as the author of Shakespeare's plays) . . . has consulted with praiseworthy research." This is a bit irrelevant. What have my Baconian sympathies to do with the "broken chair" incident I would ask Mr. Lang?

But even Mr. Lang's history is not always above reproach. For example, he says Knox "died as he had lived, a poor man." Knox lived in the enjoyment of every comfort, spent a lot on horseflesh in his meteoric scampers through the country, drew the then large salary of £400 Scots from the bountiful hand of the Town Council, and from 1559 to 1572 never suffered the pinch of poverty. He lived up to his means and so died poor. Mr. Lang should consult the Treasurer's Accounts in the Burgh Records of Edinburgh. Knox was "found" in everything, even in the locks of the doors of his mansion in the capital.

Then there is Mr. Lang's attempt in an appendix to convict Mary of Guise of forgery on the evidence of a cipher letter of Throckmorton, one of the cleverest and basest of the tools of Elizabeth, a supporter of the Scottish revolutionary party, schemer, liar, briber, and cold-blooded accessory to the murder conspiracy of Amboise.

Yet on page 281 Mr. Lang says the "evidence" he brings against her would "scarcely satisfy a jury." Why not then describe it as "alleged forgery" instead of "forgery."

It would take pages of print to expose Mr. Lang's historical "inexactitudes." Just one other specimen:

On page 27 Mr. Lang "goes for" Professor Hume Brown, one of the most diligent and accurate of our Scottish historians. In correcting one of the Professor's dates, Mr. Lang actually blunders himself to the extent of a month—ascribing an event to June instead of to July. Professor Hume Brown, after all, was nearer the date than his critic!

It is high time Mr. Lang obtained some expert assistance in the compilation, or at least revision, of his historical work. He is so unmerciful in his criticism of that of others who do not see with his eyes that he ought not to resent a little similar criticism when directed against himself.

It was my intention to ask him to allow this reply to appear in the *Illustrated London News* where his charges were formulated in "At the Sign of St. Paul's," but I knew that my attempt would have been useless, as it was some years ago, when he made an attack on my Covenanting history in "The Sign of the Ship" in the deceased *Longman's Magazine*.

Hence this communication to the ACADEMY.

GEORGE STRONACH.

BYRON'S TOMB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few days back I received from a lady friend of mine (Miss Gwendoline Harrison) a picture postcard representing a large railed-in gravestone, under which were printed the words: "Harrow, Byron's Tomb." On the card the lady wrote: "My sister and I have come here to-day for a walk. I thought you might care for this picture-card. I had no idea that Byron's tomb was here." But Byron's tomb is not "here." He lies buried in the little village church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire. When a boy at Harrow School, Byron often used to visit the churchyard, where it was his custom to sit brooding on one particular gravestone, which has since been stupidly and most misleadingly named "Byron's Tomb." But when picture postcards are being issued containing these lying words it is really time to enter a protest. To prove how widespread is the belief that this Harrow gravestone actually covers Byron's remains, I may mention that when showing the said postcard to my otherwise well-informed friend, Mr. Henry Saint-George, the latter, after my having ironically, but with apparent gravity, remarked that I was hitherto not aware that Byron was buried at Harrow, knowingly exclaimed: "Why, I could have told you that!"

ALGERNON ASHTON.

June 17.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LECTURE ON "THE NEW THEOLOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To offer a criticism to Mr. Bernard Shaw's lecture on the New Theology will appear, at least to Mr. Shaw himself, as a presumptuous undertaking. If I were to adopt Mr. Shaw's own style, I should say that I was older than Mr. Shaw although I looked much younger, or that although perhaps I had thought on the subject for a much shorter period of time than Mr. Shaw had done it was probably with much greater profundity. But I do not adopt that style, and merely say that the deep interest I have taken for many years in religious questions emboldens me to offer a few criticisms on what seems to me the weakness of his so-called New Theology, in which there was little theology and nothing new.

Mr. B. Shaw started with the old objection that if God were the Creator of the universe it was absurd to contend that he was omnipotent, because on the face of it, seeing the things he had created he was at best a sad bungler. At his worst the orthodox God was "cruel and spiteful." Now Mr. Shaw contended that to associate cruelty and spite with God is ridiculous, and if that was the only God theologians had to offer he was content with Bradlaugh to be called an atheist. But Mr. Shaw knew better than that. He was no atheist, because there was a God-Creator who was neither cruel nor spiteful, but merely ignorant and inexperienced.

Now this humble and unskilful but industrious and well-meaning little God has, according to his interpreter, always been "creating something a little better than himself." We can imagine in what humble circumstances he was when he began when we are told that his first attempt was a protozoon; but he was not discouraged, and he tried and tried again (for how many million years Mr. Shaw modestly assures us he is not in a position positively to affirm) until at last he created—Mr. Bernard Shaw, who rather unkindly reveals the secret of his god's early failures. Now this pinched conception of God arises in Mr. Shaw's mind from his inability to divest himself of the idea of God as a creator, as man or rather Mr. Shaw would create, if he undertook the job. This is the old theology with a vengeance. There are people, says Mr. Shaw, who think of their God, as Shelley expressed it, as an "Almighty fiend," because they are unable to reconcile the sin and sorrow in the world with a beneficent "Creator." Charles Darwin offered them a substitute in the theory of "natural selection," which some of them jumped at.

Mr. Shaw repudiated for Charles Darwin his reputation as an evolutionist, which he explained was justly due to Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather. "Charles Darwin knew nothing about evolution" was the amazing assertion to which we were treated, and was probably unacquainted with his grandfather's views on the subject. Apart from the absurdity of supposing a great scientist ignorant of any work bearing on or connected with the subjects he was studying, there is confusion of thought in this insistence upon the divergence between "evolution" and "natural selection"; they may and do involve separate study and separate theories, but the conclu-

sions they afford are not necessarily antagonistic or paradoxical.

Darwin was a patient, laborious searcher in the natural world of phenomena. He did not attempt to explain or to explain away any conception of God, popular or otherwise. He left untouched the whole field of metaphysics, philosophy, transcendentalism, or religion. No student of Darwin need be prevented from having an active living faith in the invincible strength of the power of goodness and love, which is the only true God—and in this sense, and this sense only, omnipotent. The question, "Why if God be omnipotent does he allow evil to exist?" has always seemed to me childish in the extreme, with the most irritating attributes of childishness, and is repeated by Mr. B. Shaw in the form, "Why, if God is better than you, did not he make something better than you are?" The evidence of those who deny the warmth and light given by the sun because they had never emerged from a cave so carefully closed that no ray could penetrate, would be as valuable as that of those who have never felt the divine power of love, either in or towards themselves, who deny the omnipotence of God. To attribute malevolence to the spirit of love because hatred exists, is as illogical as to complain of ice because it will not warm us, or of fire because it will. Belief in the absolute power of this spirit, when it is evoked and manifested in the only way that we, as finite beings, are able to perceive it, that is in and through ourselves, is the only true incontrovertible faith. It is possessed by some without any analysis of how they have arrived at it. It shines forth unmistakably in their daily life, it is the faith that will and does remove mountains where all else fails miserably. It conquers anger, cruelty, lust, and greed with never-failing triumph. It is an inexhaustible source that has endured throughout the ages, and of which is written, "Before time was I was." To those armed with this power sham martyrdom is impossible, for with the knowledge of its invincibility there is no sense of failure, whatever outside results may appear to record: the "perfect love which casteth out fear" sees with no mortal eyes the radiant vision of the promised land wherein the "peace of God passeth all understanding." But all this relates to our action through God, or to God's action through us, whichever way we like to put it, but not to God's independent action, of which we can never have other than mediate knowledge. For this reason one person's "revelation" is of no value to another, for the "message" received with the spiritual hearing is not directly communicable on the mundane plane by means of ordinary personal communication or normal human intercourse. Paul's revelation is no revelation to me except I receive it immediately from the same source. Therefore the supposed infallibility of what is understood as a "revealed religion" must necessarily be a gigantic imposition, the attempted materialisation of what is essentially spiritual or non-material.

Theologians and others are much too much concerned with God's dealings with us and not concerned enough with our dealings with God. The first we can never discover, and the search is not only barren and unprofitable, but leads to exasperating dogmatisation on the part of those who assume or imagine themselves to be the mouthpiece of the divine will. The dogmatising scientist (who is by the way never a true scientist) is as irritating as the dogmatising theologian and with less excuse. This is probably what Mr. B. Shaw meant when he said that the belief in "natural selection" as the solution of the riddle of the universe explained, if it did not justify, the cruelty indulged in by vivisectioners. But this arose from the theological habit of mind of thinking it necessary primarily to consider matters in relation to God's dealing with mankind and leaving out of account the first duty of man, not according to theologians, but according to the great lay teachers from Christ downwards, viz., our duty to God. Our duty towards God is to love and seek the Highest with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our strength. This as a legitimate injunction has never been the subject of controversy. How then does Mr. Shaw propose to love his God a little lower than himself with all his heart, and soul, and strength? Or is it carrying out this command that his profound admiration for the "little better than his God," namely himself, is so strongly in evidence? In Mr. Shaw's case this may answer admirably; indeed it appears to do so to his own and his admirers' intense satisfaction, but until Mr. Shaw's God is skilful enough to turn out a sufficient number of the same pattern to justify his creative efforts what are the rest of us to do? Is Mr. Shaw prepared to give up all his time if we humbler mortals make him a *bonâ fide* offer of the God-ship, the period of office to be determined by the progress made during his official tenure? Mr. Shaw would probably say that this proposition is by no means a legitimate outcome of his theory; then I am prepared to

flaunt greater perspicacity than Mr. Shaw possesses, because it is all that his poor little creed could lead to. And his lecture left those who had thought on the subjects he professed to deal with not one whit the richer in thought or feeling, but, alas, the poorer in their hitherto ungrudging estimate of the quality of Mr. Bernard Shaw's undisputed brilliancy and wit.

AGNES GROVE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

- Alfred Bruneau.* By Arthur Hervey. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
Wright, H. C. Seppings. *Life of Admiral Togo.* Hurst & Blackett, 1s. net.

DRAMA

- Shaw, Bernard. *John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara: also How He Lied to Her Husband.* Constable, 6s.
The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume x. *Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder.* With introduction by William Archer. Heinemann, 4s.

EDUCATIONAL

- Frazer, Mrs. J. G. *La Famille Troisel.* Macmillan, 1s. 6d.

FICTION

- The Devil's Peepshow.* A Story of 1906. By the Author of "A Time of Terror." Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Bindloss, Harold. *His Lady's Pleasure.* White, 6s.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. *New Chronicles of Rebecca.* Constable, 6s.
Davis, M. E. M. *The Price of Silence.* Constable, 6s.
De Chonski, Myriem. *La Brabina.* Paris: Librairie Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50.
Montrésor, F. F. *The Burning Torch.* Murray, 6s.
De Sélincourt, Hugh. *The Strongest Plume.* Lane, 6s.

HISTORY

- Hanotaux, Gabriel. *Contemporary France.* Constable, 15s. net.
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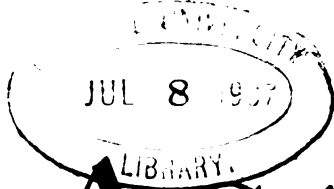
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have pleasure in giving publicity to an appeal signed by Sir William Richmond, Professor J. P. Mahaffy, Professor Ernest Gardner and Mr. R. M. Hensley on behalf of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt. The Egyptian Government has given permission for excavations at Memphis and the signatories appeal for funds to enable the School to undertake them. The sites of wonderful buildings still standing in the Greek Age are still plainly visible; the temples of Ptah, of Isis, and of Apis, and in the foreign quarter that of Aphrodite. Beneath these must lie monuments of the earliest ages of the Egyptian monarchy. The exact spots where the statues, sculptures and records of these periods are to be found have been identified with particular accuracy. It is estimated that £3000 a year for fifteen or twenty years will be required to clear the temple sites. Half of the sculptures discovered will be granted by the Egyptian Government to the discoverers. The signatories hope to raise in England sufficient to undertake this part of the work without appealing to foreign aid. As in every other appeal for the advancement of Art, or Science, or Literature, or any other of the civilising forces of life, the signatories point out that great national undertakings, as of France in the clearing of Delphi, or of Germany at Olympia, can never be done under our form of government, which ignores such intellectual conquests.

We need these appeals if only to remind us how far the British Empire has as yet fallen short of the other great empires of the world as a civilising force, even of the one it most resembles in aim, Carthage, which at least within itself patronised both Science and Art. With us everything must be achieved by the enterprise of societies of private individuals. Professor Flinders Petrie and his associates give their actual work for love. Those who subscribe the large sums which we trust will be forthcoming have a right to inquire in whom the property of the moiety of sculptures will vest; if in the hands of the Government they have a right to demand that the men who have enabled the nation to possess these treasures should have a paramount voice in their housing and preservation. The nation and consequently the Government through no fault of its own, from its apathy to matters of intellectual interest, is unfit to act as their guardian.

Synchronously with this appeal, Mr. C. H. Read, in his introduction to the present catalogue of the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition, expresses the hope that the necessary representations may be made to the French and

Persian Governments to extend to British explorers the exclusive rights now held by French explorers in Persia. Though criticising gently the French mission of exploration in that particular country as lacking in energy, he pays a deserved tribute to "archæological and artistic circles in France" as "probably the most intelligent in the world." He goes on to observe, that "by such an archæological *entente* Persia would be the richer, and France none the poorer." We sincerely hope he may obtain some of the treasure, but how Persia would benefit by having to supply two nations with its spoils instead of one, or how France would gain by having to divide spoils which it can now gather in 'at leisure, we cannot quite see, as a point of logic. Surely British societies and individuals who will certainly have to bear the cost of any British excavations, had better make their own terms with the French Government. Unless they can prove commercial interest no British Government is likely to exert itself in an unpopular cause of no profit to itself; and the French Government can scarcely be expected to concede a valuable privilege which is despised in this country, and would count nothing to its credit in the give and take of diplomacy. We fear little can be done until a pacific mission is despatched to Persia, furnished with an archæologist as Director of Loot, an arrangement which is said to have produced good results recently under similar circumstances.

Mr. Andrew Lang has an article entitled "New Light on Mary Queen of Scots" in the July number of *Blackwood's Magazine* in which he refers to an "unpublished" letter concerning Mary and Darnley. Nearly the whole of the letter appeared in Miss Strickland's "Life of the Queen" (Vol. i. Ed. 1873, pp. 194-7). Mr. Lang is not wont to be very sparing or very merciful in his criticisms of those who do not agree with his views, it behoves him then to be all the more careful in his own statements. To refer to a letter which appeared in so well known a work as Miss Strickland's as long ago as 1873 as an unpublished letter, is surely very nearly what Mr. Lang himself would describe as "a regular howler."

Many people take in the *Daily Telegraph* simply on account of the brilliant art criticism of Mr. Claude Phillips, who is not, however, responsible for the well-known but oddly written records of the Christie sales. "'One thousand guineas,' gasped Mr. Locket Agnew; Mr. Martin Colnaghi winked, and 'fifteen hundred' muttered the auctioneer. 'Two thousand,' snorted Mr. Arthur Sulley from the back of the room. 'You can have it,' sneered Messrs. Dowdeswell; 'Two thousand five hundred,' growled Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi; then a terrible pause, a rustle of dresses, and Mr. Hugh P. Lane, pale, firm and determined, flung three thousand at Mr. Hannen, whose hammer fell with a dull thud amid thunders of applause."

Needless to say the style we have ventured to parody is not that of Mr. Claude Phillips but of Mr. A. C. Carter. The sale of Lord Leighton's large picture *Phryne* at fifty guineas disturbed Mr. Carter's peace of mind last week and he recklessly described the event as a "Triumph of the Philistines." It was really a victory for Camelot. Mr. Carter's unrivalled knowledge of prices does not extend to an acquaintance with the criticism and appreciation of the last century. Lord Leighton was of course the painter of the Philistines. People who disliked Burne-Jones nearly always admired Leighton unless they were out and out impressionists and then they disliked Leighton even more than the other aesthetes. The Whistler story of "Paints too" places the late President of the Academy in the aesthetic hierarchy.

Leighton was a charming personality, an ideal president, a great connoisseur of art, and a popular painter in Philistia, but no one who really cared for painting ever

dreamed of taking him seriously; *Phryne* seems to us rather expensive at fifty guineas. But the sale proves that dealers and public are dimly beginning to differentiate between good and bad in modern work, and it emphasises the truth of Mr. MacColl's contention about the gross waste of the Chantrey money and the inflated prices at which the trustees must have purchased some of the nation's pictures.

Of all the honorary degrees conferred by Oxford last Wednesday the most appropriate and the most deserved was that conferred on Mr. Sidney Colvin. To the Oxford public and the undergraduates his name did not convey very much, and to a number of people even in London Mr. Colvin is perhaps only known as the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. But to students, scholars, artists, and men of letters throughout Europe and America his name means much more than that of Mark Twain or "General" Booth. Only those who have worked in the Print Room of the British Museum can realise what we owe to his knowledge, tact, and organisation. Mr. Colvin has never succumbed to the temptation of most experts and scholars—of thinking that contemporary art has no significance or historical value because it is contemporary; or to the temptation of most officials to think that "art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine."

As Mr. Colvin was among the first to recognise and welcome Burne-Jones and the Pre-Raphaelites he has helped and encouraged the most advanced of the younger artists to-day and has admitted their drawings into the Sacrosanct Museum. He has born gross attacks with unflinching dignity and reserve, and as a member of the National Art Collection Fund was an ardent supporter of the acquisition of Whistler's *Battersea Bridge*. Those least in sympathy with some of his literary enthusiasms can appreciate better even than personal friends the stimulating influence which he has exercised in literary London, and the excellence of wisdom and understanding with which he has directed the current of criticism in its more admirable channels.

We are thinking of writing the rules and taking out a patent for a new game to be called "Cap-fitting." Last week an article entitled "Poetry and Passion" appeared in these columns. The writer of the article invented an imaginary paper and called it the "Little Piddlington Gazette," and made some observations on the text of some words which were supposed to have appeared in this imaginary paper. Whereupon a writer in the *Christian Endeavour Times* rushes in with an article called "A Poet in a Temper," and claims the cap for his own head. If the *Christian Endeavour Times* is known as the "Little Piddlington Gazette" in future it will only have itself to blame. We should never have dreamed of allowing rude remarks about a contemporary with so highly respectable and withal modest a name to appear in these columns. As a matter of fact the *Christian Endeavour Times* is a London paper while our contributor's imaginary organ of Little Piddlington was a provincial paper; moreover, the writer therein was described as using "the journalistic we," whereas the writer in the *Christian Endeavour Times* writes in the first person. So according to the rule 7 we are unable to award him the cap.

Last Thursday was the Press day for the exhibition of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon's pictures at the Carfax Gallery, which though occurring rather late in the season constitutes one of the most important shows of modern work this year. Our critic will discuss their interesting art next week. At the Alpine Club on July 6 there opens an exhibition of pictures of Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Neville Lytton, two painters who are out of sympathy with modern movements and yet possess a singular

fascination for the scholars and experts of painting ancient and modern

Private enterprise has succeeded in founding with the sanction of the Ministry of Education confirmed by the Czar a new School of Archæology and Archæography in Moscow. The School ranks with a University and is open to graduates only of Russian or foreign universities. Its aim is to prepare qualified archæologists and archæographers, a term intended to apply to persons skilled in the preservation and interpretation of historical archives, libraries public and private, and the like valuable collections demanding special knowledge.

The Moscow Institute of Archæology is the first institution in Russia founded on autonomous principles: it has the right to elect its own professors and lecturers and generally conduct its own internal affairs, subject only to the veto of the Minister of Education, in certain circumstances. The course will be a three years' one, the last years of which must be spent in practical work, either in archæological researches among the monuments of antiquity so little studied as yet throughout Russia, expeditions abroad, or similar special work. The Institute is empowered to give the degrees of Doctor of Archæology or Doctor of Archæography according to the branch of learning studied. Among names favourably known outside Russia connected with the new undertaking may be noted Dr. Uspensky, the Director of the Institute, Dr. Fleischer, who was associated with English and American archæologists in recent excavations in Persia, Professor Grot, and the secretary is Privat-Docent Visotsky, to whom inquiries may be addressed. The Institute is under the high patronage of many leading statesmen and the Metropolitan of Moscow.

A complimentary dinner to Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker on the completion of their three years brilliant management of the Court Theatre will be given at the Criterion Restaurant on Sunday, July 7, at 7.30. Lord Lytton will preside and some of the speeches ought to be very entertaining. Tickets may be obtained at ten-and-sixpence from the following: John Pollock, 21 Hyde Park Place, W.; Hector Thomson, 9 Arundel Street, Strand; Frederick Whelen, His Majesty's Theatre.

We highly recommend Canon Barnett's excellent article "The Recreation of the People," in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, to our readers, and to any one else who appreciates well expressed common sense. We quote a few short sentences which give the keynotes to the article. "Work is undertaken not for work's sake, but largely for the sake of recreation." "The country is being lost or saved by its play." "A man is fully human only when he plays" (quoted from Schiller). "'What,' I once asked an engineer, 'should I find most of your mates doing on Sunday?' His answer was: 'Sleeping.'" "Of the solid part of the community large numbers never vote." "Repose is sterilised recreation." "The three main streams which flow from work to leisure are that towards drink, that towards excitement, and that towards home repose." "The recreations which made England 'merrie' were stopped in their development by the combined influence of puritanism and of the industrial revolution." "The benevolence which *provides* shows destroys at least the capacity for pleasure." The italics are ours. We should like to write much on these texts, but our present object is to let Canon Barnett speak for himself, and our object will be gained if our readers read his article.

A gentleman who writes in the elegantly named "Books Supplement" of the *Daily Mail*, was able last Saturday jubilantly to draw attention to the fact that owing to

obvious printers' errors, the names of two distinguished writers referred to in the ACADEMY had been mis-spelt, and that in another case Mr. Edmund Gosse had been alluded to as Mr. Edward Gosse. In the last-mentioned case the error occurred nearly two months ago, and we suppose the *Daily Mail* gentleman has been gloating over it ever since. He certainly deserves credit for having even so tardily exposed so damaging a mistake. The *Daily Mail* is welcome to any satisfaction that it may derive from the enthralling pursuit of pointing out printers' errors in the columns of its more reputable contemporaries. But might we suggest that Lord Northcliff's young men would be better employed in their spare time, in endeavouring to improve their knowledge of the English language and English literature. For every misprint that occurs in the ACADEMY in any one year, we will undertake to point out five mis-statements in the *Daily Mail* and an almost unlimited number of lapses from good taste, good manners and good grammar.

EARTH'S WEIRD

I

Forced on herself to turn.

Of neither dusk nor dawn the welcome guest.
And likened most to some poor funeral urn
'Neath the last cypress, by the highway prest.
One cheek towards the way, where hot lights burn;
One, towards the cypress and th' eternal rest.

II

Bound to the wheel of years.

Slave of the sun. Her master's mood to please
Still must she change her garb, now gay, now tears,
A sorry jest, and played for sorry fees.
Wage of her youth—a seed-plot full of fears.
Prize of her age—the drift of dying trees.

III

Yet we can still divine

The further law which in her bearing shows,
Which girds her, as a pilgrim for a shrine
To journey through the stars—that journey's close
Past self, past sun. . . . What guerdon there may shine?
Peace, at the worst. And at the best? Who knows?

G. M. HORT.

THE GREEN RIVER

I KNOW a green grass path that leaves the field
And like a running river, winds along
Into a leafy wood where is no throng
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield
Their music to the moon. The place is sealed,
An unclaimed sovereignty of voiceless song,
And all the unravished silences belong
To some sweet singer lost or unrevealed.

So is my soul become a silent place.
Oh may I wake from this uneasy night
To find some voice of music manifold.
Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

A. D.

LITERATURE

MR. SHAW'S NEW VOLUME

John Bull's Other Island, and Major Barbara. By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. (Constable, 6s.)

WHEN I was reviewing Mr. Shaw's two volumes of Dramatic Opinions in these columns a week or two ago, I rejoiced to note in them the earnestness of the zealot. But man is never contented, I suppose, and after reading the prefaces which accompany *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara* in Mr. Shaw's latest volume, I am not sure whether earnestness may not be carried too far. I seem to miss the light touch, the good-humour and good-temper of those earlier articles of the 'nineties and find in their place an irritability which makes less agreeable reading. Can it be that Mr. Shaw is getting to that dangerous point in the career of a prophet when he can no longer suffer fools gladly? I hope not. For if he is I think it will interfere somewhat with the success of his mission. There is a curious passage in Renan's *Vie de Jésus* in which he notes regretfully the incident of the cursing of the barren fig-tree as an indication of nervous tension, of petulance even, that would have been incredible in the earlier years of the ministry in Galilee. In these prefaces there is a shade too much of cursing barren fig-trees. The *John Bull* preface strikes me as particularly depressing reading in this respect. And I hardly know which comes worse out of it, your poor Englishman who is practically written down a fool, or your Irishman who is apparently very little better. As a piece of composition it gives me the impression of having been flung together somewhat at random and lacks logical continuity and arrangement. While the excursus on the Denshawai executions in Egypt with which it concludes does not impress me as showing a very profound appreciation of either Lord Cromer's position in Egypt or of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's.

It is more interesting to turn from these things to the preface to *Major Barbara*, in which Mr. Shaw is dealing with matters on which he has more special qualifications to speak. The theme of *Major Barbara* may be summed up as the Paradox of Poverty. Under our present competitive system a large proportion of mankind is insufficiently clad and insufficiently fed in order that a minority may have more food and clothing and more money than it knows what to do with. In order to keep this state of things going we must have police and prisons and hospitals and a poor law administration, not to speak of an army and judges, though to put it on the lowest grounds the economic waste implied in such a system is unworthy of a humane nation. Therefore, says Mr. Shaw, the first thing to be done is to do away with poverty. It is every man's business to make money and to insist on getting it. That is the Undershaft philosophy. But what of the people who cannot or will not fall in with this ideal, who lack the energy for work and for the production of wealth? Kill them, says Mr. Shaw. Without rancour or ill-feeling of any kind. But kill them. The idyllic simplicity of this scheme has something very attractive about it and it is possible to believe that, as civilisation advances, a perfectly equipped lethal chamber will be attached to every large town, but hitherto mankind, with culpable blindness, seems to have shut its eyes to the advantages of this solution of the social problem, and so we go on breeding paupers in our slums and criminals in our gutters from one generation to another. We send people to prison from which they emerge more incapable of a decent and self-supporting existence than they went in. And when at last we drive them to murder and so get an excuse for hanging them we comfort ourselves with the reflection that they have "brought it on themselves."

Poverty, says Undershaft—with him Mr. Shaw—is a crime. The want of money is the root of all evil. This being so, is it wise to let a man be poor? Would he not

do ten times less harm as a prosperous burglar, incendiary, ravisher, or murderer to the utmost limits of humanity's comparatively negligible impulses in these directions? Suppose we were to abolish all penalties for such activities and decide that poverty is the one thing we will not tolerate, that every adult with less than £365 a year shall be painlessly but inexorably killed, and every hungry half-naked child forcibly fattened and clothed, would not that be an enormous improvement on our existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilisations and is visibly destroying our own?

Unquestionably there is much to be said for the Undershaft solution of the problem of wealth. And I welcome Mr. Shaw's acknowledgment that this theory of his derives nothing from Nietzsche or Schopenhauer or any other German thinker, but comes straight from our own Samuel Butler, whose posthumous novel, "The Way of all Flesh," is perhaps the most notable contribution to latter-day fiction that has appeared in this generation. What is particularly interesting—and in some ways encouraging—is to find a professed and ardent humanitarian like Mr. Shaw proclaiming the doctrine. For though there is nothing radically incompatible between the Draconian thoroughness of this code and the abhorrence of scenes like the Denshawai executions—though, in fact, the shrinking from the infliction of pain for its own sake leads almost necessarily to the Draconian method of extinguishing the unfit, unless you are going to throw up the problem altogether, the fact is not often so plainly faced by our latter-day humanitarians.

To turn from the prefaces to the plays, one thing which strikes me with a growing uneasiness in Mr. Shaw's later work is his carelessness as to form. Both *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara* are ill put together. They share with the *Doctor's Dilemma* the defect of straggling on after the play is really at an end. Five-sixths of the last act of *Major Barbara* and almost all the last scene of *John Bull* are ineffective for stage purposes. They amount to an anti-climax. And in the theatre anti-climax is a deadly sin. Mr. Shaw's earlier plays are many of them models of construction. What could be better than *Arms and the Man*, for instance, or *The Philanderer* from this point of view? This cannot honestly be said of the later plays, and I think it explains a certain restlessness on the part of their audiences. This is bad even from the standpoint of the propagandist. Once the attention of an audience begins to wander it is useless to try and keep them in their seats. The thread is broken and they may as well go home to bed. Every preacher recognises this. And Mr. Shaw must not claim to be an exception to the rule. I should like to see a new last scene written for *Major Barbara* lasting about six minutes instead of the twenty-six at present consumed. Anything that could not be compressed into these six minutes might be appended to the programme in a footnote.

St. J. H.

A ROYAL PICTURE-GALLERY

The Prado. A Description of the Principal Pictures in the Madrid Gallery. By ALBERT F. CALVERT and C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. With 220 Illustrations. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

UNDER the editorship of Mr. Albert F. Calvert who, through the medium of Bodley Head productions, has already won for himself a considerable reputation as an art-loving biographer of Spanish treasures, Mr. John Lane announces

a new and important series of volumes dealing with Spain in its various aspects, its history, its cities and monuments. Each volume will be complete in itself in a uniform binding, and the number and excellence of the reproductions from pictures will justify the claim that these books comprise the most copiously illustrated series that has yet been issued.

The advent of some such series has been foreshadowed by the inauguration of cheap, circular tours to the Iberian

Peninsula and by the spasmodic issue of single volumes having more or less the nature of literary and artistic guide-books to Spain; now that the long-anticipated effort is to be made to fight with the pen of the people for Spain's right to rank with Italy, Sicily and Greece in the list of attractive European playing-grounds we are indeed happy, even relieved, to know that the crusade has been organised under such promising conditions. A holiday-makers' invasion of Spain inspired and conducted by Mr. Calvert is not likely to partake of the nature of globe-trotting for globe-trotting's sake, with its inevitable results.

"The Prado," one of the first volumes issued in this new "Spanish Series," has been written by Mr. Calvert in collaboration with C. Gasquoine Hartley who, also, has previously given us some books dealing with things Spanish. The well-nigh unique character of the famous collection of pictures at Madrid is known to all art-lovers, who will appreciate the vivid portrayal of that character with which the authors introduce their subject:

The Gallery of the Prado has escaped the error of trying to imitate other museums of Art. . . . Often has it been called a congress of masterpieces rather than a treasure-house for the art of the world—such, for instance, as the Louvre or the National Gallery. And this is so true that one finds it difficult to think of any other estimate that as fittingly summarises its character—a character, let it be remembered, that has not been decided by chance, but rather by predestination, and has created that atmosphere we feel around us in the Prado, wherein we find the secret why the art-lover is so specially at home among its pictures. A royal collection, called into life in large measure by the munificence of personal patronage, it shows many of the distinctive characteristics of a private collection. Certainly, the choice of its pictures has been largely an expression of individual taste; and for this reason the dominating impression we receive is of a collection of superbly beautiful works, and these must be regarded as the adornments of a palace rather than as examples of the works of any particular school. In fine, the Prado is the gallery of a collector, or, to be more exact, of a group of connoisseurs. . . . The aim of the royal gallery has never been historical completeness.

A gallery of masterpieces; a collection of pictures the choice of which was inspired by the cosmopolitan spirit of art-lovers whose consciences did not goad them into wantonly sacrificing their patronage on the altar of patriotism; a congress of great achievements, often foreign in conception and execution, and yet so often Spanish in inspiration or workmanship, or both, as to prove clearly that the Spanish masters are prophets in their own country—complex are the thoughts and emotions aroused by contact with the personal character of this Gallery, and the authors of "The Prado" might well have been excused if, at the very outset of their work, they had been tempted to fly off at a tangent to discuss the ideal character of an ideal form of administration for an ideal National Gallery! But the absence of any controversial trappings to this sympathetic exposition of the character of the Royal Gallery at Madrid gives the key-note to the style of the book; the story of artists and patrons who have combined to bring into being this congress of masterpieces, and the descriptive and critical remarks on the pictures have the same dominant, individual note of the love of art that is the key-note of the collection—hence information and criticism are blended into a well-balanced estimate in which controversial points are wholly subservient to the spirit of artistic enjoyment. As witness to the standpoint adopted take the following passage:

The attribution of many of the early Flemish pictures here has been questioned; the Van Eycks, for instance, are good copies and variations on the pictures of the brothers elsewhere; the "Deposition" of Rogier van der Weyden is a fine sixteenth-century copy of the picture at the Escorial. But these decisions of the critics do nothing to detract from the beauty of the pictures themselves.

And again, in reference to these same copies in "The Prado" we read:

The Prado Van Eycks have suffered the fate which so many pictures experience; they have lost the prestige of their authorship, while retaining much, if not all, of their interest. . . . Few pictures have been more often and more searchingly discussed than the "Fountain

of Life," catalogued at the Prado as the work of Jan Van Eyck. But the picture is really a good and careful sixteenth-century copy of a lost and priceless work by the more delicate artist, Hubert. Forget the picture is a copy. . . . It is fatally easy and sometimes enticing to contradict traditional attributions of pictures. But modern critics are agreed that the two large "Depositions" in the Prado, given to Rogier Van der Weyden, are fine sixteenth-century copies of the picture now at the Escorial. Again we would ask, forget that these pictures are copies. For the spirit of the impassioned painter of Tournai speaks to us here in these scenes interpreted as dreams, in which each detail of anguish has been emphasised, until it forces upon us a vivid realisation of what the painter conceived.

Equally pleasing as the style is the general construction of the book. A short introductory chapter shows how Spain, in the realm of politics, was closely associated with Netherlands and Italy, and how these relationships bore artistic fruit, leading on the one hand to the royal patronage of Flemish and Italian masters and on the other to the early imitative art of Spain which owes so much to the visit of Jan van Eyck to the Peninsula early in the fifteenth century, and subsequently to the Italian Renaissance; it explains, too, how the Spanish sovereigns looked on art patronage as a pastime, in consequence of which so many great masters are represented in the Prado by some of their finest works. This introduction is a cleverly worded essay which gives an exciting foretaste of what the collection and the authors have to offer on closer acquaintanceship. Following it are seven chapters devoted to the Spanish School, and although the Prado is not the place in which to study the history of that school in its early stages the authors have very wisely traced its development from its early beginnings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; even though the lover of the beautiful may not regret the general absence of the Spanish Primitives from the Prado, even though he be the most ardent advocate of emotional enjoyment of pictures, at some odd moment when he is surveying masterpieces the rival intellect will surely prompt the question, "What was the Genesis of these Revelations?" The history of the Spanish School of ecclesiastical art and portrait-painting is begun in greater detail in connection with El Greco, who went to Toledo in 1577, and carried on through the days of the Early Portrait Painters and Little Painters to the era of Ribera and Zurbarán, to the golden days of Velasquez, overlapped by the years when Murillo made his theatrical appeal, and thence to the great epoch of Goya's art in the eighteenth century. Particularly original, illuminating and sympathetic is the summary of the art of El Greco, "disowned for many centuries, still often misjudged," and Goya is so ably interpreted as to awaken the hope that the forthcoming volume to be devoted entirely to his work will be penned by the same hand that wrote this short appreciation in "The Prado." Following the account of the Spanish masters who are represented in the Royal Gallery are chapters on the Italian and Northern Schools, with a general estimate of the masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio, Mantegna, Giorgione, Titian, Rubens, Memlinc and Albert Dürer, that help to make the Gallery a cabinet of gems. We may not agree in every instance with the comparative artistic values of these masterpieces assigned to them by our authors, but personal taste is not likely to undermine the friendship of art-lovers who will surely appreciate the sincerity of this recent contribution to artistic literature.

I come to the two hundred and twenty-one illustrations in this book (one more than is credited on the title-page which promises only two hundred and twenty), and recall part of the note which heralds the Spanish Series—"the number and excellence of the reproductions from pictures will justify the claim that these books comprise the most copiously illustrated series that has yet been issued." I admit the claim in so far as it is based on the number of illustrations in this volume, but I must break a lance, several lances, with authors and producer with regard to the excellence of the illustrations in this particular issue.

Making due allowance for the fact that many of the pictures in the Prado have suffered from being stored away in "garrets and corridors," and also from restorations, several of these reproductions do not do justice to the pictures they represent; in many instances they are defectively lighted and the details are either blurred or wholly indistinguishable. For example, in the reproduction of Titian's *Emperor Charles V.*, both the cap and fur collar worn by the Emperor are one with the shadow of the background; in Raphael's *Cardinal* there is a patch of light which only imagination, stimulated by knowledge, can transform into a sleeve from which protrudes a hand, and in Titian's equestrian portrait of the *Emperor Charles V.* (Charles V. at Mühlberg), the horse in the illustration appears to have only three legs, and it is even somewhat difficult to persuade oneself that it has more than two! I could instance other cases in which the authors should not have passed the proofs of these illustrations or the producer have been satisfied with their "excellence," but that would not advance my object in calling what I hope may be timely attention to the illustrated portion of the book in question. (In the name of justice let it here be said that even on the score of merit some of the reproductions do justify the claim made in their name.) My desire with regard to such a welcome series is that quality shall not in the smallest degree be sacrificed to quantity; financially speaking, future volumes would be cheap with half the number of illustrations each well-produced and the text of the same meritorious standard as in the present volume. Without any reproductions at all, this guide to the Prado would be cheap at its published price, for the fortunate visitor to Madrid's Royal Gallery will find in the authors enthusiastic and sympathetic companions, and those who cannot go there in reality will do well to seek compensation in a visit to the Prado through the medium of this book.

WITH ROD AND PEN

Fly Fishing. By Sir EDWARD GREY. (Dent, 3s. 6d.)

How to Fish. By W. EARL HODGSON. (Black, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE gentle craft of the angler has been more than a little fortunate in its scribes. No doubt this is in a measure due to those circumstances which make it so correctly designated as the contemplative man's recreation, for it is the leisure and the disposition for contemplation which incline a man to appreciation of the graces of words. It is not only to those early scribes, Dame Juliana Berners, of the angle, or to the inimitable Isaak that we are obliged to go for the graceful writings on the graceful art. At the present time we have before us, lately published, two books by men still angling, still scribbling, performing either art with alluring skill, and likely to continue plying them until the end of many more chapters and of many more fish. Sir Edward Grey is the one, Mr. Earl Hodgson the other. The bringing of the names thus together suggests something in the nature of what our copy-books tell us is so odious—a comparison. The juxtaposition renders it inevitable, and it had better be faced frankly. After all, there is high classical precedent to be gathered from Plutarch. The two books provoking the discussion of relative merits are "Fly Fishing," by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and "How to Fish," by the other.

Obviously the suggested comparison falls under two heads, angling, and the writing about angling. Now there is very little doubt that if you were to start out Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Hodgson with equal arms, or choosing their own arms, and let them loose on the Test or Itchen (of course excluding such portions of those rivers, if indeed it would not be necessary to exclude the whole course of the latter, as are familiar to Sir Edward) Mr. Hodgson would have some-

what the worse of the contest and somewhat the lighter of the baskets, when the two came home. Sir Edward, as an artist with the dry fly, is very nearly, if not quite, incomparable. One does not gather, from Mr. Hodgson's writing, that he is at all deficient in confidence about his own faculty for catching fish, but we believe that even he would be loth to back himself largely in such a competition. On the other hand he is perhaps the more practised of the two in fishing all sorts and conditions of water, and if we were to set the battle in array between them, and give them a whole continent as the scene of the competition, it is possible enough that Mr. Hodgson might make the heavier score. Therefore the man who regards the fishing of the chalk streams with the dry fly, in comparison with "the chuck and chance it" of the fast river and the loch, as cricket at Lord's has to be regarded in comparison with the same noble game on the village green, will put Sir Edward Grey first and the other man nowhere. But on the other hand he who has not so much of the pure chalk stream running through his veins may hesitate between their rival merits, even as a cricketer who is not an extreme purist of the first-class quality of the game may rate highly the faculty of a determined hitter of the second-class to make runs on all kinds of queer wickets, though he might give a poor show against the most scientific bowling at Lord's.

In respect of their qualities as writers both have a certain grace which is not as frequent as we should wish it with those who make a branch of sport their theme. Their art of murder is apt to invade style and it may even be grammar, and scarcely to be worthily called a fine art at all. Yet both these writers make fine art of their treatises on sport. Mr. Hodgson's is the more psychological, in places a little too psychological, as if he had said to himself: "Come, let us cast a fly and hook a chapter of psychology and bring it into this mixed bag or basket." For there is a little mixture, with a whole chapter on wasps' nests thrown in, which is connected by only a very tenuous cast indeed with the main business. Sir Edward Grey's work is more homogeneous, more of the open air, an idyll, pure from the heart, with unaffected appreciation of the wild flowers and all the features of Nature's smiling face. He does not vex his own soul nor his readers' with the psychologies.

Now as to which will serve a man the better in the way of instructing him how to catch fish, that again is another story, and with regard to all the niceties of throwing, with the bend of the line up stream or down stream respectively, and avoidance of drag and so forth, it appears to the present writer, at all events, that these are matters which the "commencing angler" only begins to understand from the written word at the moment he is finding them out for himself by work on the river. But they hardly come into the philosophy of the all-round fisher: they are of the chalk stream and the dry fly pure and simple. For the man who is to fish here, there, and everywhere Mr. Hodgson's hints will be found perhaps the more generally useful. The other is to be studied almost with prayer and fasting by him who has an ambition to excel in the Hampshire streams. There is vast difference of opinion between the two as to flies: the multiplicity of Mr. Hodgson's entomology is bewildering. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, reduces all to a very few simple patterns, and this extreme is certainly that which the humble judgment of the present critic would incline him to approve, but how Sir Edward can dispense with the alder fly, so invaluable on some stretches of certain rivers, is a mystery as dark as that sombre insect itself. Mr. Hodgson, this writer has to confess, touches a place very near his critic's heart in the skilful and well-worked comparison which he draws between the built cane and the green-heart rod. The latter, being the cheaper, has surely been too hastily condemned as the nastier. Except for salmon, when the weight of the rod is a factor which has a large influence on the choice, the steely resiliency of the sound green-heart surely gives it a claim for higher

consideration than it often has, though the superior merit of the built-cane in resisting a breaking strain is not to be disputed.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

HOMER IS HIMSELF AGAIN

Homer and His Age. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE Wolf first laid violent hands on the Homeric poems they have suffered wholesale mangling at the hands of scholars of all shades of opinion and all degrees and varieties of qualification. The blind bard has become a myth, still beloved, but, it seemed, hopelessly discredited, and the mere lover of magnificent poetry and stirring story has been forced to put "analytical criticism" sternly from him lest he should lose, not only the poet, but the poem as well.

Mr. Lang has set himself the task of rehabilitating Homer. At the outset it would seem a hopeless task, or, at best, an unprofitable one. For so strong is the modern tendency to "want to see the wheels go round" that the complex machinery of the epic lies in hopeless confusion in the majority of minds learned in the classics. The clock by which all Greek civilisation was set has been taken to pieces, and wheels, springs, and screws are sorted out into neat and useless heaps, while the hands are still, and the ringing hours dumb. But Mr. Lang is of the opinion that all those little bits and pieces were meant to be together as we used to know them—that all of them belong to the clock. He has put the pieces together again—and behold the clock goes!

The whole theory which regards the Iliad as the work of four or five centuries rests on the postulate that poets throughout these centuries did what such poets never do, kept true to the details of a life remote from their own, and also—did not.

We find now that the poets are true to tradition in the details of ancient life, now that the poets introduce whatever modern details they please. The late poets have now a very exact knowledge of the past; now, the late poets know nothing about the past, or, again, some of the poets are fond of actual and very minute archæological research! The theory shifts its position as may suit the point to be made at the moment by the critic. All is arbitrary, and it is certain that logic demands a very different method of inquiry. If Helbig and other critics of his way of thinking mean that in the Iliad (1) there are parts of genuine antiquity; other parts (2) by poets who, with stern accuracy, copied the old modes; other parts (3) by poets who tried to copy, but failed; with passages (4) by poets who deliberately innovated; and passages (5) by poets who drew fanciful pictures of the past "from their inner consciousness"; while, finally, (6) some poets made minute archæological researches; and if the argument be that the critics can detect these six elements, then we are asked to repose unlimited confidence in critical powers of discrimination. The critical standard becomes arbitrary and subjective.

A good point, forcibly made, is the contrast between the supposed treatment of the Iliad by rhapsodists of the seventh and eighth centuries and the actual character of the Cyclic poems. In the former case these late poets must have preserved the tradition of the Iliad to the careful exclusion of the most blatant modernisms which appear throughout the Cyclic poems.

The great fact which most critics of Homer forget, and of which Mr. Lang reminds them again and again, is that modern literary methods and modern channels of thought are no criterion by which to estimate the methods and processes of the epic poets, whether Homeric or Cyclic. "Local colour" is a rank modernism. Again: if the Iliad was at the mercy of strolling *jongleurs* for centuries, and if it grew from a matter of two thousand five hundred lines by the accretions of five centuries, how is it that there was in the end one accepted "text"? Either (1) there must have been a "school" of reciters of Homer, or (2) the poems must have been committed to writing and freely circulated from the earliest times, or (3) some authoritative edition must have absorbed practically all the various versions towards the end of the period covered by the "growth" of the poems.

Mr. Leaf has halted between (1) and (3), but as a matter of fact (3) is practically impossible without (1). For the editor of Pisistratos, working in the sixth century upon the chaotic product of the uncontrolled imagination of five centuries of rhapsodists, could never have produced the Iliad which we know.

The main points are: (1) Do the parts of the Iliad constitute a cohesive whole—have they *unum colorem*? (2) If so, why? Mr. Lang's method of attacking the former problem is, in these days, almost original, so far as the letter led the majority of critics astray from the spirit of Homer. For in two chapters, full of intensely human interest, he analyses the character of Agamemnon, and shows us Homer almost in a new light, as a delineator of character without peer: and, as we read, the unity of the poem becomes a dramatic necessity. No editor, but a poet only, could have drawn such a character. Agamemnon emerges as handsome, kingly, a man of his hands, lacking in no courage save moral courage, but hampered always by an over-tenderness for his people, a complete lack of confidence for the outcome of his venture. His spirits are a moral see-saw: he is ever doubtful of the temper of his army, ever full of solicitude for his brother, obstinate yet vacillating, personally brave, but shrinking from great risks, alternately presuming upon, and very much weighed down by the responsibility of, his position as over-lord of the Achaean host. We would not part with this Agamemnon for all the chopped logic of the destroyers, even were it ten times more consistent than it is.

Such a character, in the hands of a poet of the seventh century, or an editor of the sixth, would have been treated with scant respect. Yet Agamemnon is always the "king of men" with all his faults: he rules by a divine right, which he himself invokes, and which the poet never disputes.

A fine piece of reconstructive criticism is Mr. Lang's restoration of the Books between ii. 483 and xi., and the passage ii. 50-443. It is impossible here to enter into all the details of the argument, but we may summarise it briefly.

Mr. Leaf would divide Books i. and ii. into two portions—even the "Kernel" had its older and its later part. The earlier version contained no dream of Agamemnon, and no promise of Zeus to Thetis. The story went straight on from the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles to the summoning of an assembly to consider the situation (Bk. ii.). But Thersites, not Agamemnon, opened the debate, and proposed flight. Such a situation would have been intolerable to an aristocratic (= "early") audience.

The second "Kernel" modified the story, by introducing between the quarrel and the assembly the promise of Zeus, and the dream of Agamemnon. But, "skipping" the debate (part of which belongs to the earlier Kernel), Mr. Leaf goes straight on to ii. 443 and makes Agamemnon summon the Achaeans to battle, in which he does mighty deeds of valour, though he is, apparently, still garbed as for a peaceful assembly, which has not been held, and is acting on the strength of a dream of which he tells no one. The pieces do not fit.

Moreover the character of Agamemnon demands that the lines so excised should stand. It is part and parcel of the man, that he should be full of hope while still dreaming, but wavering and timid awake: that he should disobey the injunction of the dream, and call that unusual early morning assembly that aroused the excitement and demoralisation which, as Mr. Lang points out, gave Thersites his only possible chance of making himself heard.

Mr. Lang's argument carries far more conviction than this brief survey would indicate, but the best point about it is its human sympathy: he fights hard for the human reality of the heroes of the Iliad.

Nor is his appeal to feudal law less strong, as applied to the dating of the Iliad. The Ionian *jongleurs* were

democrats and lived in a busy commercial *milieu*, where no trace of feudalism lingered. Their chief aim would have been dramatic rapidity, and feudal law was to them and to their audience a sealed book, whose clasp had rusted close. But the poet of the Iliad knows, and lingers over, every detail of feudal procedure, every shade of the feudal power of the over-lord, and has a definite—a first-hand—knowledge of the limits of the allegiance owed by the Achaean princes to Agamemnon. Such details would never have been included in a poem new-made for a democratic audience. They would absolutely be demanded by listeners to whom such procedure, such customs, were the very basis of their social system.

Passing to the archæology of the poems, Mr. Lang reaches the conclusion that the Homeric people, with its cremation and cairn building, was intermediate between that of the Mycenaean culture, which practised inhumation, and worshipped the dead, and that of the iron-age Dipylon period. And he further infers that the latest "expansion" (if any there be) cannot be later than B.C. 1100-1000. The poems refer to one period, and that a short one, marked by peculiar customs and beliefs, which completely overshadowed, for the time, those more primitive customs and beliefs of the Aegean age, whose vitality reasserts itself in the cyclic poems of a later day.

In the matter of bronze and iron, Mr. Lang steers a middle course. He dwells upon the certain fact that the military metal was bronze, the agricultural, iron: that iron was well known to the Achaeans (though not used for military purposes), but almost unknown to the "Mycenaean" civilisation: and that the only iron *weapons* mentioned by Homer are the arrow-head of Pandaros, and a mace, which is characterised as exceptional. From these facts he deduces that the Homeric people were later than the Mycenaeans, but earlier than the fully developed "Iron age"—and that the poet knew this age, and no other. By his handling of the same evidence he rebuts Professor Ridgeway's theory of the Achaeans as an iron-armed people conquering by means of their iron weapons a bronze-armed people. For, as he says, if the "Celtic" Achaeans conquered the "Pelagians" by virtue of the superiority of their iron weapons over bronze, it is strange that their poet should not give prominence to the instrument of victory.

The vexed question of the shield—as to whether the small round buckler does or does not occur in the Iliad—is treated with the same quiet common sense. Mr. Lang cannot discover that it is present, and from the evidence of the poems, supposes the Homeric shield to be a slight defensive advance upon the Mycenaean shield, the wood and hide being plated with bronze to withstand the superior piercing power of the bronze arrowhead over that of obsidian or flint, and cites the vase of Aristonothos as evidence of the possible existence of the round (*εὐκυκλος πάντοσ' ἑείση*) shield, large enough to cover the whole body, (*ἀμφιβρότη*) while supposing that round, 8-shaped and semi-cylindrical shields may have co-existed in the transitional civilisation of the Achaeans. He pours scorn upon the Reichelian muddle anent the corslet, and asks how "*τεύχεα*" can be made to stand for a shield alone. The great shield, however, was just as necessary as if corslets had not existed, for plainly these were but flimsy affairs. The Homeric equipment, he argues, is perfectly possible, natural, and consistent, and shows no trace of mixed anachronism and archaism on the part of seventh and sixth century rhapsodists.

The chapter on the Doloneia is one of the best in the book. The picture of the chiefs in their dressing-gowns, the young men at the outpost, the tragi-comedy of Dolon with its grim humour, is firmly drawn.

Having answered his first question, "Are the Homeric poems the work of a single age?" in an affirmative backed by closely marshalled evidence, Mr. Lang goes on to answer his second question—"If so, why?" And the answer is startling. After having striven to prove that the latest possible "expansions" of Homer cannot be later

than B.C. 1100-1000, Mr. Lang calmly states his belief that the "text" was *written almost from the first*. He maintains that 'if the Iliad was from the first a nobly constructed epic, not a mere collection of Märchen strung together, only writing could preserve it in a form untainted as he believes the known text to be. He traces Greek writing with some certainty as far back as the ninth century, and recalls the Mycenaean and Cretan scripts of pre-Homeric date. We must confess that this chapter has not convinced us as completely as we should like to be convinced. And Mr. Lang does not force the opinion, which does not seem to us to be essential to the completion of his argument.

The use of writing for the conservation of the Epic cannot seem to me to be unlikely, but rather probable; and here one must leave the question, as the subjective element plays so great a part in every man's sense of what is likely or unlikely. That writing cannot have been used for this literary purpose, that the thing is impossible, nobody will now assert.

It is a fascinating book, and a noteworthy. Mr. Lang was born too late to keep the Wolf from the door of the Homeric house, but this championship of Homer will go far to bring the poet's scattered goods together again under one roof, to be the heirlooms of Achaean glory.

THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS

Captain James Cook. By ARTHUR KITSON. (Murray, 15s. net.)

THE other day at Oxford Lord Rosebery discoursed with his accustomed rotundity of phrase on the claims of Cecil Rhodes to fame. Rhodes, it would appear, was pursued by a fear that he would not be reckoned a great man after he had passed away. Apparently, also, he had a profound conviction that he was worthy to be remembered, but to make assurance double sure he devised the scheme of the Rhodes Scholarships. Since then we have had the Whiteley Almshouses, although we have not been informed whether the late Mr. Whiteley had any doubts of his greatness. In both cases we may safely leave to posterity the settlement of a question which in no way concerns this generation. But as the chosen name for Rhodes is "empire builder", and as Lord Rosebery declared that he worked for the British Empire with "sublimity of conception, broad capacity, and unresting energy," the reader of the latest life of Captain Cook, "the Circumnavigator", may be struck by a doubt whether Cook was a great man, and for what after more than a hundred years he remains famous. No greater contrast of means, methods and aims can be imagined than that presented in the careers of Rhodes and Cook. Yet Cook had a very big share in the making possible the present British Empire. But in his day the name of the country for which he was working was England only, or let us say Great Britain and Ireland. And unfortunately for his fame in these high-sounding times of Empire—Empire expansion, Imperial Forces, Britains Oversea and Colonial Conferences—Cook's latest biographer, while a most faithful and painstaking chronicler, is either devoid of the capacity of awe, wonder, and romance which the voyages of Cook excite, or he has put these qualities under severe restraint. So much so that at the end of the book Cook stands forth merely as a most estimable man addicted only at times to a hastiness of temper, a most capable and precise surveyor and navigator, and in short a highly worthy person. To his biographer, the South Seas are the South Seas, places of latitude and longitude, and that is all about it. On such and such a day the navigators land, discover natives, trade with them, entertain them, or fire shot-guns at them, and there you are. What more would you?

Well, Lord Rosebery has a better trick than this for his hero. He declares that Rhodes was not very scrupulous where he could see a clear way of benefiting the Empire; but then (he goes on) the three men who did most to

change the map of Europe in their time—Napoleon, Bismarck, and Cavour—were not overweighted with scruples. By this comparison Rhodes goes amongst the map-changers, map-changing being the peculiar profession of great men; whereas Cook was only a map-maker. And according to this biography, and indeed by all testimony, Cook was a most humane man, scrupulous as to human life, solicitous in the extreme regarding his crew's health and well-being, and so honest in his dealings that when he gathered a number of native spears from the ground as curiosities he left some articles of barter behind to pay for them. Can a man do this and be great? Rhodes, in ampler style, described the famous Raid as an "apple-cart," which Dr. Jameson upset. Obviously there are different paths to greatness.

Let us try Captain James Cook another way. Let us test him through the vision and imagination of the boy, for after all it is the boy in us that makes men great and keeps them famous. What does the boy see? A man from the North country, his father Scots, who begins life as a common sailor, picks up his education as he goes along, by sheer love of the sea and assiduous application becomes a noted and skilful officer in the Navy, and is selected for his outstanding merits to command an expedition to unknown seas to observe the transit of Venus, to discover what he can, and to determine among other things whether there is a great southern continent. For some of the scientific men of the day had decided that in order to keep the balance of this earth true there must be such a continent. In a ship of 368 tons burthen, her name the *Endeavour*, he accordingly sets sail on August 26, 1768, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the first of his three voyages. His companions, seamen, marines, and scientific men, number no more than ninety-four persons. With these he sails forth for the unknown with nothing between him and all the accidents of earth, air and sea, but his skill, watchfulness and courage, almost the last of the adventurers. In Cook's day the geography of this world of ours was still largely unmapped, at least in any precise sense. And when we consider with what avidity the oldest and most hardened of us peruse the accounts of daring explorers, their tales of pigmies in the African forests, and wondrous cities in Thibet, when we regard the struggle of the most modern man aided by all his appliances of science and experience with the secrets of the two poles, we appreciate as the boy that is in us, or ought to be in us, alone can appreciate the wonderful nature of Captain Cook's achievement. There were explorers before him and navigators after him, but it is doubtful if any man ever pursued his objects with such single-minded devotion to the cause of knowledge. He mapped out coasts with such wonderful precision that his charts remained for long the only trustworthy guides of other mariners, if indeed some of them are even yet superseded.

Above all, Cook was a modest man. Needless to say that amongst the scientific men who accompanied him at one time or another jealousies and rivalries were rife. Although there was no daily press of the kind we have at present to offer large sums for first and exclusive accounts of things discovered or accomplished, there was the same desire for publicity and fame on the part of men to whom Cook was merely a sea-captain and themselves the great spirits of the expedition. Perhaps, in one way, it is a fortunate thing that Cook had not the journalistic sense that everybody who can do anything nowadays is either born with or quickly acquires. But certain it is that there is no boy but wishes that the narrative of his voyages were enlivened by some authentic realisation of the wonders he encountered. This point of view is best satisfied by the late Sir Walter Besant's life of the great circumnavigator. To this present biography may be accorded every praise due to accuracy of statement and careful investigation of facts at first hand and in their original sources. But when all is said and done James Cook, the English Cook, on whom foreign nations look as the greatest

of all navigators and in many respects the founder of England's oversea power and possessions, remains largely a mystery. For one thing he had too little to do with women for us to know him thoroughly. When he was not at sea he was lost to public view in his home. He enjoyed a measure of popularity, and was to be found at dinner-tables, but essentially all that remains of characterisation is that he was a worthy man. There was one woman who in welcoming him back called him "Honey James," and a man who is "honey" to any woman has that in him which makes for knowing him if only he gives it scope on shore and is not a circumnavigator. But the impression left of Cook's life is that he was capable of greater things than even he accomplished. He would have made a great admiral, a great organiser of a fleet, a great Lord of the Admiralty, a great anything where his personal qualities and genius for everything connected with the sea could find scope. The tragedy of his death was a happy one for his fame. Like Nelson he died a victim to the chances of his destiny. And were every detail enlarged upon of the methods by which men acquire millions as Universal Providers or Magnates of Africa, the boy in us would always prefer to be a Captain Cook.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Real Sir Richard Burton. By WALTER PHELPS DODGE. (Unwin, 6s. net.)

WE regret that we can say nothing good about this book, except that it is unpretentious. Mr. Dodge's aim, no doubt, was laudable. He has been offended, like every one else, by certain malignant or merely stupid attacks on Burton's life and work, and like every one else has felt the temptation to reply to them. He would have been well advised to resist the temptation; and to have bethought him, like every one else, that when direct misstatements of fact have been corrected—and in this case the responsible press did the work promptly and thoroughly—such attacks are best left undisturbed to the oblivion foreordained for them. They are not worth mention, and should not be mentioned. Mr. Dodge should, further, have asked himself what were his own qualifications for writing a life of Burton. Acquaintance with the facts obtainable through the ordinary channels is not sufficient equipment for the biographer of any man—least of all such a man as Burton; and Mr. Dodge has nothing more. His style, slipshod and commonplace and pointed with a trivial and tasteless jocularity, is the very worst for such a subject: his treatment shows no sign of sympathy with such a mind and character as Burton's. His "real Sir Richard Burton" is no Sir Richard Burton at all, but an abstraction who made certain journeys and wrote certain books. He settles no vexed questions and produces no new information. The fact is that there are only two ways now of writing about this great but difficult matter. One is to give in full, unabbreviated and unbowlerised, the great Burton legend—telling all the stories, and recording all the deeds. This would be the most fascinating tale of adventure ever written; it should be issued in a limited edition, and all the names should be changed. The other is to write the biography for which we are all longing, but which we shall not live to see. It must be the work of one who is not only a biographer of genius, but has a special understanding of such men as Burton. He must have the judicial faculty of an Eldon, to sift what is true from what is false; the imagination of a Shakespeare, to grasp the greatness and the littleness of that strange mind; the enthusiasm of a Hazlitt, to do justice to the story; the devotion of a Lady Burton, to outlive the shocks and shames that will have to be endured; and the fearlessness of Sir Richard himself, to be strong against all the temptations of public

opinion and the nonconformist conscience. And until such a biographer comes, may the memory of one who was too great for the little western world, rest in peace.

Dublin. A Historical and Topographical Account of the City. Written by SAMUEL A. OSSORY FITZPATRICK. Illustrated by W. CURTIS GREEN. (Methuen, 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS, the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Ancient Cities" series, is not only the best book that has so far been written on Dublin—it is the best volume which has yet appeared in the series. It is long, the pages are solid, the type is poor and trying to the eyes, and there is a certain parade of scholarship which is both needless and childish; but in spite of its solidity and a noticeable lack of fluency in the writing, certain chapters fascinate, and the research and knowledge and scrupulous accuracy to which every page bears witness, compel admiration. Save for a few unimportant points on which we are not at one with the author, we have nothing but praise for the book. Mr. Fitzpatrick rightly regards the identification of Dublin with the *Ἐβλανα Πόλις* of Ptolemy as open to question; but the city can certainly claim a venerable age, for a primitive settlement at the mouth of the odorous Liffey was captured by the Ostmen in 836 A.D. and named Duv Linn. Olaus Magnus has it that the city was taken by snaring a number of swallows (we wonder how they were snared) and releasing them only after lighted sponges had been attached to their wings, with the result that the thatched roofs were speedily ignited and the houses reduced to ashes. The account may be taken for what it is worth, but it probably gives a fairly accurate picture of Dublin in the ninth century, a period of great literary activity in Ireland. Into its many vicissitudes we have not space to enter. Mr. Fitzpatrick devotes an interesting chapter to Scandinavian Dublin, and he does full justice to the Cathedral; on the other hand, the space devoted to T. C. D. is scarcely adequate. Social life in Dublin was at its best, perhaps, in the eighteenth century, but the city can claim many distinguished sons—Swift, Burke, Moore, Mangan, Wolfe, Sheridan, Maturin, Southerne, Lever, Lover, Le Fanu, Steele, and numerous others—and at least two world-famous daughters: George Ann Bellamy and "Peg" Woffington. The history of the Dublin stage is a long and interesting one, and the chapter which Mr. Fitzpatrick devotes to it is one of the best in an excellent and informing book. The first Dublin theatre was erected in Werburgh Street in 1635 by a Scotsman named John Ogilby, Deputy-Master of Revels under the Earl of Strafford, and a year after its opening passed into the hands of James Shirley. From that date down to the end of the nineteenth century, when stock companies were abandoned, Dublin figures prominently in the history of the drama, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has done full justice to it.

Concepts of Monism. By A. WORSLEY. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

TO those who base their acquaintance of Monism on the speculative theories of Spinoza, or on the more material views of Haeckel, as expounded in his book under that title, this work of Mr. Worsley will come as something of a surprise. It is at once more fundamental, more thorough, and less empirical than anything that has hitherto been written on the subject. There is a strong tendency in our age to look down upon metaphysics as of no importance. The author says that we are told such things lie outside the scope of human thought and should be classed as unknowable; we are abjured to leave such matters alone and to tread the paths of the Knowable, the field of facts and actualities open to the record of our senses. But there is a fascination, amounting in some cases quite legitimately, almost to an obsession, in the delving for and recording all possible information which may help towards forming certain definite conclusions.

The whole argument as to the actuality of facts and allegations is virtually an argument in a circle; "the Object appears because the Subject records; because the Subject records therefore the Object is." Mr. Worsley touches upon the concepts of Christianity, Taoism, Buddhism, Positivism, Agnosticism, Nihilism, the Eleatic philosophy, and Totalism, besides dealing with the views set forth by Max Müller, Renan, Berkeley, Ostwald, Hume, Schopenhauer, Kant, and Bastian. His point of view is broad and he sets forth his arguments with much particularity and detail. Whether we agree or not with the conclusions of his concepts, he must at least be credited with much diligent research in the production of an interesting work.

THE SOLUTION OF THE CENSORSHIP PROBLEM

THE ACADEMY, in taking up the question of the censorship of the stage in England, has done no more than its duty in the position it has lately taken as an organ of *belles lettres*. Most literary papers conceive it to be their duty to express all the popular prejudices and corrupt interests which enslave literature, and to give their earnest and thoroughly intimidated support to the Philistine assumption that every artist, especially every artist connected with the stage, is an agent of the devil. That this assumption may in certain cases be sufficiently sound to have a salutary effect need not be denied; and I should not complain of it if it were impartially applied to all the professions with due regard to the patent fact that the stage tests character more severely than the pulpit, and far more severely than the exchange and the counting-house or the routine of fashion. But unfortunately it is coupled with another assumption which is monstrous and intolerable. And that assumption is that any person who is not connected with the theatre or the fine arts is competent to supervise them despotically in the interests of public morality, just as any tramp is considered competent to hold a horse.

This is the Achilles heel of our present censorship. All the rest is invulnerable. It is quite possible to conduct a theatre in such a fashion as to make the stage a mere shop-window for the brothel. Theatres have been and still are so conducted, though they are all licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and cannot dress their shop-window without paying him two guineas for certifying that the display "does not in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the Stage." Actors, actresses, authors and managers—clever ones too—can be found who have absolutely no conscience as to the class of mind to which they appeal. They accept in its fullest dishonour the postulate that "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give, etc." It is useless to urge on their behalf that their profession exacts from them more industry, self-control and nervous energy than a church living: the same may be said of burglary. A wise control of the stage by the community is very much to be desired indeed; and the mischief of the present situation lies, not in the existence of such a control, but in its utter defeat by the false and silly pretence that the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain supplies it. But there you have our national habit: if we have no good generals we pretend that the least imbecile one we have is a Cæsar or a Hannibal; if we cannot find a Bismarck or a Cavour we draw disparaging comparisons between them and Sir Edward Grey or Lord Lansdowne; our best bishop is always a Bossuet, our Lord Chancellor always a Selden, our first Lord of the Treasury always a Solon. And by dint of pretending that the King's Reader of Plays, a very typical West End gentleman, is half St. Beuve, half St. Thomas Aquinas, and wholly and divinely good and omniscient, we have provoked an infuriated reaction in which Mr. Redford is dragged down to earth and

accused of having been employed in a bank, the implication being that no antecedent could be more infamous.

Now I do not agree with this view. I had rather be censured by a man with one day's practical experience of banking than by a university professor of literature. Besides, as Mr. Redford is eligible for the jury list, and may possibly have to decide some day whether I shall be hanged or not, it is useless to disparage his competence to discharge any possible judicial function under the sun. The question is, is the censure of plays a possible judicial function? I submit that it is not. I do not see how any censorship in the world can pretend to higher authority, more imposing prestige, and greater personal austerity than the Roman Catholic Church. Yet all that that Church has been able to do is to reduce the institution of censorship to the wildest absurdity. The truth is that no book or play would ever be published or performed at all if it were really thoroughly censored. The Roman Catholic Church puts Darwin on the Index; but it goes still farther with the Bible, which it resolutely keeps on a top shelf beyond the reach of its average laity. Mr. Redford has been accused of intolerance: I accuse him of gross laxness. I do not reproach him for refusing to license *Mrs. Warren's Profession*: I ask him how he can defend his licence for *Man and Superman*, *The Philanderer*, *Candida*, and even the innocently popular *You Never Can Tell*. There is not one of my plays that is not boiling over with sedition, blasphemy, and even impropriety, as the word is used by governesses and censors. What is more, my plays differ from the average English stage play only in adding the sedition and blasphemy to the universal impropriety; and this difference will vanish as soon as it becomes common for playwrights to have political and religious convictions, and therefore to be capable of sedition and blasphemy: that is, of taking part in the constantly necessary work of clearing away superstition from politics and religion. Now Mr. Redford, far from insisting on his duties, is always publicly swallowing bucketfuls of impropriety. Some twelve years ago Mrs. Ebbsmith declared on the stage that all the great public women of England are rakes at heart, and that the one supreme moment of their lives is not when they carry some social reform, but when, by putting on very low necked dresses, they induce some worthless person of the other sex to court them. Mr. Redford certified that Mrs. Ebbsmith was quite in order; and since then the stage has been given over openly to teaching that there is only one passion, the appetite of sex, and that intellectual, moral, social passion, is revolting, unnatural, and hopelessly undramatic. Mr. Redford now spends his life in licensing that lesson, not only when it is implied, but when it is expressly inculcated. I protest against this. I call on Mr. Redford to do his duty thoroughly and consistently, and sweep the British drama from the stage. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Sutro, and Mr. Barrie, are even less defensible than Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Masefield, Mr. St. John Hankin, Mr. Charles McEvoy and myself. Away with us all: there is not room in the world for us and a Censorship. Our suppression is what Mr. Redford is there for. It is what he is paid for.

But does he do it? Not he. If he did there would be no theatre; and if there were no theatre there would be no fees for the censor.

Mark the dilemma. If Mr. Redford abolishes the drama he abolishes himself. If he tolerates the drama he abolishes himself equally; for a censor who does not censure is as useless as a censor who has nothing to censure. Under these circumstances what can he do to save himself but invent a set of rules to fasten on the theatrical game, and establish himself as umpire in a vestal white smock to decide whether the authors are in or out according to his rules. As to the value of these rules for keeping the stage decent, I can only say that I could easily write a play which no manager would dare to

offer to any audience, and get Mr. Redford's licence for it. In fact, I have tried in vain to induce respectable journals to expose the absurdity of the censorship by describing the unmentionable things that have been actually done on the stage under his licence and that of his predecessor, both of them perfectly well intentioned, reputable, responsible English gentlemen, with a mortal terror of shocking public opinion on the one hand, and offending the Court on the other.

Still, the very uselessness of the rules, and the easily mastered conventions by which any adroit blackguard can circumvent them, keeps the relations of the censorship with the theatre smooth in most cases. Nobody can possibly accuse Mr. Redford of being straitlaced: on the contrary, he may justly boast that the English theatre has never, whether after the Restoration or at any other period, been more licentious than it is under his supervision. The pandars and amusement-mongers and their managers have nothing but praise and support for him. But playwrights are not always mere pandars and amusement-mongers: they are sometimes poets and prophets. They speak with kings not as the Lord Chamberlain does, but as Shemaiah spoke with Rehoboam or Daniel with Darius. They enter the temples not as Mr. Redford goes to morning service on Sunday, but as the founder of his church entered to drive out the money-changers. They fall on the shrinking respectability of the suburbs; drag the skeletons out of the closets; and unmask the secrets of the alcove. They play the very deuce with the comfortable little conspiracies of silence and collusions of reciprocal advertisement which have been calling themselves patriotism, statesmanship, religion, democracy, and above all, good taste. Imagine poor Mr. Redford being asked to make himself responsible for such proceedings! Imagine him having to certify Shemaiah and Daniel as fit and proper persons to attend levées; to issue a warrant for the expulsion of the money-changers; to back the moral bills drawn on the conscience of the world by Tolstoy; to ordain grim Ibsen as an apostle to London; to lead the laughter at the terrible two-edged jests of Oscar Wilde; to hold open the bedroom door whilst Brieux tears the sheets from the middle-class marriage bed; and to pledge his honour that I, the author of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, am qualified to bring the words spoken on the cross and set down in the creed to life again on the stage in the mouths of Major Barbaras and Doña Anas and the like! Imagine his agony when a play by any of these authors comes in! What is he to do? On the one hand he is beset by the terror of their reputations, by his own modesty, his glimpses of their meaning, his appreciation of their art. On the other, his social habits and class prejudices, his superstitions, his inexpertness in philosophy and sociology, his knowledge that what shocks or irks him will shock or irk large sections of his world ten times more, his fear of being sacrificed if he makes a mistake, his daily exposure to honest attacks in the press by scandalised archdeacons, and dishonest ones by journalists of the baser sort. Between such buffeting cross-currents within and without, how is any ordinary representative English gentleman to find his way? What can he do but appeal to the revolutionary authors and their managers to remember that they are gentlemen, and that their shocking expressions will give pleasure to none and pain to many? When that appeal fails, he falls back on his rules until they are technically broken. When they are, the question is whether the author's reputation is strong enough to make the rules ridiculous. If the author is not yet fashionable, and the manager not yet popular, the licence is refused. Tolstoy is banned until the *Times* publishes articles by him and treats him as a great man. Then the *Dominion of Darkness* is licensed. The Stage Society is contemptuously refused a licence for *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont* and *Maternité*. The plays are performed nevertheless; and the notices reveal the fact that Brieux is no obscure foreign outsider but a considerable figure in European

literature. Accordingly *Les Hanneçons*, which is a much less austere play and does not contain a single legally married couple (except the concierge), is licensed, save for one observation made by the illicitly domesticated heroine to the effect that men shrink so from seducing innocent girls that to secure a protector it is necessary to pretend to previous experience. In what way the play is "purified" by being robbed of this testimony to some sort of conscience among censurable persons I cannot guess; nor could the Stage Society, which gave an unlicensed performance sooner than omit this touch of grace. But that is the censorship all over. It does not prohibit what it calls scenes of vice: on the contrary, it licenses them. But it will not allow any true or sensible word to be spoken about them. The libertine and his mistress may appear on the stage in one another's arms, with the lady experimenting as to the most susceptible spot on which to plant a kiss; and the audience may chuckle or shrink; but the moment the author demands that the woman shall strike home with the moral on the conscience of the audience whilst their sensibilities are excited by the scene, the censorship declares that decency forbids, and that only the illusions and allurements of illicit intercourse are permissible on the stage. You may represent debauchery; but you may not mention syphilis. You may make fun with a "group marriage"; but you must not show that in our society it lands the children of the marriage in incest. There is no objection whatever to Mrs. Warren on the score of her being a procuress: the procuress is a stock figure in the melodrama of the innocent heroine from the country: it is her explanation of the way in which society manufactures procuresses that is forbidden. You may at this moment see on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre a man regaining the lost affection of his wife, and checkmating her lover, by taking her to a restaurant in the character of a cocotte and plying her with wine and aphrodisiacs; but if you want to see a play in which a woman tells the truth about a husband of that sort, and has to face the ultimate consequences of his conduct and her attitude towards it, you must go to Germany; for Mr. Redford licenses Sardou's *Divorçons* and declares that he will never license Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

Enough of instances: the demoralisation wrought by the censorship is too glaring, too ghastly, to need much illustrating. It is no doubt a well-meant institution; and nobody questions the good intentions of the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford; but the fact remains that it debauches the stage, and hinders nothing except on the one hand such unbearable indecency as public prudery would hinder more effectually without it, and, on the other, every attempt to moralise the constant pre-occupation of the theatre with sex relations.

Fortunately there is a crowning absurdity about our censorship which enables us to show a free stage working side by side in England with a censored one. The theory of the Lord Chamberlain's department is—as might be expected—that the world is going from bad to worse; that every decade sees a deplorable falling off in manners, in morals, in propriety, in decency. Also, that all Lord Chamberlains are infallible. It follows that a play once licensed is licensed for ever. To Congreve and Wycherley the censor says:

Ibsen abides our question: ye are free

The appalling rubbish-heap of murder, lust, incest, adultery, and debauchery which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left in the British theatre is free of Mr. Redford, and can be produced to-morrow by anybody who has a taste for it. Pericles of Tyre, incest, brothel, and all, is at the disposal of any one with money enough to open a theatre. Mercutio can chaff the nurse, Hamlet can entertain Ophelia with *double entendre*, Lucio can rally Mistress Overdone, with all the unspeakable badinage which Shakespeare set down for his stagecourtiers and gentlemen. Do we find that this freedom is abused?

On the contrary, the old plays are positively over-bowdlerised by our managers.*

If a further proof of the superfluity of Mr. Redford is needed, go to the smaller provincial towns where there is only one theatre for all classes; and listen to a performance of the latest London farcical or musical comedy. You will find all the improper quips, though duly licensed by Mr. Redford, either omitted or else purposely made unintelligible. The difficulty on the stage at present is not to save audiences from being shocked, but to induce managers and actors to shock them when it is for their good and that of society that they should be shocked, as it generally is in England about three times a week on one subject or another.

Finally, the alternative to a censorship is not anarchy. If it were, there would be a good deal to be said for it, as the toleration of a hundred depraved plays is a less evil than the suppression, or, worse still, the abortion (and it is abortion that usually happens) of one noble one. Besides, who is to judge, in the first terror of it, whether any movement away from the normal is a movement ahead or astern? As well pretend to survey an earthquake. However, the alternative is not anarchy, but the police. It is easy to say that the stage should be as free as the press; but I want it to be more free. I have not forgotten the persecution of those who attempted to publish Zola in this country. One of its effects is that no English publisher so far will touch Brieux. The police do not meddle with the theatre now: the censorship takes that institution off the official conscience. But if the censorship were simply abolished, the persecution of art which rages at present in America, where Mr. Anthony Comstock earns a large salary from a private society by conducting police raids on literature, painting, the drama, life studies in art schools, schoolgirl theatricals by Vassar students who play the male parts in breeches, and every sort of human activity in which a naked ankle is "suggestive" (all America seems to be hissing with this disgusting word), and lumping them in with the seven thousand tons of obscene postcards which he boasts of having destroyed. With all respect to those who vote for the abolition of the censorship *sans phrase*, I prefer Mr. Redford to Mr. Comstock, and the Lord Chamberlain to Holy Willie.

Further, I cannot deny that when the music-halls were virtually unregulated, they were vile and dull beyond anything that London can now conceive, and that when they had to justify themselves to the County Council against the very timely objections of Sir John M'Dougall, they improved enormously, and, as a consequence, paid enormously. I do not see why the London west-end theatres, like the suburban ones, should not be regulated in the same way. The authority of the Council would be an effectual bulwark against Comstockery, which could not act directly through the police, but would have to convince the majority of the Council before the very serious step of refusing to renew a licence could be taken. The Council has never yet been without influential and eloquent members who are incapable of mistaking Ibsen, Tolstoy and Brieux for disorderly foreigners acting as the literary *souteneurs* of a debauched theatre, and who are sufficiently versed in social problems and interested in their solution to know that plays like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Maternité* are necessary correctives to *Divorçons*, *Lord and Lady Algy*, and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, in which the morals of the Mediterranean pleasure cities are accepted as the whole of human nature. They would also understand that whether the authors and managers mean it or not, drama without propaganda is impossible, and that the most thoughtless author is

propagating his levity as inevitably as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Tolstoy propagate their seriousness. The notion that the Ascot-Hurlingham-Monte Carlo view of life should be shown on every stage with its bright side turned to the footlights, whilst the Lock Hospital, the abortionist's nursing home, the sweater's den, the prostitute's promenade, and all the incidents of the vain struggle of the policeman and the Rescue Lady with the results of waste, idleness, and political imbecility must be suppressed as "loathsome," may seem perfectly natural and nice to Mr. Redford and Lord Althorp; but it will not impose on councillors who have to sit weekly on committees grappling with these matters at close quarters.

On the whole, since freedom is a dream, give me the municipality as the best censor within reach. The municipality will not read plays and forbid or sanction them. It will give the manager both liberty and responsibility. He objects to both; but that is an additional reason for forcing them on him. Let him manage as he pleases, knowing that if he produces utterly vile plays, he will find himself without a defender in council when the question comes up as to whether his licence shall be continued. He will know also that those plays which provoke the silliest outcries from socially ignorant people make the deepest impression on socially conscientious and artistically cultivated people, and therefore are never without defenders important enough to protect their producers from being deliberately ruined by a large representative public authority.

It will be observed that I speak of licensing the manager, not licensing the theatre. By all means let theatres be licensed as at present on the strength of their safety in case of fire, sanitary accommodation, etc. etc. But let the manager also have his personal licence apart from the theatre. One of the first conditions of licensing a novice should be that he shall prove his possession of the means to pay all salaries and retire solvent at the end of, say, a fortnight, if his enterprise fail. That, and such ordinary proof of respectability as is required from all applicants for privileges, whether they be eminent historians seeking admission to the British Museum Reading Room or peddlers and beerhouse keepers, should entitle him (or her) to begin. He would then pursue his profession like other professional men, free to practise according to his best judgment, but also conscious that his licence might be revoked if he proved scandalously unworthy of it, leaving him stranded with silenced priests, broken officers, disbarred councillors, struck-off solicitors, and undischarged bankrupts. The production of a certificate from Mr. Redford or from some eighteenth-century predecessor of Mr. Redford's would not protect him in the least. On the other hand, he might shock Mr. Redford to his heart's content without hurting himself, unless Mr. Redford could convey the shock to seventy robust County Councillors, all keenly conscious of the seriousness of ruining a man of business—not merely strangling a work of art. Under such circumstances Messrs. Vedtne and Barker might produce any play by Brieux, by Ibsen, by Tolstoy, by Shelley, or, may I venture to hope? even by me, without the slightest risk of losing their licence in consequence. On the other hand, the managers who now so easily circumvent Mr. Redford's rules, and obtain his certificates for apparently harmless and silly prompt books which develop on the stage into coarse and vicious exhibitions which are not defended by any one concerned, either on the stage or off, would have to justify themselves in council if one of our English Comstocks challenged them.

The problem raised by Comstockery is how to enable Mr. Comstock to destroy obscene postcards without also giving him power to insist on a cummerbund for the Hermes of Praxiteles and a blouse for the Venus of Milo. Also how to checkmate an attempt to revive the Judge and Jury and the Poses Plastiques of the Leicester Square of 1870 without checkmating Brieux and Ibsen as well.

* We talk of Bowdler nowadays as if he were an English Anthony Comstock, because nobody except Mr. Swinburne and myself reads him before writing about him. As a matter of fact every Shakespearean manager in London unconsciously bowdlerises Bowdler, who, though he blue-pencilled anything that seemed to him irreligious, was remarkably free from middle-class squeamishness on other subjects.

There is no immediately available way of doing this except compelling Mr. Comstock to obtain the consent of a majority of the municipality before he can suppress anybody or anything. He could get that consent easily enough in cases of unquestioned obscenity. In cases where he was simply out of his depth in art or morals he would have no chance. I see no better solution within our reach. As to setting the theatre free at the cost of also setting Comstockery free to rush to the police-court every day for a warrant, ask the first cultivated American you meet whether ten Lord Althorps and fifty Mr. Redfords would not be better than that. We want, not anarchy and the police, but reasonable liberties in return for reasonable guarantees.

And let Mr. Redford's doom be a handsome pension, and leisure to write the perfectly moral plays he has failed to extract from the rest of us.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

IN the columns of a Paris daily paper M. Gabriel Hanotaux gave, a couple of days ago, his estimate of the present political situation in France, with particular reference to the violent dissensions which at present divide the south from the north. His article is entitled "Bourgeoise et Democratie," and after quoting Bismarck's dictum that the French democracy should be allowed to "stew in its own gravy," he points out that population in France is diminishing, the public wealth (as proved by the legacy duties) is declining, social peace is menaced, the army is losing cohesion and discipline, the national bond is weakening; by aiming at moral union moral disunion has been amplified, the peace of consciences has been troubled, patriotism has been cast into the limbo of "old guitars," and a veil thrown over the "Statue of Liberty." M. Hanotaux further reminds his readers that when the Republican State was founded in 1875 by the authors of the Constitution, their master, Gambetta, defined the work in these terms, "The Constitution consecrates the union of the Bourgeoisie and the Proletariat,"—or as we should put it of the middle and the artisan classes. He adds that the bourgeoisie, by a very clever and supple adaptation of the new ideas to its conceptions and interests, succeeded in harnessing to its cause that solid "cheval de renfort" which is Universal Suffrage, and has been driving the cart ever since, so that it has itself to blame for any disappointments and failures that may have resulted.

That the democracy after stewing for thirty-three years in its own gravy is now definitely cooked does not seem to be M. Hanotaux's opinion altogether. This fate he is more inclined to adjudge to the middle class of France, who were the originators of the Republican constitution as it stands. The third volume of his "France Contemporaine," a translation of which ("Contemporary France," Constable) is now before us, gives in a brief but pregnant *resumé* the history of the events which led up to the definite adoption by France of those democratic institutions which, owing to the short-sightedness and selfishness of the bourgeoisie, are now in the opinion of M. Hanotaux, menaced in their very existence.

The Republic in France was voted by a majority of one. A Republic, but nominal only, without authority or belief in itself, had been established since the fall of the Second Empire, but its acknowledged rôle had been to prepare its own effacement by a restoration of the Monarchy. That this task failed of accomplishment was due to dissensions among the various Monarchist parties. The Bonapartists were naturally at daggers drawn with the Legitimists, and the Orleanists were led by statesmen, eminently straightforward and capable in affairs, such as the Duc Decazes and the Duc de Broglie, but without the personal initiative which would have enabled them to

take prompt decision at critical moments. They were lacking also in foresight, and believed until actually confronted with the fact of their own failure that the democratic party, headed by Gambetta, was sure of defeat. "In order to explain the conduct of the Right at that critical hour" (when the Republic was voted) "we must take into account," says M. Hanotaux, a "short-sighted obstinacy, sometimes mistaken for loyalty, and finally that habit, too general with the race, of postponing difficulties until the morrow. Where an American would say 'Forward!' a Frenchman says 'Patience!' Patience too often means sufferance. The country still suffers, after so many years, from decisions full of indecisions." This is a criticism, we may be permitted to remark, which applies to other parties than the French Royalists and to other countries than France:

In this period of French history [explains M. Hanotaux on another page (his third volume covers the years 1874 to 1877)] the drama consists in the slow suicide of the "ruling classes" under the latent or direct pressure of Universal Suffrage.

The deduction therefore is that universal suffrage, guided by the middle classes, tends to disastrous results, the remedy for which, M. Hanotaux in his recently published article, "Bourgeoisie et Democratie," defines as follows:

What is needed for the coming ages is more profound and more real political education, and, since there has been a lack of soul, a greater breadth of soul. Thirty years ago the people, overwhelmed by the mistakes of a dictatorship, were taught mistrust of power, hatred of authority even when exercised by itself over itself. Jules Ferry said, quoting Proudhon, "France needs a weak government." To-day experience has widened; the times are changed. Since the masses are the masters henceforward and probably for ever, they ought to take exact cognisance of what the State is, that is to say of the sum of the sacrifices which they ought to make to their own well-being, conversation and stability. Above all "that which exists" must subsist. Empty phrases must be renounced, as well as fallacious programmes and deceptive entities. To imagine that Justice, Truth, Fortune are nymphs hidden in some mysterious place where a heroic legislator, having bestridden Pegasus, will be able to reach and deliver them, is a fairy-story born of the old manuals in which we learned our first lessons as schoolboys. Men are true, just, and better if they begin by reforming themselves. Here is the true programme.

This however (let it be said incidentally) is not a programme at all; but that M. Hanotaux should have no more practical counsels to give for the salvation of his countrymen is typical both of the historian and the examiner: Frenchmen, by reforming themselves—in what direction M. Hanotaux, and therein he shows his prudence, does not precisely indicate—would not necessarily solve the complex social problems which distract France at the present moment, and are a cause of equal bewilderment to neighbouring nations.

It is obvious, in fact, to any student of contemporary events in France that the sum of the self-sacrifice which the modern Frenchman is prepared to offer upon the altar of Democracy is great indeed. His devotion to Republican institutions becomes with every General Election more clearly pronounced and undivided. He submits with real heroism to an obligatory military service, which, by the very reason of its democratic spirit is peculiarly onerous and repulsive, and he accepts almost cheerfully that most offensive of all forms of government, the government of the individual by the individual, the tyranny of unlicensed private opinion, forging the name of public opinion, the anarchical arrogance which on one occasion, within our experience, inspired a Paris cabman when told to drive to the rue Blomet scornfully to refuse the fare with the remark: "Peut on demeurer à la rue Blomet!" If, as M. Hanotaux tells us, France is actually in a parlous state, the probabilities are that her political leaders and State administrators have proved mentally or morally unequal to their self-imposed task of guiding the national destinies aright and disloyal to those very Republican principles which have borne them to power. That it is the fault of the individual Frenchman there is no evidence to prove. On the contrary M. Hanotaux's third volume supplies ample material to show that, in spite of the apprehension with

the *bourgeoisie* as well as the Royalists regarded Universal Suffrage, the voice of the people when it was able to make itself heard, was pitched at a much more moderate diapason, and in much more rational accents than either its foes or its friends had anticipated. M. Hanotaux demonstrates in his "France Contemporaine" that it is the middle classes, or *bourgeoisie*, who have taken the Republic prisoner, as it were, and monopolised its institutions for the furtherance of their own particular aims. In so doing, they have merely continued the policy which they pursued so successfully during the Revolution, a movement executed by the proletariat of that time from which, however, the middle classes, who secretly inspired it, alone profited. During the thirty-three years which have elapsed since the Republic was established in France, it is the middle classes, which have, as M. Hanotaux admits, led Universal Suffrage by the nose. They secured the helm of Liberalism when that seemed to be the winning boat, and now that Socialism has forged ahead they would like to captain that vessel too. This determination of the *bourgeoisie* to retain possession of the reins whatever may be the nominal destination of the coach accounts for much of the present and recent friction between political parties in France, and for the paralysing effect which the outbreak of the Southern wine-growing populations—a real proletariat in this case—has produced upon the Clemenceau Ministry. Hitherto, whenever the *bourgeoisie* needed the support and approval of Universal Suffrage for some measure which was not really to the universal national interest, such as the Disestablishment of the Church, the secularisation of schools, it has been customary to spread the report that the Republic was threatened in its very existence. Stories of plots against Democracy were invented, distributed from official sources and dutifully swallowed by a peasantry serenely ignorant and largely indifferent. A Republic which has been voted by a majority of only one, was justified in claiming a certain instability and using its weakness as a weapon of offence. But it is hardly possible that this trick can be again played in dealing with the demands of the Southern wine-growers. Here we have Republicans fighting Republicans, a revolt of manual labour against the *bourgeoisie*. Certainly the Republic has not since its constitution in 1874 been threatened by any such serious complication as this, which seems destined to date a very important phrase in the history of contemporary France. And if as M. Hanotaux says the ruling classes were in the period of 1874 to 1877 slowly committing suicide before Universal Suffrage, presumably the process still continues and the rebellion of the South but signals the beginning of the end. In other words, it would seem that the middle classes are destined at no far-off period to disappear as the rulers of the French Republic. Such a change might not be altogether to its disadvantage.

BEACONSFIELD AS PLAGIARIST

THE other day there was sold in London the original manuscript of Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons on the death of the Duke of Wellington. The manuscript was original enough, but the subject-matter was not quite as original as the manuscript, and this revives an old story.

Dizzy was one of the greatest plagiarists of modern times, but he did his literary borrowing in scientific fashion. In 1852 he was called on to deliver an oration on the Duke of Wellington. This is how he acquitted himself, only a short extract being given him from a great speech, copied into nearly every paper in the United Kingdom:

It is not that a great general must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in the management of men; that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he

has to display all the knowledge, and to exercise all those duties at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. . . . To be able to think with vigour, with depth and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness and depth amidst the noise of bullets appears to me the loftiest exercise and most complete triumph of the human faculties.

This is very fine, and the language is worth comparing with that in a passage in a speech delivered in 1829 by Thiers in the French Senate on the death of Marshal St. Cyr:

An engineer, a geographer, a man of the world, a metaphysician, knowing men, an administrator in great things, a clerk in small—all these things it is necessary to be, but these are yet nothing. All this vast knowledge must be exercised on the instant in the midst of extraordinary circumstances. . . . To think in the quiet of one's cabinet, clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly, as strongly, as nobly in the midst of carnage and fire is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties.

Wasn't it Sheridan who once declared: "The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts"? On this occasion it looked as if another right honourable gentleman was indebted for his facts, not to his *imagination*, but to his *memory*.

As was said at the time:

The Duke of Wellington has experienced the vicissitudes of either fortune, and his calamities were scarcely less conspicuous than the homage which he ultimately received. He was pelted by a mob. He braved the dagger of Cantillon. The wretched Capefigue even accused him of peculation. But surely it was the last refinement of insult that his funeral oration, pronounced by the official chief of the English Parliament should be stolen word for word from a trashy panegyric on a second-rate French marshal.

But the impenetrable Disraeli never even smiled or "winked the other eye" over the plagiaristic accusation. And it was the manuscript of this notorious speech which, along with some letters, has been sold for one hundred and one pounds.

In 1880 Lord Beaconsfield received ten thousand pounds for a novel called "Endymion" (George Eliot got the same sum, it is stated, for "Romola"), in which the following passage appeared:

On one morning the great Cloudland Company, of which he was chairman, gave their approval of twenty-six Bills, which he immediately introduced into Parliament. Next day the Ebor and North Cloudland sanctioned six Bills under his advice, and affirmed deeds and agreements which affected all the principal railway projects in Lancashire and Yorkshire. A quarter of an hour later, just time to hurry from the meeting to another, where he was always received with rampant enthusiasm, Newcastle and the extreme North accepted his dictatorship. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty Bills, involving an expenditure of ten millions.

This piece of history cost Beaconsfield's publisher a pound sterling per line. Four years previous to its appearance, Irving, in his "Annals of the Time," got a penny a line for the following piece of *original* history:

Under his (Hudson's) direction the shareholders in the Midland Company gave their approval to twenty-six Bills which they had presently in Parliament. On the following Monday, at 10 o'clock, the York and North Midland sanctioned six Bills, and affirmed various deeds and agreements affecting the Manchester and Leeds and Hull and Selby Companies. Fifteen minutes later he induced the Newcastle and Darlington Company to approve of seven Bills and accompanying agreements, and at 10.30 took his seat as controlling power at the Board of the Newcastle and Berwick. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty Bills, involving an expenditure of £10,000,000.

The sole difference between Irving and Beaconsfield appears to be the discrepancy in the sum paid for the composition of the lines and between "£10,000,000" and "ten millions."

In 1837 Disraeli published "Venetia," and in this novel we read:

The slightest re-action in the self-complacency that was almost unceasingly stimulated by the applause of applauded men and the love of the loveliest women. . . . Cadurcis was, indeed, as we have already described him, the spoiled child of society; a froward and petted

darling, not always to be conciliated by kindness, but furious when neglected or controlled.

It is somewhat strange that seven years before this passage was 'penned, a then comparatively unknown *litterateur* called Macaulay had written the two following sentences in an article on Moore's "Life of Byron," in the *Edinburgh Review*:

Everything that could stimulate and everything that could justify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women. . . . Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling.

Another long passage appears almost verbatim in both works.

In another of his works Disraeli coolly appropriated as his own, Bacon's assertion in his "Essay of Great Place: "Ask counsel of both times—of the ancient times that which is best, of the modern times, that which is fittest"; and in another place stole the famous saying of Lord Shaftesbury; "Men of sense are all of the same religion." But I am not done with Dizzy.

In 1841 a certain David Urquhart in his "Diplomatic Transactions," wrote:

It is in this midnight of your intoxication that I declare to you an awakening of bitterness—it is at this springtide of your joy that I tell you that an ebb of troubles is at hand.

Five years later, in a speech on the Corn Laws (May 15, 1846), Mr. Disraeli delivered himself of the following original literary gem:

It may be in vain now, in the midnight of their intoxication, to tell them that there will be an awakening of bitterness; it may be idle now, in the springtide of their economic frenzy, to warn them that there may be an ebb of trouble.

Again, Dizzy is generally credited with having originated the phrases, "men of light and leading" and "peace with honour." In "Popanilla," Disraeli wrote; "A public man of light and leading"; but Burke, in his "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly," had previously written; "The men of England—the men, I mean, of light and leading." Then "Peace with honour" was the phrase used by Lord Beaconsfield on his return from the Berlin Conference on the Eastern Question in July 1878. But in a book by Sir Antony Weldon, "The Court and Character of King James," 1650, we read;

He had rather spend £10,000 on Embassies to keep or procure peace with dishonour than £10,000 on an army that would have forced peace with honour.

Once again, Disraeli made a big hit with his famous reference to "the exhausted volcanoes" in his speech at Manchester in 1872. But John Wilkes had previously confessed, "I am a burnt-out volcano." Taxed with the plagiarism, Dizzy coolly remarked; "Thanks, it looks like a crib; but it is the first time I knew Wilkes ever said anything worth repeating and fit for publication." It was "worth repeating," however, by the Lord of Hughenden; and therefore it is quite fit for *re-publication*.

Here is my final shot at the champion plagiarist. Dizzy on one occasion described the uncouth gesticulations of Beresford-Hope as "The contortions but not the inspirations of the sibyl," forgetting that Burke had preceded him when he declared, over Croft's imitation of the style of Boswell, that "It has all the *contortions* of the sibyl without the *inspiration*."

No doubt Beaconsfield had his "reasons" for the expropriations. These were well hit off in an imaginary colloquy which took place in the Disraeli Cabinet, according to the *Daily News* of July 1874:

LORD MALMESBURY. Beautiful!

LORD SALISBURY. Beautiful, perhaps; but isn't it Bolingbroke?

MR. DISRAELI. Is it? I really cannot say at this moment. The words may be Bolingbroke's, but the thought is my own. Invention, as some philosophers have contended, is only memory with an application. I remember and apply, and therefore invent. It is the privilege of our predecessors to furnish the moulds of words in which the original genius of a later date may flow. This has always been the

principle on which I have acted as a writer and speaker. I do not cease to be myself because I put on the clothes of Thiers, or Macaulay, or, as now, if you are right—and you may be—of Bolingbroke.

GEORGE STRONACH.

LITERATURE AND STOCKS

HAS it struck any number of people that the state of literature at this moment very closely resembles the condition of the stock, share and money market? The fact occurred to the present writer only the other day, and it immediately suggested a number of what seemed interesting and might prove valuable considerations. To any person who is concerned in both—shall we say markets, the financial and the literary, the present must be a most depressing time. It is agreed on all hands that finance is as dull as it can be, while as for literature, ditch-water sparkles by contrast. In the pages of those weekly journals which deal with everything from court gossip to conundrums, not a "tip" is to be found as to books or stocks. There is no "boom" in anything; everything is flat, drooping or dead. The world is waiting for something to happen to change all this, but what that something will be, nobody knows. Even the weekly journals have given up prophesying, having been so often wrong as barely to escape derision. The very Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot declare with certainty why Consols are so low, nor tell when they will improve.

Now the Consols of literature are—nobody needs to be told—the Standard Authors. Can it be asserted that they are in brisk demand? Are they not, on the contrary, almost completely neglected? If you wish, to chill conversation there is no surer way than to turn the conversation to the Standard Authors. It will be found that like Consols these, the "premier security" of literature, are utterly neglected. People are not buying them, and no immediate rise is expected. Home railways are in no better case, and the literary counterpart of "home-rails" is obviously travel and adventure. At present nobody is publishing travels or adventures. It is most strange that the globe-trotters should have chosen this, of all times, for sitting still and shooting nothing. Just when "home-rails" are stagnant and dividends shrinking, seems the very moment to charm us with descriptions of pigmies who live in trees, "under the blossom that hangs on the bough," and have no property or investments. How sweet to the suburban holder of "Metropolitans" must seem the picture of a black man asleep under a cocoa-nut tree, careless of bears (there being no bulls) waiting to be waked by his dinner falling on his head.

It is not to be expected that Foreign Stocks should be good when British Stocks are bad. But there does seem a probability that when home literature is far from lively Continental supplies might be in demand. It is not so, however. "Foreigners" in books are a poor market. To the British mind the only use to which the Almighty could put Frenchmen and the other continentals, was the writing of novels not permitted by the British code of morals. We do that kind ourselves now, and even that kind is dull. Indeed—and it is an amazing fact—Fiction altogether is dull, fearfully dull; as dull as its fellows in the City, "Industrials." Since the authorities took to prosecuting Company promoters and Company promoters took to taking prussic acid drops, Industrials have languished. But there is no threat of prosecution that ever we heard of, hanging over the head of the once Popular Novelist. Yet here we are at present without a Great Novelist, and this literary dearth coincides with the absence of any outstanding name in Industrial Company Finance, and an utter lack of new ventures. No longer the weekly journal with the financial page advises its Constant Reader on no account to sell his Dogs' Biscuits, but to hold on to them, even to buy more. The Constant Readers seem all to have parted with their Consolidated Sawdusts long ago. And in the literary page there is nothing of fiction to console them, no tale

which every reader should hasten to devour, no romance which immediately runs into a fresh issue of ten thousand copies; nothing but staleness, flatness and unprofitableness.

It may be doubted if ever before a period of financial stagnation coincided so closely with a time of literary inanition, the cause of the one and the other being quite inexplicable. Can these causes be one and the same? It does not seem very probable. It would rather appear that the men and women who had lost their money in "Kaffirs" would take perforce to writing novels, and that from the mass a great writer would emerge who otherwise would have remained an ordinary well-to-do person. Unless all history is wrong it is lack of pence that makes great writers. Perhaps the last generation was too well off, and their offspring that ought to have provided from among them the writers of to-day have been spoiled by luxury. The inquiry is too deep for a paper of this scope, and too wide for the present writer. But there can be no doubt that we are to-day sadly in want of writers who shall be great, eminent, and distinguished. We have many who may hope in time to be Doctors, *honoris causa*, for is not Mr. Carnegie a Doctor, and Mark Twain about to be made one? Mr. John Davidson may hope to be a Doctor. He made a new start in the *Westminster Gazette* of Monday last on the subject of "Without Compromise," in which he appears to claim the right to use his imagination to interpret the universe with the aid of nothing and nobody but himself. By all means, Mr. Davidson. That is the very kind of man we are waiting for. Literature at the moment is so fearfully dull, and the financial situation so depressing, that your preliminary announcement is most exhilarating. The universe has been interpreted several times already, but another attempt, by the aid of imagination, would be welcome. But you must get on with your attempt, or, as in the case of the men who were always going to swim the Channel, we shall get doubtful about you, and you will end up a Doctor. In these dark financial days an occasional headline in large block capitals makes the heart leap with its announcement that "Steel Prefs." are active. Next day they are as dull as before. Do not be a "Steel Pref.," Mr. Davidson.

How flat literature is at present may be understood by supposing that this country were asked to send to some international congress of great writers its three most distinguished men. Whom should it send? Mr. Swinburne probably would not go, and being a poet might not be eligible. Mr. Shaw would probably go whether asked or not. That is one. Mr. Hall Caine would doubtless offer to go. That is two. It is a strange thing, but for the third there is nobody left but Mr. Andrew Lang. He is a Doctor, and has written on everything; perhaps in the history of writing nobody has ever written more than Mr. Andrew Lang, and therefore he would have to go. But is this not rather a poor show for English literature at the beginning of the twentieth century? Mr. John Davidson in the paper already referred to observes that "the author of the Iliad and the author of the Book of Job were ignorant and illiterate men. Neither of them knew the Greek tragic dramatists; they had no Latin, no German philosophy or English poetry, no French prose or Spanish eloquence, no Russian mysticism or Italian theory." He modestly omits to tell us that they had not heard of Mr. Davidson. But what they did have was "their own unsullied vision of the universe." And then says Mr. Davidson: "I also have mine." Well, that is most encouraging. One might almost swear that Mr. Andrew Lang knows all the above-mentioned things that the authors of the Iliad and the Book of Job did not know; and this kind of knowledge is perhaps what makes literature so flat at present. If Mr. Davidson will make haste we may see literature revive before stocks and shares. What both departments want most unmistakably is a new theory of the universe, and literature is promised it first.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

Innocent Masqueraders. By SARAH TYTLER. (Long, 6s.)

Two babies left at the dead of night at opposite ends of Blackheath; their adoption by worthy people of the neighbourhood and the subsequent discovery of their real parentage, is the mild theme of "*Innocent Masqueraders*," and it would be a pleasant one if it were not amplified into three hundred weary pages. The book is not badly written; there is nothing in it to offend; the moral tone is excellent and the climax eminently satisfactory but, like a hundred other books of the kind which appear every year, it is dull, dull, dull. There is nothing in it to provoke tears, but then there is also nothing to induce laughter. The story drifts peacefully in a sea of words and the reader, if he is patient, will drift too until he reaches a climax which has been a foregone conclusion from the beginning. Without losing a single feature of the plot, the whole novel might have been condensed into a very good short story.

Diaries of Three Women of the Last Century. Edited by EVELYN ST. LEGER. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

It has been said that the age of letter-writing is over; perhaps this is the reason so many enterprising people have chosen to administer their fiction in this form, making their heroines ramble at the writing-table instead of in the moonlit woods and pour out their souls to the blotter rather than to the stars. When we found ourselves confronted with a fat volume, bound in a species of purple sateen and stamped with a design in gold obviously intended to represent a metal clasp, we exclaimed "more letters!" and to a certain extent we were right. The first collection of extracts (they are submitted to us as cuttings from the genuine diaries of three separate persons, but they undoubtedly come from the same pen) though ostensibly in the form of a diary, are in reality neither more nor less than letters addressed by a woman to her dead lover. The rest of the book contains portions of the diaries of her niece and great-niece, each of whom marries, becomes estranged from her husband and regains his love in a manner characteristic of her temperament and the age in which she lives. The methods of the grand-niece are as ingenious as they are utterly improbable. The whole is written in the rambling and diffuse style peculiar to the diaries of fiction and is only saved from mediocrity by the genuine humour with which some of the episodes are described. The atmosphere of the period is, as usual, conveyed by the use of such words as "the vapours," "vastly," and so forth, in the earlier diary and the free use of slang in the later one, but the style of all three is otherwise precisely the same.

None so Pretty. By the Author of "A Discrepant World." (Longmans, 6s.)

"NONE SO PRETTY" is a book that we find difficult to praise adequately. Its title is, perhaps, the least attractive legend that the pen of the author of "The Haggard Side" and "A Discrepant World" has ever traced. Happily, however, it is quite inappropriate. The author is always more successful in his shorter pieces—his "Essays in Fiction"—than in his longer works, but the book before us is as delightful as its predecessors would lead one to expect: if his talent is more suited to the painting of a miniature than a large canvas, the large canvas is yet almost perfect of its kind. We do not suggest that "None so Pretty" is a remarkable book in any sense: no critic will rave over it or call it the masterpiece of an age; comparatively few people will read it. The few who do, will not be the ordinary novel-readers, and they will read it just because it is not an ordinary novel—because it is a quiet and distinguished and charming piece of work. We are growing more than a little tired of the sort of thing which is habitually served up as "a study in emotions"

—a synonym, usually, for passion—and this thoughtful and deftly woven story comes as a pleasant reminder that there is still poetry in life, and love and pathos and humour, and that a mind diseased is apt to ride its so-called realism a little beyond the cross-roads where truth ends and popularity begins. There is much shrewd observation in the book and much quiet wit, and the cultured ease of the writing lends an additional charm to its pages. The author has a sure eye for the things which matter, and the main details of his picture are never obscured by over-elaboration. His book, indeed, suggests the smoking-room of a scholar with a broad and sympathetic outlook. That scholar might be Mr. Benson—only he is not sufficiently self-conscious, and not wholly a sentimentalist.

Three Weeks. By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

PAUL VERDAYNE was of "noble station" and he fell in love with a mere parson's daughter who had red hands. So his father gives him plenty of money and advises him to travel for his health and Paul goes to Lucerne. There, in the restaurant of his hotel he meets a wondrous creature with gliding feline movements "infinitely sinuous and attractive." We suppose that if she had been finitely sinuous she would not have been so attractive and then Paul would not straightway have forgotten the middle-class lady with red hands. For the sinuous one is also of noble station. We must admit that Elinor Glyn takes us into the highest society. Her scorn of the middle classes and their morals is only equalled by her respect for those whom she would probably describe as the "upper ten." We think that some one should publish some statistics of the Divorce Court for the benefit of people like Elinor Glyn. It would sadden her we know but she would assuredly find that most of the men and women figuring there were not noble but middle class and even lower middle class in station. Your cheesemonger's wife may have as quick an eye for a handsome stranger as any one else, though she would probably not purr like a tiger or undulate like a snake, or lie full length on purple cushions when she received visitors, or make the air of her room thick with incense and the perfume of tuberose, unless she had deserted the cheesemonger and taken to the oldest profession in the world, when such ways would well become her. The truth is that the sudden passion of two strangers for each other and their abandonment to it takes more genius in the telling than Elinor Glyn possesses and a different point of view. She is too desperately anxious to shock her middle-class readers and impress them with the upholstery of her high-born heroine. The result is that you laugh a little and yawn a little and are not shocked at all, but only rather bored by a vulgar and extremely silly story.

Roger Dinwiddie, Soul Doctor. By A. M. IRVINE. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

To us this name somehow suggests comedy, but it apparently did not do so to the writer. Dr. Dinwiddie, as the title tells us, was a soul doctor. Like other specialists he did not think it necessary to announce his peculiar branch of science on his door-plate, and this omission beguiled unsuspecting souls into his net. He at first treated them with a great deal of separate attention, but as his practice grew to overwhelming dimensions, he resorted to wholesale cures. He also employed a secretary who stood as a buffer between the worthy doctor and his too amorous patients. They all seemed to fall in love with him! He fell in love with one—a young person who made use of him as "copy." Then the secretary blundered and very nearly upset both their plans. The author is kind enough to rectify the secretary's blunder and bring them to the usual happy ending so necessary to this class of fiction. The writer of this book, we imagine, must have been as hard up for copy as the young woman in the story.

FINE ART

STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES

WHEN an amateur of repute, a hundred years ago last March, published a proposal that the national memorial to Lord Nelson should be entrusted to the Italian sculptor Canova, Hoppner, fired with indignation, exchanged the painter's brush for the pen of the critic.

There are [wrote he] only two occasions, I conceive, on which a foreign artist could with propriety be invited to execute a great national work in this country, namely, in default of our having any artist at all competent to such an undertaking, or for the purpose of introducing a superior style of art to correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation.

To this sane and reasonable pronouncement no exception can be taken, especially by those who agree with the same painter-critic that

the proudest boast of a nation has at all times been its arts, that yield to no conquest except that of skill, and claim a superiority for the country in which they flourish in defiance of the barbarous hordes that in evil hour may subdue it.

It is a thousand pities Hoppner's excellent advice has not been taken more to heart in the highest quarters, where patronage of the arts has ever been extended more readily to the foreigner than to the native. This tendency, instead of decreasing, has become more marked since the days of Hoppner. Of Court painters we rarely hear nowadays save in the society columns of the newspapers, from which we gather they are usually foreigners and always nonentities. Unfortunately for our contemporary painters there is no longer rivalry between the monarch and his heir-apparent in these matters, else we might enjoy the spectacle of the Prince of Wales, for example, backing Mr. Orpen and Mr. J. D. Fergusson as his English and Scottish portrait-painters against his Majesty's Mr. Sargent and Sir James Guthrie.

Happily for the future fame of our country we now have in our midst painters and sculptors competent for any artistic undertaking, and while we regret the comparative obscurity in which they at present linger and the lack of public patronage from which in many cases they suffer, we are far from advocating any protection in art, far from discouraging the importation of the best—but let it be the best—foreign painting and sculpture. On the contrary there is good reason to hope that this importation may help to correct the vicious taste now undoubtedly prevalent in the nation. We know what was the effect, not only upon painters but on collectors also, of the introduction in Glasgow some thirty odd years ago of pictures by Corot and his French contemporaries. We should delight in the purchase of a Puvis de Chavannes by the Crown or the Government, while we should still regret that Alfred Stevens, Burne-Jones, and Watts were never given in London the opportunity he had in Paris.

No, let us welcome by all means the modern masters of America and the continent; let us rejoice in the works they exhibit at our galleries, wondering the while that they should be good enough to send them to a country which, to its shame, possesses no national gallery for the permanent collection of non-native modern pictures and sculpture, no government grant even for their purchase. To their rescue, and to ours, comes the private collector, a power in the land. He buys continually, and occasionally he leaves his purchases to the nation. He may have taste or he may not, but it is to him we have to look. And if we must remember that to him we owe a Tate, let us not forget that to him also we owe the Wallace and Ionides collections.

These reflections are prompted by a survey of the unusual number of exhibitions of works by foreign artists which have recently been opened in London. Several of these are intrinsically of importance, and most are helpful in widening the outlook of stay-at-home critics. The

Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall has been reinforced by a one-man-show at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery (14 Grafton Street) of its most distinguished contributor, Mr. Wilhelm Hammershoi. Like Le Sidaner, the Danish artist is pre-eminently the painter of human surroundings rather than of humanity's presence. His low-toned interiors, generally figureless, evoke a similar pathetic sentiment, though his smooth, restrained style of painting is utterly different, a halfway house between Whistler and Vermeer of Delft. A masterly observer of light and colour-values, his sunshine is not a prismatic vibration but a steady glow of brilliance, his colour and the surface quality of his pigment are not sparkling but still. But it is still wine of an excellent vintage; light, perhaps, but generous and stimulating.

If Mr. Van Wisselingh can be said to offer us hock, Mr. Marchant at the Goupil Gallery (5 Regent Street) gives us a full-bodied sparkling burgundy in the gorgeous visions of Japan as revealed to the Hungarian painter, Cyula Tornai. The shock of his unsubdued but harmonised colour is so great, that critics, despairing of finding a fit analogy among contemporary painters, have compared him to Monticelli. The comparison is not altogether apt. Tornai does not crush his jewels, he puts them in whole and the larger the better. Again Tornai is not a dreamer but a realist, he does not softly woo us by the magic of his fancy, but arrests attention by the consummate power and precision of his wideawake vision. It is impossible to deny the amazing actuality of his pictures, their technical mastery, the barbaric splendour of their decorative effect; but they belong to a greater age than our own. Tornai's art is for the palace not the cottage, where it would prove overwhelming, and in a palace his brilliance would kill most pictures one could hang alongside. That he is a master there is no doubt, his work is in the nature of a new revelation, and we hope examples of his art, as well as Hammershoi's, will eventually find a place in a national collection.

Though his name is probably better known in this country, Mr. Laszlo, who has been showing a collection of his portraits at the Fine Art Society's, has neither the strength nor the individual force of his compatriot. As a portrait-painter Mr. Laszlo takes a high place among his contemporaries, but he does not rival Mr. Sargent as many of his continental admirers would have us believe. He does not push character to the psychological depths, his technique has not the economic sureness, the inevitableness of Mr. Sargent at his best. The Hungarian is careful where the Anglo-American is often not; the hands of Laszlo are better than many hands by Mr. Sargent, but he cannot paint them with such subtlety and endow them with so much character as Mr. Sargent can, however summarily, when he chooses. He is in fact nearer to Kaulbach or even Lenbach than to Sargent, and in view of Mr. Laszlo's vogue in certain sections of society, it may not come amiss, while acknowledging his merits, to remind the reader that as a portrait-painter he has several equals and a few superiors in our own country.

Under the auspices of the *Entente Cordiale* and organised by Mr. Eugene Cremetti, the French societies of Aquarellists and Marine Painters are exhibiting at the Grafton Galleries. The collection, though not impressive as a whole, is worth visiting by those not very familiar with the Salons, for among much work of mediocre interest it contains a few examples by painters who cannot be ignored in any review of modern painting. One may or may not like the marines of the Franco-American painter Mr. Alexander Harrison, but his influence is widespread, and he is a man to be reckoned with. His four contributions, of which *Venice by Moonlight* is the best, are characteristic of his style, precise drawing, true colour and lighting, but often marred by a lack of tenderness and wholesome mystery. It is disappointing to find so little influence in the marines of Boudin and Courbet, in the water-colours of Jacquemart, Daumier and Moreau. But French artists have rarely excelled in

this medium, and the most distinctive exhibits in the latter section are the *gouache* drawings of that refined and decorative artist M. Guirand de Scevola.

For some years past the Spanish paintings have been eagerly watched for in the Salons, where they are thought by many good judges annually to wrestle with the Scotch for the school of the future. The collection of Spanish paintings at the Mendoza Galleries is not fully representative of Spain, since the great Sorolla Y Bastida, not to mention Anglada and Zuloaga, does not contribute. But the collection is none the less interesting and gives a fair idea of the strength in colour and form of the Spanish painters. There are some beautiful landscapes by Meiffren, a semi-Boudin semi-Troyon of Spain; dignified snow-scenes by the able mountain painter Morera, strong figure work and light effects by Lopez Mezquita, an astonishing youngster of twenty-three; and good examples of men like Pla and Villegas, the director of the Prado. Doubtless the royal marriage has given a temporary extrinsic interest to Spanish pictures, and it is amusing to note that a big furnishing shop is at present holding an exhibition of Spanish modern art. Naturally the academic element in Spain has been called upon to contribute. But there have crept in some few vivifying pictures by Sotomayor and the younger men which will come as a shock to the customers who take their notion of art from the exhibits at the Academy. This importation also should offend no artist-patriot, for may it not help to "correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation"?

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LECTURE ON "THE NEW THEOLOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hope Lady Grove does not suspect me of being ignorant of her religion or indifferent to it. I know it only too well. At this very lecture of which she speaks I had hardly left the platform when a lady who I think must have been the Devil, beautiful as a goddess and nobly arrayed, came to me and taunted me with this religion, scorned me for not having preached it, and turned her back on me as on the Man with the Muckrake or other creature walking in darkness.

But what am I to do? Polytheism is all very well for polytheists: you have a goddess of love (or a god of love, according to your sex) and you have a god of cancer and epilepsy. You adore the one and either propitiate the other or try to forget him. You may even ignore him, like a child who pulls the raisins out of the cake and leaves the dough on the plate. But people will not stand this from me. They are monotheists: they will not nowadays tolerate as much as two gods waging eternal war on one another from heaven and hell, much less a whole pantheon. They will not accept even life and death as two things: they have learnt from Weissmann that death is only a device evolved by natural selection to economise life. The old conceptions of maliciously destructive fundamental energies at work no longer hold them: they reject them as not only depressing and terrifying, but incredible to people of any serious vitality. Yet cancer and epilepsy are facts, with plague, pestilence and famine and all the evils from which we pray to be delivered; and the intellectual problem is to find a tenable conception of a force which, though it has produced cancer and epilepsy, tetanus and diphtheria, curved spine and hare lips and the impulses of poisoners and torturers as well as love and beauty and divine ecstasy, is nevertheless a force with honourable intentions. My theology supplies such a conception, and Lady Grove's does not: that is why I satisfy the monotheists, and why she satisfies only the polytheists, who like to have love and cancer in what Mr. Andrew Lang would perhaps call deight compartments.

I know that my "ignorant and inexperienced god" disgusts people who are accustomed to the best of everything. The old-fashioned gentleman who felt that God would not lightly damn a man of his quality has given place to the lady who declines to be saved by a deity who is not absolutely first-class in every particular. Sir Isaac Newton's confession of ignorance and inexperience seems to her to mark a lower grade of character and intelligence than the assurance of Mr. Stiggins,

who knows everything and can move mountains with his faith. I know this high-class deity very well. When I hire a furnished house for my holidays, as I often do, I find his portrait in the best bedroom. It is the portrait of a perfect gentleman, not older than thirty-eight, with nice hair, a nice beard, nice draperies, a nice pet lamb under his arm or somewhere about, and an expression which combines the tone of the best society with the fascination of Wilson Barrett as Hamlet. The ladies who worship him are themselves worshipped by innumerable poor Joblings in shabby lodgings who pin up the Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty on their walls. Far be it from me to mock at this worship: if you dare not or cannot look the universe in the face you will at least be the better for adoring that spark of the divine beauty and the eternal force that glimmers through the weaknesses and inadequacies of a pretty man or a handsome woman; but please, dear sect of sweethearts, do not mock at me either. You have your nicely buttered little problem and are content with its nicely buttered little solution. I have to face a larger problem and find a larger solution; and since on my scale the butter runs short, I must serve the bread of life dry.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

CROSBY HALL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to say a few words in reply to your editorial notes on the above subject in your issue of June 8? Ascertained facts I am not prepared to dispute—only the conclusion which you “submit” or argue from them. I allow that Crosby Hall has already suffered very grievously through accidental fires and through ill-advised attempts at “restoration,” and that the Bishopsgate Street façade is entirely unauthentic—so, too, for the matter of that, is the façade of the north transept of Westminster Abbey; but that does not affect the authenticity of what remains behind, overlaid by modern fakements. But do you mean to say that you advocate the deliberate destruction, in cold blood, of all that remains of the venerable relics of 1466 for the sake of a quarter of a million? If it were a new building I should agree that it was not worth that number of farthings; but you know very well that, once destroyed, a million million pounds could never give us Crosby Hall back again. It is because I shrink with horror at the contemplation of so irrevocable an error being committed that I venture, sir, to question the wisdom of your editorial comments.

AYMER VALLANCE.

[We do not “advocate the deliberate destruction, in cold blood, of all that remains of the venerable relics of 1466 for the sake of a quarter of a million”; but we do say that the interests of art and archaeology could be much better served by expending the money on things of greater authenticity and beauty. Remembering the trouble that was found necessary to raise £40,000 for the Rokeby Velasquez, we tremble to think of the pictures and other works of art that must be lost to the country if the public is permitted or encouraged to spend more than six times that amount on a mainly spurious building. And we maintain that the journals which have pressed, with all the sensational language at their command, the claims of Crosby Hall have acted disingenuously and even dishonestly in not being careful to make it clear to their readers that “what remains of the venerable relics,” as our correspondent somewhat tautologically puts it, is much less than they are likely to suppose, and that, indeed, the authenticity of most of the building must be gravely questioned. In our opinion, before well-intentioned but ignorant people are asked to spend their money on Crosby Hall, a commission of architects and antiquaries should be appointed to examine the structure minutely, and state in a report how much of the stone-work and wood-work date from a time previous to the restoration under William IV. Such parts as are authentic might then be purchased by, or for, the South Kensington or the Guildhall Museum and the public money saved for worthier objects. The munificent offer made by Sir Horatio Davis to present the building to the Corporation to pull down and rebuild elsewhere, or to treat at their discretion, announced in last Wednesday's *Times*, should settle the question, and in the happiest manner.—ED.]

“MARY BARTON” AND THE L.C.C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring in your literary notes to the action of the L.C.C. in connection with “Mary Barton” you speak of “the nasty-minded puritan” who thrusts into the children's hands

“the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah on the pretext that the ‘open Bible is a heritage of the Reformation.’” Allow me to remind you that the *whole* Bible is not “thrust,” to use your own phrase, into the children's hands by those who think the Bible a book worth children's knowing, but that a syllabus of certain portions of the Bible is in use, and this syllabus does not contain the passages to which you so indignantly allude. Either you forgot this fact or are ignorant of it.

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

June 22.

[Our correspondent's letter seems to imply considerable mental confusion on his part. In our note we referred to “people who make no protest when the nasty-minded puritan thrusts into children's hands the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah on the pretext that the open Bible is the heritage of the Reformation.” Our correspondent informs us that the *whole* Bible is not thrust into the children's hands by the L.C.C. We never said it was. We said it was constantly thrust into the children's hands by nasty-minded puritans, and that without evoking any protest from the people who have taken upon themselves to refuse to supply copies of “Mary Barton” to school-children on the ground that it is unsuitable to them.—ED.]

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of May 11 you relate a story concerning John Taylor, the water-poet, told in a book on Scotland and Scotsmen by Mr. Alladyce. This anecdote is founded on a biographical error, the origin of which I am not able to discover. The water-poet was no Roman Catholic, but, on the contrary, an aggressive adversary of Catholicism and a zealous partisan of the High Church. The story therefore has, no doubt, been only transferred to the person of Taylor from an older original, contained, perhaps, in the works of Taylor himself, who edited several collections of anecdotes; as only a part of these are at my disposal I am sorry I cannot verify this supposition. At all events, the case is a new confirmation of the fact you intended to establish by this anecdote: to how various changes stories are liable when passing through the minds of the different relaters.

ALBERT GOTTLIEB.

Troppau, Austria.

June 18.

THE DEATH OF HARTWELL DE LA GARDE

GRISSELL, F.R.S., M.A., JUNE 10, 1907,
IN ROME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to make public one of the many letters I received lately from my old friend, this very accomplished and typical *galantuomo* in the Italian, and every native sense of the word?

I select as an example the following note, showing his intense love for Rome, where, to the pain and grief of so many English friends and Italian, he was fated to end his active and official career; I choose it from a mass of correspondence ever displaying his deep interest in all the beautiful things with which he gloried to be surrounded. Our intimacy, lasting thirty-two years, cannot be quickly forgotten or the links be easily broken; now, alas! that the thread of his valuable life has been so suddenly snapped asunder—I was to have visited him next month *again* in Oxford! I omit a few brief passages from the letter chosen for publication:

“24th Nov^r. 1905.

“MY DEAR MERCER,—I am staying here till Monday next with . . . and have received the Reprint from . . . that you have so kindly sent me.

“How it recalls to my mind those pleasant evenings at *Caffè Greco* previous to 1870, when we met in company with Poincarré, Rogers, and Anderson; Morris-Moore, McPherson, and others, now all gone, we will trust to a better world! [These were but a few of our *mutual* friends.]

“Rome, as you know, is to me still very dear, but chiefly through its old associations—as regards the present society and conditions, it pains me rather than gives pleasure. I like to think of its past.

“And ever since and now fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can desire;
E'en in the desert what is like to thee?

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility:
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm that cannot be defaced.

"HARTWELL DE LA GARDE GRISSSELL."

I understand that the burial of *Commendatore* (his latest papal title—with which he felt much honoured—bestowed by Pius X. quite recently) Grissell will take place in England on or about July 4. R.I.P.

June 24.

WILLIAM MERCER.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As president of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society will you allow me to contradict in your influential paper an entirely erroneous and unfounded report, which I regret to find has obtained some currency, that our society has been "disbanded."

So far is this from the truth that we are a stronger band than before, having elected many new members since our last exhibition in 1906, and we are now, according to triennial custom, contemplating our next show, which we hope to open in the autumn of 1908.

As the false report I have mentioned is calculated to be injurious to our society, I shall be much obliged if you can give space to this official contradiction.

WALTER CRANE.

June 21.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

- The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe, 1600-1672.* Reprinted from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parsloes, with four photogravure portraits and twenty-nine other reproductions. Lane, 16s. net.
Browne, Edith A. *W. S. Gilbert.* Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
George Buchanan. *Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies, 1906.* Maclehose, 12s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

- The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen.* Vol. ix. *Rosmersholm. The Lady from the Sea.* With Introductions by William Archer. Heinemann, 4s.

EDUCATIONAL

- Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: Esther.* Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Valentine, Edward U.; and Harper, S. Eccleston. *The Red Sphinx.* Unwin, 6s.
Diaries of Three Women of the Last Century. Edited by Evelyn St. Leger. Arrowsmith, 6s.
Finnemore, John. *The Secret Entrance.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
Tytler, Sarah. *Innocent Masqueraders.* Long, 6s.
Confessions of a Princess. Long, 1s. net.
Gerard, Dorothea. *Itinerant Daughters.* Long, 6s.
Moberly, L. G. *Dan—and Another.* Ward, Lock, 6s.
Parkes, Kinton. *Love à la Mode.* Griffiths, 6s.

HISTORY

- Frazer, R. W. *A Literary History of India.* Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.
Welsford, J. W. *The Strength of Nations.* An Argument from History. Longmans, 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Philosophical Radicals and other Essays.* With Chapters reprinted on the Philosophy of Religion in Kant and Hegel. By A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. Blackwood, 6s. net.
Copyright and Copy-Wrong. The Authentic and the Unauthentic Ruskin. Allen, n.p.
Charles E. Dawson. *His Book of Book-Plates.* Otto Schulse & Co., n.p.
Kingsley, Rose G. *Eversley Gardens and others.* Allen, 6s. net.
Mackenzie, J. S. *Lectures on Humanism.* With special reference to its bearings on Sociology. Sonnenschein, n.p.
The Waterloo Campaign. A Study by Lieut.-Col. Sisson C Pratt. Sonnenschein, 5s. net.

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